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FALL SEASON GOOD TIME TO SEED LAWN

Fall is one of the best seasons of the year to seed a lawn, provided the work is done early enough to give the seed a chance to become developed sufficiently to withstand freezing, according to Prof. C. P. Halligan, head of the M. A. C. landscape gardening department.

Lawns seeded at this time, between September 15 and the middle of October, are said to develop to a better advantage and with less cost of maintenance than spring seeded lawns. This is true because of the fact that any weed seed present in the mixture sown will germinate and the weeds will be destroyed during the winter months.

"The soil should be well prepared to a depth of a foot or more," says Professor Halligan "It should then be thoroughly rolled. The surface of the soil should be raked finely to a depth of not more than an inch and the seed sown broadcast by hand in such a manner as to insure uniform distribution Select a day when the soil is moist and when there is little or no wind After the seed is sown, the soil may be raked very lightly and then thoroughly rolled.

"Whenever lawns are to be developed under shade trees, such as maples and oaks, great care should be used and the date of seeding should be made as early as possible in the fall. When seeded late in the fall, the grass is likely to be smothered where large trees drop their leaves, if the leaves are not removed within a day or two after forming a mat.

"Seed varieties used in the mixture to be sown should be adapted to soil and climatic conditions."

SOUTH AFRICA SEEKS IDEAS FOR MARKETING WORK

Specialization in the various phases of agricultural economics, as is done in the United States department of agriculture, will be recommended to the government of South Africa by W. J. Lamont, who was sent to the United States to study the organization of the department's marketing work.

"I have been most interested in the isolation of various activities in certain divisions, so that the different problems such as standardization, market news, cost of production, and marketing receive the undivided attention of specific workers," said Mr. Lamont. "I am impressed by the tremendous attention you give to research work. When you get every scrap of investigational, scientific, and practical data you are in a position to train the teachers who are to teach the people. We want to build up something of the same nature in our country."

The government of South Africa is planning to develop its marketing studies on a large scale, and has selected the bureau of agricultural economics in the United States as a pattern.

Order for Publication—General.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
In the Probate Court for the County of Oakland.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Pontiac, in said County, on the 29th day of September A. D. 1922.

Present: Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM DELLING, Incompetent

Mark C. Wixom, guardian of said incompetent having filed in said Court a petition praying for the examination and allowance of his final account, and the discharge of said guardian;

It is ordered, that the 30th day of October, A. D. 1922, at eight o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition;

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Farmington Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

ROSS STOCKWELL,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy. Dan. A. McGaffey,
Probate Register. 6Oct20

Service On Printing call Farmington 25.

AUTO ACCIDENTS ARE INCREASING

COL. R. C. VANDERCOOK, HEAD OF STATE SAFETY DEPARTMENT, SEEKS DATA ON CAUSES.

MAY ASK FOR LEGISLATION

One Adviser Suggests Danger Signals and Tail Lights Should Not Be of Same Color.

In an effort to determine, if possible, the most frequent causes of the serious automobile accidents which are increasing at such an alarming rate on all the country roads, Col. Roy C. Vandercook of the Michigan Department of Public Safety is preparing to send out a questionnaire to local and county officers, automobile club officials and such others as may be possessed of information, for the purpose of securing data of how most of the accidents happen.

"There has been a good deal of talk to the effect that the state speed limit, which was increased from 25 miles to 35 by the last legislature, may be responsible for the greatly increasing number of accidents," says Colonel Vandercook. "It is my impression that the speed of cars, at least out in the open, has little to do with most of the accidents which happen. It may be that speed over crossings, through intersections, or when automobiles are meeting may cause accidents, and it may be that some restrictive legislation to cover such times may be necessary, but I hardly believe that a general restriction of speed would make much difference.

Accidents Increase.

"It is absolutely true, however, that automobile accidents have increased this summer at a rate which is positively appalling. I have felt that a tabulation of state-wide statistics on the cause of accidents may develop something which will throw some light on the situation. If the information which I am going to ask should develop anything which might be reached by legislation I will put it up to the next legislature. If there is nothing which can be reached by law, we will continue our campaign to educate motorists to use more care. We certainly must do everything possible to curb the accidents which are taking such a toll in life and property."

