

The Rochester Era

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

ROCHESTER, OAKLAND COUNTY, MICHIGAN, MARCH 21, 1924.

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR

VOL. LI, NO. 49

A Tough-Looking Bunch of Bandits



Plate furnished thru the courtesy of the Detroit Lockport of Origin Bank, who were captured and given twenty-year terms in Marquette and Jackson Prisons.

Woman's Club

The Woman's Club was very pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. Carroll B. Chapman on Friday, March 15. After a business session, presided over by Mrs. Curtis, the president, Mrs. L. G. Williams opened the program with a paper, "Ireland in Song and Story." She brought out her characteristic love of freedom, her fondness for sport and play, and her bondage to the superstitions of all the past ages. Mrs. Mabel Case then gave a paper on "Lady Gregory and the Irish Players." This was full of instructive and interesting events in the development of the drama and the influences brought to bear on it by the surrounding nations. The club then answered roll call, "Irish smiles," many of which brought forth more than a smile. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. W. A. Fox, East St.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE FOR FATHER AND SON BANQUET.

Receipts.	
292 tickets sold at 50c.....	\$196.00
Cash contributions, in lieu of furnishings.....	23.35
Total receipts.....	\$219.35
Disbursements.	
Five gallons oil.....	.75
Two yards of paper tablecloth.....	5.10
Soap and washing powder.....	.80
Laundry.....	.50
Three green paper hats.....	13.50
Freight, one, freight and cartage.....	3.40
Printing 500 tickets.....	5.00
Printing 460 programs.....	25.00
Roasting beef, making gravy.....	4.50
Milk and cream.....	9.35
Four bushels of potatoes.....	4.40
12 pounds butter.....	7.08
100 doll. rolls.....	12.00
258 pounds of beef.....	64.50
16 gallons of ice cream.....	35.20
28 pounds of sugar.....	8.50

Mr. and Mrs. John Klinger visited their daughter at Decker and sister at Marlette last week.

August Bloomberger, of West Utica, was in town Monday for the first time in nine weeks, having had a severe attack of flu.

Mrs. H. D. Carrow, sister of Mrs. A. C. Schoof and Mrs. Albert Schultz, passed away March 12 at the Hendricks sanitarium for tuberculosis at El Paso, Tex. Her body was sent to Mt. Clemens, where she will rest in the lot beside her husband.

Mrs. M. J. Smead has been at Goodrich hospital for the removal of tonsils.

John Kemler has been appointed deputy sheriff and will be the Oakland county weighmaster, having charge of the weighing of trucks. His duties began March 15.

The regular monthly meeting of the W.C.T.U. will meet with Mrs. Henry George on New Main street, Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 2:30 p. m.

ARTHUR W. SPENCER

Your vote for
THOMAS A. O'BRIEN
FOR
Township Clerk
At the Annual Election April 7

Increasing the Value of Telephone Service

The Michigan Bell Telephone Company always is building—always expanding its service in order to efficiently serve the growing needs of Michigan.

Last year the Michigan Bell Telephone Company's expansion was one of the greatest in Michigan's telephone history—and that program is being continued.

108,984 miles of new telephone wires were installed during 1923; 98,501 miles to give additional local service; 10,483 miles of toll and long distance wires.

1,110,369 miles of wire now connect the telephones of this Company's subscribers.

96,805 new telephones were connected with the switchboards of this Company, for a net gain of 36,117, during 1923; 49,686 were added through the purchase of another company, both factors greatly increasing the value of the service to every telephone user in Michigan.

More than 437,000 telephones are served by this Company over its own switchboards; its connecting companies in Michigan serve 112,049 more; 14,000,000 others can be reached elsewhere in the country. \$10,320,380 represents the total increase of telephone plant made by this Company in Michigan last year.

And an organization of 10,279 loyal telephone workers now serves Michigan. It is their unanimous desire to give the people of our state the highest possible grade of telephone service.



MICHIGAN BELL
TELEPHONE COMPANY

Come Up! Come Up!

Ye wandering sons and daughters of Rochester and vicinity, if you wish to duplicate in your homes the pomp, digit, and splendor of Thebes or Pompey, or to furnish an humble cottage. Give me the plan of your home and I will present to your vision articles of grace and beauty, useful and good, and with your permission suggest what is most suited to your idea of the Home Beautiful

- 8 3x10.6 Scotch Rugs
- 8.3x10.6 Axminster Rugs
- 9x12 Axminster Rugs
- 9x12 Velvet Rugs
- 9x12 Wilton Rugs
- Inlaid Linoleum \$1.50 sq. yd
- Printed Linoleum 75c sq. yd

Genuine Leather Rockers
Sole distributor BOSS OIL AIR STOVES
Stoves possess many new and patented features and are covered by full guarantee
Foster Ideal Beds and Springs
Barcalo Beds and Springs
Many other makes and latest styles

Salesrooms filled with New, Used and Antique Articles

CULLEN SELLS FOR LESS

You will be surprised when you visit

Cullen's New Salesrooms

523 Main st., Rochester

Also 522-6-6 Main

Read The Era,

But Don't Borrow It.

Buy It

Prominent People

Vanderlip Sued by Marion Star Owners

Frank A. Vanderlip, newspaper man, treasury official, banker and reformed banker, has been much in the public eye of late years. The "oil scandal" has brought him directly under the spotlight. Roy D. Moore and Louis H. Brush, joint owners of the Marion (O.) Star, have filed suit in federal court at New York against him for \$600,000 damages, alleging slander and libel as the result of the banker's purported utterances in the now famous Ossining address.

Three separate causes of action, asking \$200,000 damages each, were filed in the papers served on Mr. Vanderlip. The action was taken, according to the papers, on account of Mr. Vanderlip's alleged statements, in which he "implicated the sale of the Marion Star in the oil scandal."

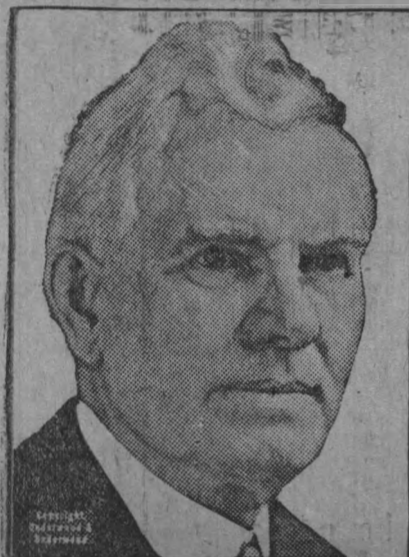
The first cause sets forth that Mr. Vanderlip "wickedly and maliciously charged Brush and Moore with bribing Warren G. Harding, then president of the United States, to fail to perform certain of his official duties as president, and that bribe consisted in the payment to former President Harding of \$550,000 in the purchase of the Marion Star, 'which was more than twice its fair value.'"

The defendant's statements, it was further charged, accused the plaintiffs of "being financially irresponsible and insolvent and not able to meet their financial obligations, and not entitled to credit."

Publication of the speech, it was stated, was the basis of the libel charges, while the address itself was said to be slanderous.



M. B. Madden, "Watchdog of Treasury"



"M. B. Madden, Republican of Chicago, was elected to the Fifty-ninth and each succeeding congress." That's all the autobiography there is in the Congressional Directory of the Sixty-eighth congress concerning the man who represents the "Loop" of Chicago, one of the most important districts in the United States. Moreover, Madden is now the reigning "watchdog of the Treasury." So the fifteen words quoted seem hardly adequate.

Madden, as chairman of the committee of appropriations of the house, is hardboiled, in the opinion of most congressmen. It's lucky for him that he is; otherwise he couldn't function. He had good training for the job—eight years or so as chairman of the finance council of the Chicago city council—where they play the game in the same way—only with white instead of yellow chips.

Madden is hardboiled also because he is a successful business man who worked his way up from waterboy in a stone quarry, notwithstanding the handicap of the loss of a leg in an accident. He was born in England in 1855, and was brought to Illinois when he was not much more than a baby. He made himself president of the Western Stone company, a bank director, president of the Quarry Owners' Association of the United States, president of the Illinois Manufacturers' association, vice president of the Builders and Traders' Exchange of Chicago, and so on.

In 1897 Madden was caucus nominee of his party for United States senator. He was double-crossed and defeated his enemies by electing William E. Mason. Now his enemies are out of it and he's the "Treasury watchdog."

Harding to Control Hungary's Finances

W. P. G. Harding, former governor of the United States federal reserve board, has been unofficially selected as high commissioner of the League of Nations to Hungary for control of finances under the league's loan plan. He has informed the league that he will accept if officially designated. It was said in league circles that the selection of Mr. Harding had been approved by all the interested parties.

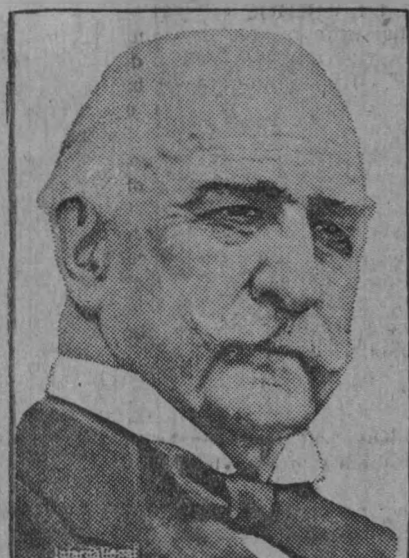
Harding recently returned from Cuba, where he went at the special request of President Harding to advise the island government in reorganizing its finances along federal reserve system lines.

Harding became a member of the federal reserve board when it was organized in August, 1914. He was governor from Aug. 10, 1916, until his term expired a few months ago. In 1918 he was managing director of the War Finance corporation.

Harding is descended from a long line of New England ancestors, whom he can trace back to Plymouth colony. He himself, however, was born in Alabama in 1864. He was the youngest full graduate of the University of Alabama, receiving his A. B. degree when he was sixteen years old, and his M. A. the following year.



Gen. Miles Asks for Custer Monument



Gen. Nelson A. Miles has sent a letter to congress, urging that it provide money to erect a suitable memorial at the battlefield in Montana where General Custer and his command were massacred by Indians in 1876.

His interest in a suitable monument for his soldier friend of Indian fighting days was awakened recently by a visit to Washington of Mrs. Custer, widow of the general. At that time he promised her "he would see what he could do."

He suggested that a monument costing at least \$40,000 be erected.

"It is a shame nothing has been done in the way of putting up a memorial there before this time," General Miles said. "Not a train across the western states but what stops there, I am told, and surely some lasting memorial should be put on such a spot."

"It has been suggested that congress set aside such a paltry sum as \$15,000, but that is not enough. Why, not a day passes but what we hear of a monument to this or that cause not half as important as what Custer did for us. Even the Indians admired Custer's bravery. Surely we can do no less than to see that his memory is kept sacred in fitting manner."

Restoring Relations Between Italy and Russia



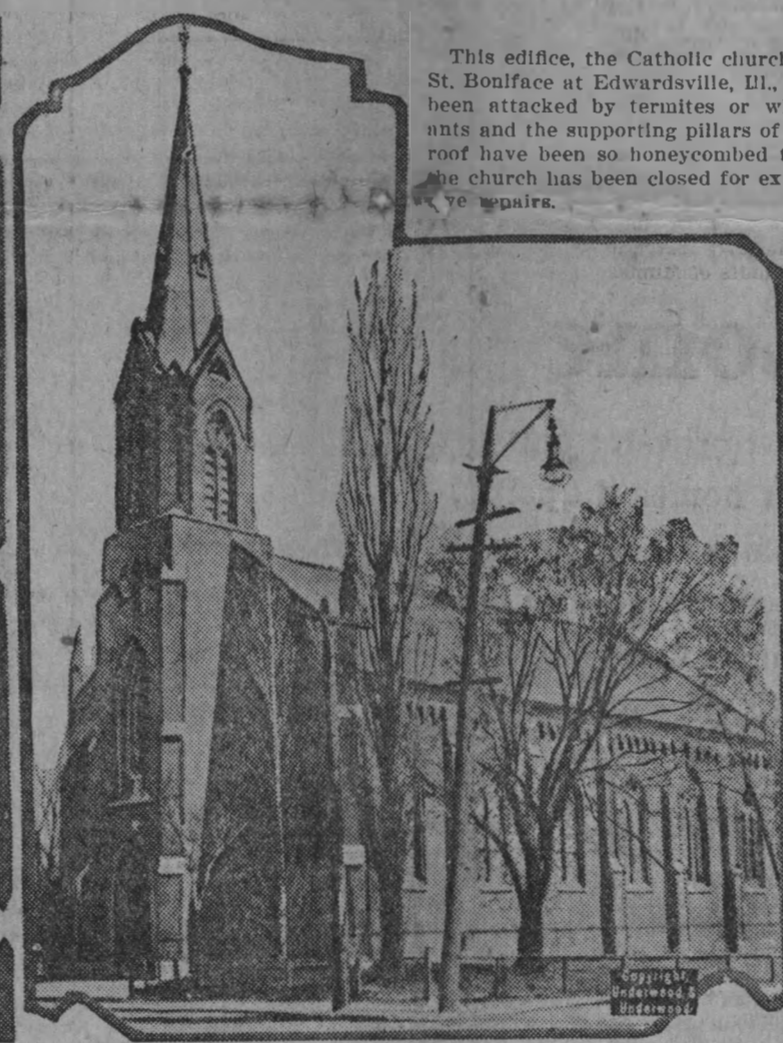
Premier Benito Mussolini of Italy is shown here signing the treaty between Italy and Russia. This act once more places those two nations on a friendly basis, re-establishing diplomatic relations. M. Jordanski, Russian representative in the negotiations, is seated to the left of Mussolini in the photograph.

Marines Landing a Gun From the "Beetle" Power Boat



United States marines from the battleship Utah landing with a gun from a "beetle" boat on one of the Virgin Islands. This "beetle" is an armored fifty-foot motor boat with a hatch opening forward that is used as a runway to the shore.

Church Closed Up by White Ants



This edifice, the Catholic church of St. Boniface at Edwardsville, Ill., has been attacked by termites or white ants and the supporting pillars of the roof have been so honeycombed that the church has been closed for extensive repairs.

