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HIGH PRICE FOR KEEPSAKES

Pens, Particularly. Are Much Coveted by Enthusiastic Collectors of Historical Relics.

Recently Thomas J. Barratt, chairman of the company that makes a widely known soap, paid several thousand dollars for the book of Lord Nelson's ship Victory, which contains an account of the battle of Trafalgar, written by Atkinson, the vessel's sailing master.

The quill pen which Charles Dickens used at the Villa Les Molineaux, where he penned part of "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit" and "Bleak House," was sold a little while ago for \$17.50. This recalls to mind that a quill pen used by the Spanish commissioners in signing the treaty of peace after hostilities had ceased between America and Spain, fetched \$125 when sold.

A personal attendant of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain did a brisk trade in selling the pens with which her majesty set aside death sentences. Several of these "reprieve pens" were stolen by him from the royal writing tables, but the majority were exact copies of the originals made by his own hands. Some of the pens fetched as much as \$300 each.

LIKED AEROPLANE TO BIRD

Indian's Comment on His First Sight of Airship, Brief and Very Much to the Point.

Aviator Rodgers, while on his way to the Pacific coast, came down for gasoline one Sunday on an ordinary looking New York farm.

He didn't know where he was until a man came across the field and his face showed him to be an Indian. Rodgers then knew he was on the Seneca Indian reservation at Red House, and the brave approaching happened to be Chief Bishop.

An aeroplane was a new thing to the Indian, and while men of his race began to pour into the field from the neighboring country as fast as their ramshackle buckboards and ponies would permit them, the chief inspected his visitor's sky vehicle. After he had finished his examination the Indian turned to the aviator and said:

"Ugh, big bird. Ugh, much heap too dam big bird."

DICKENS AND MISS WELLER.

Charles Dickens himself was once embarrassed by one of his names. This was when he was presented to a Miss Weller, whose beauty and talent delighted him. He described to a friend his mixed feelings at finding the name he had made grotesque borne by so gracious a lady. He afterward introduced a friend, and a marriage followed in time. On the morning after that first meeting Dickens sent to this unforeseen kind of Weller some verses in which he protested his regret that he could not hope to change her name, for he was married and "Pickwick" was published.

KNOW YOURSELF.

There is something that a man can do thoroughly well. It should be the first business of his life to find out what that something is. One man may have a talent for mathematics, another for mechanic arts, a third for commercial pursuits. But if all were to insist upon keeping books, there would be no books to keep.

It is a great waste of time to attempt the impossible. Genius is often judgment. The enthusiastic brother who dreamed that he saw the letters G. P. C. written upon the sky believed that it was a divine call to him to "Go preach Christ." But, after his dreary sermons had driven away the congregation he concluded that the letters meant "Go plant corn."—Los Angeles Times.

MYSTERY SOLVED.

Marjory (interrupting conversation)—I say, Mr. Driver, I know where babies come from now!

The Curate (much embarrassed)—Indeed.

Marjory—Yes, from the dairy, 'cos they've got a notice on their window, "Families Supplied Daily."—Sketch.

UP AGAINST IT.

Hokus—Why don't you try to get a job?

Fokus—Employers prefer to hire married men.

Hokus—Then why don't you get married?

Fokus—A girl won't marry a fellow unless he has a job.

NOT WORTH WHILE



"Did you get a recommendation from your last place?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Where is it?"
"Sure, it wasn't worth keeping."

MEMORY.

Unquestionably the memory of the race is deteriorating. Plato knew perfectly well what he was about when he declared that the invention of letters was the death-blow to memory.

In the old time men depended upon their memories for all the affairs of life. The songs of the bards, the laws, all business transactions, everything that took place was lost unless men remembered it. And they remembered it. They had to remember it. The difference between the memories that carried the total content of human knowledge and the memories of today is tremendous. There is no particular reason for remembering things today. They are all on record—and the memory of the race is accordingly dying out.

MERELY A SUGGESTION.

The second-hand dealer looked the car over carefully, and then made his offer.

"I'll take the machinery of this motor," he said, "but I don't want the rest of it."

"But," said Wiggins, "what'll I do with my body?"

"Your body?" said the dealer.

"Why, I don't know. You'd ought to consult an undertaker about that."

—Harper's Weekly.

PLAYED ON ENEMY'S NERVES

Subtle Scheme That Was Employed by the Japanese During Siege of Port Arthur.

The Japanese are ingenious, if a little diabolical. A Russian officer lately published on his experience in the Russo-Japanese war, illustrates both phases of their character. During one of the Japanese attacks on Port Arthur the assailants made use of wooden hand-rattles such as night watchmen in Japan still use, and which some of us remember as "policemen's rattles." These things produce a magnified crackling noise exactly like the sound of machine guns. This idea was not so much to deceive the Russians as to the number of machine guns in action, but to shatter the nerves of the defenders and thus bring about the psychological collapse which plays such an important part on the modern battlefield. And M. Lubitski, who was then in close touch with the Livonian infantry, frankly acknowledges that this contrivance had a marked effect on his men and contributed substantially to the ultimate victory of the Japanese.

TURTLE GETS THE HEN.

While a man was fishing in the Wisashickon creek recently he noticed a small speckled hen on the other bank leisurely pattering about in the shallow water in search of a meal. Suddenly a slight disturbance was noticed in the water a few feet below the hen, and the head of a large snapping turtle appeared above the surface for an instant. After a brief interval there was a splash, a flutter of wings and a series of loud cackles. The snapper had the chicken's leg in his strong jaws, while the hen, with her remaining leg, clutched the root of a tree overhanging the water. Then came a tug of war. The hen made a gallant fight, but she had to let go, and a moment later the turtle went down and disappeared beneath the water with his prize.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

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TRAGEDY THAT WAS AVERTED

How Wife of Austrian Forester Kept Him From Killing King William and Bismarck.

The story of an averted tragedy, which, if it had not been averted, might have changed the whole course of modern history in Europe, was recently revived by the death of a retired Austrian forester named Kern. The time was about three weeks after Sadowa; the place was the little village of Birsdorf, about thirty miles from Vienna. King William of Prussia and Bismarck were there, and they sat down on the terrace, outside a small cafe, to drink beer. Kern saw them. He regarded them as the deadly enemies of his country; he was an excellent marksman, and he had a double-barreled gun with him. Taking aim from behind cover, he was about to fire when his wife, seeing what he was after, and fearing the consequences, clutched him by the coat-tails. He turned to argue with her, and before the argument was finished the king and the chancellor had disappeared. So nothing happened; but if Kern had been allowed to fire there might have been no German empire today.

FATHER OF MODERN MISSIONS

From Poor Cobbler William Carey Rose to Fame by His Own Efforts.

William Carey, "the father of modern missions," was a shoemaker by trade, but although poor, he educated himself and became a Baptist minister. Even after becoming a preacher he had to mend shoes, because the congregation over which he presided paid him only \$1.50 a week for preaching. By his zealousness Carey inspired earnest Christian men and soon won the esteem of the most distinguished men.

One day after he had become famous and while he was taking dinner with the governor general of India, there were several others gathered at an adjoining table.

"That fellow over there with the governor was a common shoemaker," Mr. Carey overheard a diner at another table say.

"You are slightly wrong," the noted missionary said. "I was never a shoemaker, only a poor cobbler."

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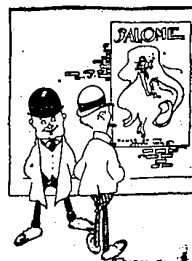
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THEY TAKE A LOT OFF



Hoax—What do you think of this Salome dance, the dance of the "Seven Veils?"

Joax—A pretty good take-off.