Michigan trunk highways were the scene of a number of serious accidents over the Labor Day period, when traffic was much heavier than normal. Motorists going into Detroit from the center of the state by one main highway saw three wrecks in the ditches. One car, a big closed machine, had been tossed into the ditch by a railway train at a crossing and had burned. Two others had suffered collisions with other cars and they had burned. On another road one car had been struck by an interurban, killing several people, the wreck tearing up the ground and wrecking telephone posts until the scene looked like the scene of a cyclone, while another had been in collision and had burned in the ditch. These five wrecks were the result of accidents occurring in two or three days and on but two of the many main highways.

One Suggestion.

One suggestion which has been made to the commissioner has food for thought in it, although it would probably be impossible of adoption without long preparation, and that is that the color of the tail-light be changed from red to some other color which is not in such general use for other purposes.

Several cases have been reported to Colonel Vandercook where drivers, seeing a red light ahead, have taken the light for the receding tail-light of another machine, only to find when too late to stop that the red gleam was from a danger signal on an obstructed road.

There would undoubtedly be serious complications attending any effort to change the color of the tail-light at least without general co-operation with other states and with the manufacturers of automobiles. Michigan could not prescribe one color of tail-light while surrounding states specified another, because too many automobiles are used in interstate travel and endless confusion would result. At the same time there is considerable weight in the suggestion for a change and the matter may be taken up with other State Police forces and with manufacturers.

In the meantime Colonel Vandercook is giving much attention to the matter of automobile accidents, in the hope of finding some method of cutting their number.

ARSON ARRESTS ARE BENEFIT TO FARMERS

In one district of New Jersey it has been the custom for many years for the insurance companies to refuse insurance to farmers because of the known fact that there were many grudge fires, in which barns and even houses were consumed, which were due to revenge. The New Jersey state police investigated and made many arrests resulting in convictions. As a result rural fires in this section have diminished and insurance companies are now sending their agents in to write insurance again.

In the Signal Box

By ERNEST LEVINE

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Three Points was a responsible station, though fewer than a dozen trains passed through it each day. Carter was a white-haired fellow of thirty-five—yes, snow-white. Turned white in an evening.

The Westbound Limited passed Three Points at six on a winter's night. Passed at full speed, though with a touch of his hand Carter could have raised the signal against her. That couldn't be done. She had to pass to take the siding to permit the East Special to thunder on its way along the single track. The dispatcher had handed Carter the telegram. Happen what might, the Westbound must take that siding, half a mile down the track, and to pull up meant to smash into the other train, whose echoing thunder over the bridge, two miles back in the mountains, was already audible.

Good, so far. Carter was a married man. Little Minnie was an enthusiast, at six, on railroad management. She had a box of toy rails—not the little circular track around which a miniature train of an engine and two coaches whirls till the clockwork apparatus stops, and then generally falls off the line. No, sir, Carter was as much of an enthusiast as Minnie. Besides, who knew that women wouldn't be engine drivers and freight superintendents by the time Minnie was grown?

Minnie's toy rails reached the full length of the room. There were junctions and sidings, a toy station and a toy station superintendent. The engine ran by clockwork, it's true but a glorified clockwork that took fifty minutes to run down. The coaches never ran off the line—their wheels were flanged. And Minnie played and played.

"This is father's box," she said, indicating the toy signal box and setting the signal against the engine, which could be stopped full tilt by touching a lever. "And this is the Westbound Limited."

Carter grinned and went off to his post that bitter night. He looked out of the window of the signal box, waiting for the Westbound to pass. And then, through the dark, he saw something white on the line.

The flutter of a tiny white dress, right on the metals. Minnie's voice. "My foot's caught, daddy, daddy!" And the thunder of the train in Carter's ears. And the roar of the other train across the mountain bridge.

The train must make a siding, or good-night to several score of human lives. On the other side? One life, a child's, but his own!

Yes, Carter's hair was snow-white the next morning.

He stood in the signal box, listening to the thunder of the on-coming train. There was still just time to yield to that almost irresistable impulse. To set the signal, run out of the box, snatch his child from the rails and—

And?

The traditions of the railroad service prevailed over the instincts of the father. The train came into sight, a fiery monster, bearing down upon that patch of white. The little voice—was it imagination?—seemed to ring in his ears.

"Daddy! My foot's caught, daddy!"

Then the train rolled over the place. No cry reached Carter's ears. It was gone to the siding, and a minute later the second train passed in the opposite direction.

Then Carter left the box.