FLEW INTO VESUVIUS



Flirting with death, Umberto Romagnoli, daring aviator-photographer of the International Newsreel corporation accompanied by a pilot, plunged with his plane into the flaming crater of Vesuvius, flew about in it for seven minutes and then came out alive after spectators had given him up for dead.

Involved in Teapot Dome Oil Mess



W. O. Duckstein, an employee of E. B. McLean, and his wife, Jessie, sometimes known as Mary, have been drawn into the oil lease investigation through the sending of telegrams to McLean in Florida. Mrs. Duckstein formerly was secretary to W. J. Burns, head of the Department of Justice investigation bureau, and is now employed by the department. It was said she used an official cipher code.

GIVES MILES OF TREES



Lynn B. Timmerman, motor manufacturer of Lima, Ohio, who on Arbor day will assist Mrs. Warren G. Harding to plant the first of 26 double miles of trees on the world's longest "Highway of Remembrance." Mr. Timmerman presented enough trees to the city of Lima to line both sides of the 26 miles of highway through Allen county, as a fitting memorial to the late president.

GOOD ROADS

ASK MOTORISTS TO PAY FOR HIGHWAYS

(By ROY D. CHAPIN, Chairman Highway Committee, National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.)

Highway engineers of the United States have carried their task forward to a point where the public can now obtain a visual demonstration of results in every state in the Union. At the end of 1918 there were 12.5 miles of completed federal aid projects in the country. Since then projects amounting to 29,772 miles have been completed, 15,318 miles are under construction, and an additional 6,000 miles have been approved for construction.

Virtually all of this work has been done on those main highways which constitute the selected federal aid system of 7 per cent of the highways of the country, and yet the funds so expended from both federal and state sources are less than one-half of annual expenditures made for rural highway purposes.

The other funds have been expended, first, under state jurisdiction on the secondary roads, and, second, under county and local supervision, on the county and purely local roads.

The net result is that as we swing into 1924 there are approximately 430,000 miles of highways in the United States on which there has been some degree of improvement from those of sand-clay up to the heaviest and most durable roads known to modern engineering. The total mileage of all types of roads in the country is 2,941,294.

This achievement, which gives us a mileage of improved roads almost four times as great as all of the roads in the United Kingdom, has been attained just in time to take care of the swelling army of motor car drivers and it will be only by a continuation of the present program for the next ten years that we can finally arrive at a completed system approximating the needs of highway traffic.

The principal problem to the student of highway transport is that of how an undertaking of this size is to be financed, requiring as it does, and will for a decade, an annual appropriation of at least \$1,000,000,000 from national, state and local sources.

The answer has been obtained, in part, through conferences between officials of the American Association of State Highway Officials, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, the Investment Bankers of America and the bureau of public roads.

The chief points were that all who benefit from highway construction should join in paying for them, that maintenance of the interstate and state systems is justifiably chargeable against the motor user, that highway expenditures should be based upon budgets and should not be out of line with other public needs, and finally that depending upon the comparative stage of the highway program, long term bond issues should be voted to provide for immediate construction of the principal systems which must inevitably cost the public less to build and maintain than to go without.

Records Give Wisconsin Longest Concrete Road

Where are the longest continuous stretches of concrete roads?

A recent search of highway records gives Wisconsin the honor with 93 miles. The contestants are from every section of the country and show how the good-roads movement is being carried out.

Miles
Wisconsin—Troy Center through Milwaukee county to Fond du Lac..... 93
Minnesota—Anoka to Belle Prairie..... 83
Iowa—Charles City to Algona..... 78
California—Yuba City to Chico..... 60
Delaware—Lewes to Dover..... 60
California—Chico to Red Bluff..... 60
Minnesota—Duluth to Eveleth..... 56
California—Westmoreland to Indio..... 54
Florida—Jacksonville to Lake City..... 43
Colorado—Denver to Greeley..... 35
Arizona—Phoenix to Buckeye..... 33
California—Edom to Banning..... 30
Maine—Portland to Lewiston..... 23

Miles of Paved Streets in American Cities Big

If the paved streets of 290 leading American cities—which in the first national census of city paving ever made in this country have reported officially their paving yardages last year to the Asphalt Association in New York—were merged in a single great highway eighteen feet wide that highway would more than twice encircle the globe. The survey, the results of which have just been announced, shows that, with an average of eighteen feet of width, there are 56,974.8 miles of paved streets in American cities of 10,000 or more population. This mileage by far exceeds that of almost every other country in the world.

Benefits of Dragging

What a difference it makes in frozen roads if they are dragged before the cold wave comes! It is evident in some of our own highways here in the county, says the Rochester (Ind.) Sentinel. Some that were dragged during the recent rains are now regular boulevards. Others that were not are full of ruts and while passable, practically tear a car to pieces. The money spent in dragging those roads has paid the taxpayers many times over on wear and tear on their vehicles.

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

"MYSTERY MAN" IS IDENTIFIED

Oklahoma's "mystery man," who for four years baffled efforts of American Legion and Red Cross officials to establish his identity, has been recognized as Arthur Littlewhite Frazier of Winner, S. D. Incidentally by his identification, he may receive \$2,000 in back pay due him from the government, and a Legion post named in his honor will have to seek another hero to commemorate.

Frazier, or Green, as he was known then, was discovered in the woods near Ponca City, Okla., existing on berries and roots, living in a tepee constructed principally of remnants of an American flag. He was taken in charge by the authorities and on recommendation of the American Legion was sent to a government hospital, as he had established the fact that he was a World war veteran.

Then began a long quest for clues to his identity. Every relief agency and government bureau exhausted itself in efforts to learn who the man was, but to no avail. He was positively "identified" on several occasions by various persons only to show no signs of recognition when put to test.

In the meantime, back in the South Dakota town where he had lived, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frazier received official notice from the government that their son had been killed in action in the Argonne late in October, 1918. He was mourned as dead, and in order to pay him full respect, a post of the Legion was named in his honor.

By chance a Legionnaire residing in Winner saw a photograph of the Oklahoma "mystery man," as he was known, because he had no recollection of his past, and the parents went to Muskego to identify the man. There, he was claimed as their son, and they returned to the Dakota home.

If this man was Frazier, then he was entitled to back pay because he had never been discharged from the service. Compensation checks sent him were fraudulently cashed in Chicago at one time.

Because Frazier is suffering not only from his mental disability but tuberculosis hastened by the poisonous gases and exposure, his Legion friends appealed to the Veterans' bureau for aid. He was sent to Minneapolis, where he was met by two comrades, and he recognized both of them immediately as "buddies" in his overseas outfit. Both said the man had served in the same Minnesota guard unit with which they served in France, and testified to their belief that he was Frazier. The man has no recollection of any of his previous life, save a dog, who had been his companion in earlier days, and who apparently recognized him the moment he set foot in the Frazier home.

Form Club to Save for Trip to French Capital

Another savings club, deposits of which are destined to be used for a trip to Paris in 1928, has been started by Legionnaires in Uniontown, Pa. "Goat" Davis, an active member of the post, and one of the most earnest boosters for the proposal to hold the national convention of the American Legion in the French capital on the tenth anniversary of Armistice day, is responsible for the club.

Davis proposes that each Legionnaire put away at least \$2 each week from now until 1928, which will give sufficient funds to make the trip and return.

Sentiment in the Legion clearly indicates a desire to hold such a convention in Paris. At the first national convention, a committee was authorized to study feasibility of a Paris pilgrimage, which would be in the nature of a visit to the battlefields where the Americans trod in 1917 and 1918, as well as for administering business of the Legion. A number of posts have already formed savings clubs along a line similar to that suggested in Uniontown.

Legion Posts Provide Radio for Disabled

Use of the radio for entertainment of disabled soldiers in government hospitals is one of the principal activities of several posts of the American Legion in larger cities.

"Legion Night on the Air," established by the Kings county (N. Y.) posts of the Legion, is one of the first and most popular of these. Artists well known throughout the country are frequently heard on this program. Recently, all posts in New York combined in a great program which was broadcast by the powerful WEAF station. One of the headline attractions was the singing of Christian Holttum, himself a disabled man and Legionnaire, who since his return from service has been giving concerts throughout the country. Thals Magrane, an A. E. F. entertainer, and president of the auxiliary unit to the S. Rankin Drew post of the Legion, an all theatrical post, also read several numbers on the program.

SHOULD ALL BE IN THE ORGANIZATION

Walter M. Pierce, Governor of Oregon, says regarding the American Legion:

"Such a body of men organized into a compact whole, can and will wield an influence that will make it possible for this nation to safely ride the severest storms that the peculiar economic conditions of the World war may cause.

"Since American institutions came into existence, students of the world have freely predicted their early decline, alleging that when the opportunity of acquiring free land was gone and the cities grew large, the peculiar character developed by the sturdy farmer of America would be lost in the whirl of great city development. There are those living who believe such a time is approaching.

"The four million boys who received their military training in the late war, all eligible to the American Legion, when gathered, as they should be into that great organization, will constitute the greatest single force in defense of American institutions."

NEW DIVISION IS NOW IN OPERATION

A new division is now in operation at national headquarters of the American Legion. This, authorized by the fifth annual convention, will handle preparation of a program of post activities and membership detail. It will include an educational course for officials of local posts, and other plans to put Legion efforts on a high plane.

This division was formerly an activity of national headquarters during the earlier days of the Legion's organization, but because of the expense attached, had been ordered consolidated with other work. Under mandate of the convention in San Francisco this work will be amplified to meet requirements of the organization, a suitable appropriation having been provided.

Prior to the appointment of Russell G. Creviston as national adjutant to succeed Lemuel Bolles, he had, as assistant adjutant, done much of the



Frank E. Samuel.

work in this direction. At the 1923 department adjutant's conference Mr. Creviston reported the results of a survey made of the entire 11,000 posts of the organization in regard to relation to the communities served, what the definite programs of these posts showed, and actual accomplishment. With assumption of the duties of national adjutant, and the authorization of the new division, Mr. Creviston has relinquished active prosecution of the work, though it remains under his direct supervision.

Frank E. Samuel, for four and one-half years department adjutant of the Legion in Kansas, has been granted a leave of absence by department officials to take charge of the newly created division. Samuel, one of the best known workers among administrative officers of the Legion, was chosen for this work because of his intimate touch with the posts in the field. The Legion in Kansas serves 380 communities and regularly enrolls more than one-third of all the service men the state sent to war. Perhaps in no one state is the influence of the local post so carefully responded to as in Kansas. The Legion there had the greatest number of posts participating in the "community chest" raised in its cities; it secured passage of the bonus bill which brought to the former soldier the greatest amount of money—\$1 for each day of service; it established a state-wide publicity service that has gained much favored reputation in every section; and succeeded in endowing the fund of \$100,000 provided in acceptance of the Dabney gift for a national home for Legion and World war orphans.

Samuel was an enlisted man during the war, serving in the military intelligence and operations section of the Three Hundred and Fifty-third Infantry, an all-Kansas regiment, and a unit of the famous Eighty-ninth division. At the signing of the armistice, he was attending an officer's training school in France. On his return to the United States, he affiliated with the Legion, and soon thereafter became department adjutant. In point of service, he is the third oldest now at work in 60 Legion departments.

Co-operative Butter. In America the first man to attempt selling co-operative butter was Lewis M. Norton. He started a co-operative creamery at Goshen, Conn. It failed.

FARM CO-OPERATIVE SELLING

By GLENN G. HAYES

How Butter and Cheese Are Sent to Market

DAIRY farmers were the world's first co-operators. Cheese was the first agricultural product to travel the co-operative road to market. Butter soon followed suit.

Co-operative cheese marketing had its start back in the latter part of the middle ages. Swiss dairy farmers learned that the labor of cheese-making was greatly reduced if six or seven of them formed a group and each member took his turn at making the cheese for them all. Manufacture was the first step. Marketing came next. Cheese rings soon discovered that traders would pay slightly higher premium for the larger quantities of uniform quality cheese than they would for individual lots. They began pooling their cheese, and one member with ability for trading would handle the selling of the entire lot.

Co-operative dairying was next tried in France, then Alsace, Bavaria and Saxony. It was two hundred years later that American pioneers formed the first cheese ring. Until 1841 every farmer was his own cheese maker, but in that year a group of farmers at Lake Rock, in Jefferson county, Wisconsin, established a cheese ring and took turns week by week making the cheese. Immediately other cheese rings were started in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts and in a few years they were common in Connecticut, New York and Wisconsin. Today there are approximately 4,000 cheese factories of which 2,500 are in Wisconsin.

One-fourth of these Wisconsin factories are co-operatively owned and operated. The farmers deliver their milk every day and it is made into cheese and sold green. As the cheese industry grew in the state, cheese boards came into existence where buyers and sellers met to make prices. One of these boards, the Plymouth Cheese exchange as it is called, came to dominate all the others. Its price established the price level for all the cheese of Wisconsin. The farmers came to realize that the Plymouth board didn't always play square, and in 1912, 43 local co-operative cheese factories revolted and came together to form the Sheboygan County Cheese Producers' federation for handling their own sales. In 1917 they changed their name to the Wisconsin Cheese Producers' federation. In 1921, 40 local units of Minnesota asked to come into the organization. In all, the federation now markets the output for 175 co-operative cheese factories.

Members Under Contract.

Members of the local units are under contract to deliver all of their milk to the local association, which in turn is under contract to deliver all the cheese made from the product to the federation. The local factory ships its cheese directly to the federation's warehouses and there it is inspected and graded, weighed and sold or put into storage. The sales for each month are pooled by grades and no attention is paid to the Plymouth board prices.

Across the continent in Tillamook county, Oregon, is a little dairy valley scarcely eight by twenty miles, half hidden among the mountains. Since the early days Tillamook farmers have been dairymen in spite of the fact that they couldn't make it pay. They thought co-operation would turn the trick, so back in 1893 they formed the Tillamook Dairy association to make butter. They nearly failed. Next they tried making cheese and they failed completely. After another failure with butter the dairymen turned again to cheese. This time they had better luck. The manufacture of cheese was put on a paying basis. Today the association owns 25 factories and 65 per cent of their cheese is sold to California brokers and the other 35 per cent goes to Pacific coast markets. The receipts are pooled each month and the farmers are paid just as fast as the cheese is sold.

