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UP THE LADDER

By R. H. WILKINSON
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WNY Service

MARIEL HARDWICK would one day be famous. All her friends knew it. They told Mariel to quite openly. And she agreed with them. Mariel didn't believe in false modesty. Her drawings were good and she knew it.

She had risen from the ranks and she felt there was a lot of credit due her.

The top was still a long way off, but she could see it rising above the horizon, and she felt satisfied that one day in the not too distant future she'd reach it. It was a comforting thought.

Other girls in Mariel's circle of friends, many of them older than she, were still wallowing in the muck of oblivion.

There was Carola Andrews, for example.

Carola was Mariel's closest friend. Mariel felt more sorry for her than for the others. For Carola had ambitions. Or did have, once. She had wanted to be a violinist. But after high school, she'd given it up. Said she'd merely taken up music because it was her folks' wishes anyhow. Sour grapes. Pride. She'd had her chance and thrown it away. Hadn't been willing to sacrifice anything for the future. And now—Mariel sighed again—now where was Carola? Working in a politician's office in Washington. A stenographer or something. Poor Carola.

Mariel smoothed out a clean sheet of paper and picked up her pen. She must write to Carola.

It had been almost six months now since the last letter, three years since Carola had gone to Washington.

The girls had kept up a scant correspondence, but Mariel knew or suspected that Carola had never got over the last hour, they had had together.

"You shouldn't be doing this, darling," Mariel had said.

"You have talent. Through music you can make your bid to fame. It's worth sacrificing something for."

But Carola had only smiled and gone off smiling, with a look in her eyes that Mariel had misunderstood.

Carola had gone and Mariel had stuck to her earliest ambitions. She had continued to draw cartoons and submit them to editors. And at last had come first success.

A newspaper syndicate bought a drawing. Later they bought more, and still later she signed a contract with the same syndicate to do a scheduled series.

Now she had an office of her own, and was relishing her reward.

She was famous among her friends; sometimes she would be famous to the world. And poor Carola, who had quit in favor of a \$30 a week office job was "somewhere in Washington."

Mariel chewed the end of her pen.

An idea flashed across her mind. Some day she was going to be famous.

Some day her letters, the little informal, personal notes such as she wrote to Carola, would be famous too. They would be in demand. The public would crave them. And those people to whom they were written would share in that fame. It would be said of them that they had been, and perhaps were now, close friends of the great and famous Mariel Hardwick. They would be shadowed only by the great Miss Hardwick.

This thought was stimulating. Mariel smiled to herself, and dashed with the pleasure of it.

It would be kind, she thought, kind and generous to write more often to Carola, to say things that the public would one day want to read, to assure Carola of her fondness for her.

When later the letters were exploited for the benefit of the public, it would realize what a loyal, dear, had been. It would add to her popularity.

Mariel dipped her pen.

"Darling Carola," she wrote. "It has been so long since your last letter came. I think of you often, and of the jolly times we used to have together. We were such good friends. Perhaps you have heard of my slight success; Millie mentioned that she had written to you about it. Please don't feel for a minute that I think less of you or feel superior in any way whatever because of it. I am just the same, darling, and always will be to you. Success has meant nothing save the realization of an ambition, and even though further fame should reward my efforts, I shall continue in my present role."

"I know that it must be terribly monotonous—being for you, cooped up in a stuffy office down there in Washington during this hot weather. I do wish you could come up for a weekend. We could go to the country together and—"

A knock sounded on Mariel's door and she stopped writing.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened, and a young man, wearing a slouch hat and a

smart sport suit, entered. He looked around curiously.

"Are you Mariel Hardwick?"

"Yes," said Mariel.

"Well, I'm from the National Weekly Journal—"

"Oh!" said Mariel. Her cheeks glowed. "Do sit down."

"Thanks." The young man sat down and produced a pad and pencil.

"It's an interview, then?" Mariel cried.

"Well, yes," said the young man. "In a way. Do you know Carola Andrews?"

"Carola Andrews? Why—yes. Why has she—done something?"

"I'll say she has! She's running for congress! And she'll be elected, too!"

"What?" said Mariel.

"Miss Hardwick, we've learned that you and Miss Andrews used to be pretty good friends, used to correspond. We want those letters she wrote you. Human-interest stuff, you know. We're willing to pay for them."

"What?" said Mariel.

"Miss Hardwick, that childhood friend of yours is today one of the most famous women in America. Next month, after the publication of our article, she'll be the most famous woman in America. I tell you she's a wonder. She's risen from the ranks. She has the respect and admiration of every right-thinking American. She had the rare combination of being capable and beautiful and charming all at once. She's a born diplomat. Her present success is the result of her earliest ambitions. Right now she's one rung from the top, and we're going to put her over. You're lucky to have been a friend of Carola Andrews, Miss Hardwick. You should feel proud."

"Wh—what?" said Mariel.

"It's your chance to bid for fame. Whatever you're aiming at, no matter what, you'll get there quicker when it becomes known you were a childhood friend of Miss Andrews. You'll be carried along on the wave of her popularity. Miss Hardwick," said the young man earnestly, "we want those letters that Miss Andrews wrote you and we want 'em badly. We need 'em, because she's so modest it's hard to get human interest stuff from a personal interview. It'll make you famous, Miss Hardwick. Will you sell 'em to us?"

"I'll give 'em to you," said Mariel weakly.

Trade of 5,000 Yrs. Ago

Indicated by Kish Relics

Evidence found at Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, among archaeological collections from ancient Kish has added to existing knowledge of the foreign trade conducted as much as 5,000 years ago between ancient Babylonia, India, Persia and Anatolia (the last of which constitutes the major part of modern Turkey).

