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BOUGHNER BROTHERS,  
Birmingham.



## For the Winter Season

### JOHN KELLY BOOTS in Custom Effects

The famous Shoes for women are really the "last word" in style, and a woman wearing the John Kelly Footwear has the satisfaction of knowing she is correctly booted.

The store is this week showing some of the more recent styles made to our special order by this skilled craftsman.

The styles include the most recent and most authentic fashions in lace and button Boots. They have every mark of strictly custom-made Shoes. But—at popular prices, \$6 to \$12.

## Henry W. Pauli

WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP  
47 North Saginaw Street, Pontiac  
EXPERT SHOE REPAIRING done by our Messrs. Shearer and Mackie. Right Prices.

## To Our Lighting Customers

All previous orders of the Fuel Administrator covering sign and display lighting have been cancelled. A new order, now in effect, permits sign and display lighting as in the past, excepting on

### Thursday Nights & Sunday Nights

On Thursdays and Sundays no sign or display advertising lighting whatever may be used. Lighting to entrances of business places and porches of residences must be reduced to the minimum necessary for safety.

Lighting of show windows must be shut off entirely when the stores close. It is further ordered that as few lights as possible be maintained in homes and other places on Thursdays and Sundays.

This Company is required to enforce these rulings, and we ask our customers to conform cheerfully to the new rulings.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY,  
ALEX. DOW,  
President.

## Birmingham Service Co

Let us do your Trucking, Grading, Excavating, and other Team Work. Our facilities are of the best.

PHONE 63

## Birmingham Service Co

## PICTURESQUE MARKET CHICAGO



Picking Out Old Clothes.

AUTHORITIES state that shortly after the publication of The Arabian Nights the genie became extinct. What hosh. I know for a certainty that one of that superhuman race makes his appearance every Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, weather permitting, at the corner of 13th and Jefferson streets, writes I. K. Friedman in the Chicago News. Here for a minute, though invisible, he takes his stand, claps his hands and then— presto!— what a transformation has been worked!

The windows of the little dyeing and cleaning shops that hug Jefferson street are flung open and piles of second-hand clothing—"fixes" and "run-fixer," as the Yiddish signboards periodically come sailing down the sidewalks and the pavement of the road. One-hour wagons laden with old clothes push their way slowly eastward from Halsted street, wheelbarrows freighted with cast-off garments compete for places with pushcarts piled high with the same merchandise, while other enterprising hands have fashioned crude vehicles out of soap boxes and discarded pairs of bicycle wheels to trundle more of these old wares hither.

The less fortunate, white and black bearded men and stout youths, whose legs are the only machines granted

the front steps of a freshly-painted cottage. He symbolizes the eternal wanderer lured to his lot by a wise acceptance of the utter impossibility of escape from it and who is content if he can scratch but a moment's peace between the long rest that is both the reward and the just portion of old age.

But even this scant tramping by the way is denied him. From the window of the second story the head of a vigorous old woman protrudes and she shrills down at him: "Is it for trash like you that I pay \$25 for painting my cottage?"

"Must I sweep up the old shoes and paper and dirt you leave behind, oh, impudent one? Why don't you sell your filthy rags in the swell neighborhoods where you buy them? Get out! Ten curses rest on you for everyone of your years! Will you go or shall I send for the police?"

Solemnly he shakes his white head. By the written laws that govern real estate the cottage is hers; by the unwritten laws established by the market the steps are his for the day. He stands on his rights, turning a deaf ear to her stream of obloquy. So she adopts more effective measures and drenches him and his precious stores with buckets of water, tossed forth with swift and unerring hands. His



Sunday Market in Ghetto.

them to overcome the inertia of a winter, totter along, bent double by the heavy packs of discarded wares that parcel they carry on their backs. Here and there a son or a wife, coming to the assistance of the breadwinner of the family, drag along the surplus of the goods in their valises, bags and telescopes. Mercilessly they are at the business, eager for a foothold on the road that soon they may find themselves cart or a wagon, are not deterred from joining the throng by the fact that their entire stock in trade is limited to a single suit. How the surplus of the goods in their valises, bags and telescopes. Mercilessly they are at the business, eager for a foothold on the road that soon they may find themselves cart or a wagon, are not deterred from joining the throng by the fact that their entire stock in trade is limited to a single suit. How the surplus of the goods in their valises, bags and telescopes. Mercilessly they are at the business, eager for a foothold on the road that soon they may find themselves cart or a wagon, are not deterred from joining the throng by the fact that their entire stock in trade is limited to a single suit.

week's work—sustained perhaps for family, home and himself—are gone, heavy packs of discarded wares that parcel they carry on their backs. Here and there a son or a wife, coming to the assistance of the breadwinner of the family, drag along the surplus of the goods in their valises, bags and telescopes. Mercilessly they are at the business, eager for a foothold on the road that soon they may find themselves cart or a wagon, are not deterred from joining the throng by the fact that their entire stock in trade is limited to a single suit. How the surplus of the goods in their valises, bags and telescopes. Mercilessly they are at the business, eager for a foothold on the road that soon they may find themselves cart or a wagon, are not deterred from joining the throng by the fact that their entire stock in trade is limited to a single suit.

the hands of our genius—to revert to him—were clapped at 8 o'clock and a procession of old clothes men summoned by that signal has taken perhaps a half hour to reach its destination. Now look along 13th street see what has happened to it in those thirty minutes. It has been transformed into a second-hand clothes market, which, so far as the writer knows, has only one competitor in the world—Commercial row, in White-chapel, London.

