

Royal Oak

Latest From Our Sister Village

If you have something to sell try a liner advt.

Miss Martha Kidder spent Sunday with friends in Detroit. Mrs. Lucy M. Mellin spent a few days at Mt. Clemens the past week.

Born, Friday to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilson, a daughter. All doing nicely.

No school Thursday and Friday of this week on account of the state fair.

The M. E. conference is in session this week at the Central church, Detroit.

Mr. Fox has moved here from Highland Park and occupies the Parent house on Harrison avenue.

Remember if your dog roams at will about the village after Oct. 1, he must wear a collar and a tag.

John Landau has built a bay window on his house and otherwise improved the looks of his place.

John Mow was elected delegate to the republican state convention to be held in Detroit Oct. 6.

Miss Sarah Parker, the genial clerk at A. D. Kidder's store returned last Monday after a short vacation.

Charles Alger is building a new house on Washington avenue and it will be a fine addition to the village.

John Benjamin is attending the G. A. R. encampment at Atlantic City. He plays the fife in the state military band.

The next regular meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held Friday, Sept. 30, at the home of Mrs. Brace.

Kamatate Sakatsuma, the young Japanese who has been boarding at Dr. Smith's all summer, left last week for Washington.

Wm. Gould, of Harbor Beach, a former resident of this place, is spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Benjamin.

If you own a dog you will be interested in the new village ordinance printed in last week's issue of the TRIBUNE. Better read it.

It is reported that A. F. Wilcox sold five lots in his new subdivision one day last week to Detroit parties who expect to build homes immediately.

At the home of Grandpa Harvey White, there arrived last Thursday, Sept. 15, a bouncing baby boy; his name is John Henry Clark. The TRIBUNE extends congratulations.

M. J. Carley has sold 14 acres of his property in the north part of the village. The price realized was \$400 an acre. The sale was made through George A. Dondoro, Royal Oak's hustling young attorney.

Wm. H. Penny was bitten on the calf of his leg last week Wednesday by a vicious dog. A physician cauterized the wound and if blood poisoning does not develop, he will get along all right. Mr. Penny has been having bad luck lately. Not long ago his feet became entangled in some vines and he fell breaking his wrist. He is paralyzed in both arms, and is unable to use them at all.

About 25 ladies attended the Home Missionary society at the home of Mrs. J. S. Morrison last Friday. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. H. Hitchcock; vice presidents, Mrs. Lee Campbell, Mrs. E. Sinclair, and Mrs. J. S. Morrison; recording secretary, Mrs. H. S. Gardner; corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. Heavener. The election of treasurer was postponed until the next regular meeting. Mrs. Byron Graves of Detroit gave a very interesting talk. This society meets the third Friday of each month at the homes of the members. Visitors are always welcome.

James Hill was at Grand Rapids over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mack left this week for Florida.

Franklin Alfred left Monday for Westfield, N. Y., to be absent for some time.

Theodore Goodfellow is entertaining his two sisters, Misses Goodfellow, of Ewart.

Mrs. Julius Braun is installing a Jewel hot-air furnace in her home on Main street.

Mrs. M. J. Carley, manager for the telephone, is taking a two week's vacation.

Is the question of water works a dead issue? Why not wake up and discuss the question?

Miss Anna Quick has typhoid fever. Her sister, Mrs. Griffith, of Owosso, is here caring for her.

Henry Stevens has installed a Honeywell hot water heater in his new house, the first one of the kind in the place.

J. P. Codling is giving a few samples of needle threaders with each bottle of oil. These threaders are a great boon to the seamstress, as a sewing machine needle may be threaded in any light or even with the eyes closed.

A BIG SURPRISE.

Mr. Adam Gray called up the United Presbyterian pastor last Thursday, Sept. 15, and asked him if he would like to go and get some tomatoes at Mr. Starr's seed farm. The unsuspecting man was quietly inveigled away and about an hour after some energetic woman appeared on the scene, and soon the ball was rolling for a big surprise with a regular Michigan, such as these ladies know how to set up. Mr. Gray had a hard time in keeping his pastor from eating too many melons, but we returned in time to see the paragon filled with people and more coming.

The pastor thinks he knows about everything that goes on in the church and congregation but this time he was caught napping and he was completely surprised.

After a bountiful supper and social enjoyment, it was the good old turn of Mr. Frank Young, in the name of the Birmingham congregation, presented her with a purse, of money which amounted to over \$40. To say that we were surprised and pleased says very little. We are certainly very thankful to each and every one of our good friends who planned to bring about this evening of joy and present this token of love to Mrs. Pinkerton. We appreciate it even more for what prompted it. Thank you.

MR. AND MRS. PINKERTON.

The Lash of a Fiend
Would have been about to come to A. Cooper, of Owosso, New York, as a merciless law-racking cough that defied all remedies for years. "It was most troublesome at night," he writes, "nothing helped me till I used Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. I never cough at night now." Millions know its matchless merits for stubborn colds, whooping coughs, sore lungs, grippé, asthma, hemorrhage, croup, whooping cough, hay fever, it cures quickly and never fails to satisfy. A trial convinces. 50c. \$1. Trial bottle free. Sent by mail. Write to J. C. Harris and Co., Boston, Mass.