The collection from Kish, which was the seat of one of the world's earliest civilizations—that of Sumerians—were obtained by the Field Museum-Oxford University Joint Expedition to Mesopotamia and have been the subject of intensive study by Richard A. Martin, a Chicago archaeologist associated with the department of anthropology of Field Museum.

The earliest international contact seems to have been before 3000 B. C., and is indicated by the presence among the objects excavated at Kish of highly polished, fine black ware identical with that of Anatolia and North Syria, according to Martin. Between 3000 and 2800 B. C., Kish was apparently in touch with the early Harappa culture of western India. It is deduced from fragments of decorated steatite bowls similar to those of Mohenjo-daro in the Indus Valley. Twin cosmetic jars of alabaster and beak spouted stone vessels are also links respectively with Persia and Anatolia during the same period.

Two stamp seals which depict the sun-disk before a symbolic standard, and are inscribed with the as yet undecipherable Indus script, are undoubtedly imported pieces from the later phase of the Harappa culture. These probably reached Kish between 2700 and 2500 B. C. Another evidence of contact at this time is the occurrence of many etched coralline beads so characteristic of Indus sites, and probably manufactured in India. During this same period there seems to have been relation also with the north as is shown by a rare stone ax of typical Anatolian type.

Flinging Clerk of Elton Retires

Hundreds of boys have been flogged under the direction of A. C. Baker, school clerk of Elton, who is retiring on a pension. It was in 1899 that he began arranging for the flogging of students at the "birching block" of the famous English school. It is one of his duties to see that boys report to the headmaster for flogging when this punishment has been ordered. Years ago the birching clerk began the tremendous task of recording the names of the boys flogged on the walls of the Upper school and the adjoining staircase. This work he has at last completed and published.

Forced Himself to Write

Victor Hugo often forced himself to write by having a servant take away all his clothes for several hours, to keep him from becoming impatient and deserting his work.

'WAY BACK WHEN

by Jeanne



GERTRUDE STEIN DROVE AN AMBULANCE

PERHAPS your brother or your father went over to France with the A. E. F. and saw a rattling old French ambulance jolting over the shell-torn roads with two women on the driver's seat. One, a husky, healthy woman with hair clipped short and heavy masculine shoes, was Gertrude Stein; the other, tall and angular and more feminine, was her secretary, Alice B. Toklas. Gertrude Stein was born in Allegheny, Pa., in 1875. Much of her childhood, until she was five years old, was spent in Europe. Then her family moved to California, and she was raised in San Francisco and Oakland. After attending Radcliffe college, she went to medical school at Johns Hopkins. She settled in Paris in 1903, and the world was her home. In great surgery she she abandoned the scalpel to carve out a career as an author.

She said to have her first book printed, because no publisher would accept it. Wide recognition came to her with the publication of her book, "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," in which she uses her secretary's life story as a means of praising her own accomplishments. There she asserts that her book, "The Making of Americans," is the greatest ever written.

Her motto, "A rose is a rose is a rose," and some of her sentences such as "Toasted Susie is my ice cream," or this one from her play, "Four Saints in Three Acts" (there were actually many more saints and there were four acts), "It's a maple in the sky; on the sky cannot very if the pigeon on the grass also can also and to pass the pigeon on the grass also and the maple in the sky on the sky and to try and to try also on the grass also the pigeon on the grass and also" have made many critics think that the strain of ambulance driving may have been too much for her.

—WNY Service.

"Recreation" is the theme of one of the largest of the San Francisco co's 1939 World's Fair buildings.

The Vacationland palace at the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition will dramatize the urge to travel.

NOSE PORES

A Real Test of Your Cleansing Methods

Your nose pores are the largest on your body and the first to show any signs of aging. If your nose pores are enlarged or conspicuous, it's a sign your cleansing method is inefficient. What you want is a penetrating face cream—not one that just lies on the surface of your skin. Lady Esther Face Cream is a specially penetrating face cream. Gently and thoroughly it penetrates the little openings, it takes hold of the unhealed fatty matter—breaks it up—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. Thus, your clogged pores function freely to their natural invisible size. As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It supplies it with a fine oil that keeps it soft and smooth. Get Lady Esther Face Cream today and put it to the test. You will be surprised the difference one cleansing makes in your skin.

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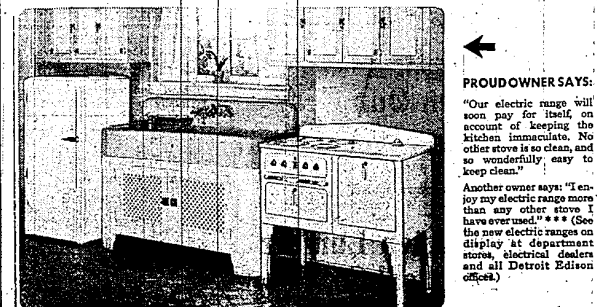
One woman says: "Electric cooking has certainly made a hit with our family. We love the delicious roasts prepared in the oven. Meats and vegetables have an entirely different flavor."

Another writes: "You could have our piano, furniture or anything in the house before I would part with my electric range. I wouldn't exchange it for any other stove in America!"

NEW FLAVOR

A range user says: "I have discovered—much to my delight—that cooking with very little water gives meats and vegetables a delicious flavor... something I was never able to do until I cooked electrically."

And another writes: "Delighted with my range! It is excellent in every cooking operation. The flavor of foods is superb."



PROUD OWNER SAYS:

"Our electric range will soon pay for itself, on account of keeping the kitchen immaculate. No other stove is so clean, and so wonderfully easy to keep clean."

Another owner says: "I enjoy my electric range more than any other stove I have ever used." *** (See the new electric ranges on display at department stores, electrical dealers and all Detroit Edison offices.)