

FOR HIGHWAY SAFETY

We Suggest
GOODYEAR TIRES

Allweather, R-1 or Marathon

PREST-O-LITE BATTERIES

Burnett Bros.
SINCLAIR PRODUCTS



Larrick CHICK BUILDER

Is complete. Fed with grains, it fills all requirements of the growing chicks during the

FIRST 12 WEEKS

Farmington Mills
Phone 26

Farmington Dairy, Inc.
MILK, ICE CREAM
Phone 135

Advertising is nothing more than a conversation between yourself and your merchant. He pays for it but it saves you money.

Workmanship That Commands Respect

Henry Reavette
The Conscientious Decorator

PHONE 79-F4

Magic Chef

MEETS YOUR 1938 NEED

● New beauty! Increased convenience! Better speed! And lower cost! All the desirable features you want in a fine, ultra-modern gas range at a price that's fitted to 1938 pocketbooks.

Sale of
GAS RANGES
(Floor Demonstrators and Reconditioned Models)

● **MAGIC CHEF** ● **A-B RANGES**
● **DETROIT JEWEL**

Save Up To \$40.00

Consumers Power Co.
23612 Farmington Road Phone 304

Mohammedan Year Has 12 Months, 29 and 30 Days

Unlike ours, the Mohammedan calendar is a lunar one. If you count the time it takes the moon to return to any particular phase, you will find that it is, twenty-nine and one-half days, known as the "lunar month." Many calendars have used this period in their reckoning, because the changing phases of the moon in the sky afforded a convenient means of telling the days, observes a writer in the Kansas City Star.

The Mohammedan year has 12 months, alternating between 29 and 30 days, making the average the correct length. Every month starts with the new moon, as it first appears in the west after the sunset. Then first quarter, full moon and last quarter mark the four weeks of the month.

But twelve 29½-day months total only 354 days, which is eleven days short of the year. Consequently, this means that Mohammedan dates shift around through the seasons. For instance, the Mohammedan year will commence in 1935 in the autumn, and in 1971 it will again come in March. Thus, their calendar gains a whole year on ours every 33 years. No doubt we should find this very inconvenient, not knowing what season a certain date might be in, but in their countries it is very arid, with little change between the seasons.

The Gregorian calendar, which we use, keeps step with the sun and ignores the moon, but it parallels to have one that will keep in step with both. A good example is the Jewish calendar. Ordinarily the Jewish year is practically the same as the Moslem's, but after approximately three years, when it has lagged a month behind, an extra month is inserted which brings it up again. Actually, there are seven of these 13-month years every 19 years.

The Greatest Power on Earth Is the Printed Word.

Born Blind

By MYRA A. WINGATE
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"I DON'T know," said the girl slowly. "Of course the cost of everything has increased since we agreed to teach at this salary, and it is difficult to make up my mind. Still, we did agree. The town as well as the individual is hard pressed, and I will not ask for more this year. The superintendent did not increase us to a cent at the beginning of the year, but I am willing if the others are. Why didn't Mr. Haight come himself?"

"The others have signed theirs," said Stetson, the high school principal, smoothly. "Sign here, Miss Wyatt. It was not convenient for Mr. Haight to come, and he asked me to do it for him."

"Oh, my mother's sacrifices, during war times," continued the girl, signing her name. "Though I scarcely see how we can do it another year. Mrs. Byker, our boarding mistress, would not ask higher pay until we received a higher pay. I would know she was making anything and it is her living. We made her take more, but it is crippling to our finances."

Stetson pocketed the papers. "Oh, I got my raise," he declared easily. "I had a better offer, and told them I must either have more money or go."

"So that alarmed Mr. Haight and, having secured your increase, you agreed to help him bind the rest of us without telling the secret."

Stetson was amazed at the white scorn in Molly Wyatt's face. "What's the matter, Miss Wyatt?" he stammered.

"You really don't see?" she asked curiously. "You ask the impossible, Mr. Stetson. I cannot open the eyes of one born blind."

The year of the war started Stetson toward success. On his thirty-fifth birthday, newly made president of the bank, he possessed all he had hoped to have at the age of twenty. Molly and late Molly had seemed kinder.

It was, he thought, a happy event that she should see her walking toward him as he came down the bank steps. He lingered to join her. "Whence and whether, Miss Molly?" he asked, swinging along beside her.

