

For Picture
A stick with a notch on the end
will be found a great help in taking
pictures from the walls. The picture
wire slips right into the notch and
makes climbing up and down unnece-
sary.

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Oriental Sees Little

Difference in Humanity

Humanity is much the same the world over, is the conclusion of Ahmed Abdullah, Oriental, novelist and playwright, now in this country after years of travel and adventure in the leading capitals of the world.

"I would see in the Daily News how, because East is East, a Matchu mandarin beat his English wife—but never a word, although West is West, at about the same time a high English official in Hongkong beat his Chinese mistress," he says in Hearst's International.

"I would read in the Express that, since East is East, the Turks invaded an Armenian village and put everybody to the sword—but not a word that, although West is West, the Russians at Blagoviestchensk massacred seven thousand peaceful Chinese.

"I would discover in the Graphic harrowing tales, the East being East, of child marriage in India—but never, in spite of the West being the West, harrowing tales of child labor in Italy and Scotland."

Fine Example of Work of Ancient Locksmith

An old iron chest, believed to belong to the American period, with a remarkable eight-lever lock, has just been discovered at Ripley castle, near Knaresborough, the residence of Sir William Ingby, Bart., where it had lain for hundreds of years in the loft of an outbuilding, the Manchester Guardian reports. The chest recently came into the possession of a marine store dealer at Harrogate. Its lock is an excellent example of the locksmith's art of bygone times, and the bottom of the chest has at some time been cut away, presumably to get at the contents. The chest, which is in an excellent state of preservation, is believed to be that in which the Scottish crown jewels were removed from Scotland before 1600.

INVASION

Guarded from all that gives life wings.
From fear of failure, every rough
Contact with elemental things,
We have been sheltered long enough.

Take your full toll of men and ships,
Oh, force and inexhaustible sea!
Lay salt upon our fabled lips,
Teach us your terrible treachery!

Come, wind, and thrust a searching blade
Between the door sill and the door;
Teach us to break the door down,
Teach us what these frail hands are for!

And then, when we have been prepared
By sand that stings and salt that
burns,
When in adversity we've shared
This wonder knocking at our
hearts—

Mingled again, identified
With earth and air, with fire and
team,
We'll find these doors and windows
wide,
Say to life: Come home,
—Leslie Nelson Jennings, in New York
Sun.

Shipment of Caviar Is Soviet Monopoly

Caviar is one of the world's most expensive luxuries, outside of Russia, and is chiefly produced in the Black Sea. It is retailed at about \$20 a pound in Petrograd or Moscow. It is one of

the favorite dishes of the workmen, who takes home a mess of it two or three times a week, at a dollar for all that he and his family can consume at the evening meal, says the Montreal Star.

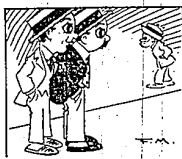
The roe is eaten with bread and washed down with wines aged in cellars of the wealthy long before the Soviets came into power.

The world's largest storehouse of caviar is located in Hamburg and administered purely as a Soviet Russian government monopoly. It is from this warehouse that virtually all shipments of this favorite relish of kings and emperors of olden times are sent to New York, Paris, London and other centers. The fish roe pressed and salted, is shipped from Petrograd in barrels, packed away here in a central warehouse and then sold according to the demands of the trade.

Haiti's Famous "King"

Christophe was king of Haiti from 1811 to 1820. He was a full-blooded negro who entered as a private soldier in the army of Toussaint l'Ouverture to fight the French, became a leader under Toussaint's successor, Dessalines, and after the murder of the latter was strong enough to have himself elected President of Haiti. When his power was contested by General Petion he retreated to the north of the island, there had himself proclaimed king and built his famous "Citadel." His reign was as despotic and cruel as that of Nero. Even his death was dramatic. Having suffered from a stroke of apoplexy which all his charms and voodoo spells could not cure, he decided to commit suicide. But as this was the ordinary way, he was determined that his manner of taking off should be worthy of a great king. He had a golden bullet made for his pistol, and with this he shot himself—Kansas City Star.

HAVE THAT EFFECT



"Old Jones has been treated with goat glands to rejuvenate him. I hear."

"Yes; I've noticed his increased tendency of botching in."

Houses Built to Last

It is almost invariably found that the solid homes of our forefathers were so well planned and built that any structural defects that have developed have been due to the settling of walls and foundations rather than to any weakness of material or poor workmanship. Recently a 200-year-old house on the New England seacoast was restored. It was found that the soft wood underfloors put down so long ago were as sound as the day they were cut and so much hardened by age that when dressed they made excellent top flooring.

