

**Fish "Breeding" Now****on Extensive Scale**

Until comparatively recent date the Chinese have "bred" fish in the same careful manner as the Canadian breeder improves his horses, cattle, sheep and poultry, and they were without rivals. Among their products was the brush-tail goldfish, a creature of wonderful beauty and form. The fish has long fins which look like lace, while the tail is of an exquisite silky texture, resembling the skin of a dancer. They are the result of age-long process of breeding and selection. American experimenters working along the same line, but with a view to utility rather than ornament, have successfully mated brook trout with rainbow trout, and steel-head trout with the Dolly Varden variety. Lake fish were made the next subjects and whitefish were crossed with freshwater herring. Now attempts are being made to produce a cross between certain sea fish, such as the cod and the haddock. The shad has a great reputation as a food fish in America, but is as bold as the herring. Shad were therefore crossed with the striped bass, and the young fish have been successfully hatched and liberated in the sea. Whether they will survive and multiply is still a problem, for cross-bred creatures of all sorts seldom reproduce their kind.

**Mean Scheme Played****on Vegetarian Hubby**

An amusing story at the expense of a food fastidist is related by Ralph Neville, an English writer:

When at luncheon with a friend he observed "that he touched no meat, but ate only certain strange vegetable dishes, which had evidently been prepared for his special consumption." Later on," says Mr.

Neville, "I inquired of his wife if this new diet agreed with her husband."

"It didn't at first," she replied, "but it does now."

"From his looks he certainly seems to thrive on it. He never looked more robust in his life."

"I take care of that," she went on, "though I hope he won't find it. No man partakes of a more carnivorous diet than he. Every one of those vegetable courses you saw today was full of the strongest meat juice, which, by my orders, is put into everything served to him before it appears on the table."—Rebboth Sunday Herald.

**Odd Charge Against Radio**

A man charged in Christchurch, New Zealand, with burglary attributed the crime to his craze for wireless, and he was discharged on probation on condition that he dismantle his wireless set and use no battery, says the London Mail.

The evidence showed that he had become mentally deranged, owing to a close application to wireless apparatus. A similar fate has befallen other New Zealand wireless enthusiasts.

The judge said it was most extraordinary that respectable citizens should become criminals through wireless.

**Devotees of Archery**

Archery is not a forgotten sport by any means. This ancient art is indulged in at some of the leading colleges for women in the United States and in many colleges for men abroad. The girls' schools in this country which have archery training are: Wellesley, Radcliffe, Smith, Mount Holyoke and Bryn Mawr, and at the following co-educational institutions: Cornell, Chicago,

Northwestern, Wisconsin, Minnesota and California, girls take part in the sport.

**Waterproof Matches**

By incorporating rubber latex with the fulminating material and then vulcanizing by a special process, matches and match-box strikers are now made absolutely water and damp proof. Tests have proved that matches so treated can be actually immersed in water without a single match being spoiled or its ability to fire when rubbed on the striker impaired.

**Log Drivers' Memorial**

With a bequest of \$30,000, left by Colonel Pierce, a memorial statue to the log drivers of the Penobscot river is to be erected at Bangor, Me. The Penobscot log drivers were known as the giants of the forests of the north and their progeny has almost disappeared. The statue will be known as the Pierce memorial.

**Petrified Seaweed**

A 500-pound lump of petrified seaweed discovered in the Medina sandstone of Pennsylvania is believed to be 60,000,000 years old. It was exhibited recently at the department of geology of the University of Pennsylvania by Dr. Frederick Ehrenfeld, says Popular Science Monthly.

The structure of the sea plants can be seen very clearly in this unique rock, which is but another piece of evidence that the ocean once covered this part of our country.

**Gas Tax Helps State**

The tax on gasoline helps pay the cost of roads and other state expenses in New Hampshire where \$1,064,024 was collected between

July, 1923, and July, 1925. The tax has been in effect only that long and is not, apparently, protested to any extent by the motorists. Several other states have similar gasoline taxes.

**Heat Destroys Oil**

Lubricating oil is not worn out by friction, but is destroyed by exposure to the intense heat of fuel combustion in an automobile engine or by contact with the hot exhaust valve heads and piston tops, says L. T. Wagner, lubricating engineer of the Standard Oil Company.

