First Rooster: Some swell looking babies in this show, eh what?

Second Rooster: Oh boy! But no wonder they're so healthy. They are being raised on Larro Chick Builder

Larro

CHICK BUILDER

steals the show. It's the combined starting and growing mash for the

FIRST 12 WEEKS

Farmington Mills

Phone 26

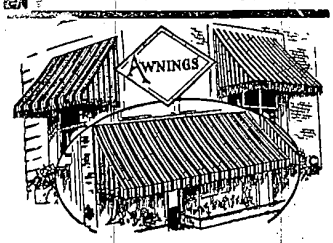

Letters to the Editor are always welcomed by this newspaper.

**What Makes Popcorn Pop**

Several theories have been offered to explain popping in corn. The explanation accepted by the United States Department of Agriculture is as follows: Popping in corn is an explosion due to the expansion under pressure of moisture in the starch grains. Until the instant of the explosion the expansion is prevented by the material in which the starch grains are imbedded. According to the department neither air nor volatile oil, as was formerly supposed, is concerned with the process. The wall of the kernel of popcorn is harder than that of ordinary field corn, a fact which causes the entire kernel to explode when heated, throwing out the white interior. Long before the arrival of white men on this continent the American Indians cultivated a variety of corn similar to our popcorn. In the Southwest the natives called this grain "little corn." It is doubtful, however, that they used it for popping purposes, although it is probable that our popcorn was originally developed from the Indian variety.

Burglars and pickpockets have been warned to shun the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition for it will be the best protected World's Fair in history, according to the American District Telegraph Company.


AWNINGS

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It has been proven by responsible research authorities that the above figures are conservative. Don't wait for summer heat to blast your comfort. Prepare for it now.

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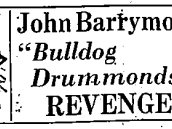
FRIDAY — SATURDAY

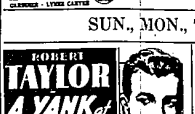
John Barrymore "Bulldog Drummonds" REVENGE

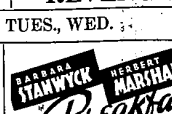
SUN., MON., TUES., WED.




THURSDAY

THURS.—LADIES SILVERWARE




Friday night and Saturday Matinee Only

"THE LONE RANGER"


## ROSE AND BLUE

By CAROL WHITNEY

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DORIS WHITFORD gave a last look at the clipping in her hand, nodded in a satisfied way, and pushed one of the many bells in the apartment house vestibule. When the door clicked, she pushed it open, and waited.

In a few moments the elevator door opened and a young man opened the door.

"Did you come to see me?" he asked.

"Oh!" Doris smiled. "Mr. Storey?"

"Yes—Charles Storey."

"Yes, I came to see you—about the rooms. Only I supposed it was Mrs. Storer. It usually is."

"Is it? That's strange. Though I suppose it's only natural. Will you come up?"

Doris entered the elevator and Charles Storey closed the door and pushed the indicator for the third floor.

The elevator quietly ascended.

He took Doris to his apartment, unlocked the door, and ushered her into his living room.

"It's nice, isn't it?" she said, looking about in a businesslike fashion.

"Yes, this room is all right. But of course it isn't—"

"Oh, no, of course not. Where is the room you have for me to look at."

Charles led her across a small hall, past a bathroom and clothes closet, to a bedroom.

"Oh!" Doris stopped in the doorway.

"What a nice room! Windows on both sides—and such lovely sunny windows. But—"

She hesitated a moment, a little confused.

"Yes." Charles Storey laughed. "That's just it. But—And I don't know what's wrong. I suppose you do. You can refurnish it just as you want."

"Just as I want?"

"Yes—just as you want. I suppose you can get all the stuff at Starling's, can't you? Well, just charge it to me, and it will be all right."

"But—really?" Doris beamed, as bright and gay as the spring sunshine that came in the wide window.

"Yes—really."

"It's the first time in my life I've ever had a room just as I wanted it. And you've no idea what fun it sounds."

"I suppose most people have ideas of their own?"

"Oh," answered Doris, "most decidedly, the people I've known. And such funny ideas, too."

"Well—what about it? Will it be all right?"

"All right? Of course."

Doris sat down, with a pencil and little notebook. "Can I have new curtains?"

"Certainly. Anything you want. Only make it look human. This apartment belonged to my uncle. He's gone abroad—left it as it is. The living room's pretty decent: But the rest is awful."

Doris longed to ask him what "the rest" of the apartment was. She knew the words of the advertisement had brought her here.

"Pleasant room, with big windows, plenty of sun, to rent to young lady. Share kitchen privileges with another lady. Room will be decorated if desired.

She wished "the other lady" would come in. Perhaps it was his sister. Or his mother.

In the meantime she was making notes and sketches and figures, measuring the room with her eye, visualizing it as it would look with new draperies, some new furniture, and much rearrangement.

