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Is modern with Western Union Commercial and Railway wires for actual practice, and a complete Wireless plant.

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SPECIAL FOR ACTS ATTRACTION FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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And the New York Musical Comedy

"JUST TO GET MARRIED"

Most Ties and Wives

"MUCH ABOUT NOTHING"

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for Wedding Reception

ARTISTIC DESIGNS

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Oakland

At a session of said court, held at the probate office, in the City of Pontiac, in said county, on the 5th day of September A. D. 1911.

Present: Hon. Kiehn P. Rockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of

Eugene Ullev,

deceased.

Kate Ullev, widow of said deceased, having filed in said court a petition praying that a certain instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, now on file in said court be admitted to probate, and that the administration of said estate be granted to Kate Ullev or some other suitable person.

It is ordered, that the 7th day of October A. D. 1911, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Farmington Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

Kiehn P. Rockwell, Judge of Probate.

Judson A. Fredenburgh, Probate Clerk.

FOR MEN'S COLORED AND WHITE

FOR STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION

NO BRAGGING WANTED THERE

Working Man Discovers That Boasting About His Flock of Fowls Does Not Pay.

A north country working man recently took to keeping fowls, and within a week his fellow-workmen were weary of hearing him refer to the subject.

At length, and as the result of a deep-fall plot among his fellows, somebody broke into his fowls' house one night and carried off the much-lauded birds.

After this there was a little peace at the works. The victim of the plot went to the other extreme, and when a week or two later, he got a fresh supply of birds, he even mentioned the fact to his mates. He had recognized that boasting did not pay, and he had no intention of indulging in it in future. Neither was he going to permit boasting on the premises.

Going home to his dinner the other day, he heard one of his latest purchases loudly announcing that she had laid an egg.

Rushing into the fowls' house, the owner seized the offender and wrung her neck. Then, holding up his victim as a dreadful warning to the others, he burst out:

"There! Be thankful! Lay as off as you like, but I'll have no bragging about it!"—London Tit-Bits.

SAVING A DOLLAR A WEEK

Deposited in a Savings Bank for Twenty Years, It Will Have Increased to \$1,612.

"It is mighty hard," said an unfortunate workman some time ago to the writer, "to save up a thousand dollars by laying aside a dollar or two a week and then to take it out of the savings bank and lose it."

He then proceeded to tell the writer of a "get-rich-quick" scheme, as he has just done.

"This poor fellow could work and save, but he had not had even a kindergarten education in finance, else his story would have been different. He had never given a thought to interest, and so was absolutely ignorant of growth through compound interest, and of course had never heard of that wonderful process of accumulation known as 'progressive compound interest.'"

One dollar deposited in a savings bank that pays four per cent. will amount of \$2.19 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest.

If you deposit one dollar every year for twenty years, or \$20 in all, the sum to your credit will have grown to \$39.57. Any wage-earner can put by one dollar a week. That money deposited in a savings bank for twenty years will have increased to \$1,612. A deposit of five dollars a week will have grown to \$8,000, and this at four per cent. interest.

There is a secret, no mystery about this. It is clear as the cloudless sun and the method is just as clean and honest.—Christian Herald.

Delicate Hint Availed Nothing.

Among the exceptional privileges granted to the new housemaid by the young married woman were three telephone calls a week, provided she was informed beforehand what the girl wished to talk about, says the New York Sun.

At the close of a turbulent day, in which the wills of mistress and maid had clashed violently, Mary sought permission to telephone.

"To whom do you wish to speak?" asked her mistress. "To the pastor of my church," said Mary. "Taking that pious ambition as a sign of contrition, the mistress readily gave consent. Mary went to the telephone.

"Father, Grim," she said, "won't you please pray for the woman I am working for and so if that won't take some of the selfishness out of her heart and make her see that it is wrong for her to ask me to finish all that ironing today, who could just as well let it go till tomorrow morning?"

If the pastor prayed his petition was not answered.

Always Use Right Hand.

With his left hand he took pipe and tobacco from his pocket and with his right hand he felt for a match. He had, though, his fellowiller of misadventure and the park bench gave him a match and then he lit his own cigar.

Out in his astonishment at seeing his left-handed neighbor light his pipe with his right hand.