**Shakespeare Up to Date**

"Hello, Johnston, old man—didn't see you at the Rotary club last week. You certainly missed a heck of a good program—it was a knock-out." "Walt" Raleigh showed the coat he threw in front of the queen. Said he told her, "Step on it, Liz, step on it." I hear Goldsmith has a job now with the Checker Taxi and is writing a play on his spare time called "She Stoops to Meter." Must sign off as am writing Julius Caesar, and Antony has just borrowed the ears of the crowd, which must be returned before I can eat lunch. See you at the club tonight. Bye."—Massachusetts Institute of Technology Voo Doo.

**His Heart Was Right**

School teachers receive numerous gifts from their pupils. One East side teacher relates that she has received everything from flowers to worms. "A few days ago a little youngster brought me a small cardboard box," she stated, "and he was very enthusiastic over what he had to give me. He presented it to me proudly and on examination the contents proved to be several live green caterpillars."—Detroit News.

**Lost Some Pleasure, but Scheme Worked**

So far so good. I have kept my resolution. I have joined no clubs. I have not become an adventurer, a player, a coffee drinker, an explorer, a detective, a yachtsman or an inferior decorator. I take my lunch in any chophouse or saloon that happens, according to "H. D." in the Kansas City Star.

Of course, there are penalties. I have no longer "a man's retreat," which is neither office nor home, where I can receive select communications. I am not able to say, "So long, old man, see you later at the club," nor can I play squash on my scheduled afternoon in the far future. There are no bulletin boards for me to scan and I have to buy my own magazines.

Yes, there are many temptations. I will admit. But each night I pray that I will not give in. For I know my own weakness. . . . I know how people regard me. . . . I know that, if I join any club, no matter what, I am sure to be elected secretary.

**FOUGHT 'EM OUT**

"Great stuff these cross-word puzzles! Do you and your wife spend your evenings working 'em out?" "No—we spend our evenings fighting 'em out."

**Bonfire of Adders**

Years ago certain districts of England were so infested with adders that the low-lying parts were uninhabitable in the summer. The creatures would attack people on the slightest provocation. Alluvial miners on the tin-streams were often set upon.

While cutting down gorse, a laborer found that an adder had crept into his bowl of milk, which he had placed in the shade of a bush. The man promptly put a piece of turf over the bowl and imprisoned the creature. Its loud hissing brought a horde of adders to its assistance and the man and his companions had to flee for their lives.

A heap of reptiles quickly formed over the bowl. The workmen crept back and surrounded them with a circle of blazing bushes, in which the creatures were burned to death.

**Bride's Pride**

John Hertz, head of the Yellow Cab Manufacturing company, which General Motors bought in, said the other day in New York:

"General Motors has paid me a very high compliment. I feel as proud as the young bride."

"My husband's devotion is unique," the young bride said to a caller.

"How do you mean unique?" asked the caller. "Does he eat your cooking?"

"Not only that," said the young bride, and her voice, as she spoke, trembled with pride and emotion. "Not only that, but he refuses to let me eat it."—Detroit Free Press.

**Swiss to Raise Foxes**

As a result of the return to Switzerland of a Swiss who had noted the success of some of the fox-breeding farms in America a company has been organized to start a silver fox farm in Klostera, near Fraetigau, says a report in the Innsbrucker Nachrichten. Fifty pairs of silver foxes are to be imported from America in November and the farm is to be managed by the returned emigrant.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**New African Railroad**

Tanganyika, the new name for the territory formerly known as German East Africa, is to have double the railroad facilities that now exist. The east African commission is preparing to run lateral lines connecting with the main line which goes across that country at this time. The mileage today is about 1,000 miles and at least 700 miles will be added.

**Miss Araminta's Wyoing**

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"WHEN I was a girl," remarked Miss Araminta Freer, with a sidelong look at her pretty niece "it was considered very forward and bold if a young lady visited a young gentleman to spend the evening with her."

"But it was only Bob Perkins—I've known him all my days," protested young Araminta, looking plumply defiant. "He wanted to come and see me and talk over old times before we went to college—and everything—so I told him I would let him know when I would be free."

"It was my place to write to him—or your Aunt Orpha's," explained Miss Freer. "As we've adopted you, since your dear parents' death, now that your education is finished and you are home with us, we stand back of your social activities."

"You have both been lovely to me, aunts," faltered "Minta as they called her, but suddenly her face lifted and a delicious dimple appeared in one cheek. She slowly tore to bits the note she was writing and dropped it into a wastepaper basket. "Suppose you write to Bobby for me, and we will start right—it's never too late to mend, dear."