Two trains had passed over the place, and in the dark Carter could see nothing, no sign or trace of evidence of what had happened.

Quietly, because he had suffered all that a man may endure without losing his sanity, he made his way toward his cottage near the line. And every step he took he was thinking, "How shall I tell Ella? How shall I tell Ella?"

He remembered the strong scent of the vines upon the porch. He went with haggard mien up the three wooden steps. His wife came to the door.

"Dear—what's the matter? Oh, what's the matter?"

"Minnie—" He tried to tell her, but all he could say was "Minnie—Minnie—"

"Minnie? She's inside, playing with her railroad."

"What?"

Carter ran into the house, frenetic. There on the floor sat the child, winding her clockwork engine. He snatched her into his arms. "Minnie, child, have you been here all the time?"

"Oh, a long, long time, daddy. And what do you think? The points of the rails ran into my boot, and I couldn't get them out for ever so long. And I wished you were here to pull my foot away!"

Mythological Personages.

Helen was the daughter of Zeus, the great Greek god, and the wife of Menelaus of Sparta. She was the most beautiful woman in Greece, and was indirectly the cause of the Trojan war.

She was carried off by Paris, the son of Priam, to Troy, it being claimed that the goddess of love, Aphrodite, had much to do with persuading her to leave her husband, Menelaus. After the death of Paris she married his brother, whom she later betrayed when Troy was captured by the Greeks. She then returned to Sparta with Menelaus, and lived happily with her original husband until their death.

CAR WASHING IS IMPORTANT TASK

Mud Should Never Be Allowed to Remain Over Night as It Is Injurious to Varnish.

USE PLAIN EVERY-DAY WATER

Guard Against Excessive Use of Soap and Let Hood Cone Until It Has Cooled—Go Over Entire Body With Hose and Sponge.

There is a proper time to wash an automobile and the work should be thoroughly done. If mud is allowed to dry on the car it is harder to get off and stains the varnish. Mud should never be permitted to remain on a car any longer than is absolutely necessary, by any means no more than one night. All mud contains alkali, and in some parts of the country is almost pure alkali. Alkali has the same reaction to varnish as muriatic or nitric acid has to steel. The antidote is water, isn't it simple, plain, every-day water right out the tap.

If one expects to keep a fine car looking fine he must be willing to flush off the mud at least as soon after it is; the more than half hour and the work can be done thoroughly in the morning.

The chief fault to guard against are the expressive use of soap, using water with too much force, and washing the hood before it has cooled.

In the old days no coachman would permit a fine carriage to go unwashed no matter how late he came into the stable at night. He must treat an automobile the same way if you teach the same standard that the old ashtoned coachman teached.

Soap Injures Varnish.

There are two things that should be remembered. First, that soap, gasoline, or anything like them intended to cut grease, will attack varnish if allowed to stand on the car, because oil is an important part of varnish. Second, hot water injures the lustre from varnish.

First of all a car should not be washed out in the sun, because the sun will dry off the water too quickly, leaving water marks; choose a shady place with plenty of light.

Dissolve a little good soap in a pail of water so as to make a soapy solution. Have a big carriage sponge ready. Start with the right hand front wheel and the other side of the fender and that part of the chassis nearby. Let the water flow from the hose in a gentle stream so that it will carry about six inches from the end of the hose. Go over the wheels, etc., first with water from a hose. Most of the mud will come off. There may be road oil or machine oil, which requires soap. In that case put some of the soapy water on these parts, sopping it on freely.

After that has been done start right in with a hose and sponge and wash off. Don't let the soapy water stand more than five minutes on the varnish. Now wash off thoroughly with clean water because all of the mud and grease should have come off by this time. Leave it alone to dry. That completes the right-hand front part of the chassis, and the same work should be done on the three other wheels and adjacent parts. That completes the work on the chassis.

Use Hose and Sponge.

Take another clean sponge and with the water still flowing gently from the hose start at the left-hand front of the body and flow all the dust off. There will be no need for soap because machine oil or road oil is never spattered on the body. After flowing the water on, then go over the entire body again with a hose and a wet sponge and wash it. Go entirely around the car, including the top of the fender to the left side, but don't wet the hood, it may still be warm.

Now all the dirt has been flowed off and the sponge should be squeezed as dry as possible and all the water remaining on mouldings or in crevices should be picked up.

