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## How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

### "LIBRARY"

YOUR dictionary will tell you that "library" comes from the French "librairie," a bookseller's shop. Derived from "librairie," a bookseller, but this is only the preamble to the story. In the First and Second centuries, A. D., there was great situation in Rome in the use of books, and to meet the increasing demands the booksellers conceived of a method of speedier production than had been possible with the old system of scribes copying one at a time. The enterprising dealers assembled a score or two of scribes, most of whom were well educated slaves, and had them all write at once at the dictation of one reader. So dozens of copies could be made in the time that had formerly produced but one.

The scribes who prepared the manuscripts were known as "librarii," and since the booksellers themselves did the copying which produced their wares, the name was applied also to the dealers in books. It is from this beginning that we have the word "library," its intermediate derivation being from the French "librairie," a bookseller's shop.

(Copyright.)

### Unique Among Fish

The Australian lung fish, the air-breathing fish which is found in certain rivers in Queensland, is unique in the fish world, with its blunt head and body and uniform thickness from the back of the head to the flattened tail, although examined one reader. So dozens of copies could be made in the time that had formerly produced but one.

### Briton Spouts Tribute by Spoils Question

I believe in America. I am an Englishman, but I believe that the idea which is America is for the salvation of the whole world. I believe that Abraham was the first American. I believe, when he loaded up his camels and went out from his father's house in Ur of the Chaldees, setting his face toward a land he knew not of, seeking freedom to worship his God after his own fashion, that the Stars and Stripes went before him, a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

I believe that America is the spiritual leader of the world. Every form of her saint religions notwithstanding, I believe this is true. I believe that America is a great idea, and that no matter how much this idea may seem at times to be overlaid, it is still imperious throughout all ages, and in times of ultimate need is found the still small voice when the wind and the earthquake and the fire have passed away.

I believe all this and yet, over against my creed, there must stand the question: Why does America lead the world in crime?—Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy, in the Century Magazine.

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## Penworthy Proves It

By AD SCHUSTER

ALL his married life Penworthy Podd had boasted of his skill with the rod and gun. In his attic there was a green tin box filled with a tangle of line, hooks and slinkers and in his closet, neatly concealed in leather, an available for frequent inspection, was the prized shotgun which had been presented him by his office workers years ago.

Penworthy subscribed to magazines of the stream and news. He could talk big game as easily as the traveling salesman can talk time tables and hotels, and in all his accounts he left the inference that it was his annual custom to stalk the bear, deer and mountain lion.

Mrs. Podd had heard all of his stories many times. She even knew from which magazines he drew his material and could recognize the exact moment, in each tale, when he departed from the text to elaborate from his own imagination. It was worth something to see the gentle Penworthy take his shining shotgun from its case, throw it open with a movement of the thumb, and exhibit its well-oiled perfection. Then Penworthy sought to look fierce. He drew down his gray brows and slung his open palm upon his knee.

"When I was in Uganda," he would start, and Mrs. Podd, fearful of being an accomplice to deceit, would withdraw. One day she spoke her mind. "Penworthy Podd—it meant something when she started in this manner. 'We have been married twenty years and not once have you been hunting.' Not once, to my knowledge, has that been pointed at a trifling cat, let alone a tiger or an elephant. If you are a mighty hunter, and I have been hearing you say so every day, I would like to know about it. It is my belief," she recalled an expression of youth, "you could not shoot straight enough to hit a barn door."

Deeply offended Penworthy withdrew to his room where he examined the shotgun, pulled its stock, and told it and himself he would prove to the world he had not been making tall boasts. Resolutely and with the air of a man greatly injured he returned to tell of his intentions. "Martin, we go forth tomorrow on a hunting expedition. It is true, perhaps, I have neglected sport for some time, but it has been because of my love for home. You have seen fit to doubt my word. Now you shall go with me to see for yourself. We will hunt big game."

In an automobile loaded with food, clothing, utensils and blankets they set out and in time reached a forest in which Penworthy was confident there was plenty of wild life. He supervised the making of camp, shouldered his gun and left parting directions.

"I will make a wide circle. Do not be alarmed if you hear firing. At sunset I will return."

Perhaps the big game scented his approach, Penworthy walked on without seeing as much as a squirrel. The bear which was his ambition and goal shrunk to a deer, to a coyote, and then a rabbit. When the sun dropped low the hunter yearned for the chance to shoot anything at all.

"If I should see a bird, now," he said, "it would prove to her I can shoot straight." Then he began to wonder if he were not lost. Before long he should be reaching camp and there his wife would be waiting with dinner. He hoped she was not planning to cook the game he had promised.

"If I had fired a shot she would have heard me," he reflected, "and if I shot I must bring something back to show for it."

The coffee boiling, Mrs. Podd set on a log behind a clump of brush reading a book and waiting the arrival of the warrior. Penworthy, dog-tired, stumbled on, searching the trees and bushes for something that was alive and a target.

