

### Love and Letter Writing

By JANE OSBORN

NO MATTER how well he might train his private secretary, Jerry Dave always had a good-sized pile of letters on his desk at his office that needed personal attention. So an hour or more of every day's time was devoted to letter writing. And as a writer of forceful and unusual business letters Jerry Dave enjoyed quite a little reputation. These business letters were a nuisance but they could be got through. Personal letters, however, in Jerry's opinion were a deadly plague.

Of course Jerry knew that to reply to purely social correspondence with a typewritten letter was decidedly bad manners. Still it seemed to Jerry that his mother and sister ought not to object to letters dictated to his stenographer.

Jerry's invitations were numerous. Moreover on birthdays and holidays Jerry's friends had a disconcerting way of sending him presents. And always Jerry would have to sit home in his apartment miserably writing notes of acknowledgment. Once it occurred to him that to persons who were not familiar with his handwriting his stenographer might write some of the formal social notes.

Once Jerry asked his partner how he managed with his personal and social correspondence.

"You mean letters to the folks at home, and answers to invitations and all that sort of thing? Why, bless your heart, I haven't thought of such matters for many a year. My wife attends to all that. And of course 'thank you' letters and answers to invitations—I suppose a man's wife always attends to such matters."

Presently Jerry was absorbed in business concerns, but later he found himself recalling what his partner had said on the matter.

Jerry had to admit that such thoughts were rather dangerous. They might so far dominate him that he would end by asking some girl to marry him. Probably—ninety-nine chances out of a hundred—thought the modest bachelor, the girl would reject him, but there was the chance. Besides, having proposed once he would probably be willing to propose again.

One evening snugly home in his bachelor apartment he surveyed six letters and notes, all needing personal replies. He felt sure that no one else in his acquaintance had relatives with such a taste and taste for writing letters. In a mood like this Jerry toyed with the idea of marrying. He went so far as to list over to himself the names of the young women of his acquaintance whom he might consider as possible brides. Six or seven occurred to him, yet so far as he knew not one of them cared a snap of her finger for him, and he cared little more than that for any one of them. Still there were the letters—he hated to answer them.

It was the next day that Jerry walked into the office of Patricia Collins, employment agent—walked in with his eyes wide open. At a glance he saw how very pretty was Patricia as she sat at her well-arranged desk, dictating to two stenographers, at once and giving directions to an office boy without apparently being the least bit confused. Jerry would have telephoned only that he wanted to maintain perfect secrecy in the matter.

Patricia finished with her assistants and then gave her undivided attention to Jerry. He explained without any embarrassment his predicament and asked Patricia to introduce him in touch with some young woman with a good strong handwriting and a knowledge of the conventions who would attend to his correspondence.

"Of course," said Patricia, looking a little reproachfully at him, "of course I could probably find some young woman of that sort. Still, it seems a shame—she'd have to counterfeits her handwriting—and the relatives who hear hearing from you wouldn't really be hearing from you at all. It's too bad you haven't a sister or some one who could write to your relatives and attend to your social correspondence. Then there wouldn't have to be any deception about it. Usually a man's wife does those things—" Patricia stopped short and looked a trifle embarrassed.

"I know," said Jerry, "and that's the trouble. I'm not married—never shall be married. And I don't write letters."

Two months thereafter a devoted aunt of Jerry received this letter written in a well-formed feminine hand that was unfamiliar to her.

"Dear Aunt Mary—" the letter ran, "Jerry has asked me to write this letter to you and I'll have to introduce myself to you to start with as Jerry's new wife. Jerry met me only a little while ago and after the short time we became engaged and then as I was quite alone in the world and almost twenty-eight we were married without delay. From what Jerry says, you and he have always been great friends—and I'm hoping for a share in that friendship. I was business before I married Jerry and I asked Jerry if I couldn't answer his letters for him just to keep myself from being idle. So I'm going to tell you everything that Jerry has been doing—"

And so the letter progressed over eight pages of note paper full of the doings and thoughts of Jerry.