After all that is done, wash the hood and the top of the radiator. There may be some spatters of machine oil on the hood and if there are use a little soap locally, washing it off soon after it is put on. In any case, don't let the water stand more than five minutes on the hood because it has become heated by the engine and the lustre will be damaged.

AUTOMOBILE HINTS

Children and dogs are not responsible for their actions on highways.

* * *

Flake graphite mixed with ordinary lubricating oil to the consistency of butter is a labor-saver, a rust preventive and an enemy of squeaks on a motorcar.

* * *

The carburetor should be adjusted for summer driving so that the mixture will be leaner than in cold weather. Only an expert, however, should look after this.

* * *

In summer the radiator has to be filled oftener than in other seasons because water evaporates more quickly in hot weather. At intervals it should be flushed out.

CLEVER TRICKS SOLVE MURDERS

STATE POLICE TRY STRATEGY TO TRAP SUSPECTS IN DIFFICULT CASES.

KILLER OF GIRL CONFESSES

Sudden Question to Woman Who Poisoned Husband and Father-in-Law Causes Her to Admit Facts of Crime.

Sergt. George Karkeet and Trooper Ernest G. Ramsay of the Michigan State Police were instrumental in solving a murder mystery in Ontonagon, Mich., which had been puzzling the local authorities for eight months. It took the two members of the Michigan State Police just 24 hours to pick up a clue, run it down, take their man and get a confession from him.

Early last spring Frances Pannion, a 15-year-old girl, left her home one morning to go to school and was never seen again alive by any of her relatives or friends. She had to walk three miles to where she could catch a bus for the nearest school. Somewhere on the way she disappeared. A few days later her body was discovered in a deserted shanty near an old iron mine. An autopsy revealed the fact that she had been poisoned, but there was no clue to show how or by whom.

When Sergeant Karkeet, Sergeant Palmer and Trooper Ramsay had such a great measure of success in unravelling the Hodell murder mystery at White Cloud, the Ontonagon authorities appealed to the State Police to see what could be done with the mystery of the Pannion girl's death, and Sergeant Karkeet and Trooper Ramsay were sent there.

Suspect Located.

In going over the ground and looking up the various people living along the route the slain girl had to travel, Sergeant Karkeet's suspicion was centered on Joseph Stimach, 55 years old, a foreigner and a bachelor, who lived in a hut near where the girl's body was found.

During the investigations conducted by the local authorities Stimach had been questioned, but he always professed to be unable to understand or speak English, and the officers could not get anywhere by the use of an interpreter. They had given the man up as knowing nothing of the crime, but that did not satisfy the troopers, so Stimach was brought in again, while Sergeant Karkeet tried a little strategy.

"Got a match, Joe," the sergeant asked, with a pleasant smile, rolling a cigarette in his fingers as he greeted the suspected man.

Falls Into Trap.

The man who did not understand or speak English returned the pleasant smile and produced the match.

"Have a cigarette," Sergeant Karkeet invited, extending his cigarette case.

"Guess I will," was the reply in perfectly good English.

Then the real examination of the suspect began. On previous questions he had understood every word said to the interpreter and had had time to frame a suitable answer while hiding behind his professed inability to talk or understand English. With that defense stripped from him the examination took a different form and it was not very long before he was so tangled up in his stories that a full confession was forthcoming of how he had attacked the school girl and then forced poison on her to try to conceal his crime in the greater one of murder.

Tricking a suspect into telling the truth was a device used by Sergeants Kaekeet and Palmer and Trooper Ramsay in the White Cloud case which terminated so successfully in the arrest and confession of Mrs. Hodell, who killed her husband with a rolling-pin, and her mother, who helped in the murder, her two brothers and a hired man, who helped to conceal the crime.

Woman Confesses.

In the White Cloud case the suspected persons were confined separately. The woman whose husband was the victim was taken through the scene of the crime late at night and the things she thought she saw induced her to confess. Later her brothers were told, separately, of Mrs. Hodell's confession. While one of them was being questioned he asked the officers:

"Did she tell about the old man, too?"

This was the first suggestion the State Police officers had had of another murder. Inquiry revealed the fact that Hodell's father had died suddenly several months before the younger man was beaten to death with a rolling-pin.

Later, when the officers were questioning Mrs. Hodell again, one of them suddenly asked:

"What did you put in the old man's coffee?"