"Talking with Bridget Molloy, and home," she answered soberly that she had feared. Bridget Molloy had paid regularly the interest on her thousand-dollar mortgage, which the bank had renewed year after year. This year, it had unfortunately she could not pay, and consequently had been told that unless the full amount was paid when due, foreclosure proceedings would follow.

"Couldn't you do something about it?" asked Molly, confident of his understanding.

He shook his head slowly. "We must protect our interests. Bridget is old. It is unlikely that she will ever be able to pay. The property is worth no more and, of course, it deteriorates."

"I meant personally," explained Molly, carefully fearful of making too presumptuous a claim upon his friendship. "There would not have been a mortgage but for her husband's accident. What would you do if I and others were to mortgage her in the influenza epidemic? Couldn't all her friends join forces to help? Isn't there a chance that her little strip of land may one day have a greater value? Couldn't she could pay, and have some left for herself?"

He glanced at her shrewdly. There was a gleam that one of the infant industries started on each side of Bridget's land might succeed and, wishing to expand, pay an excellent price for her holding. That, however, was in the future.

"She could do it because it was good business," he answered truthfully. "But not for sentimental considerations. That isn't the way to get ahead."

"Don't you ever do anything just because it's honorable or kind or tender?" she asked pleadingly.

"Molly! Molly! I'll do it for you. I love you and want you to marry me." The words defied repression. His heart shone in his eyes.

They had stopped at her doorstep and she stood looking at him sadly.

"For me, I'll marry you, but not for Bridget, who gave us both what money could not pay for. Oh, I could have loved you—I could have loved the man who could have saved my father's matter so much about physical blindness, but this is spiritual. The answer is—No."

Though he felt numb as from a blow, the man's muscles obeyed his will, and he walked away.

Bridget Molloy met her obligation on the appointed date, Stetson, familiar with all the business of the small bank, knew that Molly Wyatt's slow savings were less by a thousand dollars. He tried to believe that it had been done with a hope of future profit. Inwardly, he agonized because he could not understand.

When Signs Fail

By VIVA STINGEL ELDREDGE
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

JIM HARDY'S dual personality faded when a great deal of trouble. His sturdy common sense was ever at war with the fanciful, imaginative, yielded to the signs and yielded so readily to the guidance of "hunches."

"A hunch" had led him into the curio shop where he had purchased the tiny, blue-green lucky stone that he believed had influenced his first big sale, and what was more important, an introduction to delicate, elusive Sophie Adams. Since that day Jim's business had prospered, but so far as content he concerned the lucky stone seemed to be unable to do more than effect a casual friendship, and Jim was unsatisfied.

Now, as he stood balancing the lucky stone in his fingers, his fancy was busy with some thought he read concerning old love signs: "If a girl can be induced to sew a button on a man's garment she will be married to him within a year."

At dinner Jim's mother was so preoccupied that his mother interrupted her discussion of the repairs being made on the house to inquire anxiously: "You're not sick, are you, Jim?"

Jim's eyes lifted slowly from the sugar-bowl he had been earnestly regarding. "Why, no, mother, of course not."

Remembering a word to his mother about seeing some of the crowd, he took his hat and started out, approaching the door with caution that he might see the new moon over his shoulder without glass intervention to spoil his luck. This accomplished in the approved manner, he proceeded on his way.

From Sophie's home issued a note: "Company. Sophie and I have inquired foolishly, in the face of the noise."

"Oh, the crowd just dropped in," Sophie, who for the moment was alone on the porch, answered in her high, sweet voice.

The whirring of the telephone broke the silence he was dumbly trying to grope through. Sophie ran in to answer it. Left alone, Jim pulled out his knife, cut a button off his coat and dropped it behind the hammock.

Sophie's voice saying good-by caused Jim's throat to tighten. He wondered if when she severed the button on, she would hear his heart thumping. In a queer shaky voice he addressed the shadowy figure in the doorway.

"Could you—will you—? He swallowed painfully and began again. "I've lost a button off my coat. Sophie, will you please sew it on?" He pretended to search through his pockets.

"Of course, Jim. Give it to me." A cool, capable voice, three notes lower than Sophie's.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. Marion," Jim protested, panic stricken. "Never mind." But Marion took the button from his limp fingers and ran in for a needle. When she returned some of the crowd followed her.