Orpha Freer looked rather suspiciously at her niece. Her sister—Miss Araminta, here—had been just as pretty as young Minta, and had the same devastating dimple in one cheek. "Miss Araminta" felt no foreboding; she was immediately gratified with "Minta's" ready response, and stated over her easy victory. "Very well, my dear, I will write a note to Robert now, and tell him we will be very happy to see him tomorrow evening. Fair will make us nice table of bridge."

She went to her desk in the corner and wrote a note on her special monogrammed paper in a spidery hand. My Dear Bobby: Although I have not seen you since you were quite a small boy—in fact, since you fell from my white-heart cherry tree and your left leg—my sister and I will be very happy to have you come over and spend the evening with us tomorrow, Thursday, evening. You will be interested to learn that our niece has adopted, daughter, Araminta Loring, has returned from college and is living with us. With kind regards to your mother,

Yours sincerely, ARAMINTA FREER.

Here is Bob's answer:

My Dear Miss Araminta: Thank you very much for your kind invitation to spend tomorrow evening at Rose cottage. I shall be happy to come and renew my acquaintance with you and Miss Orpha—I never have forgotten her delicious ginger cookies—and to meet your niece, Miss Loring. My mother is in England at present, but my bachelor uncle—Fred and Percy insist that they are coming with me—they are visiting me. They say they knew you well years ago.

With deepest respect, I am, Faithfully yours,

ROBERT PERCY PERKINS.

"I wonder when he ever tasted one of my ginger cookies," mused Miss Orpha, and so absorbed was she in this problem that she failed to notice that the dimple had reappeared in "Minta's" cheek, and that her eyes were dancing.

"Of course I remember Fred Perkins—and you must remember Percy, Orpha—you were—almost engaged, were you not, my dear?"

Orpha's black eyes softened. "Yes—we were actually engaged, and we disagreed about my wedding dress. Percy wanted me to wear white and I insisted that I had always planned a pearl gray silk—so we parted."

Shortly after the supper was over that Thursday evening, Bob Perkins and his two uncles appeared to call upon the Misses Freer and their charming niece. The uncles were jolly bachelors and naturally fell into place beside their old sweethearts. Soon the four were settled down to bridge and reminiscences, while Bobby and "Minta sat in the corner and talked in low tones.

"Tell me, what's up?" begged Bob, holding fast to one of "Minta's" fingers on which gleamed a diamond ring: "don't they know we're engaged?"

"Minta told him, the dimple coming and going. "Of course they know it was a co-ed college, but they seemed to think me immune!"

"Let me tell them that we have been engaged for three weeks and two days—then I can kiss you!" urged Bobby.

"Very well, dear—but promise that you will never ask me to wear anything but white at our wedding," said the girl earnestly.

"I wouldn't want you to," agreed Bob dimly, so hard in hand they approached the card table.

"So soon?" gasped Miss Araminta when she saw them.

"Good work," breezed Uncle Fred. So they confessed how they had met two years before, loved and were finally engaged, with the hope of receiving the blessings of aunts and uncles.

"Araminta and I say, 'Bless you, my children,'" said Uncle Fred, and he glanced at his brother.

Percy reddened, but he and Orpha looked very conscious. "We say the same things, my dears," said Percy, "and be sure to wear white," he added.

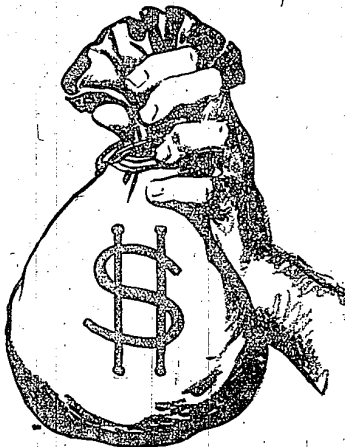
"Oh, we've settled all that," cried Bobby proudly, while "Minta's dimple came into play and she blushed gaily.

# How to Save Money!

If you want to save some money,  
Let me tell you what to do.  
It may sound a little funny.  
But the plan, I'm sure, is true.  
And if you will only try it  
You'll be glad you did, I bet  
For it works, though some deny it  
It's to go in honest debt!

Buy a lot that's well located,  
On the edge of a growing town—  
Where the value's are not inflated,  
You can buy with little down.  
But be certain when you do it  
Every payment you'll strive to meet  
Pledge yourself to battle through it—  
That you'll never once retreat!

Do it now—and don't postpone it—  
Now's the time to make a start!  
And before you know, you'll own it.  
If you have a heart that's brave, sir,  
You can do it—don't forget!  
If you really want to save, sir,  
Buy a lot—and go in debt!



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