In spite of the seemingly large quantities of cheese sold through co-operative organizations, co-operative cheese marketing has barely progressed beyond the building of a good foundation for the future.

It wasn't long after the Swiss farmers formed their first cheese rings until they began to organize co-operative circles for the manufacture and selling of butter. This first adventure was not particularly successful—not until after the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia did the Danes make a go of co-operative butter making. The Danish commission to the exposition took home a full report of a plan by which American co-operative creameries in Orange and Dutchess counties, New York, were succeeding. In 1882 a co-operative creamery built on the American plan was established at Hjedding—the first in Denmark to make a go of co-operation. In 1921 there were 1,335 co-operative creameries handling the cream of 200,000 farmers.

Co-operative Butter.

In America the first man to attempt selling co-operative butter was Lewis M. Norton. He started a co-operative creamery at Goshen, Conn. It failed.

In 1856 a creamery was started in Orange county, New York, and in less than ten months co-operative creameries were in operation in several neighboring counties. Each was independent of the other; each fixed its own standards and sold its own product. This was the plan the Danes copied in 1882. But they improved upon it by federating to manufacture a standard product.

In August, 1923, there were 1,610 co-operative creameries in the United States and 638 of them were in the state of Minnesota. These creameries are simply manufacturing plants for the making of butter. Most of them are nonprofit, nonstock organizations. After the butter is sold and the expense of operation is deducted, the proceeds are paid to the producers in proportion to the amount of cream delivered.

The first state in the Union to attempt the improvement of the butter market was Minnesota. In 1911 the Minnesota Co-operative Dairies' association was established. This was a commission house at New York that was started through the fear that the creameries would be driven off the market by centralizers. One hundred and thirty co-operative creameries took stock in the company. It buys up butter at the regular price and resells it in the eastern market. The profits are divided on the patronage dividend basis among the creameries and this is redidivided on the same basis among the members of the separate creameries.

In 1921 the 345 Minnesota creameries came together for closer co-operation and formed a state group, the Minnesota Co-operative Creameries' association, Inc. They divided the state into 15 districts and each district employed a field man or inspector whose chief duty is to improve the quality of the butter made in the creameries of his unit and to work toward its standardization. A small duty is charged on each pound of butter produced during the year which pays the overhead expenses and the handling costs.

In Other Sections.

Minnesota is not the only state that has established a centralized butter market. The Wisconsin Co-operative Creamery association is organized on the same plan as the Minnesota creameries. In Iowa the Creamery Secretaries' association has been in operation for many years. On the Pacific Coast the Challenge Cream and Butter association, at Talare, has been marketing cream and butter since 1911.

Where there are no co-operative centralizers the farmers have organized co-operative shipping associations. Sometimes these are organized through the state farm bureau; sometimes through the Grange. Again the producers are affiliated with a produce shipping association. These loose-knit organizations are responsible for slightly better cream prices, but they are not to be classed as real co-operative organizations. They are not the first necessary steps toward permanent organization—merely a means to an end. An effective system of co-operative manufacture of these two products has been perfected but the marketing end is still in its infancy. Before the marketing of manufactured dairy products can be perfected, there must be a general standardization and improvement of the product. Already another step has been taken toward this goal—co-operative marketing associations have organized to sell through a national sales agency.

INDIANS HAD MANY SLAVES

Slavery Was Regular Institution Among the Many Tribes on the Pacific Coast.

Slavery was a regular institution among many of the Indian tribes on the Pacific coast from Alaska to California. Among many of these tribes there was a regular slave caste within the tribe.

The slaves were originally captives of war, and they and their children were condemned to perpetual hard labor, harsh treatment, sale or death at the will of the masters.

A milder type of slavery existed among some of the Atlantic tribes. Later when they came in contact with the whites many of the Southern Indians, such as the Seminoles, Creeks, Cherokees and Choctaws, followed the example of the Europeans and became owners of negro slaves.—Detroit News

USE CORN STALKS AS ARMOR

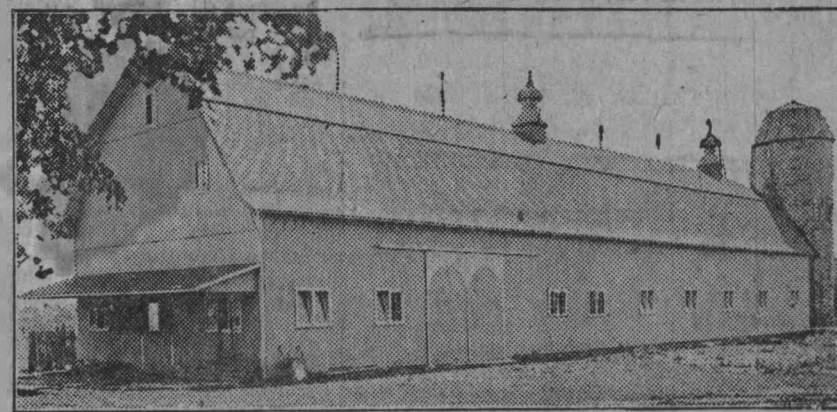
Placed Behind Steel Plates on Battleship and, When Pierced by Shell, Fills Gap.

Behind the armor plate of the modern battleship lies a packing of cellulose six feet thick. If the outer armor plate is pierced by a shell the water reaches the cellulose, which immediately swells and fills the hole. So certain is the action of this material that all warships have been equipped with the queer jacket. The cellulose is made from cornstalks. These stalks are dried for six or eight months and then cut into short pieces and the pith extracted. The pith is treated with chemicals to make it fireproof, and compressed to one-sixteenth its original bulk. After being cut into blocks six inches square it is shipped to the navy yards.

At the Ball Game.

She—Who is that man they are all quarreling with?
Her Escort—Why, he's keeping the score.
She—Oh! And won't he give it up?

Modern Dairy Barn Reduces Labor; Increases Production



By WILLIAM A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building work on the farm, for 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. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only include two-cent stamp for reply.

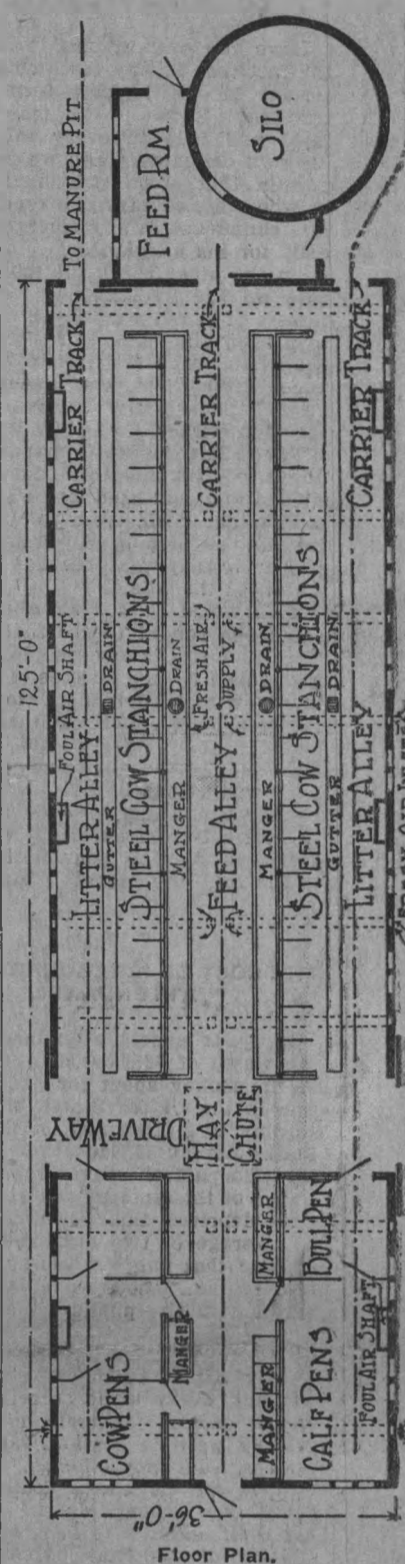
The barn on a modern dairy farm is a combination milk factory and warehouse for the storage of raw materials which the cows turn into milk. The manufacturing processes are performed on the ground, or stable floor. Above is the storage or warehouse, where the raw materials in the shape of feed are readily available.

Production, or rather the labor attendant upon production, is performed efficiently, at the least expenditure of labor. To accomplish this labor-saving equipment is installed. There is the litter carrier which serves the double purpose of transporting feed direct to the cows' mangers and taking the refuse out of the stable. There are the drinking bowls at each cow stall which automatically provide the cows with fresh drinking water whenever the milk-making plant needs it. There is the ventilating system that carries out the foul air which the cow has breathed and sucks in the fresh air that she needs. There are the stanchions which hold the animals securely in their stalls, but permit the greatest freedom of movement. And then there is the sanitary steel stall partition. All of this equipment is found in the modern dairy barn, and with it dairymen are performing the regular tasks of caring for a dairy herd at the expenditure of the least amount of labor, which means greater profits.

The barn shown in the accompanying illustration is the modern type of milk-manufacturing plant. This barn is efficiently planned. It is of the required size to house the cows comfortably and at the same time there is no waste space. The building is wide enough to permit two rows of stalls, a driveway and feeding alley through the center, and litter alleys along each wall. Forty-four cows are held in stanchions, 22 on each side and facing the central feed alley. Besides there are pens for the bull, the calves and for three cows.

The barn is 36 feet wide, which is an economical width, and 125 feet long. The concrete foundation also provides a concrete floor. The superstructure is of plank frame construction, with a gambrel roof. This method of construction eliminates supporting columns in the hay mow above the stable floor, the roof being self-supporting. The building is provided with lightning rods and suction roof ventilators, which suck the foul air out of the stable through the ventilating flues.

At the far end of the building is the



Floor Plan.

silo, with a feed room built around it. The overhead track extends to the feed room, so that the silage may be shoveled into the carrier and taken directly to the mangers, where it is fed to the cows. How the interior of the barn is arranged, and the location of the labor-saving equipment is shown on the floor plan.

Cows to be productive must be well fed, have plenty of water and fresh air, and above all things be comfortable. Such a modern dairy barn as the one illustrated provides all of these features.

Weather Strips Will Keep Your House Warm

A warm house in winter time is practically impossible without weather stripping. The settling of the house, even on the best foundations is sufficient to cause air passages to appear with resultant drafts and waste of heat.

The metal weather strip is the only means by which a permanently airtight window can be adjusted. These strips cost very little in comparison with the saving in fuel, the comfort attained through a warm home and the economy in cleaners' bills caused through the lessening of infiltration of dust and soot.

Metal weather strips are so firmly adjusted to the window casing and frame that all shrinkage is taken up without interfering with the ease of opening or closing, a point highly appreciated by those who have had trouble with windows sticking.

Concrete House May Be Built in One Day

Utilizing principles that he developed in designing concrete ships, a well-known inventor of submarine boats has perfected a method of manufacturing houses of any size and any style of architecture and slabs speeded, from precast concrete slabs of standard sizes, which he declares can be put up like Aladdin's palace, virtually overnight.

The houses, their inventor writes in Popular Science Monthly, may be of any type, from a small bungalow to a skyscraper, according to the architect's plans. The exterior finish may be brick, stone, shingles, stucco or whatever else is desired. The houses are said to be rainproof, moistureproof, cold and heatproof, and all but indestructible and their inventor declares they can be built for one-half the cost of brick or frame construction. Small houses, he says, can be built in a day.

Many methods have been devised for constructing buildings from precast slabs, but the houses, according to their inventor, are unique in that each house built by this method will be different from every other house, even though slabs of the same standardized sizes are used in the construction of all. Distinctive decorative effects, the inventor explains, are produced by placing a "veneer" of the desired material on the surface when casting, while different good-sized rooms and walls of varying heights may be obtained by combining slabs of various sizes. All construction work is performed by machinery, the slabs being cast at a central plant, transported to the building site and there lifted into place by derricks.

Winter Time to Make Renewal and Repairs

Stucco can be applied as an exterior covering, no matter how cold the temperature; in fact, winter is the best time in which to do this work, as labor is more available and, not being rushed, will do a much better job.

The home owner contemplating changes in the interior of his house will by the same token find he can do his work with much less expense and at the same time secure the necessary skilled labor, which in a few months will be in such demand that their services will be almost impossible to secure.

Value of Rear Entry

The rear entry or vestibule serves a number of very important functions. It provides a convenient alcove for the refrigerator and makes possible the delivery of ice and groceries without tracking up the kitchen. The rear entry also serves the purpose of the storm door arrangement, keeping drafts from the kitchen.—Home Exposition Article.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1924



Rochester Chapter
 No. 154, F. A. M.

First Monday month 7:30 p.m.
 R. H. Wilson Sec.
 A. W. Spencer, H. P.

COMMUNITY LOYALTY.

Have you ever stopped to consider the fact that loyalty to community interests is the highest form of patriotism? Show us the man who is loyal and true to every interest of his own community and we will show you in that same individual a man in whom his country can repose absolute confidence in any emergency that calls for his allegiance.

On the other hand, the man who is careless and unconcerned for the interests of his community is most apt to display the same spirit of indifference toward his government or his state should any serious danger threaten either.

Try to imagine an entire state composed of innumerable communities welded and cemented into a symmetrical whole, each striving to excel the other toward his government or his state should any serious danger threaten either.

This would be brought about if we could be brought to see that we owe allegiance to our own people, but that the prosperity and success of others is in no wise a detriment to us, but rather a help, that if each community would develop itself to the utmost—materially, mentally and morally—no one would need be envious of others, neither would any need be sought to detract from another's interest.

Let us develop community loyalty to the fullest—the highest possible form.

THE COST OF IRREGULAR SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

Irregular school attendance caused the waste of \$250,000,000, one-quarter of the money spent for public education in the United States in 1923, according to statisticians of the United States Bureau of Education. The people who paid the taxes robbed themselves of this amount and at the same time deprived their own children of an average of two months schooling, and that number was sufficient to enroll in the public schools of the country and the schools were open an average of about eight months. Nearly 700,000 teachers were employed to instruct every child enrolled every school day of the eight months the schools were in session, say the Bureau of Education officials. The total cost in all the states combined was about one billion dollars. By allowing their children to miss school one-quarter of the time parents caused the waste of one-quarter of the money paid to run the schools.