"Quite domestic, aren't they?" Bob Stuart remarked. Jim scowled fiercely.

Sophie had joined them when Betty Young asked teasingly, "Haven't I read somewhere that if a girl sews on a button for a man she will be married to him within a year?"

As the days went by the situation deepened. It was taken as a matter of course that Jim should be Marion's escort. Kicking his way home toward one evening after bidding her goodnight, Jim took his lucky stone from his pocket and strove away. He walked up the path leading to his home, and, forgetting entirely his mother's warning not to use the side door, strode boldly through the ladder that was leaning there—and walked off into nothingness.

A broken leg kept him in bed where he had plenty of time to think about signs—and other things.

His mind was dwelling on Sophie's starshine one morning when Mrs. Hardy brought her to Jim's bedside.

"Here's the button you dropped behind our hammock that last night at our home," she said. "A faint smile curved her lips.

The color mounted swiftly in his pale face. "Do you know, Sophie, why I cut it off?"

"No," she answered softly, "but I don't believe in signs."

"Neither do I, now," Jim answered. "I threw away my lucky stone—and walked under a ladder." His heart was in his eyes, "see what luck it brought me."

Talked Himself to Death

Chief Shavehead, vicious, sullen and treacherous, one of the most hated of the early Indian chiefs of Michigan, literally talked himself to death. His tongue, loosened by liquor, he boasted here, says a correspondent in the Detroit Free Press, about 1840 of the part he had taken in the massacre at Fort Dearborn some 25 or 30 years before. Jobo Wright, hermit of Diamond Lake Island, a survivor of the massacre, stood on the outskirts of the group and listened. As Shavehead left, Wright followed. The Indian was never seen again.

A Necessary Quadrangle

By ELEANOR C. KOENIG
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

THEIR names properly designated them—Anna and Mary Brown; good, honest, adequate and colorful names, if one will see color in plainly colorful things. Two girls who believed that life, respectively thirty-nine and forty-one years, their faces plain but beautiful, their eyes alert and shining for the least unworked event in their lives, were meeting, each sweetly sweetened by curves of patience and goodness.

Love of the worst kind minding bound the sisters together, so the day Anna remarked that her hair was markedly streaked with gray, Mary, noticing a sudden little twitching of the older sister's mouth, dutifully remarked she supposed her hair would be turning soon, too. "To relieve the moment's strain, she asked:

"Did you know neighbors are moving in next door, Anna? My, the house has been empty long enough, I would be glad to have some life over there."

"Why, yes," Anna acknowledged, "and over a week now."

"Must have moved in while I was away," returned Mary, who had been standing to a sick neighbor some distance away. "How

many over there, and do you know who they are?" she asked inquisitively.

"Why—er—why, just one, that's all," replied the older sister, while the mysterious younger woman noted with inward astonishment the rapidly becoming flush rising in her smooth cheek.

"It's just a man—I—he's been over here asking about things—lighting, plumbing, and so on."

"Just a man—but—? Mary looked up.

Anna broke in upon her sister's exclamation somewhat testily. "Oh, he told me he was a widower."

That night Anna showed marked hesitation upon leaving for a week's sojourn.

"There isn't the least thing to worry about, Anna dear," said Mary kindly but forcibly, and the sister reluctantly set forth.

"There'll be no nonsensical happening now," Mary said aloud, as she settled down beside the evening lamp with her paper.

A soft knocking at the back door interrupted her before she had turned a page. Somehow tremblingly she hastened through the kitchen. A small, staidly, yet delicately built man stood in the doorway.

"It's Miss Mary, I know," he said winningly, as he looked up somewhat pleadingly into Miss Mary's soft blue eyes.

"Why, yes, it is," she replied with unwonted welcoming.

Miss Anna returned in half of the promised week.

"Looks as if the hens hadn't laid much while I was away," she remarked smilingly, on the first night of her return.

Miss Mary, who could not tell a lie, bent partly over the strawberry shortcake was preparing, and did not volunteer a reply.

The first even latent antagonism of their lives threatened the sisters as they sat down to supper. There was so much to say that neither could say. Finally Miss Mary stood up, a bright spot on each cheek.