Then he saw the bird, a little red bird, bobbing about in reckless manner. Penworthy sighted deliberately. It was a pity that so small an unsuspecting thing and yet a great question of vindication was at stake. "I've got to hit it," he said, and pulled the trigger.

The bird disappeared in a cloud of feathers, almost as if it had exploded, and there arose a commotion in the brush.

"Penworthy Podd," a strong voice came out of the brush. "If you haven't shot the very bird off my hat!"

### So Silly

It was while the Hoot Gibson company was on location in the mountains that Harry Newman and Bill Bradford borrowed an incident to carry the cameras to a set. It was hard going all the way and once or twice the iron horse threatened to quit entirely. Finally a regular mountain moon came up.

"Think you can make that hill?" asked Harry anxiously. "I dunno," said Billy in disgust, "but I'd like to know who'll dig."

### First English Novelist

Samuel Richardson, whose first novel was published in 1740, is popularly regarded as the first English novelist. He was a printer who set up a newsstand and books and dabbled a little in literature.

### Most Troubles Fade

### When Bravely Faced

Anticipation makes trifles loom gigantic. The thing that frowns, in threatening and lurid guise, often ceases to terrify when we draw closer to it. I saw a picture some time ago which represented a rising storm. Seen at some little distance it appeared as though dark, black threatening cloud-battalions were speedily covering the entire sky and blotting out all the patches of light and hope. But when I went a little nearer to the picture I found that the artist had subtly fashioned his clouds out of varied faces, and all these black battalions wore the winsome aspect of genial friends. I have had that experience more than once away from the realm of picture and fiction, in the things of practical life. The clouds I feared and worried about, and concerning which I wasted so much precious strength, lost their frown and revealed themselves as my friends. Other clouds never arrived—they were purely imaginary, or they melted away before they reached my threshold. "Be not anxious for tomorrow." Live in the immediate moment, transcend it and concentrate upon the rest. The best preparation for tomorrow is quiet attention today.—J. H. Jowett.

### Constant Shifts of

### Land and Sea Areas

How the mountains of the eastern United States seem to have been in the habit, millions of years ago, of shutting up and opening out again, periodically, like an accordion—a procedure which they may not entirely have given up, was described by Charles Butts, of the United States geological survey, in a communication to the Washington Academy of Sciences.

Studies of rocks formed in different parts of what are now the Appalachian mountains several hundred million years ago, during what geologists call the Paleozoic age, have proved, Mr. Butts reported, that parts of these mountains were alternately under the ocean and exposed to the air.

These records, he said, "constantly and gently oscillating crust or exterior shield of the earth which caused a continual shifting of the areas of land and sea."

"There is no sign of sudden changes, lifting new mountains or engulfing former lands. The hand of nature worked so slowly that had men been there to see it the process might have passed unobserved.—Baltimore Sun.

### Can't Do Away With Kiss

Men have gone to prison for stealing a kiss. The women of Athens once stopped a war by withholding their kisses until their husbands agreed to stop fighting. History was changed when Antony wasted a world for Cleopatra's kisses. And despite the fact that modern medical science inveighs against the kiss, that anti-kissing leagues have been formed and that in Russia the Soviet commissioner of health has forbidden kissing on the ground that it is unhygienic and a bourgeois practice, mistletoe continues to be bought in large quantities at Christmas, and lovers all over the world seem to be following the biblical example of Adam when he met Eve at the well.—Exchange.

### "Sea Serpent" Myth

The comparative safety and comfort of the modern ocean vessel may be blamed for the disappearance of the sea serpent. In the opinion of Austin H. Clark of the Smithsonian Institution, "The tales of mercurious and fearful sea monsters all belong to the days when sailing the seas was highly dangerous and the large fish could come uncomfortably close to the ship's passengers. A man on the dry, secure deck of the modern vessel lacks the stimulus to his imagination that would make him see queer creatures in the sea, although occasionally, even now tales are told in all sincerity of sea serpents being seen.—Exchange.

### Pity

Cross-examiner (to murderer on stand)—And after you had poisoned the coffee and your husband sat at the breakfast table partaking of the fatal poison, didn't you know the silent culprit for him? Didn't the fact that he was about to die and was wholly unconscious of it excite your sympathy? As he sat there, didn't you feel for him at all? Witness—Yes, there was just one moment when I sort of felt sorry for him.

"What moment was that?" "When he asked for a second cup."—Judge.

### Throughout

An Indianapolis family was moving to a new location and the father in describing the house he had rented, among other things, said it had "hardwood floors throughout." Five-year-old Paul repeated the description to a neighbor, but ended by saying: "I guess we will have to wait till we move there to see what kind of floors we will have because floors 'through out'—Indianaapolis News.

### Doing Well, Too

"Is your son a success?" "In his line." "What's his line?" "Oh, he demonstrates what the well-dressed young man will wear this season."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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