"Would you think corn-colored net over the windows and ruffled, blue side curtains, that hang to the floor and are looped back halfway up—with big bows, I think they're using them, now, would you think that was nice?"

"Well—I like blue. You wouldn't be putting any pink in the room?"

"A rose-colored slip on that big brown upholstered chair, I think. And perhaps a rose-colored pottery lamp with a natural parchment shade with blue stars on it. I could make that."

"But isn't blue and pink somewhat—well, rather—it isn't a very strong combination, is it—for a man?"

"No—I suppose not. But I've always loved it, always longed for a room with deep blue curtains and a little deep rose for contrast. I think it will be sweet. Now—" Doris blushed, with a sudden confusion—"what about price? I guess that comes next."

"That's up to you," said Charles Storey. "We needn't bother about that now. Will you get it fixed up next week?"

"Oh yes," said Doris. "Early in the week."

Half an hour later, Charles Storey sat comfortably in his bachelor's living room, trying to surround himself with the peace and contentment that usually came to him when he passed within the doors of his apartment. But he was unsuccessful in his efforts.

Peace and contentment had gone. He couldn't quite decide why.

Perhaps it was the thought of living in a rose-colored and soft blue bedroom. Perhaps it was the memory of a wistfully eager girl, pretty and young, sitting on the arm of his big chair, making sketches and figures in a little notebook.

"But—rose and blue! I should have shown some spunk—told her I didn't want it. I thought they always tried to find out your taste, anyway. I guess she had me bewitched."

He had just reached that point in his cogitations—and would probably have reached no further—when his telephone bell rang. He picked up the receiver and a worried woman's voice hurried over the wire in explanation. "Oh, Mr. Storey! This is Miss Brown, of the interior decorating department at Starling's. I had an appointment to meet you this afternoon at your apartment and make plans to do your bedroom over. I just can't explain or apologize—I forgot the appointment. I had it in my notebook, of course, but I just didn't see it. I—"

"You didn't come?" questioned Charles. "Then who did?"

"Nobody. I'm home, now, checking on the day's work, and I found your appointment in my notebook. I'm awfully sorry."

"Oh, that's all right, Miss—Brown. Quite all right. I seem to have had another engagement, too. And—I'll want you to do the room over, you know. How about coming back in—well, a month. I think I'll want it in blue and rose, and I'll know by then."

The change in Charles Storey's point of view toward rose and blue had been startling, even to himself.

When he took off the receiver he hated rose and blue.

When he learned that his visitor of the afternoon had not been the interior decorator he had ordered from Starling's, he had been puzzled, and blue and rose furnishings went from his mind.

As he listened to apologies, his eye wandered to the paper, opened to the want ads.

There he read, among "Rooms to Rent," the words that had brought Doris Whitford to his door, "Pleasant room, with big windows, plenty of sun, to rent to young lady. Share kitchen privileges with another lady. Room will be decorated if desired. Storer." And the address of the apartment he lived in.

It was that Storer woman a couple of floors above.

They often got mixed up—Storer and Storey. And suddenly his liking for blue and rose draperies soared high. If, perhaps, he could get hold of Doris and explain—if, perhaps, she could get a room with Miss Storer for a little while—if, perhaps, he could persuade her to change back to his apartment after she had known him for a decent interval; well, then, why not a room done in rose and blue?

### Finds Brain Activities of Fish in Four Classes

Prof. James Gray of Cambridge university, England, in addressing a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science said: "As far as I have been able to determine, the brain activities of a fish fall into four categories. These four types of behavior include most, if not all, of the activities of the human race. Almost certainly the associative powers of fish are on a much lower plane than those of educated or civilized man, but the power is there and I do not believe we can put our finger on any one of our mental powers and truthfully say: 'Herein we are a race apart, elevated far above all other branches of the animal world, the quadrupeds, the birds or even the fish.'"

So, according to the professor, there isn't such a thing as a "poor fish," a "silly goose" or a "dumb possum." And many will agree with him, asserts a writer in the Detroit News.

One often marvels at the intelligence, (if it may be termed so) of our migratory birds. As an illustration: The diminutive ruby-throated hummingbird, weighing but a few ounces, leaves its southern home in Mexico in late spring and without guide posts or signs to chart its course returns year after year to the same home in the north. It arrives unerringly at a time when flowers give off nectar, its principal food. But if a feeding tube, filled with sugar and water, is within reach it will desert the flower for this easier method of securing food.

In a like manner we wonder at the intelligence of the purple martins which leave Brazil just about the time flying insects are ready to return to their winter range when insects become scarce in early fall. Taking all their food on wing, their very existence depends on the insects of the air, and they seem to know just when such food will be abundant enough in the north to keep them from starving.