It was only a wild stab at what had probably happened, but it hit the nail squarely on the head, and Mrs. Hodell added to her confession of the murder of her husband another that she had put arsenic in her father-in-law's coffee because he was old and a burden to her in the care he required 'round the house.

The Long Trail

By JUSTIN WENTWOOD.

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

John Lucas had found the woman who had betrayed him, and whom he had sworn to kill.

It had been a long chase and a stern one. From the seaport of Massachusetts they had gone to Florida, thence to Texas, thence to California, then to Oregon; then they had recrossed the continent, and he had located them in Savannah.

Lucas was fifty-five, his wife, Adeline, was thirty. Jim Progson, Lucas' farm laborer, was a young man with a bullet head and a suggestion of underbred and undeveloped power. Just the man to attract some servant wench, but—Adeline!

It was horrible. Lucas was descended from the Pilgrims, he was still called "Squire" in the township, and Adeline, his second wife of two years, was a well-bred woman. Progson! If it had been a gentleman he would have stayed quietly at home and divorced her, but—Progson!

He was not going to touch Progson. The fellow was not worthy of attention. But because of Progson he was going to kill Adeline who had wounded him past redemption.

Nevertheless, as he walked up the white, palmetto-bordered road toward the villa where she lived, he was aware, with his acute New England conscience, that he had not been entirely guiltless. There had been a time, after their marriage, when Adeline would put her arms about his neck and kiss him. Lucas had been rather too busy for kisses. Besides, restraint was in his nature, that same restraint, bred of a hundred harsh forbears, which had now broken down into grim, elemental determination to avenge the slight on his honor.

Adeline had been proud, but not so proud as Lucas. That had been the stumbling-block, that clash of wills; Adeline would not be dominated as Lucas had dominated his first wife, a timid, shrinking little thing who had been given to him in youth, and had obeyed him meekly. There had been scenes of violence. Adeline had wanted an allowance. Lucas had paid her bills and told her to ask for what she wanted. Then her uncle had left her money, and she had become independent. She had told him that she would break that overweening pride of his.

Broken it? No, because of it he meant to kill her. And gripping the pistol more tightly in his hand, he strode up to the villa and rapped on the door.

He had often pictured that encounter in his mind, but when he saw Adeline standing before him, surprise changing into that cold hardness he knew so well, he gasped involuntarily, and felt his heart begin to hammer in his breast.

Adeline's eyes fell on the pistol in his hand, and a proud smile curved her lips.

"Come in, John," she said, and led the way into the living-room.

It was well furnished, with Adeline's fine taste; that had been another bone of contention between them, he remembered. There were books and magazines strewn about everywhere. Adeline turned and faced him.

"Well?" she asked contemptuously. "You abandoned woman—"

"Oh, spare me those New England heroics," she begged him. "I am not in the mood for them. You've come to shoot me, have you?"

"Where's that—Progson?"

Adeline laughed. "Want to shoot him, too?" she asked.

He felt his resolution failing him. He was aware that she was spiritually stronger than himself, and that was incredible, because he had been wronged so deeply.

"Well, shoot, shoot!" she jeered, standing in front of him. "You had a long chase, didn't you, John! It was I who put you on the trail. I learned that you were coming to look for me. Well, shoot if you think I'm worth it."

He laid the pistol down upon the table. He bent his head. "I—can't," he said. "I never knew it before, but I love you, Adeline."

"Shoot for your pride's sake, then."

"My pride's gone. It's broken. I've been a fool. But—Progson!"

Her face softened. "Then I can tell you, John," she said. "There never was any Progson. Progson was going West, and I paid him to pretend he was going away with me. I chose him as the instrument with which to break that pride of yours which had always stood between us, between you and what had been my love for you.

"Now go home and—forgive me."

"Adeline!" He took her hands in his. "You've broken me, and you've—you've saved my soul. I deserved it all. You've opened my eyes, but—won't you come home, too, Adeline? Just give me the chance to care for you—I don't want your love—"

"My dear, you've always had that. Oh, John, can you forgive as well as is possible? If I go back it will be harder for me. But I'll face it if you'll—try to forgive and—care."

His Growl.

"Women flatter themselves," declared Mr. Flubdub, who is somewhat henpecked.

"Well, old topper?"

"My wife is always telling me that if she was to die I'd marry a flapper."

"Well?"

"She doesn't stop to consider that I might not want to marry anybody."—Louisville Courier-Journal.