"That's funny," said he. "You are just about the most confirmed left-hander I ever met, yet for that little trick you use your right hand as if born to it."

"All left-handed people do," was the reply. "Just think over the list of your smoking acquaintances and see if you ever knew one who lit his pipe with his left hand. I'll bet you didn't. I never did. I never remembered among my pipe-loving friends several men whose right hand seemed nearly helpless for everything else."

As to London Manners.

Why are the manners of Londoners so deteriorating? A dozen years ago a stranger in London was always sure of a civil answer if he asked his way about, or any other similar question. But today all the politeness of London seems to be confined to the men, whose courtesy nothing can impair.

Modern education does not apparently include the study of politeness in its curriculum. I am quite sure that at present the London young man is the most unpolite creature to be found anywhere in England.—M. A. P., London.

RELIGIOUS PART IN HEALTH

It is the Interpreter of Sickness and Death, and of Health as Well.

There is a great deal of nonsense written about religion and health; there is a great deal of sense in reality collected in the two. There are a great many religious people who get sick and die. A great many irreligious people who do the same thing. It would be possible to get figures to prove anything you like in this connection. But they would not prove the truth. A clear mind, a pure heart and a cheerful spirit stand a better chance in the face of disease than a muddy mind, a dirty heart and an ugly spirit. Health is a by-product, but a sure product of religion. But there are few of us who get religion enough to successfully combat our own foolishness in other directions. So we get sick and die. And there are many worse things than these in life. Religion is the interpreter of sickness and death, and health as well. Fearful things are those which are not understood. Religion explains sickness and death and we can adjust ourselves to these great blessings. Religion explains health and shows how it means opportunity and obligation. It is religion clarifies all experiences, we see them as they are, adjust them to each other and ourselves to all, and such an adjustment is not, under a condition of health. Religion will not set a broken leg, but will contribute very largely to its healing, through keeping the sources of healing pure. A clean heart produces a clean mind, a clean mind produces a clean body and a clean body is conducive to health.—Universalist Leader.

HIS ESCAPE WAS EXPENSIVE

Globe-Trotter Haskin Keeps Storekeeper Good Natured While Chinese Mob Waits.

Frederick J. Haskin, globe-trotter, man of the world and humorist, on one occasion struck Shanghai when the feeling against the natives was strong against Americans. The people of the Celestial empire were boycotting American goods and attacking Americans whenever they could get away with it.

Haskin was warned not to take any risk.

"These people won't bother me," he remarked cheerily. "If any of them tries to hurt me, I'll hand him a swift wallop under the chin."

Ten minutes after he left his hotel he was bootfisting it down the street while a gang of Chinese used him as a target, and pelting him with anything they could lay hands on. Finally, out of breath, and looking like a cyclone victim, he staggered into a store.

The mob waited for him with admiration.

"The mob waited for him with admiration. At the end of every fifteen minutes the traveler would ask the owner of the store:

"Are they still there?"

They were there.

Then, just to keep his savior in good humor, Haskin would make a speech. He started out on a \$30 overcoat, but the mob waited so long that he dropped in his expenditures until the articles he bought were worth only a dollar or two apiece.

He was imprisoned for half a day and the price of his escape was nearly \$200.—Twice-a-Month Popular.

The Small Boy and His Hat.

He flings his hat across the dining-room when he comes in from school, or leaves it in all manner of places in the house; in the coal-bin, or on a neighbor's bureau. He loses it just at church time, and spoils the spirit of family reverence and piety. As the family enters the church the anthem is being sung, and the disgrace of being late again is laid on the innocent child, because he has lost his hat.

Headache clutched in the hand of the small boy who has already forgotten the confusion of which he was the cause twenty minutes ago. In this stage also one's hat is removed on the way to school by the hand of one's bosom friend, passed down the line of surrounding boon companions, stuffed into their pockets, while dire thoughts of ultimate loss hold one in their grip, and the reckoning to be paid at home wraps the world in tragedy.—George L. Parker, in the July Atlantic.

Home-Made Barometer.

Those who like experimentation may try the following method of making a cheap barometer, practiced in France.