A DO-NOTHING SESSION.

Congress seems to be very busy, yet all it is doing amounts to very little as far as its real work goes. True, it is busy investigating and probing and inquiring, but the actual problems of the country are getting very little attention.

There are two chief reasons for this situation. One is that the personnel of the Congress is so evenly divided politically that no one party has a clear working majority so that it can accomplish what it wishes regardless of the opposition. A second one is that this is campaign year and there is a disposition to make as much political capital as possible out of the proceedings. The majority party would like to direct the issues of the session, while the minority is doing its best to turn things to its advantage. Meanwhile the so-called progressive group, which holds the balance of power, is alert and sparing for position.

The result is that the Congress is in an uproar, in confusion, out of which little definite or constructive can be expected at this session.

MUD AND IGNORANCE TAX.

Mud ignorance levies a far heavier tax upon every member of the community than all other tax burdens, yet the people are slow to realize this fact.

Congress is engaged in housecleaning and it wouldn't hurt the country a bit if a few congressmen got mixed up in the trash and swept out.

Once in a while the government finds a dollar-a-year man somewhat expensive.

The nice thing about having a home is it always gives you some place to wish you were when you are away.

Some people have so much artistic temperament that they even pose while winding the phonograph.

HAVE YOU APPENDICITIS AND DON'T KNOW IT?

Much so-called stomach trouble is really chronic appendicitis. This can often be relieved by simple glycerine, buckthorn bark, etc., as mixed in Adlerika. Most medicines act only on lower bowel, but Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, and removes all gasses and poisons. Brings out matter you never thought was in your system. Excellent for obstinate constipation. Orsman's Pharmacy.

Rochester Wins

Nearly 800 persons attended the winter roast and picnic at Plant field Tampa, Fla., Thursday afternoon March 13, given for the tourists by Fred Hartwig, director of tourist activities. The prize winners in the contests which followed the roast follow:

Ladies' whistling contest: Lydia Scharmburg, New York, first; Mrs. E. E. McElheny, Maryland, second.

Ladies' footrace: Edna Wilsey, Rochester, Mich., first; Marlan McBride, Rochester, Mich., second.

Men's footrace: M. B. Hoffman, Canada, first; Merritt Waldo, Michigan, second.

Pie eating contest for women: Mrs. V. H. Farris, Ohio, first; Mrs. George Bonlock, Pennsylvania, second.

Potato relay race for women: Edna Wilsey, Rochester, Mich., first.

Needle-threading contest: Edna Wilsey, Rochester, Mich., first.

Still walking for women: Marian McBride, Michigan, first; Edna Wilsey, Rochester, Mich., second.

Milk drinking for men: M. B. Hoffman, Canada, first; James Crofton, Florida, second.

Hat trimming contest for men: Clarence Tompkins, New Jersey, first; Ernest Morton, New York, second.

Bag race: Ralph Crawford, Rochester, Mich., first; M. B. Hoffman, Canada, second.

Tug-of-war: Clifford McBride, Rochester, Mich., first; Clarence Thompson, New Jersey, second.

"Bill" McBride, of Rochester, also won first prize in a barnyard golf (quoits) match, class B, making 204 points, 74 ringers and 16 doubles. The party expect to return April 14. "Bill" says they have had the coolest winter in Florida for 20 years, but that it is getting warmer.

Detroit Theatres

The Garrick
 Commencing Sunday night and all week with matinees Wednesday and Saturday at the Garrick theater, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest will present their latest success, "Polly Preferred," one of the greatest comedy hits in theatrical history, for a return engagement.

This charming comedy ran two consecutive seasons at the Little theater, New York, where it received the well as the audience who had the pleasure of witnessing this wonderful attraction. "Polly Preferred" also ran three months at the LaSalle theater, Chicago, three months at the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia, and recently closed a successful Boston engagement at the Majestic theater.

Majestic

"Connie Comes Home," a delightful comedy domance by Edward Childs Carpenter, will be the presentation of the Woodward Players for the week starting Sunday at the Majestic theater. "Connie Goes Home" was first presented this season at the Forty-Ninth Street theater in New York, and the production by the Woodward Players will be the first opportunity that Detroit has had to see the play.

Broadway Strand

With a distinguished cast made up of Marie Prevost, Florence Vidor, Monte Blue, Harry Myers, Adolphe Menjou and Creighton Hale, "The Marriage Circle," Ernest Lubitsch's new photoplay, has created such a furor during its showing at the Broadway Strand theater that the management has decided to hold it for a second week. "The Marriage Circle" is a departure from the ordinary type of photoplay. It is a delightfully refreshing story of a woman who sets out to steal the husband of her old girlhood chum, despite the fact that husband and wife are very much in love with each other. The complications that result are exceedingly humorous and never at any time depart from the plausible. Instead of the usual over-developed, unconvincing story, here is a page from life itself, with all the satire, subtle humor and appeal of a sparkling continental story. It is a story that gives an opportunity to the principals for splendid characterization. Shorter films and news reels are also scheduled.

The Miles

Thomas Meighan has a fine role in "Pied Piper Malone," his newest screen vehicle, showing at the Miles theater next week. More pictures and five advanced vaudeville acts.

The Regent

"The Call of the Canyon," a red-blooded tale of the great outdoors, by Zane Grey, will be the screen offering at the Regent next week. Other pictures and five vaudeville acts.

The Orpheum

"The Heert Bandit," a crook drama in which Viola Dana is featured, will be shown on the Orpheum screen next week. More pictures and five vaudeville acts.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Price having sold their farm east of Rochester, have come here to reside, occupying the upper flat of the Oscar Price house. Mrs. Price is recovering from an attack of quinsy.

The American Legion Auxiliary will meet at club house Tuesday, March 25, at one o'clock, for a pot luck dinner. All members and those eligible for membership are welcome.

School Notes

Interest in the annual indoor track meet for both boys and girls seems to be increasing daily as Thursday approaches. There are several records that will undoubtedly be broken this year.

The first local contest of the music memory contest will be held Thursday. All who pass in this contest may take part in the final local contest. From this contest the winners are chosen to go to the county and state contests.

The basket ball season is over, the girls making a splendid showing this year, winning 11 games out of 12; the boys 3 out of 12.

Base ball candidates for both girl and boy teams started practice this week. Both the grades and the high school are busy making a collection of old newspapers. A friendly rivalry no doubt adds to the size of the collection.

A lecture course has been provided for the coming year: 1—Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of Wm. Jennings Bryan, lecturer; 2—Marion Badon, cartoonist; 3—The Apollo Duo, entertainers; 4—Chenery Concert Co., musical.

There will be no school Friday, Mar 21, on account of the teachers' county institute at Pontiac.

The manual training department is making bird houses this week.

Edward Zollner of the 5A grade has been absent this week on account of illness.

Everyone had such a good time at the last joint meeting of the Auxiliary and Legion that preparations are being made for another such meeting Thursday evening, March 28, at 7:30. This affair will be a progressive pedro party with prizes for high scores. All ex-service men and their ladies are invited. Remember the date, comrades, March 28, at the Club House.

Mrs. Julia Conly entertained the L. O. T. M. Embroidery Club at a St. Patrick party at her home on Terry avenue, Monday afternoon. Games furnished the amusement after which the hostess served a dainty luncheon in keeping with the day.

Not a little excitement was caused on the south hill Wednesday morning by George Nightingale's valiant (?) dog going mad. He ran to Casey's coal yard, pursued by an officer and was shot soon after.

Baptist Church

J. C. Clasper, minister, 6 Morning service, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; evening service, 7 p. m. Ladies' Bible class every Wednesday, 1:30 p. m.; teacher, Miss Barnett. Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30 p. m. All are welcome.

FOR SALE—Greenbone Please refer in advance. H. H. Mac

Pontiac-Rochester Bus Line

Schedule.	
Leave Pontiac	9:00 a. m.
Leave Rochester	10:15 a. m.
Leave Pontiac	11:00 a. m.
Leave Rochester	12:15 p. m.
Leave Pontiac	1:00 p. m.
Leave Rochester	2:15 p. m.
Leave Pontiac	3:00 p. m.
Leave Rochester	4:15 p. m.
Leave Pontiac	5:30 p. m.
Leave Rochester	6:15 p. m.
Sunday Service	
Leave Pontiac	9:00 a. m.
Leave Rochester	10:15 a. m.
Leave Pontiac	5:15 p. m.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Those who are in a "run-down" condition will notice that Catarrh bothers them much more than when they are in good health. This fact proves that while Catarrh is a local disease, it is greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Farms Wanted—We have buyers for Michigan farms. Give description and lowest cash price. Warren McRae Farm Agency, Logansport, Ind.

Ford Steel Body Truck \$490
 L. C. B. Detroit

An All-Purpose Truck At A Remarkable Price

The new Ford all-steel body and cab mounted on the famous Ford One-Ton Truck chassis provides a complete all-purpose haulage unit at the remarkably low price of \$490.

Built of heavy sheet steel, strongly reinforced, this staunch truck is designed to withstand severe usage in a wide range of industries. Generous loading space, four feet by seven feet two inches, permits easy handling of capacity loads and provision is also made for mounting of canopy top or screen sides.

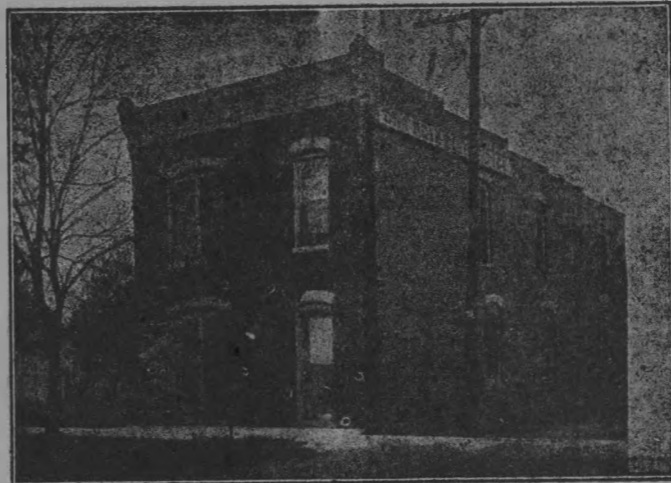
Experienced drivers appreciate the weather-proof features of the steel cab, which is fitted with removable door-opening curtains.

Ford Motor Company
 Detroit, Michigan

See nearest Authorized Ford Dealer

Ford
 CARS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS

Take The Era-\$1.50 the yr.



The Era Job Printing Dept.

to keep pace with its rapid development has added
A Punch and Slotting Machine for Loose Leaf Work
Three Wetter Numbring Machines
A Perforating and Scoring Machine

An Immense Line of Rules and Papers

We are turning out many jobs of

Ruling, Office and Business Form

Loose Ledger Work

Which are giving the best of satisfaction at right prices.

All kinds of Job Printing, including Booklets, Catalogs, Cards, Office Stationery, Bills, Auction Bills quickly executed on short notice

Local & Otherwise

Weather note—Snow storm Friday, March 21, 1924

Mr. and Mrs. Packard of Evanston, Ill., have been spending the week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Parker, the latter being their aunt.

Walter Lusk broke a finger while handling heavy timbers at the Ferndale lumber yard, where he is employed, first of the week.

F. A. Barnett & Son are now milking 55 cows by hand, the regulations forbidding the use of machines for producing certified milk, such as they furnish their customers

Mr and Mrs Rev Major recently entertained in honor of the wedding anniversary of Mr and Mrs Jerry Farmer. The five daughters of Mr and Mr. Major were present.

The Rochester Savings Bank filed suit in the circuit court Tuesday against William McKinstry for \$1,500 to recover on an indebtedness it claims is due from the defenhand.

The ladies' society of the Cong'l church will hold its quarterly meeting on Thursday, March 27, at 2:30 p. m., at the church. A full attendance is desired.

R. W. Nowels and family will not leave Rochester but will continue residence here. The firm name at Grand Trunk and Seven Mile road will be R. W. Nowels Lumber Co.

At the annual meeting of the DUR last Tuesday the Montreal stockholders having 69 per cent of the capital stock took control, with the result that E. J. Burdick for many years assistant manager and a prominent factor in the affairs of the company, steps down and out.

Mrs. Eva Woodward Parker of Avon township inherits the entire estate of her husband, the late Arthur S. Parker. The Parker will was filed Tuesday in probate court and the estate is estimated at \$1,000 and upwards. Mr. Parker died February 28.

What might have been a bad fire occurred at the Wells Brown home on North Main street Tues day morning, but the flames were extinguished by the operator of the near by filling station before the arrival of the fire department. An explosion occurred while Mrs Brown was generating her gas mangle in the basement, filling it with smoke and flames



L. R. BEBOUT
Attorney—Counselor-at-Law
Collections
Wilcox Block, Upstairs
Rochester Michigan

New Milk Route

Our new Milk Route is now negotiating finely.
Delivery of the Best Milk every evening.
Make yourself a customer.

F. A. Barnett & Son

Phone 60F14

Winning for Detroit Fame for Hospitality
FIREPROOF—400 PLEASANT ROOMS

Hotel Fort Shelby

DETROIT
LAFAYETTE BLVD. AT FIRST ST.
Close to Detroit's business center

Excellence of accommodations and a genuine spirit of hospitality have made this the preferred hotel of business men, tourists and family parties. The Fort Shelby Cafe is famed as "Detroit's finest restaurant". Moderate prices in cafe and coffee shop. The Fort Shelby Garage provides perfect accommodations for motorists.

