"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" OPENS AT GARRICK, DETROIT, MAY 3

The Anne Nichols' miracle play, "Abie's Irish Rose" with the Chicago cast intact, direct from 58 weeks at the Studebaker theatre, Chicago, will begin an indefinite engagement at the Garrick theatre, Detroit, on Sunday night, May 3. This is the celebrated company that threatened to play in a tent in Chicago when the theatrical syndicates refused for a month to give it a theatre.

No play in American history has attracted such international attention as "Abie's Irish Rose." It opened originally with a stock company in Los Angeles. It tarried there for 42 weeks and then another cast was organized for New York City. In New York the play was an utter failure for five weeks with all those financially interested taking to the woods. Thisleft Miss Nichols holding the bag. She dismissed the high salaried actors, engaged a new cast and borrowed money from a notorious gambler to keep her play alive.

Immediately afterward "Abie" became a success. It is now nearing the end of its third year in Manhattan and on May 23 will have attained the longest record on Broadway.

The company coming to Detroit was organized 86 weeks ago in Erie, Pa., where it exhibited for three weeks, a record in itself because Erie is considered one of the poorest one-night stand towns in the land.

The story of "Abies' Irish Rose" tells of the marriage of a Jewish boy to an Irish girl. The pugnacious parents try to separate the couple which results in the funniest stage situations ever conceived.

The management of the Garrick announces that mail ordres for the first two weeks will be accepted The prices at night are $2.50, $2 $1.50, 75c and 50c. The Wednesday matinee tariffs are 50c to $1.50 and the Saturday matinee tickets are 50c to $2. There is a 10 per cent tax on all except the 50c seats. It is well to purchase tickets well in advance.

A Liner in the Enterprise will bring quick results.

MICHIGAN WOMEN AFTER TREE PLANTING RECORD

With American Forest Week opening, members of the Michigan Federation of Women's Clubs inform the American Tree Association of plans that should make the state one of the leaders in the national educational campaign, said Charles Lathrop Pack today.

Mr. Pack is a native of Michigan, worked as a woodsman there and has been decorated by the King of Italy for sending American tree seeds to help reforest the battle areas in that country.

"Austa M. Cox, chairman of conservation, informs us he has called for sixty thousand members in the American Tree Association this spring, said Mr. Pack. A prize of $10 dollars is offered the first club to report 100 per cent membership in our tree planting army. To that winner we will present a copy of the book "Trees as Good Citizens," as national recognition for good work done. In the American Tree Association there are no dues and the only way to join is to plant the tree and register it with the Association. We will send application blanks to any club.

Mrs. Ford Smith of Detroit informs the Association of the tree planting to be done at Belle Isle and in Palmer Park. The Boy Scouts of the state are doing a good work. At several camps in Michigan Chicago Boy Scouts are planting the scout reservations.

The Michigan report is one of the most encouraging we have received from any state. The campaign should put the state in the front rank in the tree planting army. We would like to see a 100 er cent registration from every club in the state that Mrs. Cox calls the best in the Union. Congratulations to the women of Michigan.

A big piece of constructive work has been done by the Upper Peninsula Development Bureau at Marquette. Through Secretary G. E. Bishop tree planting bulletins and forestry booklets have been distributed throughout their territory to county agents and schools.

Flatterer Defined

A girl's idea of a flatterer is a man who is always saying nice things about other girls.

He Wanted Revenge

By ORVILLE LEONARD

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

HIRAM VAN WART was dying—the doctor had given him two weeks more. Another of those cursed attacks, brought on by news that had caused the blood to suffuse his face and sent him back, gasping, into the depths of the big easy chair which he rarely left. For Van Wart was forever getting phone messages that sent angry blood into his face.

And, though Hiram Van Wart's tone and manner were not nice, he was usually obeyed instantly and with deference, for he had a very large bank account.

Of his many interests and valuable holdings, the apple of his eye was the beautiful estate in the middle of which he now sat, for a thousand acres of hill and dell, streams, waterfalls, forests and gardens rolled about him.

When he and his boyhood companion, Jake Lont, had swum, fought and played hookey in these very woods he now owned they had both sworn to own them some day. Van Wart and Lont had grown up together, and about the same time had gone to the city and worked hard. Van Wart had made his pile first and then, quietly—tract by tract—had bought up all that wonderful bit of unspoiled country.

Lont did not find it out for some time, for he had been occupied in amassing a far greater fortune than his old schoolmate; but when he concluded that he had saved enough millions to last awhile his thoughts turned to Dutch Corners, and he went out there to see Hiram Van Wart.

Hiram sneered at him. "Beat you to it, Jake."

"Yes, Hiram," Jake had answered evenly, "but when we were boys we were going to get rich and buy it together—remember?"

"Just a boy's dream, Jake."

"All right, Hiram. I'm disappointed, of course, but let that go. Now I'll tell you what I'd like. There is a little patch of heavy woodland where the Dutch Corners road and the Frenchtown pike come together—about ten acres. You paid only about fifty thousand dollars for the whole thousand acres, I know, but I'll give you five thousand for that ten-acre wedge. I want to put up a little shack in the old home place. It has been the dream of my life to settle down here when I get enough."

"Not a d—n inch do I sell, Jake," said Van Wart, smiling disagreeably, for success had made him like that.