Take 5 grams of pulverized nitrate of potassium, 2 grams of pulverized nitrate of ammonia, and dissolve in 60 grams of alcohol. Put the whole in a long slender bottle closed at the top with a piece of bladder containing a pinch of camphor to admit the air.

When rain is coming the solid particles will tend generally to mount.

The little star crystals forming in the liquid, which otherwise remains clear; if high winds are approaching the liquid will become thick, as if fermenting, while a fine solid particles forms on the surface; during fair weather the liquid will remain clear and the solid particles will rest at the bottom.

A Sure Way.

Willis—I wonder if there will ever be universal peace.

Gills—Sure. All they've got to do is to get the nations to agree that in case of war the winner pays the pensions.—Puck.

Cook's Romance

"Must we discharge her?"

"Do you think she has taken to drink on the sly?"

"Can she be losing her mind?"

"I am almost afraid to go into the kitchen."

The Gordon family consisted of husband, wife and two children, the latter being Frank, a young man of 20, and Nettie, a miss of 18. The mother and daughter were holding a family council over Hannah the cook, who had been with them for five long years and was still rustling in the kitchen.

Hannah was 40 years old, weighed almost 200 pounds and was a marvel. That is, she has been up to very late. They couldn't say enough in praise of her, and she hadn't demanded more wages because they praised her.

A month before this family council of two opened there had come a change. Hannah had become fatigued. It was known that she was writing letters and secretly posting them. It was known that she had taken a box at the postoffice. It was known that, instead of going to bed at 9 o'clock, as all Jewels of cooks do, she was strolling in the back yard and singing long drawn sighs.

"What can it be, mother—what can it be?" asked the daughter.

Hannah had selected a particular reverend man, and inwardly she had bought pink stationery. She had licked the two-cent stamp on in the most loving manner.

The advertisement was that of a young man who wanted to be loved by a steadfast girl. If he could find such he would make her very happy. Was not Hannah a girl—an old girl? Was she not steadfast? She wrote and received an answer, and the affair was on. If the family council only had thought of romance all would have been clear; but it didn't.

And what made mother and daughter more anxious was the fact that Rodney Bingham, a young gentleman of 25, whom they had met at a resort during the summer, was coming to pay Frank a visit. Mr. Bingham arrived. Hannah was all smiles. She was also seen to blush. The red on her cheeks was not from the kitchen range, but a real, genuine blush. She got a good view of him from a corner of the house as he drove up. The night was a long one to her. At the first signs of dawn the dressed and left the house and gathered a few late flowers in the garden for a bouquet.

With this in hand she re-entered the house and softly made her way to the parlor room and after bestowing a kiss on the flowers she left them at his door. When Mr. Bingham arose and found them he carried them to the breakfast table in his hand and gave Miss Nellie a smiling nod for her courtesy and thoughtfulness.

After breakfast Frank and his friend walked out to the stables to inspect the auto. Hannah met them face to face and smilingly said: "Hello, boys. Your whole loving heart was in that smile, but he couldn't understand it. That afternoon Hannah met him in the upper hall by design and smiled again and pressed a kiss into his hand. Mr. Bingham was too astonished to return the note or to ask for an explanation. When he came to read the note he found:

"You have come to your own true love. Meet her in the garden at 9 o'clock tonight. Beware of Miss Nellie. Be true to me."

It was an embarrassing position for Mr. Bingham. The note and the smiles indicated that his host's cook was in love with him, and he was stunned. He did not keep the appointment made, and there was another bouquet at his door next morning. Tied to it with a piece of store which was another perfumed note, which read:

"I waited for you for two long hours, but you did not come. If Miss Nellie has got you away from me then both of you beware!"

Young Mr. Bingham had never passed through an earthquake nor a cyclone, but he saw signs in the air and took the family into council. "What is Hannah?" became the topic. It was decided that they must go to the fountain-head to find out. The cook was bearded in her den. She was dignified. She was reserved. She was quietly defiant. When pressed she discharged herself on the spot and demanded to see Mr. Bingham. It was a full hour before the right trail was struck. Even then Hannah could not give up. She brought out five or six love letters, which she had believed had been written by young Mr. Bingham, and they were passed around to be read. There was laughter and ridicule and criticism, but it needed one thing more.