Servidor Service
A commitment through which merchandise, clothing for pressing, etc., is delivered to and from your rooms without intrusion of employees. Protects from excessive tipping. Running ice water in every room.
Rates per day: \$2 and up
Double, \$3.50 and up

E. H. LERCHEN, JR. Secretary-Treasurer
Seth E. FRYMAN Manager
Consent to rail and water transportation
Michigan Central depot cars stop close by

Men's Club

The March men's club banquet at the Cong'l church last week Thursday evening was largely attended, the ladies furnishing an elegant dinner, beautifully served. The Oakland county motor club supplied the music. The address, "From Corfu to Cairo," by Rev Dr Chester B. Emerson of Detroit was eloquent, descriptive and entertaining. Dr Emerson went to the Far East as a member of the commission to aid the destitute children, made orphans by the Turks in Armenian massacres. His description of the helpless children was pathetic in the extreme and made a deep impression on his hearers

Town Nominations

Following are the republican township nominations made Tuesday: Supervisor, A. W. Spencer; clerk, T A O'Brien; treasurer, Guy Niles; highway commissioner, Park Sipperley; overseer, Ben Albani; justice of the peace, Charles Compte; member board of review, A L Ross; constables, James A Casey, Harry Yates, August Gaudy, A Williams.

A fair crowd turned out here Saturday at the Democratic caucus held in the Avontownship hall. The following nominations were made: Frank D. Shoup, supervisor; John H. Dillman, township clerk; Clayton H. Crissman, treasurer; Ward Carey, highway commissioner; Oscar Brewster, overseer of highways; William Fangbner, member of the board of review; P. J. O'Brien, justice of peace; Ansel Metz, Grant Setrell and Fred Weaver, constables. There are two precincts in Rochester. No. 1 will vote at the township hall, and No. 2 at the village municipal building. Miss Lillian Carey was confined to her home by illness last week.

Cong'l Church

SUNDAY, MARCH 1924.
10:30—Morning worship. Subject, "The Unlighted Lustrer."
11:45—Bible Study Hour. Classes for all. Are you in yours?
Mrs. R. H. Wilson, Supt.
6:15—The Christian Endeavor.
7:00—Worship at evenside. Theme, "What the World Needs More than Religious Controversy."
You will want to hear this one. Welcome.
Mid-week service Thursday evenings

FOR SALE—Hot water 125 egg incubator, and brooder. Inquire August Bloomberger, West Utica.

BRULE PIONEER IN WILDS

Explorer is Now Credited With Discovery of Superior and the Other Lakes.

Although his name is not enshrined in history along with those of Champlain, LaSalle, Radisson, Marquette, Joliet, and many other explorers, Etienne Brule (with an acute accent on the initial E and on the final e of the surname) is said to have been the real discoverer of the Great Lakes of America, including Superior, the largest body of fresh water in the world. Brule antedates most of these great discoverers by many years. He is said to have discovered the Great Lakes more than 300 years ago. Brule had no gift of writing, and no personal account remains of what must have been one of the outstanding careers of adventure this adventurous continent has produced. In late life Brule was denounced by Champlain as "abandoned," as one who "lived without religion." It is believed by some persons that the judgment of subsequent historical writers has been warped by Champlain's criticism of Brule's morals. They say that if Brule succumbed to the customs of the native Indians, it was because he was sent among them at a tender age by Champlain himself.



JAMES H. BELL,
Secretary-Treasurer Detroit Conservatory of Music.

Fifty golden years of constructive, artistic education of the Detroit Conservatory of Music, founded by Jacob H. Hahn in 1874, the oldest musical institution in Michigan.

James H. Bell, Secretary-Treasurer of the Detroit Conservatory of Music has been closely affiliated with the financial activities of the Conservatory.

As Secretary under Mr. Hahn's direction, during sixteen years, it has eminently fitted him as the guiding hand to continue so prosperous and well established an institution. Thirty seven consecutive years of constructive building is Mr. Bell's record to date.

Unusually equipped, with keen vision, an optimism which engenders confidence in his associates, like his predecessor, Mr. Hahn, Mr. Bell's humanity and keen understanding of all problems, and personalities makes him beloved by faculty and students. As one reviews the accomplishment of the Detroit Conservatory of Music, one is emphatically impressed with its steady growth. Its students are not only from Michigan, but from all parts of the country. This is indeed a golden era for the Detroit Conservatory of Music. Approximately three thousand students are enrolled for the year 1924.

CUSTOM HATCHING—Bring your eggs to 410 E. Third st. and we will hatch them for you in our incubator. Enquire for terms.

Wall Paper

I have as fine a line of samples as was ever shown in Rochester. Every pattern a 1924 style. Good paper for 15c a roll up to \$4.
Eugene Soden, 536 W. Third St.

Hear ye! Hear ye!
The old town crier was in his day a most effective medium for distributing information. But he has been relegated to the scrap heap along with the "Boy Wanted" placard.
Our want ads are the official town criers of this community.
The cost is little.

Death of Wm. T. DetroitUnitedLines

Hosner

(Mt. Clemens Monitor.)

William Truman Hosner died at his home in Romeo Friday morning, March 14, at 9:30, following a paralytic stroke received at 6 o'clock Tuesday evening, from which he failed to recover consciousness. He was 54 years old.

"Bill Hosner is dead!" The word spread throughout the city and county with a speed such as could be gathered only by a tragedy happening to one of Macomb county's favorite sons. "Bill Hosner is dead!"

Mr. Hosner was in the city Tuesday, pleading a case in the circuit court with Prosecuting Attorney Christian Matthews. He left for home about 5 o'clock, riding with Road Commissioner John Taylor. During the drive he complained of cold feet and limbs, but there was no indication of anything serious. When he reached home he made himself comfortable in a large chair, and soon lapsed into unconsciousness from which he did not recover up until the time of his death at 9:30 Friday morning.

Physicians were summoned, who pronounced his condition serious and gave little hope for his recovery. At no time during his short illness did his condition show indications of improvement and reports received constantly by the Monitor were most despairing.

For years Mr. Hosner has been connected most prominently with the Republican party of the county, being always one of the leaders in any question of importance. For years he has been recognized as a lawyer of ability and recently was honored by an appointment to the assistant attorneyship by the governor.

A history of Macomb county, prepared in 1905 by Robert F. Eldredge, gives the following facts concerning Mr. Hosner:

"William Truman Hosner, who has won more than local distinction as a member of the Macomb county bar in the trial of important civil and criminal cases, was born in Bruce township, May 27, 1870. * * * Having pursued his early education in the district schools, he continued his studies in the high school of Romeo, from which he was graduated in 1893. He then entered the law department of the Michigan University, and was graduated with the class of 1898, after which he began the practice of law in Romeo, where he has since remained. Careful preliminary training and thorough preparation of each case entrusted to his care, have won him some notable victories at the Macomb county bar.

"Mr. Hosner is influential in political circles as well, and has labored actively in the interests of the Republican party. He is now chairman of the Republican county committee and a member of the district congressional committee. He was appointed postmaster of Romeo by President McKinley (a position which he held for eight years).

"On the 7th of December, 1898, Mr. Hosner was united in marriage to Miss Nora Crissman, a daughter of Charles C. Crissman, of Washington township. They were the parents of three children: Electa, William and Jameron. The parents attend the congregational church and since 1899 Mr. Hosner affiliated with the Foresters, Maccabees and Elks.

Funeral services were held from the late home Monday afternoon.

Union Trust Bank

High and parochial school pupils of this county are interested in the announcement by the Union Trust Company, of Detroit of a dinner to be given Saturday evening, March 29, at General Motors Building in that city.

This dinner is given in honor of the senior classes of the high and parochial schools of Macomb, Oakland and Wayne counties, including the city of Detroit.

Those to be invited, it is understood, will be county, city, state school officials, the superintendent and principal of each high school, the president of each senior class and the editor of each high school paper, where there is one.

The object of the dinner-meeting, as announced, is to further enlighten the members of the senior classes of these various schools concerning the Union Trust Company's \$5,000 college scholarships.

The dinner will be beautifully appointed, but entirely informal as to dress. Splendid music, short educational speeches of snappy interest, and some other features will constitute the program.

Rev. Michael J. Gallagher, Bishop of Detroit, and Mr. Frank Cody, superintendent of Detroit schools, are among the speakers scheduled for the occasion.

There will be some 250 pupils and other guests represented at this function.

Five scholarships of \$1,000 each are to be awarded this year to successful winners in the Essay Contest, the subject of which for 1924 is "The Selection of Investments."

Formal invitations to each guest are to be issued this week.

Southbound
Limiteds—7:35 a. m. and every two hours to 7:35 p. m.
Expresses—8:38 a. m. and every two hours to 8:30 p. m.
Locals—*4:55 a. m., *6:05 a. m., 5:35 a. m., 6:05 a. m., *6:38 a. m., 7:10 a. m. and hourly to 7:10 p. m., 8:10 p. m., 10:12 p. m., 11:44 p. m.
Northbound
Limiteds—7:30 a. m. and every two hours to 7:30 p. m.
Expresses—8:30 a. m. and every two hours to 8:30 p. m.
Locals—To Flint: *4:30 a. m. (from car house), *6:34 a. m. (from car house), 9:55 p. m., 11:55 p. m.
To Imlay City: 7:45 a. m. and every two hours to 5:45 p. m., 7:55 p. m., 9:55 p. m., 11:55 p. m.

WANTED—Capable girl in family of two adults. Mrs. William C. Chapman, 11 Walnut st., Rochester, Mich.

C. A. Bromley, M. D.
Practice limited to Nose, Ear, eye, Throat
402 Kresge Building
ROCHESTER MICH.

WRIGLEY'S

After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a l-a-s-t-i-n-g benefit as well.

Good for teeth, breath and digestion.

Makes the next cigar taste better.

Sealed in its Purity Package

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

Dirty Lamps Waste Light

Your lamps and reflectors accumulate dust, which robs you of light. You bear a double loss—direct loss of current that you pay for and don't utilize—indirect loss in your sales; for your store is made less attractive to customers.

You may not realize that neglected lamps and reflectors may cut down the amount of your light as much as fifty per cent; or that a brightly lighted store means increased business, always.

Don't be afraid of soap and water. Keep your lamps clean. Add more, if necessary. Make your place bright and attractive. It pays big.

The Detroit Edison Company

MILLIONS OF HENS
ARE NOT LAYING!
ARE YOURS?

We have secured the exclusive agency and now have

POULTRY-TONE

In stock This remedy is known from coast to coast as the great germ destroyer. Germs are the cause of nearly all the poultry troubles.

POULTRY-TONE is a liquid, and is put up in pint bottles. One pint will keep 100 hens in laying condition for thirty days.

Feed DRY MASH, a variety of clean grains, oyster shells, and use POULTRY TONE daily.

The hen is the best thing on the farm; she will pay the feed bill buy the groceries, and leave a bank balance.

Get Your POULTRY TONE Today. \$1.00

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POULTRY SUPPLIES
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HAY, GRAIN, BEANS AND FARM PRODUCTS
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TWIN DAIRY CO.

Phone 168

When things begin to rattle-te-bang in the kitchen, telephone a want ad for a new cook.

The circulation of this paper is not confined to this locality.

Your ad in the classified columns will find readers from Maine to California.

As easy to sell your property by long distance as by personal sale.

The classified ad and its quick results exercise the same influence on the servant problem that a super-dreadnaught does on the world's peace.



THE RED LOCK

A Tale Of The Flatwoods

By David Anderson

Author of The Blue Moon

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CHAPTER XV

Six-Gun Persuasion.

In the church of which he had long been the chief support the funeral of the dead money-lender was held.

In spite of his grasping and domineering ways, the rugged worth of the man, to say nothing of his wealth, had made him widely known. Now joined to this was the mystery of his death. People came from far and near, and the church was packed, while many were forced to remain outside, grouped about the open door and windows.

The Reverend Caleb Hopkins officiated. It was the first time the Flatwoods had heard him preach, because of the fact that the day before, though Sunday, the church had remained closed out of respect for its leading member, sleeping his last sleep at the red-roofed cottage.

Standing well back among the silent group at the door, Jack Warhope watched the preacher go through his ordeal. Nerve he must have had, or he never could have carried it through. Behind the piously solemn mask of his face there doubtless raged a terrific tempest, but it did not seem to retard his flow of thought or mar his oratory. Little enough can be said over a dead man, at the best, but that little he so clothed with artistry that the like of it had never been heard in the Flatwoods. Each man writes his own eulogy; Simon Collin had written his. That was the basis of his remarks. He neither eulogized nor blamed—and in that he showed the sense of a wiser man.

Most of the crowd lingered about the cemetery for a time, even after the last solemn rites had been performed, as if slow to realize that a man so prominent, so long a power in the life of the little community, had with such suddenness dropped that prominence and power for the mean and voiceless walls of the grave.

Immediately on the death of the old banker, the preacher had, for the sake of appearances, moved to the parsonage. He had returned from the funeral and had been for some time pacing back and forth, or fidgeting restlessly in his chair, in the cool front room upstairs—the former minister's study—when he was very much surprised to see Jack Warhope ride up on Graylock, dismount, throw the bridle rein over the hitch-rack and come striding up the yard.

He sprang from his chair, opened one of his satchels, snatched out the holster with the ivory-handled revolver sticking in it; hurriedly buckled it on under his vest, where it was concealed by the somber frock coat, and tipped back to his chair.

A knock disturbed the sanctimonious quiet of the study door.

"Come in."

The knob turned, with a force and decision that somehow suggested the power of the hand laid upon it, and Jack Warhope entered, carefully closed the door; stood coolly looking the other over.

The preacher slowly rose from his chair; slipped his hat down along the front of his frock coat and loosened it against his side.

The motion was not lost upon the woodsman. His eyes had narrowed



"Butt First, Parson," Came the Cold Inclusive Command Over the Steady Barrel.

to alits in his face; his lips were tightened to a straight hard line. He dropped a quick look at the preacher's feet.

"Ther' ain't another pair o' boot heels in the Flatwoods like them, Mr.—Hopkins."

The brows of the other lifted in polite surprise.

"I found the print o' them heels on the dusty floor boards there by Pap Simon's desk, where they couldn't 'a' be'n made till after the rug was drug back."

The preacher peered at him through his huge spectacles; a subtle premonition of what was coming reached him.

"I may have stepped there when I came out of my room. That was a most distressing scene, Mr. Warhope."

"But the board was scratched where the heel had slipped and dug into it under strain. How come y'u slipped?"

The affable, benevolent smile weakened; the premonition of what was coming deepened.

"Really, you must not expect me to remember every small detail of so distressing a moment, Mr. Warhope."