Jacob Lont had left him without further words, but since that day no big deal of Van Wart's, no cunning, deep scheme of his but had been fought—often thwarted, often put through after tremendous and needless expense. And Van Wart had traced his enemy to Jacob Lont.

And now, as he lay back, gasping for breath, all thes things racing through his mind, the phone jingled. A sharp, businesslike voice spoke over the wire: "Mr. Van Wart, the new suburban railroad is going to cut off about ten acres of your corner at Dutch Corners road and Frenchtown pike. Can't go round it. Road's miles away yet, but the lines have been run. At what price do you hold it?"

"Won't sell," growled Van Wart.

"Then condemnation proceedings will be started in thirty days," the voice was crisp and cold, "and you won't get more than a hundred an acre for it."

Van Wart slammed the receiver on the hook. Slowly he put out his hand and, again lifting the receiver, called Jacob Lont's number in the city. After a long wait the quiet, firm voice came over the wire: "Jacob Lont talking."

"Hello, Jake! This is Hiram Van Wart. I'm cashin' in, Jake, an' I want to part friends with you. Doc says I can't live two weeks. If you want that ten-acre corner and will put through the deal now you can have it for five thousand dollars. I'll fix the papers up to give you possession tomorrow."

"Sorry to hear about you, Hiram. I'll be out tomorrow with a certified check," Lont promised instantly. "G'by."

Then Van Wart rested a moment with closed eyes, before he called a number: "Come over now, Sharpe. Want to make a new will. Doc gives me two weeks at most."

Two minutes later a high-powered car raced up the drive and Van Wart's lawyer alighted, accompanied by a notary.

"Lo, Sharpe! Took you a long time," Van Wart growled. "Will's there in the safe. Stands as she was—everything goes to Jacob Lont—old boyhood friend—got more'n he can take care of now. But change this: this place, with every stick on it, goes to the Dutch Corners Lunatic asylum, except ten acres on the corner of Dutch Corners road and Frenchtown pike. I'm selling that ten-acre tract tomorrow to Lont. And, Sharpe," and Van Wart glared at the lawyer, "see that you make that codfell hog-tight!"

Then Hiram Van Wart closed his eyes and decided to have his telephone disconnected on the morrow—for his work was done.

But the World Is Slow

Every man feels that a lot of greatness is concealed about his person waiting for the world to discover it.

Moles Not Entirely Blind

Moles have eyes, but they are hidden underneath the fur to protect them from the earth through which the animal burrows. A mole is well equipped with senses, for, in addition to its sight, it has a wonderful sense of smell, and its hearing is so acute that it can hear footsteps above its underground house. That is why moles are so hard to catch.

Bird Has Brilliant Color

The common troupial of South America is a relative of our own orioles and is brilliant orange and black in color, says the Nature Magazine. Thoroughly tame birds are entirely fearless and have most entertaining ways. The natural song is a clear whistle, and occasionally one sees specimens that have been taught to reproduce elaborate military airs.

Changes in Harvesting the Wool Crop

Wool with a long, fine fibre brings the highest price. LEFT—Doing a smooth job with a machine shears.

There have been many changes in the operations of securing the wool crop. It has not been many years since it was considered necessary to clean the wool before it was taken from the sheep. This used to be done by driving the flock to a lake or stream where each animal was thoroughly washed. Modern methods of wool scouring have made sheep-washing unnecessary, although even today, a very dirty fleece is discriminated against by the buyer.

There are certain precautions observed by successful sheep owners at shearing time which have been found to increase the value of the clip. For example, bright days are selected on which to shear, as this will avoid obtaining fleeces wet with dew or rain. Do not shear sheep on the ground, but rather use a clean platform upon which to do the shearing operation. Keep the fleece in one piece, and clip off some of the inferior tags.

Changes have taken place in the method of removing the fleece from the sheep's body. Shearing sheep now is easy and simple compared with the old days of hand blades. Mechanics has done wonders towards solving many of the farm labor problems. Today, the automatic shearer, either hand or power operated, provides a quick and efficient method of harvesting the wool crop on the average farm, as well as on the large sheep ranches. Machine shearing leaves no ridges and secures the maximum amount of fleece which is very important with wool at present prices.

For tying up each fleece, use, if possible, a paper twine. If binder twine is used, experience has shown that the fibres of the twine get into the wool, and as they cannot be removed, they are a damage to the resulting manufactured woolen goods. In preparing wool for shipment, large sacks which will hold several fleeces are used.

The program of sheep owners should include plans for most effectively harvesting a quality wool. The wool crop will be a large source of income this year, as it will be for years to come. High prices are being offered for the 1925 clip, and extremely satisfactory returns are assured. The changes that have taken place in the methods of harvesting wool are of great value to the sheep industry.

SOLD OUT!

Two weeks ago today we announced the sale of 2000 feet of BUSINESS FRONTAGE on DIVISION and the NINE MILE ROAD in

BUILDER'S PARK

To-day all on Division Avenue is sold and only a few lots on the Nine Mile Road are left, and today the price on the remainder is $50 per foot as announced. At this price it will double within 30 months.

With only 10 per cent down this makes a wonderful investment. Come in and see us at once.

Grand River Ave., Farmington by D. U. R. Station.

F. D. FLEMING

OWNER

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