

Plants That Wage War
Some of the plants, vegetables and trees mature placed in the world will not live in peace when near each other, they are at war and destroy each other ruthlessly, says the Ohio State Journal. Scientists have learned the roots of the walnut and butternut trees are poisonous to the roots of many plants, while tomatoes will destroy each other if planted close and their roots touch each other.



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COMMISSIONERS PROCEEDINGS
Regular meeting of the Commissioners of the City of Farmington held February 21, 1927. Called to order by Mayor Butterfield at 7:50 p. m.

Commissioners present: Hogle, Hutton, Gildemeister, Johnson, Cook and Russell.

Moved by Johnson, supported by Gildemeister that we insure the city employees in the Michigan Mutual Liability Co. Carried.

The Commissioners received a legal opinion from Justice Schulte in regard to the Town Hall. It was placed on file.

The thanks of President Smith of Northville and Harry German of the same place for assistance of the Farmington fire department in their recent fire was received and placed on file.

The Commissioners by unanimous vote decided on the white aluminum figures for house numbering and the black figures on a white background for street signs.

Commissioners Hutton, Russell and Cook were continued as a committee to make a financial settlement with the Township.

A communication was received from Hutton and Dickerson in regard to the cost of the sewer on their new subdivision, also the one on Cass avenue. It was placed on file. The mayor appointed Cook, Hogle and Russell a committee to report on the matter.

An ordinance governing the sale and use of fireworks and firecrackers will be introduced at the next meeting.

Adjourned.

N. H. POWER,
City Clerk.

REPUBLICAN TOWNSHIP CAUCUS
A Republican caucus of the legal voters of the township of Farmington will be held at the Bond Schoolhouse, Orchard Lake and Thirteen Mile roads, Saturday, March 12 at 7:30 p. m., for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates for township election, Monday, April 4, 1927, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

By order Township Committee.

It wasn't for nothing that the Chinese spent the last few years practicing war on one another.

Roses for Jane's Birthday
By CLARISSA MACKIE
(Copyright)

JANE HYDER stared out of the dripping window into a dreary courtyard of the apartment house. The rain that trickled from the fire escape outside splashed dismally.

It was her twenty-fifth birthday and she had only received one birthday card of the day's mail, and the package that always came from home must have been delayed.

"Not even a birthday cake—not even a rose, and it is Jane's back home," said Jane wearily. It had been a dull day at the office, and the dinner, eaten alone at a tiny tearoom, was a total failure for poor Jane. She had seen the young man who occupied the next room to her, eating his dinner at the opposite table and he looked so hilariously happy over it that Jane knew it was her own homesick self that mattered—not the rain or anything else. She did so want the fragrance of roses on her birthday—her Jane birthday. How they would have brightened the dull, little hall bedroom at Mrs. Cready's! She hesitated for a moment at a florist's window on the corner, and then inside was the happy, young man next door, buying roses—long-stemmed American Beauties and lovely plumes of white lilies. The man was craning toward into a long box with lots of pale green waxen paper. As she hastened toward home, the youngster passed her running for a street car, the box of roses under his arm.

"He is about my age," thought Jane. "I suppose there is some girl—I hope she likes him for he is rather a dear, and I know he has been wildly extravagant about those roses." That was an hour or more ago, and now Jane was staring into the dripping fire escape.

"What an idiot I am," thought Jane. "I will change my dress and go to the movies and buy some candy—and I will have a birthday, all except the home box and the roses." She raised the window to see whether it was raining very hard, and as she did so she heard her neighbor come into his room. He was not smiling. He just stomped up his window and threw something savagely out into the court. It struck the edge of the fire escape, balanced and fell inside, smiting Jane smartly on the cheek.

"Ouch!" cried Jane, startled.

Silence, and then, "Did some one speak?"

Jane knew he was poking his head out on the fire escape. "Oh, excuse me, don't tell me I struck you with the roses," he apologized. "I am sorry—I hope you are not hurt."

"Not at all," said Jane stiffly.

"I did not imagine anyone would be out there," he went on, putting his fair head out to explain. "I just chuckled 'em out," he ended with a hopeless note in his voice.

"I am sorry," sympathized Jane. "It was such a lovely bouquet—"

"How do you know?" he demanded brusquely.

Jane blushed. "Why, I just happened to see you buying them—I was looking in the florist's window—roses and white lilies—and I did think how glad the girl would be to have them."

"She wasn't," he went on roughly; "she was going out with another fellow—said she was engaged to him, and she was wearing his orchids. I was so mad, I just brought the box home in a dream and when I found them under my arm, I opened the window and let fly, but I am so sorry that I hurt you," he ended contritely.

"You didn't," said Jane stoutly.

"Was looking out to see whether it still rained."

"And you found it raining roses and lilies," he laughed.

"I am sorry about the other girl," said Jane timidly.

"I am not—thank you just the same. I had to find out some time. If you'll put your head in a moment, I'll toss those flowers down—make a better shot of it this time."

"Please don't throw them away," said Jane in a small voice.

"Why, I couldn't offer them to you after she refused them," he protested.

"Certainly not," said Jane, "but it is wicked to throw flowers away." Gently, very gently, Jane closed her window and pulled the shade closely.

"The poor dear," she thought, "he was so indignant at that horrid girl—and I had been thinking how happy he was." About that time Hannah came to the door with the big box from home and Mrs. Cready had remembered that it was Jane's birthday and sent Hannah up with a long-stemmed American Beauty rose and some sprays of white lilies.