Well Too Profitable

When Jack Pollard of Stanford, Ky., dug a well at his home he struck three kinds of water, each radically different from the others, in a shaft 21 feet deep. At a depth of 3 feet a stream of sweet water was encountered. It tasted as if it had sugar in it. At 11 feet the drill brought a flow of sulphur water. At 21 feet salt water was found; and Pollard gave up drilling.

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Digging in Bill's Garden

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(Copyright)

THE winter old Mrs. Fair had the pneumonia and never recovered, Bill Fair's ship was in port, so that he could come home and gladden his mother's last hours. When it was all over Bill, almost broken-hearted over the loss, and with no near relatives to share his sorrow, though all of Newport sympathized with the fine young captain, locked the house up and sailed on his longest voyage to the Far East.

January, February and March passed, and on the first of April came visible spring.

"Henrietta Morton," said her mother severely, "what you been doing over to Bill Fair's yard?"

"Why, who told you I had been there?"

"Mrs. Beasley lives next door—let's it perfectly natural for her to notice you tramping around Bill's front yard, digging around? I repeat, what have you been doing over there?"

Henrietta sighed. "Just poking around the plants, mother. I hate to see them dying with no one to care for them."

"Humph!" sniffed Mrs. Morton, who as a flower lover herself could understand her daughter's feelings. "Of course, after you've been teaching school all day you can't feel much like digging garden?"

"It is a flower lover's job, of course I have not neglected our own garden." "No, you haven't—but, dear, the neighbors will be talking—they'll be telling that you're trying to attract Bill's attention. You know how that his mother's gone the house is his and the garden, and you'd feel foolish if he came home with some wife and found you'd been making his garden."

"She would be delirious, I'm sure," said Henrietta coolly, "and as for folks talking about us, you know Bill Fair is ten years older than I am. His mother was so loving about the flowers always giving me a bunch when I passed by, that I couldn't bear to have them die out. It would make the place so dreary for Bill when he comes home."

Laura Morton laughed good-naturedly. "I thought you didn't even know Bill Fair, Hen," she uttered. "Did he ever come to see you?"

"Not exactly," stammered Henrietta, and walked away very rattled at her feelings toward her sister. She had noticed Bill Fair's heartbroken glance at the little garden as he locked the house and went away; she was on her way to school and she was aware that he didn't even recognize so few were his visits to Seaport, but she did realize that he would never see his mother pottering about the tiny front yard that always seemed overflowing with bloom from April until November. She did not want him to know who had tended the garden, but wanted the garden just to be ready to bloom for him.

Capt. Bill Fair came home late in June. On the train from the city he found an old acquaintance in Lem Beasley. Lem was full of Seaport news, but the captain was only slightly interested. He was dreading the moment when he had to walk up the path to that locked door and view the neglected garden.

"S'pose you'll be getting married pretty soon?" mumbled Lem. "I'll use your best girl's keepin' the home fires burnin'."

Captain Bill stared. "Yes?" and immediately changed the subject.

But Mrs. Beasley was persistent. "Henrietta Morton certainly is a nice girl," he offered generously.

"Yes?" queried Bill, and he went back into the smoker again. "Now I wonder what he's driving at?" mused the simple sailor man. "Seems I do remember a Morton girl—away back five years ago—I was a shy fish in those days—it was at a box social at the church, and they auctioned off boxes of lunch, and I happened to buy the one she put up and we ate it together! She was a little dark thing with big eyes and a dandy smile. We sat together all the evening, and she got real lively and pretty. I saw her home—and never thought of her again!"

Approaching the front door was not the trial he had anticipated. Although the house was closely shuttered, the little front garden was spilling in fragrant bloom everywhere; roses, mignonette, sweet alyssum, panicles and mountain daisies, ribbon grasses, feverfew, dusty miller, nasturtiums, sweet peas, marigolds, pinkies—and last of all forget-me-nots, a great clump that flourished in a deep corner. Tears came into his fine eyes, and he blinked them back and opened the door. When he came out again the windows were all wide open to the fresh evening breeze. He stopped in the garden and picked a great bunch of flowers, and something from every plant, trying the ripple with a blade of ribbon grass. Then he went up the street and turned into the Morton's gate.

"Henrietta home?" called Bill's big voice cheerily, and Mrs. Morton greeted him with motherly warmth and made him stay for supper. "These are for Henrietta," he explained, with a little thrill at the thought.

Old Mrs. Beasley nodded her head at her husband. "Captain Bill's cousin, Henrietta Morton," she declared excitedly.

And although Bill Fair didn't realize it, Mrs. Beasley was right. Nowadays Henrietta makes the garden every spring, and no one says a word, for she belongs to it.

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