

APR 26 1916

4 PAGES

APR 26 1916

APR 26 1916

# Detroit Gazette

PAGE ONE

SAT. APR. 29 11

22 4000

## A PAPERS REVIEW

The History of Paper  
writing BY  
Robert R. Stevens

The first paper  
 Edited by Robert  
 R. Stevens was  
 printed in  
 Beaver Dam Wis.  
 I do not vitely  
 remember the  
 name perhaps  
 the Beaver Dam  
 News I am quite  
 sure. This was  
 quite a success.  
 Harold Radtke  
 of Beaver Dam  
 started to pub-  
 lish the Sun -

set news.

The name of the  
 Beaver Dam paper  
 was changed and  
 called the  
 Witness Events  
 this name was  
 suggest by Robert  
 Stevens when  
 I moved to Newark  
 O. no paper was  
 published in  
 that city. In  
 arriving in Detroit  
 the Quick Delivery  
 was published  
 and now we have  
 the greatest ever  
 The Detroit  
 Gazette

ROBERT STEVENS editor



Fred Norman  
Forestville

By R.R.S.

Fifth Installment

The dinner at Mr. Green's was a pleasant one, and Fred was thanked over and over again by the fond mother of little Bill as Fred knew that Mr. Green was manager and large stockholder in the Forestville Shoe Co. He asked him if could obtain a position there. Mr. Green told him to call

at the Companies office the next day. And he would start to work Monday. It was now Thursday It would leave him a day or two to see Forestville The next morning Fred met Mr. Green in his office Mr. Green greeted him and sent him with a guide to look through the plant. The next two days Fred spent in seeing Forestville Monday was a nice day Fred had

PAGE 2  
Fre  
of  
By  
ha  
in  
he  
an  
on  
In  
Cit  
p  
fo  
p  
in  
wo  
sa  
jo  
He  
2.5  
be  
Th  
fo  
u



Fred Norman

of Forestville

By Robert R. Stevens

had been shown  
in which room  
he would work  
and as he was  
once a boot black

In one of the  
Cities shoe shine  
parlors the  
finishing and  
polishing mach-  
ine at which he  
worked was not  
such a strange  
job after all.

He was to receive  
\$2.50 a day to  
begin with.

The usual wage  
for the polisher  
was \$3.50 a day

Fred soon caught  
on to all the  
merits of the  
work and could  
finish almost as  
many shoes as  
some of the other  
men or boys who  
had worked at the  
machine for years.

The weeks flew  
by. Fred had  
secured a room  
in a private house  
as he did not  
like to crowd  
the Holms family  
of which there  
were six.

and with him  
there was quite  
a crowd for the  
house was not  
large.

over →



Fred Norman Forestwell

The room he now had was a nice room in a house owned by a widow named Mrs. Kelley Mrs. Kelley had a son named Dick who was more or less a Bully He loved to tease small boys but was a coward a heart He was spoiled by his mother who always took his part.

The adventure with Dick will appear in the Sunday Gazette.

APRIL 30th

Coming  
Ringling  
Bros. Circus  
Watch  
THE PAPERS

To Be Continued  
In the Sunday  
Gazette

NOTICE -  
The Gazette will be published on wed. hereafter.

Next week's  
Issue  
D. D. D. ARTICAL

Read the Ads  
next week

PAGE  
7th  
FROM  
AL  
TH  
to  
f  
9



EXTRA  
PAGE

The Detroit Gazette

SAT  
APRIL  
29

APR 26 1916

Sunday Gazette tomorrow

PAGE 5

The Spring Air Awakens The Poetic  
- instincts -

From Leader

Almost any old thing is an inspiration  
for spring time poetry.

The onion sings in yonder tree,  
the cream puff gallops on  
the sea, all nature awakens  
to the thrills of Carters little  
liver pills - and as upon my  
face I stare, I see some vegetation  
there



Even this gentleman is inspired  
I've grown to love the ball  
and chain, Companion of  
my joy and pain, well be  
to gether twenty years,  
I wish I had that many beers.



- an ode from the Heart of A Real poet -

A hard boiled egg, I've felt thy throbb,  
as oft you lauded on my knob.  
But now to thee my love I vow,  
I've got the price to eat thee  
now.



- Close to NATURE -  
Above, I see the Evening  
star - below, I see a  
good cigar.

Poetic thoughts of a young Man  
upon hearing the Alarm Clock  
at 7. A. M. -

Ah, would that I could hit the hay  
and sleep my very life away.  
Then summer autumn, winter,  
spring, to me would mean not  
anything.

At that the dog Deserves some Attention

I hear the melody of spring O, spinach  
hound you are my king.