"Young Mr. Hunter gave Mrs. Cready a big box full," explained Hannah proudly as she went downstairs.

Late that evening, Jane took her birthday cake downstairs to share it with Mrs. Cready and some of the other roomers. "They didn't send me any flowers," Jane explained, "so that you're twice as welcome." A tap sounded on the door.

"Come in, Mr. Hunter—don't be bashful, Bobby," said good Mrs. Cready. "Here is your neighbor, Miss Hyder, having a birthday celebration—cake and all."

"Well," said Mrs. Cready the next day, "they certainly took to each other right off—and, unless I'm mistaken, I'll lose two of my roomers before Christmas, mark my words!"

And Mrs. Cready was not mistaken.

WHEN RADIO TURNS NAVIGATOR
Radio Direction Finder Guides and Locates Vessels at Sea in Fair and Foul Weather.

"Unable to give position—last bearings taken three days ago—we're lost!"

Thus reads the terse but dramatic message from a ship in distress. Out in the blackness of the night, pitching and tossing on waves stirred to a frenzy by the wintry gale, are fellow mariners and passengers, far off the traveled ocean lanes and all but lost save for the slender thread of radio communication.

"Keep sending us test signals," flashes back our operator. "Will locate by direction finder." And so the fact it wonder of marine radio is brought into play.

Soon our operator is at the radio direction finder in the pilot house. A moment later he is to varying the headphones and manipulating the receiver dials. He begins turning the hand-wheel, which serves to swing the small loop frame on the deck above into the very teeth of the angry gale.

Operator lists intently; the captain and other silently stand nearby; the swings of the hand-wheel become shorter and shorter. Here it is—the line of signals—the direction of their passage through space from the radiating point! But on which side of our ship—in what sense? Now the operator throws a switch, swings the hand-wheel again. The swings become shorter still; the virtual angle of the operator now bends down as he peers through a magnifying glass, squinting an eye so as to line up the parallel lines which will give an accurate reading from the compass card below. Then he gives the reading to the pilot of the ship. A few moments later the course is changed, and the ship throbs to the command of full speed ahead in the face of a heavy sea.

How Compass Works

One hour, two hours, three hours—and our ship comes within searchlight range of the vessel in distress. A rescue is out of the question in such a rough sea, but we stand by, ready to act if absolutely necessary.

Just as the dog turns his ears to determine the direction of sounds, so does the radio direction finder turn its loop to get a bearing on a given transmitter. This special radio device operates on the principle that a given signal of maximum intensity will be received with a loop so placed that its plane is pointing at the radio station which is transmitting. If, on the other hand, the plane of the loop lies at right angles to the direction of the radio transmitter, no energy is picked up and nothing can be heard in the compass. The position at which the signal drops out, or so-called minimum, is well defined and is employed in reading the direction of the transmitting station from the compass card.

The standard marine direction finder, as now installed on many ships, is entirely self-contained and occupies less than two square feet of floor space, in the pilot house or chart room. On the deck, above the pilot house or chart room, is the sturdy tripod frame supporting the loop which is encased in bakelite tubing with aluminum alloy fittings. The protective tubing of the loop measures 4 1/2 inches in diameter, while the loop measures 30 inches on a side. A 2 to 1 reduction gear, operating by the vertical hand-wheel, serves to swing the loop in all directions, even in high gales, without backlash or interference.

Service Now Universal

So important is the direction finder in navigation that radio beacons, like lighthouses and lightships, have come into existence along our coasts as infallible guides to coastwise and trans-oceanic and lake navigators. These radio beacons, operated by the U. S. Lighthouse Service, now extend up and down the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, along the Gulf of Mexico and on the Great Lakes, as well as in Alaska and Hawaii.

Operated on regular schedule, the radio beacons are also pressed into service when weather conditions warrant steady operation. Operating on 1,600 meters wavelength assigned for such radio transmission by international regulation, the ICW or interrupted-continuous-wave transmitter employed send out signals that vary in note and in character, so that each beacon may be readily identified. Heretofore, all radio beacons have been operated at the same time, causing considerable and troublesome interference because of the unified wavelength. This interference has been eliminated, however, through the use of synchronized clock switches, which now cause each radio beacon to transmit alone for a given time, so that just one beacon will be sending out direction-finding signals in a given locality.

Invariably, navigators are enthusiastic in their praise of the direction finder, which, in many cases, has taken precedence over the time-honored sextant in determining a ship's position, even when ideal weather prevailed, according to T. E. Stevens of the Radio Corporation of America. "In foggy and cloudy weather, of course, the radio direction finder serves to solve what has hitherto been a serious predicament. Where soundings are impractical along steep coasts, because of great depths a short distance off shore, navigators have used the radio direction finder and their known speed is guiding their ships along.

Smokeless Coal Tested
Smokeless fuel for locomotives is being tried out by the Southern railway of New Zealand, and so far has been a success. Slack coal from New Zealand mines was sent to Belgium and made into briquettes, which have been found to give sufficient heat and at the same time to cause practically no smoke even in tunnels. If tests continue to be satisfactory, a briquette plant will be erected in New Zealand.

Most of the big jobs are held by men who don't give a darn how women dress.

Americanism: Resenting the coldness of those above; snubbing those below.

Jim Reed might make a good candidate, but he isn't meek enough to make a good sacrifice.

There's nothing else the Marines can do for the conservative in Nicaraguan, except, possibly, to wash him.

At this distance it appears that Prince Carol feels the same keen interest in the throne that he would in a meal ticket.

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