That one thing came. It was a red-headed, shabbily-dressed man who knocked at the kitchen door. He had one eye. He had large ears. He had scraggly chin whiskers.

"No vittles!" said Hannah.

He winked at her and took her pink letters out of his pocket and wanted to shake hands.

"You!" she exclaimed in a voice of contempt.

"Yes, darling!"

"State!"

Miss Nellie and Mr. Bingham are getting along as well as can be expected, and brother Frank sometimes forgets himself and bursts out with: "When Rod Bingham becomes my real brother-in-law—"

And Hannah has recovered and is the same old jewel of a cook.

The SUREST WAY

TO MAKE MONEY IS IN REAL ESTATE INVESTMENTS IN A GROWING SECTION OF COUNTRY

Those Who Believe That Detroit Has Stopped Growing and that the Suburban Towns Have Reached their Limits Should Keep Their Money in Their Pockets. There Are Others

THE MAN WHO WANTS TO SELL SHOULD GET BUSY

Investors Are Coming Out Grand River Avenue and Property that is Listed at a Fair Valuation Can be had

The time to sell is when somebody wants to buy and the time to buy is when somebody wants to sell. It's our business to seek out those people and get them together. Those who have property to dispose of should list it with us for we have more buyers than sellers and can find customers for all property that is offered at a fair price.

Goods farms anywhere and here property along the car lines are in demand. We have buyers for both.

We also have a customer who wants a house and lot in Redford. A good home with shade and shrubbery. Who has one for sale?

A man wants a farm, and where from 30 to 80 acres, at a medium price. Who can fit him out and get his money?

A man in Ohio wants a good farm of 80 or more acres either in Northern Wayne or Oakland County. Must be a good one and with good improvements. He has some money. Who can get his coin?

A FEW REAL BARGAINS

A FINE LITTLE BRICK HOUSE—Located on a good street in the village of Redford. Can be bought for \$1600 on easy terms.

40 ACRES—One of the finest little farms in the country, with good buildings and plenty of them. Only a mile and a half from Redford, one of the best suburban towns around Detroit. Good soil and land lays level. Small apple orchard. Seven room house, cellar, cistern, and good well. Summer kitchen, frame barns 30x56 and 16x40 with a shed 12x16. No left at home but the old folks and they want to move to the city.

Will sell for \$4500 and buildings are insured for half of that amount. Would trade for a two-family flat or sell for a fair payment down.

\$1400—For a frame house in Redford located half a block off the car line. Easy payments.

DAIRY FARM—60 acres, with 15 acres finest pasture land and running water. Three miles from Farmington and one mile from electric car line. Brick house with cement cellar. Fine oak grove. Age compels a sale and it can be had for \$4,500.

BRICK HOUSE—With all modern conveniences, including basement with furnace, electric lights, water, etc. Fine lot with beautiful maple shade trees and in the most desirable location in Redford. \$2,500 is the price.

BRICK STORE—Chance for some one with a little money to invest. Will pay a big interest on the money invested.

SMALL STORE—In good, growing town near Detroit, suitable for any line of goods as the location is good. Less than its value.

THREE NEW HOUSES—Built to be sold at actual cost and being desirably located are decided bargains. Two lots go with each. Ask about these if looking for a fine home.

VACANT LOTS—Can be bought for a very small down payment and the easiest kind of terms. Pick your lot and don't be at all bashful about asking for easy payments. Before you get it paid for you can sell for 50 per cent profit.

ONE STORY BRICK STORE—Redford's best location. Owner is building larger and will sell this for less than it is worth if sold soon. Large enough for any purpose.

TWO ACRES—Within the limits of Redford Village. Owner cannot use it and offers it at a bargain. Fine for chickens and fruit.

THREE LOTS—Fine place for a home with large garden or for raising fruit or poultry. \$500, on easy payments.

TWO BUSINESS LOTS—On Grand River Avenue in Redford and the best location that is offered for sale. Can be bought at a speculation price if taken while owner is in the selling mood.

Many Other Bargains Offered in Village and Farming Property in Wayne and Oakland Counties. Ask for what you want.

RAMSEY REALTY CO.
Office at both Redford and Farmington