### Fish Highly Prized as Mosquito's Enemy

Shipping fish to the Philippine islands and other points in the tropical seas sounds like carrying coals to Newcastle, yet fish from the California Academy of Sciences are making long voyages to America's Far Eastern possessions, as well as to India, to the port of Papeete, Tahiti, and other places in the southern Orient. The fish are tiny ones, belonging to the tribe known as topminnows, or to scientists as Gambusia. They are prized partly because they live and breed readily in aquaria, and hence supply good material for scientific study of fish habits, partly because they are interesting and hardy ornaments of outdoor pools, but mostly because of their insatiable appetite for the larvae, or "wigglers," of mosquitoes. They seem to have been evolved with a special eye, or rather jaw, for this purpose. Their lower jaw project so much that their mouths open at a sharp upward angle, and they always feed at the top of the water—whence their common name. Since mosquito larvae habitually hang at the surface of the water, these become the minnows' natural prey.

### WHERE YOU LIVE



Friend—Are you walking to, reduce? She—No—where's that?

### Gathering Stardust

On a bright, sunny morning in Hollywood a little peroxide blonde returned to her automobile to find that she had acquired a nice big policeman, who arrested her for parking. Her little face brightened up. "At last," she cried, "it has come to me. Call my publicity man at Compa studios, and tell him to bring me my bathing suit. Phone the News Weeklies, call out the newspaper photographers. Tell them to decorate my cell in old rose, and hire me a maid. At last I can hold my head up in Hollywood. I'm a movie star instead of a mere bathing girl. Success is mine. Officer, you're a duck."—Red Cat.

### Proof

"I was driving to town father day with part of my family in the wagon," related Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge in the crossroads of Montana. "I wasn't thinking about anything in particular when one of the children yelled:

"Say, Paw! Hain't it about time you turned around and driv' back after maw?"

"And, lo and behold, if wife wasn't gone, slick and clean! Well—yaw-haw! haw! I've often heard that a lady can't drive from the back seat and do any good at it."—Kansas City Star.

### Telegram Got Results

Her mother's death was announced in a telegram received by a Parisian woman, from her native village. Overcome with grief she notified other relatives, and they hurried home, wearing mourning and carrying wreaths and other floral tributes. As they came within sight of the old home tears streamed down their faces, but a moment later they saw their mother in the garden. "I was longing to see you, my children; and I knew that telegram would be sure to bring you," was her explanation.

### Bars Powder in Church

Ladies are requested by the vicar of a leading Hull (Eng.) church, not to powder during prayers. The vicar said, "People keep telling me that the most solemn moments in our worship are often spoiled for them by some—shall we call them shame-faced ones, since they are apparently ashamed of their ordinary faces?—who powder in a most ostentatious way."

### Scientists Got Proof of Comet's Presence

Enour's comet, which was lost for a time by astronomers because of a sudden diminution in its light, was seen by Russian observers from a balloon just before its light lessened, according to information received at London from S. Selivanov, of the observatory of the Russian Society Mirovedenie, who took part in the ascent. A captive balloon was used on the night of February 22, rising to a height of nearly a half mile, low clouds having been left behind at about half that altitude. By the use of powerful binoculars the comet was located, and was found to be of the fifth magnitude, barely visible to the unaided eye. However, while a later ascent confirmed the observations, unsuccessful efforts were said to have been made March 6 and 7 to photograph it from the ground with a telescope having a lens about seven inches in diameter. According to Dr. W. H. Stearns, a British astronomer, who also observed the comet, the reduction in light probably occurred between February 23 and 28.

### Protection Found in Abundance of Light

Flood lighting of jails and banks for protection purposes is one of the newest methods of utilizing electricity. Following the escape of a prisoner from the Bergen county jail at Hackensack, N. J., recently, Sheriff Nimmo took up the question of flood-lighting the jail with the lighting department of the local electric company, and later was successful in getting an authorization for this lighting on the board of freeholders. Twelve 500-watt flood-lighting projectors were installed in the jail, and the sheriff was so pleased with the result he wrote to the division agent that the new equipment was invaluable.

Banks, too, are utilizing the flood-light for protection at night. The Bank of Bogota and the Greenville Bank and Trust company have recently had powerful lights of this nature installed.

### New Leather Substitute

A young Scottish chemist is said to have invented a process for regenerating leather, so that the product, which he calls "Ceymal," is hardly distinguishable from real leather, and is about half the price of ordinary hide. According to the inventor, the leather is ground up to a fine powder and then made into a fine dough with a small quantity of binding substance. The coloring materials are then added, and the paste calendered onto a strong backing of cloth. The inventor, whose name is not given, has not taken out a patent for his process, as he is of the opinion that the secret is best kept by himself.