"That trick of removin' the brimstone from the caps on the shotgun was what I call downright smart. It took a good head t' think o' that. But ain't it queer that a master hand like that would unlock the door after the murder, instid o' b'fore, and leave blood on the key?"

The studious pucker around the eyes was fast smoothing out, and the man was breathing fast. His hand was fumbling the lapel of the frock coat and slowly stealing down the side.

"What do you mean? You surely are not accusing me of the murder of my old friend?"

"I mean," rasped the woodsman, his slits of eyes on the hand stealing down the edge of the frock coat, "that night b'fore last I laid in the little park and heard what was said b'tween you and Black Bogus."

Like lightning the creeping hand darted under the frock coat. But quick as he was, the ivory-handled revolver was not quite out of the holster when the heavy six-gun of the woodsman leaped up and covered him. "Butt first, Parson," came the cold, decisive command over the steady barrel.

Hopkins stood just as the gun had caught him—motionless; poised on the flat of one foot and the toes of the other; his body slightly crouched forward. Reckless though he was, a man who held the world at bay, and keen-witted as a dog fox, he slowly relaxed the pose and grudgingly handed over the revolver—the ivory butt first.

The woodsman snatched it; removed the caps from the tubes and stuck it back into the holster under the frock coat.

"And now I'll jist trouble y'u f'r that parlor-door key."

Hopkins scowled; whipped a black look at the steady muzzle of the six-gun; dragged the key out of his pocket and passed it over.

"No, I ain't accusin' you of the murder," the woodsman went on, as cool and collected as if there had been no interruption, at the same time dropping the key into his pocket. "I'm doin' y'u the honor t' think y'u ain't quite fell that low—bein' y'u didn't want 'is death, nohow. No, y'u wanted 'im t' live, so's you could slip out all the good bills y'u dust every night and leave counter'til bills in their place."

"You'd jist got through changin' the money that night when 'e rushed out on y'u. He tried t' shoot—both barrels—but you fixed the caps so's they wouldn't go off. Then foller'd the struggle, and no doubt you was bad flustered when 'e fell back across the chair, dead of heart disease. Then y'u unlocked the door t' head off suspicion, but y'u must 'a' be'n flustered r' y'u wouldn't 'a' left blood on the key."

Hopkins was bowed forward, staring hard through his glasses. The woodsman glanced at him.

"Ther's jist one p'int I ain't quite clear on—did 'e know it was you?"

The question caught the other off guard.

"My God, yes! Oh, his dead face there in the coffin—in the black night 't's before me."

He shuddered; gripped his hands till the knuckles turned white; stiffened after a moment and pulled himself together.

"Mr.—Caleb Hopkins"—a peculiar twist had slid into his voice that brought a quick look from the man addressed—"I low y'u didn't aim t' kill Pap Simon, but the Flatwoods ain't big enough any more t' hold you and me both. The Milford stage from down the river is leavin' the post office f'r the city in a few minutes. You're goin' t' be a passenger—and y'u ain't comin' back."

Hopkins winced; involuntarily dropped his hand to the butt of his six-gun, before remembering it was useless; snapped out a muttered curse and stood glaring about him.

A grin, hard and dangerous, crawled out of the woodsman's eyes and twisted his face.

"I low we'll be startin'—now," he rasped. Hopkins swore again—an artistic

little run of oaths that the Flatwoods call "split hie'ry"—stamped across the floor; picked up his two satchels and brought them back to the desk.

"Empty 'em," the hard voice commanded.

"D—d if I will," the other snarled, his eyes like live coals in his face.

"Y'u will, r' y'u'll face Jerry Brown—and I ain't carin' a dern which."

The other glared around; appeared to meditate some desperate move; seemed to realize his helplessness; finally slammed the satchels on the desk with a snarl and snatched out their contents.

One of them contained some clothing and a few personal belongings; the other a number of thick bundles of money—real money; the face of Hopkins left no doubt of that very important fact.

The woodsman's eyes widened a trifle.

"Lord, parson, y'u cut some swath—f'r a preacher! How much did y'u have when y'u struck the Flatwoods—real money?"

"Five hundred."

"I'm takin' y'ur word f'r that. Peel off that many and put the rest back." Hopkins picked up one of the bundles; counted off bills—all tens and twenties—to the amount of five hundred dollars; and dumped the rest with the other bundles back in the satchel.

The long arm of the woodsman unexpectedly stabbed across the desk and snatched the satchel. Hopkins



They Totaled Exactly Three Thousand Five Hundred Eighty Dollars.

whirled to spring at him; faced the muzzle of the steady six-gun; flinched back.

With exasperating deliberation the woodsman stored away the bundles of bills in the capacious pockets of his hunting blouse; snapped the satchel shut, dropped it to the floor and slid it toward the other with his foot.

"You'll go ahead o' me downstairs," he directed, crisp and cold. "Make whatever excuse y'u please t' Miss Mason, r' anybody else we run onto. We'll stand out there at the hitch-rack till the stage comes along. When it does, you'll board it, jist like nothin' had happened. I'm ainin' t' trail y'u on Graylock. Make one false move, and—the next move will be mine."

He backed to the stair door, threw it open and, with a slight sweep of the revolver, stood aside.

The eyes of Hopkins behind his glasses were like the eyes of a trapped viper, but he dared not disobey the command. He strode through the door. The woodsman dropped the six-gun back in his holster and followed.

Mrs. Mason was at the back of the house when they came down, so they escaped encountering her. The same good luck held at the hitch-rack, for the stage was just pulling out from the post office as they reached the gate. The woodsman waved his hand; the driver drew up; Hopkins stepped aboard and it rattled away.

Twilight had put the woods to sleep when Jack Warhope rode back to the homestead from trailing the stage. He groomed his horse, fent with sweat and sand; fed him and went straight to his cabin. Before lifting the latch he stopped a moment and, with a slow sweep of his eyes, sifted the gathering shadows.

The foothills away across on the plains were already hiding under the pale wings of the south; a sinuous lighter streak marked where the river rimmed the bottoms; the red flare of the spent day faintly spangled the west; the woods breathed softly; hardly a pulse stirred the apple blossoms; out of the silence came the tinkle of the spring under the cliff lapping down the sulphur-stained gutter on its way to the barn-lot and cattle pens.

He filled his lungs full of the serene evening; entered the door; closed and fastened it with unusual care; drew the blinds of the two small windows and lighted his candle.

What to do with the bundles of money? A key to the dead banker's safe he did not have, even if he could have found the chance to open it and put them back. He took the thick bundles out of his blouse pockets and began to count them. They totaled exactly three thousand five hundred eighty dollars—one hundred seven twenties and one hundred forty-four tens. The woodsman's eyes lifted at the amount. Such a sum in five nights—it showed what Hopkins might have done in time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

You respect a man's prejudices, if he thinks a good deal of you.

Saving the Snow Birds

By MARTHA WILLIAMS.

(© 1924, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"You ought to a-been a snow bird. Seems like you get so glad to see the flakes fall," Major Caswell said to his Granddaughter Grayson, who stood with her face against the window, quivering with delight.

She smiled almost roguishly, flinging over her shoulder: "You shouldn't say that daddy—remember snow birds have wings. And you know you'd miss me if I flew away. Who'd play backgammon with you, and not mind your swearin' when you get beat? Or knit you socks like granny did?"

"You are right—down useful—considerin' your size," the major chuckled. "What is it Billy Newton calls ye—Miss Half-Portion Bligh? Way he looks sometimes he don't want more'n a half-portion—not in the way of girls. And he's pretty middlin' decent, as young fellows grow up these days. Better mind how you handle 'im. Little gal! He's got a heart, man-size—"

"But not quite as big as his nose," Grayson flung back saucily. "I wish he hadn't—he is a good fellow—but think of sitting down opposite that young mountain three times three hundred and sixty-five times every year of my life."

"Ye might have to look at worse," the major said sententially. "Young folks think looks are everything—"

"I'm glad you remember—granny must have been the beauty of her generation," Grayson interrupted. "Makes me mad every time I look at little Joe—he's her livin' image—and beauty is wasted on boys."

"Well, you might be worse off'n ye are," the major admitted judiciously; "but that's no denyin' my wife took the shine off all the rest. Does it still, by George. See her walk up the aisle—sure as any stranger happens to be thar, he'll find out who she is in short order. You've got her eyes and her cunning' little dimple when you chuckle—but the rest of ye is Grayson, or else Bligh. Your pappy was fine-lookin'—but them bloods give him the right to be—but somehow what they bring don't fit well on the pocket sizes."

"Slanderer! You're worse even than Billy Newton," Grayson protested, but with the chuckle that brought the dimple. It was vastly alluring, adding a touch of the elfin to her fairylike, yet exquisite proportions. Roy Grame sensed that as he came hesitantly through the door to the hall, saying rather stammering: "P-p-please—will this blinding snowstorm excuse my intrusion?"

"Sho'ly!" from the major. "Ye'd be a fool to stay out in it with any roof handy. Didn't I see ye in town last first Monday—co't day? Somebody said the Grame boy had come back. Many's the miles I've rode with yer grandpaw after red foxes—and—maybe—other things," this with a chuckle. "Hang up your overcoat outside thar, then come sit by the fire. Bet ye a ginger cake my little gal thar—her name is Grayson Bligh—can mix ye up somethin' that'll make you forget snow."

Five minutes later, snug at the fire-side, Grame found speech, due and proper in acknowledgment, but yet was scarcely conscious of what he was saying, being so wrapt in the charm of Grayson, who had spoken barely three words to him. When presently she slipped away, the major said proudly: "The little general thinks of everything. She's gone to call up the Halfway house, and bid 'em stop granny and little Joe, and keep 'em overnight. She's weather-wise for this valley of ours, and knows the drifts in it will be so high a car can't get over."

"She is right—mine stalled half a mile away," Grame interrupted. "But—a rider might get through. I'll try it if you can mount me."

"Ever face a blizzard before?" the major asked.

Grame shook his head, but said stoutly: "I'm not afraid to—at need."

"Good boy!" from the major.

Grayson came back, her face deeply troubled. "Halfway doesn't answer," she said. "Wires must be down—or clogged with this damp snow."

"Then I had better start at once!" Grame said, rising. Grayson looked startled.

The major roused Honlike to say: "You don't know a foot of the road—and snow hides everything—"

"I know it—with my eyes shut!" Grayson broke in, her hands clinching. "And Trix is sure-footed—I'll start right away."

"Call Billy Newton first!" the major entreated.

"I called him—no answer," Grayson returned, making toward the door.

"Stop! You must be mad!" Grame broke in huskily. "You! So little! So fine-out in this welter of wind and sleet. I'll go—even if I don't know the way—"

"I won't let you," Grayson said proudly. "Trix never in her life carried double—she shan't undertake it now."

With the last word she vanished, heedless of her grandfather's calls and cries. Grame made to follow her, but was stopped by an imperious gesture, and the sound of heavy rapping on the front door. Grayson answered it, finding there a black boy spent and breathless, but grinning broadly, who

gasped out: "Marse Billy, he took'n went down de valley road dest soon as de thick snow started—he's dar now—all showed up nice and safe—in de kyar wid ole Miss and little Joe. Dat's how come me here—he walked back twell he cotched up wid a tele-foam still a-wukkin'—and called up we-all's house, to say come and tell ye—he done tried ter call ye, but de line was dead. He took blankets and two bottles in de saddle-bags—he say ole Miss was fetchin' back vittles fit fer Chrismus—whole ham, biscuit, pound-cake. And don't yop-all fret—he gwine stand by tell de storm blows out—den go find oxens ter drag de kyar home."

"Praise God fer all His mercies—Billy Newton in particular!" the major cried, then dropped his head upon the shaking hands locked over the head of his cane. "He'll save them, sure! Now set down, all of us—and trust in the Lord—and the finest man ever He made."

It was a weary waiting—almost twenty-four hours. Grayson tried to be stoical, but all in vain. She was too conscious of Grame's eyes, of his magnetic voice, most of all of his entrancement. And he was good to look at—straight, slim, limber, with classic features, harmonious coloring, and the pose of easy culture. He should easily have banished his absent rival—Billy of the big nose, the bigger heart—yet the balance wavered mightily. Some times when she had looked and listened for minutes Grayson found herself fascinated—but woke with a sharp sense of satiety that woke a yearning for something different. Inarticulate of course—she was too artless for self-analysis—but none the less of force and effect.

Through the murky dark came cries, lantern glimmers, the thudding feet of oxen struggling through the snow—then Billy Newton burst in upon them triumphantly, granny safe in his arms, as chipper as you please, and actually giggling as she was set down before a speechless major.

"You'd be a widower, Jimmy, but for that boy," she said, nodding at Billy.

"And you won't find the match to him this side of heaven. I know," buskily from the major. Then in a loud, if shaky voice: "Billy, you've saved my snow bird for me—so I've got to give ye another for pay."

"Not—unless she's willin'," Billy said humbly, his heart in his eyes.

"Not willing—but glad," Grayson said softly, heedless of a nose frost-bitten, and bigger and redder than ever.

Statue of Liberty Less Heroic Than Uncle Sam

The Statue of Liberty, with its majesty of pose, is less heroic than Uncle Sam. While the Statue of Liberty embodies our conscious rectitude and inspires our laudatory and exemplary nationalism, Uncle Sam is not a statue. He is so constituted that he could not by any stretch of the imagination occupy a pedestal. He could not hold the pose without feeling ridiculous. He is hearty and fraternal, impulsive and generous, and, above all, unselfconscious. He has a kind of instinctive wisdom by which he anticipates and disarms the laughter of the world by laughing promptly at himself. It is Uncle Sam who feeds the hungry tramp at the back door while the Statue of Liberty reads him a lecture from the porch, says R. B. Perry in the Century. It was Uncle Sam who went to France in 1917 and to Russia in 1919, while the Statue of Liberty remained at home—on its pedestal.

There is a place for the Statue of Liberty. It should not stand upon the Atlantic seaboard, looking meaningfully at Europe and inviting attention to our national perfection. It should not be compelled to enlighten the world. It should be removed to the interior, there to revolve upon its pedestal and stir the aspiration of Americans. It should preside over the domestic life and not over our foreign relations. Thus placed, it would symbolize, not liberty attained before the envious and admiring world, but that liberty which is our goal. It might then, together with Uncle Sam, symbolize our seeking and our confession of shortcoming, our faith and our candor, and before the world our tolerance and comradeship.