Nor is this once-a-week market, which has concentrated here out of the necessity of the case and largely because it could go nowhere else, altogether to the liking of the occupants of the cottages aforesaid. I noticed, for instance, as I looked my way from spot to spot, an old fellow, stoop-shouldered, hollow-chested and white-bearded as his patriarchal forebears, who had squatted with his peck on

like a stone and make him uncomfortable with just because the coal bill happens to be large, his new coat does not fit quite to his liking? One's having lost one's temper the whole world is but of joint— at least for the time being, and as men live in the "time being," that means much.

For Little Brown Men.

In Japan the early part of the month of May is palm time for all little Japanese boys because it is at that time that the birthday of every one of them is celebrated, notes a writer. The big general birthday party is familiarly known as the "fish festival." During the fish festival every family in which there is a boy promptly heralds the fact by a flag that flutters from a pole in the tall and as big a pole as possible; so, in order to get this kind of a pole, it frequently happens that several families will club together and make one birthday pole do for all. This pole is then adorned with as many flags as there are little boys in the several families.

## LADY'S EVENING MIRY TALES

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE SUN-DIAL.

"You flatter me," said the sun. "I really can't help it," said the sun-dial. "I just naturally think you are the most wonderful thing in the world. And I think too that you are the only creature in this whole universe worth noticing. That's why I pay so much attention to you."

"Well, now how do you think of it," said the sun. "I am not so sure you do flatter me when you call me a 'thing' and a 'creature.' No matter. I will shine through it all. I have such a sunny disposition." And the sun laughed, for he thought he had cracked a very good joke.

"Why will you be so funny?" asked the sun-dial.

"Suppose it's my nature," said the sun. "You know what I just told you. I'm always bright and it requires some one really bright to be funny—that, if I think so. And I couldn't be funny if I felt sad. And I can't be sad because I'm sunny. There, do you see?"

"Yes," said the sun-dial, "and I do not wonder you are so humorous."

"You honor me. It is true," said the sun.

"Yes," said the sun-dial. "I follow you so that they call the time by me. And how am I able to tell the time for them? All owing to you. I depend upon you to help me tell the time, for you cast your shadow over me, and folks know just the hour of the day it is."

"I like to help you," said the sun smiling.

"And think of the other creatures and things that honor you," said the sun-dial.

"You love to call everyone in the world a creature or a thing," chuckled the sun. "But never mind. If that is your way of talking, Mr. Sun-dial, go ahead. I can understand you. I know the language spoken by sun-dials."

"There is the sun-dial which is named after you," commented the sun-dial. "It is so called because it is so bright and golden and it is big too."

"That is so," said the sun. "I am very fond of the sun-flower."

"And think of all the flowers, like the marigold and the morning glories



"I Like to Help You," Said the Sun.

which open when you arise and go to sleep, closing their eyes when you go to bed.

"Then there is the sun fish, so named because he is round and fat and supposed to be slightly like the sun in shape."

"I had never heard the reason for his name before," said Mr. Sun.

"Thanks for telling me."

The sun-dial moved a little and so did Mr. Sun for the time was going on.

"Then there is the sun-gem," continued the sun-dial. "He is the hummingbird you know and he has such glorious bright colors that they have named him after you."

"I never knew that before," said Mr. Sun. "How very interesting. Pray go on."

"There are sun opals—beautiful stones—and sun perch—like the sun fish family. These are sun plants and sun ferns."

"Indeed," beamed the sun.

"And there are sun shades," continued the sun-dial.

"Oh dear," said the sun, "people use those to keep me out of their eyes, don't they?"

"Yes, that is so," said the sun-dial. "Dear me, I didn't mean to say anything about sun-shades. And there is sun fever and sun stroke."

"Oh dear, dear, dear," said the sun, growing very red and angry. "They are horrible things people get when their heads ache and when they feel quite miserable."

The sun was very red and very mad now, and the sun-dial knew it had said too much.

"I tried to be so nice," it said. "Well, you were most of the time," said the sun. "I shall try to sleep off my temper though I'm angry now."

"I am so sorry," said the sun-dial. "I grew a little careless in what I was saying."

"Yes, you did," agreed the sun. "But no matter I shall sleep and forget about it now."

And the big red sun went to bed behind the hill and the sun-dial said to itself it would never make such mistakes again!

Doubtful Compliment.

"Mother, why does Uncle Tom always call me Pussy?"

"He thinks a lot of cats, I guess, and thinks you are nice and soft like a kitten."

"Well, I hope I have more sense than most kittens I have known."

A Child's Wisdom.

A boy was asked which was the greater evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger.

"The feelings," he said.

"Right, dear child," said the gratified listener. "But why is it worse to hurt the feelings?"

"Because you can't tie a rag around them," answered the child.

Our Country Our Object.

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.—Daniel Webster.

## Financial Preparedness

in the United States really began two years ago when the Federal Reserve System was organized. It will be complete when every citizen is doing his share towards the maintenance of the system.

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