### No Rest for the Potato

From now on potatoes will work overtime if science has anything to do about it. Potatoes just dug from the ground have been insisting upon two months' rest before going to work and sprouting new vines. But now Dr. Frank E. Donaghy, of the Boyce Thompson institute, Yonkers, N. Y., tells us in Popular Science Monthly that dousing them in a certain chemical bath will open their eyes wide and start the shoots at once, lessening the time between crops.

### Long Trip to Reunion

In order to attend the twenty-fifth reunion of his class at Norwich university in 1927, John T. Smith, '02, is planning a 700-mile trip by dog sled from his trapping station at Fort Chipewyan in Canada to the nearest railroad station from which he can continue his cross-continent journey by rail. This Norwich graduate, once a civil engineer, is now a trapper of fur-bearing animals.

### Cost of Irrigating

In carrying out 30 irrigation projects the United States recently has expended \$160,000,000. These plants serve an acreage of about 1,300,000. The principal reclamation has been in Arizona, Nebraska, Wyoming, Washington, Montana, New Mexico and California. In Arizona more than a quarter of a million acres have thus been brought into cultivation.

### Woman to Boss Resort

The entire management of one of Germany's most popular seaside resorts has been placed for the first time in the hands of a woman.

### Bullock on Rampage Through Welsh City

A remarkable story is related in an Aberdeen message to the Cardiff (Wales) Times of the behavior of a bullock which, in a series of mad dashes, caused great confusion before meeting its death in the sea. Landed at the harbor of a steamer from Orkney, the beast, breaking loose from a herd being taken to an auction mart in the city, ran amuck through the crowded streets.

It careered wildly through the industrial and fishing quarter of the city, scattering men and women in all directions and collided head on with a motor bus.

Infuriated by the pain of this crash, it scampered along the North pier, narrowly missing knocking into the water a number of men and boys who were fishing with hand lines along the sea wall.

Drivers attempted to secure the bullock with ropes, but it mounted the steps leading to the pier and jumped into the sea. It swam seaward and the pilots manned a motorboat to search for the fugitive.

The current of the River Don proved too much for the animal's strength and its carcass was found later on the seashore.

### THINKS HE'S SAFE



"Don't you believe in saving your money for a rainy day?" "Now! I've already got an umbrella."

### Talented French Girl

"The Cold Storage Industry in Argentina," a book of 300 pages full of statistics and graphs, is the work by which a young French woman, a barriester of Paris, Mlle. Genevieve Ometre, won her degree of doctor in law, and political and economic sciences. At the same time she believes she is one of the most normal beings in the world. "I go out, I dance, I go in for sports, especially tennis and travel." Mlle. Ometre was admitted to the bar in 1924 but only recently pleaded.

### Nunismatic Prize

Miss Minnie Fickett of Saco, Maine, has in her possession an old shilling, dated 1727. This coin is about the size of a dime. On one side is the figure of a feudal castle, on the other side of the coin is printed "Shilling, 1717. L. H. L." This is surrounded by a wreath. The coin was found about fifty years ago when carpenters were tearing down an old hotel in Little Falls, Maine.

### Motorized Life Buoy

At Redondo Beach, Calif., there recently was tested a new motor-driven life buoy designed to enable a rescuer to reach a drowning person quickly. It is four feet long and looks like a small motor boat. On the stern is a bar to which one or more persons can cling. A button on the stern bar starts and stops the motor, while the operator acts as the rudder.—Popular Science Monthly.

### Rebuild Famed Cathedral

M. Henri Deneux, architect in charge of the work of restoring the cathedral of Rheims, shattered by the Germans during the World war, recently reported that all the windows have had their mullions and their rose work restored, the bindings of the glass have been repaired or remade, and the glass itself, for the most part modern, will soon be completely inserted.

### Advertising Colleges

Motor car license plates that are to adorn Kansas cars in 1927 will be crimson and blue—the colors of the University of Kansas—if the plans of Secretary of State Frank J. Ryan do not go wrong. And he will also recommend that in 1928 the license plates be purple and white, the colors of Kansas State Agricultural college.

### In Memory Park

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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DOREEN looked wistfully at the lovely face reflected in her mirror and wished with all her faithful heart that she might be going to meet the sweetheart she had lost in the war. Instead she was going to Memory park to meet his spirit and join in the little kind of loving service that was held often in the small park that was a memorial to the men of the town who had found their great cross on the battlefield.

