

for Prosecutor

NORMAN C. ORR

Republican
Ticket



Mr. Orr's History

A member of the prosecutor's staff of Oakland County since 1925 and at present, first assistant prosecuting attorney, Mr. Orr is a candidate in the Republican Ticket for the office of Prosecuting attorney.

He is 32 years old. Many of these years have been spent in the county. With his wife and children he lives in Big Beaver, in Troy Township.

Mr. Orr's intelligence and fairness have distinguished him since he came into the limelight after taking public office. His brilliance in prosecuting cases has given him a name that is respected throughout the state in legal circles. His persistence in prosecuting criminals has earned for him the regard of all honest members of society and has helped rid Oakland County of crime.

Mr. Orr's statement is typical of him. He says, merely, "I promise only to administer the duties of the prosecutor's office to the greatest extent of my ability with the end of making Oakland County unsafe for law breakers and safe for honest citizens."

A man with Mr. Orr's record, his intelligence and honesty, is truly deserving of the office he seeks.

EARL L. PHILLIPS

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE
FOR

**Circuit Court
Commissioner**

OAKLAND COUNTY
PRIMARY ELECTION
TUESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1928

I shall appreciate your support



JOHN F. RELAFORD

FOR

Coroner

May I solicit your vote, and thus help to elect a Coroner in the Southern part of the County.



Ralph T. KEELING

Candidate Republican Ticket for

**CIRCUIT COURT
COMMISSIONER**
Oakland County

Primary Election.
Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1928

Every voter is entitled to vote for two Commissioners. I will greatly appreciate one of your votes.



The Little Store of Mother Lore

By DOROTHY GAINES
(Copyright)

MOTHER MINE and Ted watched Sonia trip down the garden path and into the waiting roadster with curiously interesting expressions in their eyes.

Sonia in her wide blue hat and fluffy blue frock resembled a bit of the summer sky, and the stalwart, good-looking man at the wheel of the roadster couldn't help a gleam of triumph lighting his eyes as they skimmed from Sonia to the porch where his rival Ted watched with Mother Mine.

And because Ted loved Sonia's mother and because he felt that he would not be misunderstood he gave voice to the brooding thoughts that had been rumbling about in his mind for some time.

"Mother Mine," he said softly—he always called Sonia's mother by that dearest of all names since he had no mother of his own—"don't think me an awful cad for saying it but—I don't think Sonia would be happy very long—if she marries Harry. I'm an awful duffer at expressing myself—especially when it comes to my love for Sonia, but somehow even my masculine intelligence tells me that Sonia has something big and fine about her that only you seem to bring to the surface. She adores you. What is your mother love? I want to know—I want to learn the secret and to help Sonia to reach that big niche that I can't help feeling will bring her to ultimate happiness."

Mother Mine's eyes lit up with a great flame of love for Ted and the regret that had prevailed vanished before the big man at her side ceased expressing his thoughts.

She spoke with a warmth that filled Ted's heart with joy.

"You've voiced the very thoughts that have been troubling me of late, Teddy Boy. Sonia has been drifting idly on the sea of a good time and forgetting that she has a great gift for writing. Harry is a fine chap but he will always be content to let Sonia drift and some day I know my daughter will regret throwing away her gift in the pursuit of mere pleasure. She does not realize it now—but she will later. She will come face to face with a regret for which nothing can ever compensate."

Ted looked wistfully up at Mother Mine.

"In any way you could impart some of that mother lore to my man's brain? Are there any little pointers you could give me so that I, too, could weave the spell of ambition about Sonia, so that when she's not with you I could perhaps keep her interested in her work? I'd work awfully hard, Mother Mine, to share that side of Sonia with you."

"Dear boy," said Sonia's mother, then smiled down at him. "I think if you were to think out plots for stories and insist on talking them up with her—helping her to work out stories and taking a genuine interest in their development—I believe Sonia would respond at once. You know, Teddy, most men, no matter how much they love a girl, are not really interested in any work she may be doing."

"I know it," said Ted. "We're a lot of cads when it comes to nourishing any little secret ambitions our womenfolk have. It's a darned shame," added Ted.

Mother Mine laughed as she had not laughed for days—days in which she had watched Sonia drifting from all that was lasting and worth while in life.

"Well—I'll tell you what to do, Ted. You just nose about for plots and ideas and then begin talking them on Sonia, gradually—I know her well enough to feel that you will very soon supplant all other admirers. And once you've touched the great pulse of the inner woman and stirred the sleeping genius into activity I feel—in fact, I know, Teddy Boy, that you will at the same time kindle a fire not only in the brain but in the heart of Sonia."

"You're a darling, Mother Mine," said Ted and treated her to a large hug. "And you were right if I take Sonia into some of the byways of the city to show her the other side of life. It will stir her imagination and start her thinking more than all the jazz places in the world. It will give her atmosphere. Meantime I must read up the papers for some murder and mystery plots and get that fire kindled." He laughed boyishly. "I don't even feel jealous of Harry now, for somehow I think his goose is cooked. The little store of mother lore you have given me is going to send all Sonia's suitors scotching—all but me."

And there was no slightest doubt, within a year's time, that Sonia was almost as much of a slave to Ted as she was to her beloved mother; and all other men seemed to be forgotten while the world and her ambitions held their breath. Her stories were positively bursting upon the editorial horizons and the public was beginning to shout for more.

And out on the veranda Ted and Mother Mine sat close together, while Sonia, up to her searled nest of a den, polished off the fifth of a great murder tale. In the eyes of Mother Mine there was no regret and in Ted's no jealousy.