Passing of Cracker Bowl

Six diminutive oyster crackers in an oiled-paper sealed envelope as the maximum portion assigned to each oyster cream stew in a well-known hotel restaurant has opened the subject of New York city eateries, their extent and their characteristics. Once there was a time when every oyster stew order drew a heaping bowl of crackers.

But the free cracker bowl is following the exit of the bread and butter which a decade ago were included in the price of a meal at any first-class food emporium.

There are 15,000 restaurants in the greater city, according to the records of the health department.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Hopeless

A visitor to a school, after questioning an unhappy little boy about various matters, asked him if he knew the ten commandments.

The boy said he did not.

"You don't know the ten commandments?" the visitor repeated, in a astonishment.

"No, sir," the boy insisted. "What is your name, my lad?"

"Moses, sir."

The visitor gave it up.

Community Building

Street Paving Would Circle the Globe Twice

If the modern paved streets of 290 leading American cities were merged into a single great highway 18 feet wide that highway would more than twice encircle the globe, according to the first national survey, the results of which have just been announced.

The survey shows that with an average of 18 feet of width there are 56,974.8 miles of paved streets in American cities of 10,000 or more population. This mileage by far exceeds that of every other country in the world.

These 290 cities, which include all but three of the cities of 10,000 or more population and which comprise 65.8 per cent of the 53,898,385 urban population of the United States, report a total of 601,653,547 square yards of pavement. Of this 469,463,141 square yards, or 78 per cent, are of the types higher than waterbound macadam. These higher types in turn comprise percentages of the total types higher than waterbound macadam as follows: Asphaltic types, 53.9 per cent; brick, 21.9 per cent; stone block, 11.6 per cent; wood block, 3.3 per cent; portland cement concrete, 5.5 per cent; tar macadam, 2.5 per cent; miscellaneous, 1.3 per cent.

Tragedy in Lumber Town

There is no more pathetic story in the history of northern Michigan than that of the deserted village of Jennings, 12 miles northeast of Cadillac, in Missaukee county, says a Cadillac correspondent.

Jennings was founded some 35 or 40 years ago by Mitchell Bros. company, a sawmill, flooring and chemical plant established there, also a large general store. Hundreds of persons came direct from Sweden to the village, where they were employed in the mills of the company. But when the last giant maple was cut and the hills and valleys in the vicinity were bare of raw material for the saws and planers the company tore down the big mills and moved the machinery to Cadillac, where larger and more modern factories were erected. The 100 or more residences owned by the company were moved intact to Cadillac, also most of the privately owned houses. Today there are only a handful of former inhabitants left in the once prosperous and happy village. The chief occupation is yarning of the early days.

These old men and women will tell the inquiring stranger that "Jennings was the best town in the world," excepting possibly in some cases the old home town in Sweden. Sons and daughters would gladly bring them to Cadillac or to other cities to which they moved in the march of progress, but Jennings is their world, they prefer to live and die there.—Beloit News.

"My Home Town"

In the concert hall of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York city a motley crowd of Scandinavians, Englishmen, Slavs, Italians and Americans, white and negro, were singing at the top of their lungs.

They had sung with some fervor before, when the words of familiar songs were flashed on the screen, but this was the song that really stirred them to enthusiasm:

Not here, not there, it's fifty miles from nowhere, but it's my home town.
Not here, not there, but I'm all set to go there,
So I'll make a break and take a look in the mirror.
Where's my hat? Where's my coat?
Where's my leather bag?
Send my trunk to the place written on the tag.
Not here, not there, it's fifty miles from nowhere, but it's my home town.

"As you see," says the lookout of the institute, "this is pretty bad poetry and the music was hardly better; but as these men from the far corners of the earth sang about their home town with that curious ring in their voices it almost brought tears to the eyes. A universal note had been struck."—The Outlook.

Wills Paintings to City

A wealthy favorite son has willed a collection of nearly 1,500 oil paintings to the city of Philadelphia. Included in the catalogue is a group of eighteen canvases from the brush of the delightful French landscapeur, Jean Camille Corot. This is said to be the largest and finest assemblage of Corots in this or any other country. Such a gift cannot but elevate the artistic perceptions of a community. When people become bewildered in the chase for dollars it is fine to be diverted for even a moment to that which is beautiful in art. Municipal libraries and municipal art galleries are the hope of a higher civilization.

Strip Protects Grass

To accommodate persons waiting for cars and to preserve the small lawn between the sidewalk and the street, a Buffalo (N. Y.) contractor put a strip of concrete fifteen inches wide inside the curb. The "pflaster" became popular and served to attract attention to the house, a two-family affair so constructed that the front entrance to the lower flat was from the main street and that to the upper apartment from a side thoroughfare.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The Red Lock

By DAVID ANDERSON
Author of "The Blue Moon"

Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A Tale
of the
Flatwoods

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

But what to do with it?—the man bent his brows over the problem. It is only just to him—and the blood that was in him—to state that it never so much as crossed him that he might keep it, with probably nobody ever the wiser.

It was too late to take it back to the red-roofed cottage that night, and too bulky to carry in his pockets. Deciding at last to hide it until next day gave him a chance to take Texie into his confidence, he wrapped the bundles in a towel; raised the rug; very carefully loosened a board of the floor; hid the package under it; replaced the board and rolled the rug back into place with studied exactness.

Then he blew out the candle; raised the blinds of the two small windows and slipped out into the yard.

Twilight had long faded into dark. Only an occasional candle picked out the ragged outline of the village. A dog fox back in the hills was trying to tell the rest of the foxes how lonesome he was. Over along Eagle run the frogs croaked—without interruption. He listened to make sure.

Glancing back at the cabin door to make certain he had closed it, he slipped across the corner of the orchard; along the path at the base of Black rock; into the little park and stole in under a dense clump of syringa bushes barely three steps from the rustic seat at Whispering spring.

For those who know how to listen, nature has a thousand voices—and the woods never sound a false note. A good length of the night was gone when the frogs along Eagle run gave him the cue he was expecting. He could trace the progress of the renegade down the stream—doubtless fresh from his task of making old money out of new at the deserted cabin—as well as if he had his eyes upon him.

Presently there came the very faint creak of a rail where the path crossed the fence out of the fallow pasture lot into the little park. A moment later a hulking form bulked huge in the gloom; Black Bogus stole out of the shadows and crouched down among the gnarled maple roots at the end of the rustic seat.

The woodsman lay so close that he could hear him breathe. After listening intently for some minutes, the hulking renegade raised his hands to his mouth and gave the call of the screech owl. Jack found out what he wanted to know—Hopkins had not had the chance to communicate with his confederates.

Again and again Black Bogus repeated his call, at intervals of a few minutes, until he had given it a dozen or fifteen times, each time growing more restless and disturbed. At last he began to swear, and the call began to resemble less and less the plaintive wail of the bird he mocked. Finally he rose, listened a moment and, with no very great effort at concealment, stalked up the path.

The woodsman rose and softly followed; shadowed him up the branch and into the mouth of the hollow. At the squalid hovel of dead Henry Spencer he vaulted the fence, stalked up the yard and pushed open the sagging door.

Stepping noiselessly around through the bushes, the woodsman crept up to the chink between the logs under the festoon of wild cucumber vines. He was just in time to see Black Bogus light the lamp, go to the ruined fireplace, lift up the slab of stone on the hearth and feel under it. Nothing there—he slammed the stone back, kicked it with his ragged boot, snatched out his pipe, lit it viciously, smoked hard for a minute or more, blew out the lamp, stormed out of the door and down the yard.

All the way up Eagle Hollow road and to Loge Belden's cabin the woodsman shadowed him; watched him go around to the back; heard him enter and slam the door after him; slipped up to the small east window and lay listening. The window was open a scant inch or so at the bottom; he guardedly raised himself even with the narrow opening and cautiously peeped within.

A match scraped, was laid to a candle on a shelf over the crumbling fireplace; Black Bogus whipped off the charred end of the wick; it flared to full strength and the interior of the cabin came out of the dark.

The watcher's eyes lifted in amazement. The cabin was almost totally bare of furniture of any kind—no beds; no table or chairs—merely some pots and pans by the empty fireplace, and two pallets on the floor.

On one of these pallets, almost under the window, lay Belden's sister; on the other lay Loge. He raised up on his elbow as the candle flared alight; noticed the sullen glower on the face of his associate.

"Well?"

"He didn't come out."

"H—! an' y'u had t' bring it back?"

"What else?"

There came a voice from the pallet under the window—a voice soft and mild, shaken and half afraid, the listener fancied.

"Didn't e send no word t'—me?"

"Didn't come out, I tell y'u."

The woodsman had caught the appeal in the soft tones; wondered what could be the relation between the girl and such a man as Hopkins. Then he recalled her reference to "the third man" that startled moment in the bushes by the side of the road; remembered her running down the yard toward them on the evening of the ride; and he brought his eyes as close to the slit under the sash as he dared. After a short pause, during which he fancied she might be gathering resolution for another question, the soft voice came again, more faltering than before:

"An' ther' wusn't nothin' under the rock—no note n'r nothin'—?"

"Not a damn scrap."

The face under the window turned to the wall. Loge dropped back to the pallet. Black Bogus drew the uxorifending bills from his pocket and slammed them down on the shelf; unbuckled his holster and put the revolver under his shirt; blew out the candle and pitched down beside Belden.

The man crouched on the outside of the window pondered what he had seen and heard. He looked eagerly for the outfit with which they made their spurious money—that was the one big reason, in fact, that had brought him. He saw no trace of it—the hint dropped by Hopkins in the little park that they had printed a plentiful supply before coming up the river was doubtless true, and that meant practically the absence of any very substantial proof.

He recalled what Hopkins had told Black Bogus about the large amount of money still in the safe at the red-roofed cottage—unguarded, as they would now suppose. They would be almost certain to make some attempt to get it. When they did—

But they were certain not to make the attempt till they learned that Hopkins was gone. Until then all was safe.

In his brief glance over the interior of the cabin, the woodsman was struck by the fact that the place was neat and clean. Mean as it was, it bore the mark of orderly hands—doubtless the hands of the girl lying just inside the window.

The cabin settled still. The outlaws on the farther pallet began to breathe heavily. The woodsman prepared to slip away but suddenly stopped and brought his ear close to the slit under the sash—the mountain girl was crying softly.

There was a stir under the blanket where Loge Belden lay; the creak of steps came across the floor and a dim figure stooped above the pallet under the window.

"Don't cry, little sister. He ain't w'ith cryin' fr'—no man ain't."

The grit and grind of powerful teeth reached to the listener outside.

"He's got t' quit pesterin' you—playin' hot an' cold with y'u—damn 'im, r' he'll wake up some mornin' in hell with a knife in 'is ribs!"

Loge Belden, the renegade, the outlaw—the tenderness in his voice was unbelievable. The amazed listener at the window stooped along the cabin logs and softly slipped away.

CHAPTER XVI

Spurs and Flying Sand.

When the Milford stage came in from the city next forenoon Jack Warhope was there to meet it. So was Loge Belden. He had doubtless learned of the abrupt departure of Hopkins the evening before.

He shuffled up to the post-office window after the mail was worked. Zeke threw him out a letter. He stared at it hard; thrust it into his pocket unopened; immediately left the post office and walked rapidly up Eagle Hollow road.

Jack had expected there would be a letter for Belden—had counted on it. That's what had brought him to the post office. He hurried back to the homestead; crossed the barn lot; sprang up the rough path that led to the top of the cliff; spared a moment to glance keenly about and darted in among the trees.

Once in the seclusion of the woods, he ran at top speed, well back from the brow of the bluffs, as far as the deserted cabin of dead Henry Spencer; picked his way out to the edge of the cliffs and peeped down at the road. Loge Belden was just coming into sight.

As he came even with the cabin he stopped; glanced in every direction; whistled. The whistle was answered from within the cabin—another fact the woodsman had counted on. Belder vaulted the fence, ran up the yard and pushed open the door. Jack crept up to the corner of the cabin where the chink was out between the logs.

Belden had just opened his letter; Black Bogus was stooped over him. Belden, as he read, suddenly uttered a low exclamation.

"T'night," he muttered—"at midnight."

He swore merrily.

"I knowed 'e hadn't reneged—I knowed 'e hadn't."

"Hold still," growled the other.

"Huh!" he went on—"t'night—mid-

night—and a clean sweep—expects t' be with us 'imself." He glanced at the envelope. "W'y, he's in town—what the—"

Belden took the envelope, stuffed the letter clumsily back in it and put it in his pocket.

"Wonder what 'e meant," he muttered, "by cautionin' us 's' dern p'ticler not t' hurt the gal—if she's thar. If she's thar—where else would she be? Says we mus'n't hurt 'er, even if we haf t' cut out an' leave the swag." He glanced away in the direction of the squalid cabin up at the head of the hollow; a black look crossed his face, and the man at the chink wondered if he was thinking of that scene at the pallet under the window the night before. "Wonder what 'e thinks we air," he went on. "Don't hurt 'er—if she's thar—!"

The two outlaws hunted their pipes, lounged down on the two boxes and smoked for some moments in thoughtful silence. Belden suddenly straightened; slapped his hand down on his knee.

"Must take some nerve," he chuckled, "t' murder a man, an' then preach 'is funeral."

Black Bogus drew hard on his pipe; puffed out the smoke slowly; shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"Nerve—huh—he don't give up the spoon t' nobody when it comes t' nerve, he don't."

Nearly an hour the two sat smoking and indifferently discussing their plans, no detail of which escaped the listener.

Belden was the first to leave. Black Bogus waited several minutes before following; finally slipped out, with far greater caution than Belden had shown; stooped low through the weeds and only came out into the road when some distance above the yard, at a point where the bushes grew dense along both sides.

The woodsman waited till he was well out of sight and sound before creeping from under the wild cucumber vines and stealing through the bushes up the hill. He had fished out what he wanted to know.