"It's a shame, with so much to waste here, that poor Mr. Barton has to eat alone," she exclaimed recklessly.

"Let's . . . Anna started to suggest, when a slight knock sounded on the back door. Mr. Barton accepted, with gratitude the sister's invitation. Soon all three were chatting, the little man possessing the fatal gift of drawing out undreamed-of quantities in his two admiring auditors.

"You ladies have certainly been kind to me," he remarked, as he prepared to make a graceful exit. "I've had my share. Barton can cook half as well as either of you," he added naively.

The two ladies, who had been dressing the after-hour of his departure for certain personal reasons, vaguely recalled the details of his proposed marriage. It appeared the future Mrs. Barton would arrive in two weeks.

Two weeks later Anna, who was preparing supper, was surprised at the precipitous entrance of Mary from the garden.

"They've arrived, and she's the sweetest little helpless thing," she exclaimed lovingly.

"Little, really?" inquired Anna, with spoon suspended.

"Yes, and she'll make such a nice neighbor—and I wonder if they have supper enough. It does seem as if we ought," she doubtfully queried of the older sister.

"Let's . . ." replied Anna, and the two sisters fell to work with glowing eyes, charity and sweetness illuminating each plain and beautiful face.

Man-Made God

While many Britons have been canonized abroad, only one attained the eminent position of a god among a civilized people. This was William Murdoch of Ayrshire, the discoverer of coal-gas for lighting purposes, says London Tit-Bits Magazine. When Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, visited London in 1873 he was struck with wonder at the gas illumination in his hotel suite and asked to be allowed to visit the gasworks where it was generated. There, to his amazement, he learned that the inventor of gas was a man named Murdoch, for "Merdoch" is the name of the ancient God of Light of the Assyrians, Babylonians and Persians. He was positive that the Scot was a reincarnation of the Persian god and had a portrait of him enshrined in the royal palace of Teheran and Kar Kadjar, and from that period he figured as a deity in the religion of the South sect of Persia.

Hungarian Folk Dance

The carols, Hungarian folk dance, is more than 1000 years old. It made its appearance at society balls in 1838 and it took two years for the dance to gain popularity in Budapest. At a ball given in 1840 in honor of Franz Liszt a display of the carols was given by young couples. The dance had been popular among the peasants of Hungary since time immemorial. It is a fast dance in two-four tempo to music made up of Hungarian national motives.

Letters to the Editor are always welcomed by this newspaper.

The Man With the Hoe

Man With the Hoe

Man With the Hoe

Man With the Hoe

FREE! to sufferers of STOMACH ULCERS, HYPERACIDITY

Willard's Message of Relief

PRICELESS INFORMATION for those suffering from STOMACH OR DUODENAL ULCERS, DUE TO HYPERACIDITY, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, BILIBREATH, SORE THROAT, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA, SLEEPLESSNESS OR INDIGESTION, AND EXCESS ACID.

Explains the marvelous Willard Treatment which has cured thousands. Sold on 15 days trial.

SMITH-BRADLEY DRUG CO. The Rexall Store

REDFORD THEATRE
Go. River & LaSalle

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY

IN-OLD CHICAGO
Darryl F. Zanuck's production
POWER AND AMBICHO
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

FIRST 100 YEARS

Robert Montgomery

THURS.—LADIES SILVERWARE

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY

WARNER BROS.' SMASHING SUCCESSOR TO 'CALCATRAZ ISLAND!'

OVER THE WALL
WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES

THE CRIME OF DR. HALLET
WITH RALPH BELLAMY JOSEPH HAYDEN AND MARY HAYDEN
NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Friday night and Saturday Matinee Only
'THE LONE RANGER'

AWNING TIME WILL SOON BE HERE

Don't wait for summer heat to blast your comfort. Prepare for it now. We can provide smartly styled, sturdy awnings which add greatly to the attractiveness of your home and make it 10% to 15% cooler during the hot summer days.

Our prices and materials are right. We are particularly proud of our new line of fabrics — and will gladly submit samples to show how your awnings will look when made up. Telephone us now!

Quick, Local Service!

We have arranged to receive inquiries in the Farmington area without cost to you, and without delay. Phone Farmington 25 and ask to have our representative call.

MacKenzie Awning Co.
PHONE UNIVERSITY 1-1138
16381 HAMILTON DETROIT