They smiled happy in their secret.

Let Indians Believe

He Cast Out Witches

Early in 1880, Dr. Benjamin Denton, just graduated from the medical department of the University of Tennessee, went to southeastern Michigan and opened a practice among the Choctaw Indians. The Indians, however, would come to him only when their own witch doctors had failed to expel the witch that had caused, they believed, their ailments. Instead of attempting to dissuade them from their belief in witches, Doctor Denton resorted to suggestive therapeutics and told the sufferers that "witch killing" was his specialty. He would then give treatments that he assured them would drive out the witches—and seldom failed to effect the desired result. He followed this line of least resistance for many years, he says in the Daily Oklahoman of Oklahoma City, leaving the labors of enlightenment to those of the Choctaws who in the course of time began attending schools provided for them and who on returning home informed their fellow tribesmen that there really were no witches.

Part Heredity Plays in Mental Disorders

When there has been a considerable amount of mental disease in several generations of a family, the probability of the continuation in future generations of a mental disorder is fairly great. When, however, a few sporadic cases of mental disease occur in a family, there is little reason to be fearful of the results of the continuation of such a family strain. These are the conclusions reached in an article on causes of mental disease by Dr. H. C. Solomon in Hygeia Magazine.

Study of the ancestry of a group of patients with severe mental disease will show that some mental disorder or peculiarity appeared in about 60 or 70 per cent of the ascendants and collaterals of the previous generation. This would seem to indicate a hereditary connection. However, if one searches the ancestry of a random group of ordinary mentally well persons one will find mental disorders in almost the same percentage, Doctor Solomon stated.

Pure Anglo-Saxon Stock

Ellen Churchill Semple in the bulletin of the American Geographical Society says in regard to the inhabitants of the mountainous regions of southeastern Kentucky that they are the purest Anglo-Saxon stock in the United States. There is practically no intermixture. They are direct descendants of the early Virginia and North Carolina immigrants. The stock is chiefly English and Scotch-Irish, which is largely Teutonic in origin. There is scarcely a trace of foreign admixture. Occasionally there is a French name which points to a strain of Huguenot blood from over the mountains in North Carolina, and names of Germans who came down from the Pennsylvania Dutch settlements.

Composition of Fog

The dense fogs which during the winter months, especially, are apt to afflict great maritime cities are in their essentials, merely cumulus clouds resting upon the ground, or near it. It is the soot and other impurities they hold in solution that cause them to be unpleasant. A sea fog is the same thing, minus the impurities. Being composed of particles of watery vapor, it is clean and though dangerous to shipping, it is not particularly so to breathe. Low-lying city fogs are usually shallow, though some have been found by aerobats to extend upward to a height of 2,500 feet.

Vacations on Ranches

"Dude" ranches are colorful vacation havens in Texas, the Dakotas, Montana and Wyoming. "Dude" ranching is not a new business by any means, according to the owner of one of the largest of such ranches. As far back as 1897 Howard Eaton, pioneer "dude" rancher, moved from Pittsburgh to Dakota. At various times he invited his friends out for visits, and they enjoyed it so much that they came back as paying guests. Later Mr. Eaton moved to Wyoming and started another ranch, and many others of the same kind are now operating.

What Is Force of Habit?

The brain is like a dense forest, and our thoughts are backwoodsmen blazing a trail. When once a certain thought has passed through, it is easier for the same kind of thought to come again. That is habit. Fold a piece of paper, then spread it out. It is easier to fold it again in the same crease than in any other way. That is habit. So, to create a habit of cheerfulness, we must send cheerful thoughts along again and again until the trail in our minds is thoroughly blazed. Then it will be easy to be cheerful.—R. P. Anderson.

Might Sing a Duet

See (to odd-job man)—I want you this morning to double-dig the kitchen garden, saw down that old tree in the corner, chop it into suitable sizes for lighting fire, clean out the two sheds, overhaul the mowing machine and thoroughly wash and comb Fluffy. Odd-job man—And to fill up the mornin', shall I 'op into the 'ouse and give yer a 'and with yer crochet?—Christian Advocate.

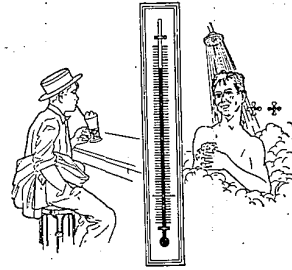
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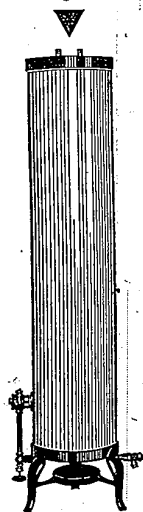
Farmington

Michigan



Which?

A soda cools you for a few minutes but you are soon warm again. Just try this other comfort method—a warm bath. For the price of one soda you and your whole family can enjoy 24 hours of hot water service that brings comforting coolness and relaxation from the heat and dust of the day. With this new Consumers Heater, hot water is always ready, with no bother or fussing. Install one of these new heaters and try this new method on a hot night.



**Consumers
Special Gas Water Heater**

We will buy your wasteful furnace coil. Get rid of this money-eater. We will give you a liberal allowance for your old coil or heater to apply on the purchase of this new low-cost Gas Water Heater. FREE TRIAL—Put one in on free trial. See why thousands are pleased. If not satisfied, we'll remove it without charge. Let us explain how easy it is to have this wonderful heater installed on easy payments.

**\$5.00
Down**

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