The landscape lay before him in all its midday splendor. Mrs. Curry had doubtless just mended the fire in the kitchen stove at the red-roofed cottage, for white wood smoke curled up from the chimney. But the air was evidently too light and still to be let it up, for it drifted lazily away, to settle in a long bank of airy fluffiness that draped itself above the orchard trees like the veil of a goddess lost out of the skies. Above the homestead, and farther away over the bottom, swift-winged swallows skimmed the air; a dozen or so blackbirds loped down out of the woods and stopped long enough in the big elm for a short concert.

Down by the road gate Graylock lifted his head, whinnied, came trotting up the barn-lot and the man set his feet to the rough path that wound down among the rocks.

He had let the horses into the barn and fed them, and was on the way to his cabin, with the intention of carrying the hidden bundles of money to Texie and taking her into his full confidence, when he saw Mrs. Curry, fat and portly, hurrying across the orchard at her pudgy best.

"Here's a note Texie left fr' y'u." She held up an envelope, sealed.

"Left fr' me?"—he was in at the gate in three strides and hurrying across the yard—"where's she gone?"

"She got a letter this mornin'," Mrs. Curry puffed, "and she said she'd haf t' go t' town. She writ you this note, mounted Brownie and rode away lickety-split. She said if she didn't come back this evenin' I wuz t' git you t' sleep at our house, and I wuz t' stay with Aunt Liza."

The woodsman had snatched the note and was eagerly glancing it through:

"Dear Jack:

"I've had such wonderful news. Ken ain't dead, after all. He is in the city at a woman's house named Doll Baker on Brickbat alley. He is sick and wants me to come. Mr. Hopkins got a letter from him askin' him to come, bein' his old classmate, so he went last night and wrote back to me this mornin'. Pore Ken, I guess he is awful proud, and he is so sick. Mr. Hopkins thought he better not tell him nothing about father. He don't want me to tell nobody, and to come alone. But I would of told you, for I know you wont tell, but I saw you going up in the woods this mornin', so I wrote you this note. O, Jack, aint you glad.

"TEXIE."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

English Quakes.

The first recorded earth tremor in Britain occurred a few centuries after the Norman conquest, and two centuries later, in 1274, Glastonbury was destroyed. In the ensuing centuries over a score of seismic disturbances have been experienced in the kingdom, the most serious occurring in 1884, causing two fatalities and damage to the extent of \$50,000, in the Eastern counties. Londoners have had the unpleasant experience on several occasions, but Cornwall and South Wales have most frequently "quaked."

THE KITCHEN CABINET

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WEEKLY MENU SUGGESTIONS

When one has a cupful or less of any good canned fruit two or three kinds may be cooked together, adding an orange rind and all, discarding the seeds, or a lemon will accentuate the fruit flavor. Cook until thick and make three or four nice glasses of conserve.

SUNDAY—Breakfast: Cinnamon rolls. Dinner: Roast leg of lamb, stuffed. Supper: Oyster stew.

MONDAY—Breakfast: Drop doughnuts. Dinner: Baked potatoes, apple pie. Supper: Sliced roast of lamb, escalloped potatoes.

TUESDAY—Breakfast: Oatmeal, top milk. Dinner: Sausages and creamed potatoes, Johnny cake. Supper: Hash of lamb, baking powder biscuits.

WEDNESDAY—Breakfast: Middle cakes. Dinner: Cherry pie. Supper: Sour cream cake.

THURSDAY—Breakfast: Buttered toast, omelet. Dinner: Cottage pudding. Supper: Milk toast.

FRIDAY—Breakfast: Eggs on toast. Dinner: Fried fish. Supper: Hot potato salad.

SATURDAY—Breakfast: Sausage and cakes. Dinner: Bean soup. Supper: Cake with orange filling.

Sausages and Creamed Potatoes. Place a dish of creamed potatoes in the oven with enough small pork sausages to cover the top and bake.

Johnny Cake. Take one cupful of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two well-bent eggs, two tablespoonfuls each of sugar and shortening, one-fourth of a cupful of flour and three-fourths of a cupful of cornmeal. Mix and beat well, bake in a small dripping pan in a moderate oven.

Drop Doughnuts. Beat two eggs well, add one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, a grating of lemon rind, a pinch of ginger, one and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop by teaspoonfuls into hot fat. This recipe makes twenty-four. Roll in sugar when cold.

Cottage Pudding. The sour cream cake left from Wednesday night may be used for the pudding. Cut in squares, steam and serve with the following sauce: One-half cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter, a grating of nutmeg and half cupful of boiling water. Cook all together but the butter. When thick add two to three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and the butter. Serve poured hot over the pudding.

We ought not to get books too cheaply. No book, I believe, is ever worth half so much to its reader as one that has been coveted for a year, and bought out of saved half-pence, and perhaps a day or two's fasting. That's the way to get at the cream of a book.—Ruskin.

SOME NATIONAL DISHES

It is pleasant at times to partake of some of the dishes which have been and are famous in other countries.

Danish Apple Cake.—Prepare the following cooky mixture, using one egg, one-half cupful of shortening, one-half cupful of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix well and divide into six portions. This will make two cakes. Roll each of the portions to fit a layer cake tin, let stand in a cool place for half an hour, then bake. Spread the three layers with apple sauce and over the top place whipped cream sweetened and flavored. Dot with bits of jelly and serve. The rest of the mixture may be made into cookies or baked and kept for another cake.

Jewish Fish Dish.—Take two pounds of salmon, halibut, haddock or cod. Use the bones and head to make stock. Place one cupful of chopped, mixed soup vegetables in a kettle, lay on them the fish and pour over the stock; cover and let cook until the fish is done. Lift the fish carefully to a hot platter and pour over it hot lemon sauce made as follows: Beat two eggs, add one-third of a cupful of lemon juice, enough fish stock strained to make a cupful; cook in a double boiler until thickened. Add butter, a few bits at a time and pour the hot sauce over the fish. Serve when cold.

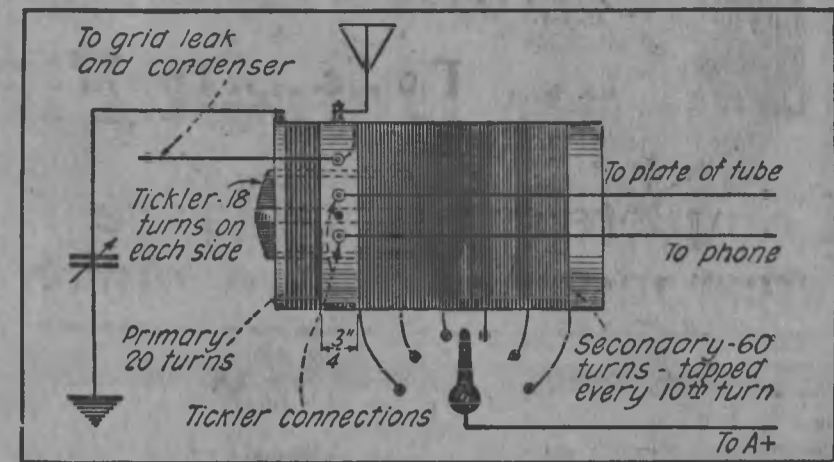
Belgium Potatoes.—Fry six slices of bacon until half done, remove from the pan and add one sliced onion. Cut three potatoes into one-inch cubes, add bacon, onion, two cupfuls of water, a bay leaf, a pinch of thyme and salt, if needed. Cook uncovered until the potatoes are tender.

Peanut Straws.—Roll rich pastry to one-eighth of an inch in thickness, spread one-half with softened peanut butter, wet the edges of the crust, fold the remaining half over it. Roll lightly, prick here and there to prevent puffing, cut into strips half an inch wide and four inches long, brush with milk and bake in a quick oven. When done, sprinkle with paprika.

Nellie Maxwell

RADIO

(Edited by G. Douglas Wardrop, Editor of Radio Merchandising.)



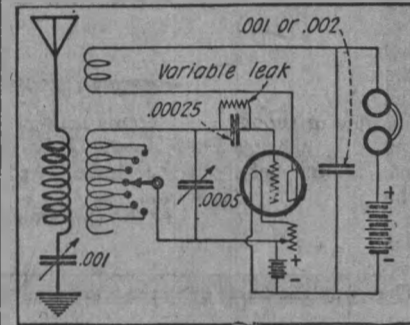
Details and Connections of the Tuning Unit.

By JOHN H. BOSTOCK

For the radio fans who have built single-circuit sets—and I know that they are, now wishing they had expended a little further and made the popular honeycomb or variometer set—this article is written.

As you have found out, the single-circuit set, while giving louder signals, also brings in interference. The main reason you built your single-circuit set was that it was inexpensive. Now I feel sure there are many fans who, like myself, have been trying to reduce interference. To these fans I offer the results of my experiments. You can alter your present single-circuit receiver very easily by just substituting the new tuning arrangement.

Looking at the diagram, you will notice that the circuit is almost identical with the usual honeycomb circuit; i. e., primary, secondary and tickler, and yet the whole thing is nothing more than a vario-coupler. A description at this time is, therefore, not out of place. A tube of insulating compound or cardboard 4 inches in diameter (if the latter, it should be well shellacked) is obtained and some No. 24 D.S.C. wire. The tube will need to be about 7 inches long. Starting from one end, make a hole for a binding post 1/4 inch down and commence winding from the post. After winding 20 turns, make another hole for the binding post—this completes the primary; no taps are required. Leaving 3/4 of an inch, make another hole and start winding the secondary. Wind 60 turns and tap every tenth turn; this completes the secondary. The tickler is the usual wooden ball, and is wound with 36 turns of wire, 18 on each side. Now place the tickler in the tube. The ball should rotate between the primary and secondary turns, and the small sketch will further make this understood. After the tickler is placed in the tube,



Circuit Diagram for the Tuning Unit Described.

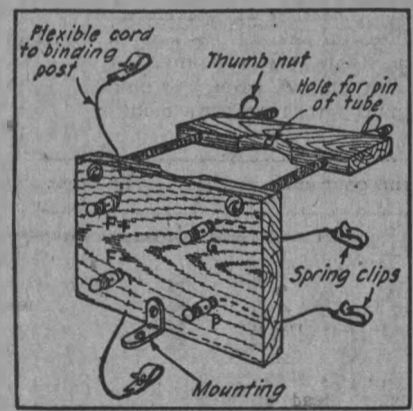
long and I find the 20 turns on the primary quite sufficient for waves from 150 to about 800 meters. The primary condenser is in series with the ground and not shunted across the primary. This to me seems a little better than the usual shunt. I also find that the secondary condenser is very sharp in tuning and that the primary condenser acts as a vernier. I would advise the use of a vernier condenser in the secondary, but for the primary it is not necessary.—Radio News.

Fit-All Tube Socket Makes Changing Easy

There are so many kinds of tubes now on the market, the bases of which are of different sizes, that it is necessary to connect up a new socket whenever it is desired to change tubes.

The drawing shows a socket which will hold any tube.

Simply insert the tube so that the pin fits in the little hole on the back part of the socket. Then tighten up the thumb nuts until the tube is se-



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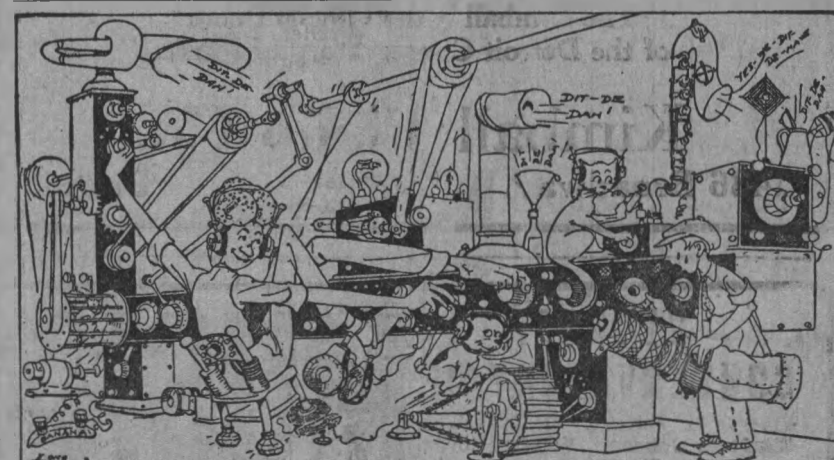
cure. Connect the flexible cords with the small spring clips to their proper prongs on the tube, according to the marked binding posts on the front of the socket. The sketch shows how they are connected. Such a socket makes changing tubes easy.

Range of Reception Is Greatest Over Water

The range of transmitting and receiving radio messages depends upon the nature of the territory lying between the transmitting and the receiving stations, the greatest range for a given power being obtained over water. Any metal, particularly iron or steel, lying between the stations, will cause loss of signal strength. Such metal may either be in the form of artificial structures such as building frameworks or tin roofs, or may be in the form of ore deposits. Some regions of the country are noted for their poor location for radio reception. In many places it is possible to receive effectively from all directions but one, and it is usually found that in this direction a metallic structure or metal deposit is responsible for the lack of reception.

Good Indoor Antenna Coiled into Spiral

A new type of indoor antenna which rivals the loop can be made in a moment with nothing more than 100 feet of wire. The wire is coiled into a long spiral and suspended by one end. Number 16 or 18 insulated wire works well, although many other kinds are quite as good, heavier wire being, in general, better than light wire. Wind the coil on any convenient tube; suspend it from a window and it will rival an outdoor aerial. It cannot be counted upon to give results with a crystal set, but is practical for any kind of vacuum tube receiver. It is almost always better than bedsprings, piano strings, or wires about the room.—Radio Digest.



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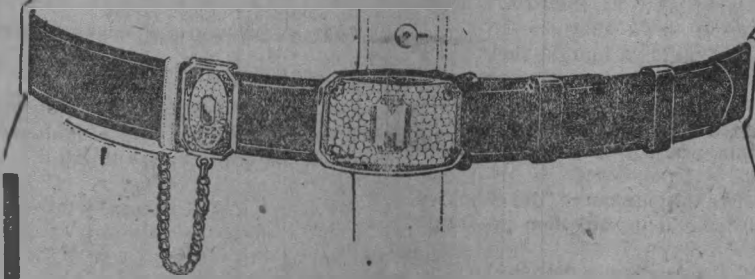
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