"Mother," she said as she drew on her gloves, "I can't understand why my trees won't grow. This makes the sixth I have planted to memory of Bob; and now it is dying. There's not another tree in the park that has been so unlucky."

"It certainly is strange, dear—I don't understand, either. You have put in firs, silver birch, and that lovely tulip tree—it isn't as if you hadn't tried all kinds. Perhaps—" but Mrs. Lorne refrained from expressing what was in her mind. She kissed her daughter with added warmth. "I do wish, dearie, you could love again—it will be so lonely for you."

But Doreen shook her head. "There never could be another man in my life, mother mine. I loved Bob with all my soul and body."

Doreen went along to Memory park, which was perhaps as lovely a memorial to heroes as any the world could show.

The mayor of the town and his wife had given the two acres in memory of their boy, others of the hedge. There was nothing in the beautiful park that did not bear a small tablet and yet so inconspicuously done as to call for close inspection.

Doreen alone seemed to have failed. Each year at planting time she had put in a tree and each one had died, either slowly or at once.

"I will have to put in a carved stone bench," she told herself as she saw that her latest tree had browned and withered. She turned from the dying tree with tears in her eyes to meet Captain Dingle who had come to talk with the group of townspeople gathered there. Every six months they held a little circle in the park in the artistic rustic pavilion which was dedicated to twin brothers who had fallen. And each time an ex-serviceman came to talk to them about the aftermath of war and the many interesting occupations and lives carrying on so bravely.

"Captain Dingle," said Doreen softly, "I suppose many of our boys are better off in starting passed on than some of those who are trying to earn a living under stress of weakened nerves and maimed bodies."

"Very much better," he told her, and his eyes shined. "I look a deal of courage to face the guns, but it has taken a great deal more to face the world as it is and strive for a living. In England," he continued, "I met men who should be earning the Victoria Cross and all other decorations for sheer pluck in fighting tragic odds. There is one American chap—I shall never forget him, who has been blinded. He was reported killed—and has let it go at that."

"That boy," said Captain Dingle, "was reported killed and all I could say to him, every persuasion known to mankind has failed to unseat his lips. In the set of his lips and the very curious light that at times sweeps over his face—I know—well, Miss Lorne—I know that the light of the world has been taken from him—not the eyes—but—" Captain Dingle faltered in trying to express himself to this beautiful girl.

"Captain Dingle," said Doreen breathlessly, "take me to the sandy-haired boy—let's my boy—my own Bob—I know it. Please take me to him."

The journey was arranged swiftly and Doreen arrived in London as if on the wings of dawn. She knew now why her trees would not grow. They were telling her that Bob was not dead, but living.

Captain Dingle took her to the big workshop where the man who called himself John Wade was handling tools with an efficiency and surety that belied his slightest eyes. When the door opened he turned toward the sound and his tools dropped from him and he stood up.

"Doreen! Doreen!" "Bobby—Bobby—oh, my premons," she flung across the room and into his arms. A great sob shook her as his arms closed in a giant grip about her. His lips went down against her neck.

Captain Dingle closed the door softly behind him and choked down the great hard lump in his throat. As he went along the corridor he tried to whistle a tune.

And inside the room Doreen had slipped down on her knees and was clinging to the only man she would ever love.

"It's the only selfish thing you ever did to me, Bobby," she said, when she could summon a voice. "You're coming right back to America with me and you'll have to love me enough to make me forget those six years that you have robbed me of—six long years that we might have had together."

The man, however, was not listening to the exact words his loved one was saying, but from his lips came a whisper of awe and intense gratitude. "The light that shines in darkness—I thank Thee for this Thy greatest light."

### Farmington Dairy

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### DETROIT UNITED LINES

#### Farmington Time Table

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Effective Feb. 1, 1926.

Cars leave Farmington for Detroit at 6:54 a.m.

For Redford at 5:25 a.m., 6:25 a.m., 7:45 a.m. and every hour to 4:45 p.m. and at 5:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 8:15 p.m.

Cars leave Farmington Junction for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 5:35 a.m., 7:10 a.m., 4:50 p.m. and 6:20 p.m. 9:10 a.m. Sunday only.

First car leaves Farmington for Northville at 4:45 a.m., then at 6:15 a.m. and every two hours to 4:15 p.m. and at 6:25 p.m.

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