OBITUARY.

MRS. CATHERINE HERRING Died at the residence of her son, Herman, three miles northeast of Royal Oak, Monday, Sept. 12, aged 75. Mrs. Herring was an old resident of this village and for years, together with her husband, the late Julius Herring, ran the old Eagle hotel in this village. Mr. Herring died a few years ago, since which time Mrs. Herring made her home with her son, Herman.

She is survived by the following children: Herman, who lives on the farm where she died; Mrs. Thomas Fairbairn, Mrs. Edward Dissenbach and Julius Herring, of Detroit.

The funeral was held Thursday at 1:30 o'clock from the residence at 2 o'clock from the German Lutheran church. Interment was made beside her late husband in Royal Oak cemetery.

ATTENTION! TEACHERS.

This is to notify all teachers in Oakland county to beware of book agents and others representing themselves as acting under my recommendation. I have no business with such and certainly would not approve of their annoyance to teachers.

A. L. CRAFT, School Commissioner.

A SQUIRREL.
"A Detroit minister says that he is full of pecks-a-bowls." "A queer statement for a minister to make when he is trying to get men to go to heaven."



It takes my sister awful long to learn the house. I told her I hoped that she would soon be taught by him. Last year she had another bean and he took days 'n' days. A-shower her the way to swim in just the simplest ways. It seems to be the hardest work for me to make a stroke. Why, honestly, the way she swims is neither but a joke.

I told her I didn't think 'twas any use to try. Because two years ago her bean felt like a perfect guy. Just teachin' her an' teachin' her 'most every afternoon. An' her a-thankin' him an' sayin' 'shad he swim in half a day-seems like I always knew.

My sister splashes 'round an' screams. An' she says 'he was 'learnt' fast an' I had to laugh an' say, 'That's what her other fellows said.' She's just the same in winter time—my goodness! I would hate to be as long as she has been a-learnin' how to skate.

I told her bean about that, too, an' how she'll all an' usual. An' grab her bean around 't' neck. You see how she swims. An' this new bean—she doesn't seem to learn at all from him!

He asked me all about it, then he muttered 'twas very seldom just the same as they appear. An' after a while 't' tickin' an' she told my pea on me. Well, she give a lickin'! An' doggone if I can see. Why he should whip me that way an' 'call me a weaky kid. Because my oldest sister ain't got sense enough to swim.

Making It Plain.

There seems to be a mutual misunderstanding, says the patient wife, after the husband has explained at great length his inability to grasp her process of reasoning. "I agree with her estimate of the impulses and intentions governing his actions in staying out late and otherwise conducting himself as she thinks he should not. There seems to be a mutual misunderstanding. What I can't understand is why you act as you do." "And what I can't understand," replies the husband, knitting his brows in his determination to get the tangle straightened, "what I can't understand is why you can't understand why you can't understand my explanation."

Scientific Note.

"Yassuh." The eminent Professor Pokechoke, beaming through his glasses upon the interviewer. "I has dismembered a positive anecdote for melancholically." "Indeed? And where is this remedy obtained?" "On the principle obtains amongst de scientists what is devolv' rahed for 'othal complaints, sah, I has gone into de laboratory oh yassuh, an' wrestled fun hah bread de secret dat watermelon is de best anti-toxin. Yassuh!"

To Decide.

"Yes, Mrs. Medoogoo," said the eminent surgeon, "there is a considerable disagreement among the physicians in charge of the case as to whether or not we should operate on your husband."

"And so we have decided to operate and thus discover whether or not the operation is advisable."

Needed Preaching.

"No, I'll not go to church today. After I pay for that new hat and dress I won't have anything to put in the collection."

"But, my dear, you surely ought to go to church, if only in token of respectance for the bad words you have said about the bill for my fall out fit."

One or the Other.

"I suppose," says the first true friend, "that the reason she is going to marry him is that he is so homely he knows it is useless for him to pay attention to any other woman?" "Perhaps," agrees the second true friend. "Or, it may be that she knows he is so homely no other woman will pay any attention to him."

Apt Name.

"And you call your little baby? 'Who gave him that name?' 'My husband. He did it because the dog sleeps all day and howls all night.'"



Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF CHARGE on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building to the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 24 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

It was predicted not so very long ago that the popularity of the bungalow would be short-lived, that it was a fad that would soon die out, but such has not been the case. More bungalows have been built this year than ever before, and it is probable that next year there will be an increase over the number of this year. It is not difficult to find the cause for the popularity of the small house. The bungalow appeals to that instinct in us that yearns for coziness. That is about all there is to it. Palaces and mansions attract and they are grand. But the human heart warms to the cottage. It is not going without the bounds of truth to say that there is probably more real happiness in one bungalow or in one cottage than in the dozen palaces where you have to come on your dress suit every night before you come down to dinner.