### Isle Again Due to Vanish

Falcon island, the come-and-go island on the South Pacific, is due to disappear again beneath the waves, says J. R. Loyd, manager of the American Express Travel Service. He recalls that the tiny corner of land has been appearing and disappearing since the eighteen sixties. It was at that time sighted by the ship Falcon and other vessels, grew in size, then in 1880 vanished into the sea. Five years later it reappeared, but vanished again by 1894 only to rise shortly afterward for two more years. It reappeared in 1927 and a year later was explored by scientists. They found it was of volcanic origin and was composed of pumice and ash, both of which are quickly worn away by water and wind.

## LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Schreiber and son Richard were the Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lee, of Detroit.

The Girls' Club of the Salem Evangelical Church will sponsor a card and bunco party, to be held at the church hall Friday evening, May 27, at 8 p. m. Prizes will be awarded and refreshments served.

Mrs. John Grace has returned to her home in Clarenceville, after visiting friends and relatives following her return from Texas.

The West Farmington Auxiliary met at the home of Mrs. Lucille Dickerson in Keego Harbor, Tuesday. About twenty-one members were present at the meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Grimwade spent Sunday afternoon in Chelsea where they visited their son, Norman, who underwent an operation for appendicitis, Friday.

Dr. Frank D. Adams will preach at the Universalist Church, Thursday evening, May 26. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Gage Halsted has been confined to his home with sickness.

Verne Schwartz of Novi and Miss Helen Callan of Smith City spent Saturday afternoon and evening with Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Irving.

The Farmington Garden Club will hold a Flower Show at the Baptist Church hall, Thursday, June 9. Further announcement will be made next week.

Mrs. Albert Koss has been ill at her home this week.

Mrs. Arthur Lamb and daughter Marietta spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Lily Angell of Northville.

Farmington Chapter No. 239, O. E. S., will hold a special meeting for initiation of candidates, Tuesday evening, May 31, at 8 o'clock. Reception and luncheon will follow the meeting.

Mrs. Anna LaPearl is spending several days visiting with friends in Detroit.

The Farmington Garden Club is sponsoring a dessert bridge to be held at Ridge View Tearoom, Friday, May 20. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. Thomas McGee has returned to her home, after spending several days visiting in Saginaw.

Miss Grace Murray and Miss Marian Willis of Lansing, and Mrs. Murray of White Cloud, spent Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Moore.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will hold a Memorial Service in memory of Miss Ida Steele, Tuesday, May 24.

Miss Eileen Lapham spent Sunday with Mrs. Harold Jamieson.

Mrs. H. A. Barrons of Detroit spent Sunday at the home of her son, Norman Barrons, and family.

Mary Sackett Gray was the Saturday over-night guest of Christine Bicking.

Robert Stewart spent the week-end in Port Huron.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bowerman have purchased a farm home on Thirteen Mile Road and plan to move there from their present home on Valley View avenue.

Miss Florence Alice Cook attended graduation exercises of the Grace Hospital School of Nursing at First Congregational church in Detroit, Thursday evening. Miss Marvel Auten is a member of the graduating class.

Arthur Lamb and Charles Diamond have returned after spending the week end in Louisville, Kentucky, on a trip in connection with the Masons.

Mrs. George L. Dunfee and daughter Mrs. William Wheeler spent last week end in Nevada, Iowa, with Mr. and Mrs. Donald Larson.

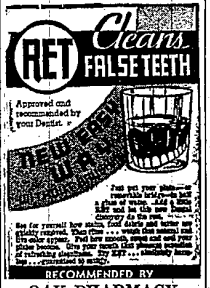
Miss Eleanor Cavanagh spent the week end with her parents in Lansing.

Mrs. John Harlan and daughter Miss Catherine Harlan and Miss Florence Alice Cook spent Saturday in Rockford.

Mr. and Mrs. LaVerne Turner and Mrs. Kenneth McCallum spent Saturday in Detroit.

The Tuesday afternoon bridge club held their meeting this week at the Ridge View Tearoom.

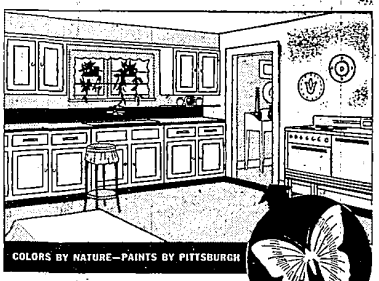
The Redwood Empire counties of Northern California have selected a site for the Redwood Empire Palace at the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition.


OAK PHARMACY

Pick a color

FROM ONE TO A HUNDRED




Fill your home with lively beauty borrowed from the gay outdoors! Spread sunshine and cheer everywhere. Let nature provide the motif. Pick a color—any color. Whatever delicate pastel shades or bold, daring tones you select, Pittsburgh will match accurately. WALLHIDE makes walls smooth, ceilings suave and even-toned. FLORHIDE adds colorful luster to painted floors. WATERSPAR ENAMEL brings new beauty to woodwork and trim. And with these quick-drying finishes any room in your home can be redecorated in a single day.

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