You take human nature the world over and it is about the same whether it is clothed in full dress or blue jeans. It is safe to say that the Fifth Avenue millionaire in New York often dreams of living in a cottage bereft of care and the responsibility of keeping a corps of servants from ruining him. The man who comes to his bungalow at night is met at his door by his wife and children, he kisses them, takes

convenience. As a matter of fact, any house should be planned first with the view of ease in taking care of the house work. The house should be planned from the inside and not from the outside. There is a good-sized parlor opening off the vestibule and back of this is the dining and living room. The kitchen is back of the dining room and here a cupboard can be provided in lieu of a pantry. There are two chambers and the bathroom is conveniently located between them.

BJORNSON'S IDEA OF AMERICA

"A Dangerous Stepmother—Rich and Beautiful," Said the Gifted Norwegian.

Bjornson lectured in America in 1880, and has always had friends and admirers in this country. Bernard Stahl, who has lately published in New York a translation of "Wise Knut," one of Bjornson's most characteristic tales, gives an interesting account of his last meeting with the master. In Christiania in 1890, says Current Literature. The occasion was a birthday banquet held in honor of Bjornson's seventieth anniversary.

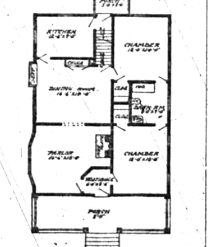
There were two main tables. At the head of one sat the guest of honor, at the other Nansen, recently returned from his memorable trip to the north. "Many a merry jest," Mr. Stahl records, "flew from one table to another; and though it might be difficult, at a glance, to tell which of the two giants looked the younger, it was easy enough to determine which of the two swords

beat sharper. The author had the famous wit." Mr. Stahl's narrative proceeds: "The famous master had a cordial handshake and a cheerful word for all. I was introduced to this uncrowned Norwegian king by his son, Bjorn Bjornson, who at that time was director of the new National theater, for which the master had done so much. I have met many a big man whose thoughts have been far away while apparently speaking with interest to his listener, but not so with Bjornson. If he spoke or listened at all he put both his soul and body into the subject so to speak.

"Speaking about his old love for America, he said: 'Several of the enterprising American managers have tried hard to get me across the water, but so far I have resisted the temptation—though with a sore heart. Not that I am afraid of touring the country and turning out a hundred lectures, no, sir; but what I'm afraid of, I am sorry to say, is the hospitality of the American people. Look at Nansen there! He is quite able-bodied, doesn't he? Well, sir, he had to 'beat it' as they say in America, and why? On account of too much champagne! And his eyes sparkled with mirth as he emitted a roar of buoyant laughter. 'However, I may risk it,' he continued, 'someday. I shall have to say many a harsh word to young America, though, because she has deprived Norway of her best children, although she has given me a great opportunity. She is a dangerous stepmother because she is rich, and beautiful women are dangerous through their power over young men.' And again he laughed. And the 500 guests joined him, joined him heartily, because his laughter was such that it could set the audience on the mountains tops in wilder, and that means much in Norway."

Architects have been devoting their time and talents of years to developing this type of house to its highest perfection, and all their endeavors have been along the line of expressing the true home instinct. That is true architectural art which develops in tangible form the emotions of the human heart. The architect, therefore, is now almost telling us the character of the man who lives in the house designed by him. You take the average man who lives in a bungalow and you will find he is a home lover. That means he is good to his wife and family. They are set on his pay roll. He is one of them and with them. His children have no father, but the man who might be the father is to them a sort of elder brother. The wife has no husband, but a pal. They put in their Saturday afternoons together in the garden or in sports together. May be they work together trimming the shrubbery. That is your bungalow family—an ideal existence where love rules and a place as near heaven as we can get and still be on earth.

The bungalow we show here has a warm abode. The single fact about it is that it is homely and gives the impression of simplicity and comfort. An abundance of light is offered from bay windows and the arrangement of other windows about the structure. This bungalow is 31 feet wide and 40 feet long. All rooms are on one floor and there are no stairs to climb. This fact will appeal to the housekeeper who has to take many steps up and down stairs during the day. Yet there is no crowding and the rooms are arranged with the special idea of



Floor Plan.

Timber Used in Paper. According to the report which the forestry bureau of the United States department of agriculture made in 1918, an area half the size of Rhode Island has been cut down to make paper. The publishers of the country are using more than 2,500,000 cords of wood each year. One New York paper used last year 77,333.875 pounds of white paper, or an average of 211,873 pounds a day.

Reversed. Miss Bilkely—You have given up advocating woman's rights? Miss Passee—Yes; I now go in for women's lefts. Miss Bilkely—Women's lefts? What's that? Miss Passee—Widowers—Titt-Bitt. Wouldn't Stay Where It Belonged. Mrs. Manbering—What, do you mean to tell me that your splendid curly haired cock has left? Goodbye, you make her stay? Mrs. Manderville—Oh, yes; we could have made her stay easily in spite of the trouble was we couldn't make her stay.

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