

## CAMP DATES ANNOUNCED

July 7th to August 3rd has been announced as the dates for the Oakland County Girl Scout camp. There will be two week periods and girls may register for either or both periods. The first period will open July 7th and close July 20th and the second will open July 21st and close August 3rd.

Folders telling about the camp will be sent this week to all registered Girl Scouts of Farmington and these registrations will be accepted in the order of their arrival at headquarters.

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## OHIO HAS FIRST FLYING SHERIFF

### Gives Him Edge Over Other Law Officers.

Sandusky, Ohio.—When it comes to tracking down criminals, and others who run about the law, Sheriff Jack Parker of Erie county has the edge over his contemporaries.

In the first place, he can cover more ground. And in double quick time. For he is known as the "Flying Sheriff." He took office January 1 and has been availing his chance to demonstrate how the law can be enforced in a modern style.

Before his election as sheriff, Parker was engaged in a general commercial flying business with a brother, Lester. Parker, he turned the management of the venture over to his brother, but still pursued it as a hobby.

Parker has made one promise which he hopes to fulfill soon. The first prisoner sentenced to the state penitentiary who wants to fly in his new "home," the sheriff said, will get the chance.

Residents of Kelley's island, eight miles from the mainland in Lake Erie, find Parker's plane to be invaluable in an emergency.

With navigation closed because of wintry blasts on the lake, no mail was delivered to the island for 11 days last month. When this delay was called to the attention of the "Flying Sheriff," he told his island deputies:

"If you want me for anything, telephone and I'll fly over."

Recently Frank Riedy and John Campbell, residents of the island, came to Sandusky with the mail men. When they started to return it was impossible to cross the lake.

Riedy appealed to Parker. "Fly us over to the island," he asked.

Half an hour later the two men were home.

So pleased were the islanders with the possibility of aerial connection with the mainland that they have established a landing field.

## Rich Chemicals Lost When Volcanoes Erupt

Washington.—Not all active volcanoes erupt. But Mount Rainier recently, like a belated volcano, many explosive, shooting dust and ashes miles into the air. The non-explosive character of Rainier is ascribed by volcanologists to the fact that its lava is a relatively thin liquid which allows steam and gas bubbles to escape readily. In explosive volcanoes the lava is thick. It holds back steam and gas stubbornly, causing immense pressure beneath and eventually a violent eruption.

Because practically every active volcano in the world is located not far from large bodies of water, the theory is advanced by Dr. William Bowie of the United States coast and geologic survey, and others, that the breaching action of the periodic rises of lava, forcing up the lava and causing volcanic activity.

Concerning the source of heat that forms molten rock, or magma, one theory is that internal pressure causes it. A second, writes Edwin W. Coats of the Popular Science Monthly, is that the heat is produced by electric action. Another is that friction of shifting layers of rock generates it. Maj. C. E. Dutton, a geologist of the United States geological survey, has advanced the idea that the real secret is radiant radioactivity in the rocks, he says, is sufficient to melt them in certain places, forming large subterranean pools of lava.

Unold fortunes in gases and chemicals, valuable to industry, are wasted in the atmosphere every time a volcano lets loose. The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, in Alaska, a volcanic field formed by the eruption of Mount Katmai in 1912, has been called a gigantic chemical factory.

## Bake Shop's New Owner

### Killed by Bread-Mixer

Jersey City, N. J.—Less than a week after Antonio Toporek, thirty-three, bought a bakery shop he let his own get caught in a bread-mixing machine and was found dead when Fred Butta, an employee, reported for work.

With what police say must have been unusual superhuman strength, Toporek freed his crushed arm from the machine by breaking an iron cast-iron. He crawled upstairs to within a few feet of a telephone, where he was found dead. Toporek had intended to remove his belongings and his wife from Yonkers, N. Y., to their new home here.

## Has Paralytic Stroke, Phone Beyond Reach

New York.—Only a few inches separated Albert J. Davis, sixty-three, Bronx architect from his telephone. The telephone represented help, but Davis couldn't reach it.

He had a paralytic stroke at 6 p. m. in the office he has maintained for 42 years.

His family finally called the police and at 4 a. m. a patrolman found him with his right side completely and his right side partially paralyzed. His condition is serious.

## Mayonnaise and Medicine

By JANE WALSH

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WHEN Laurence Montresor, completed his hospital apprenticeship and became a full-fledged doctor he located in the town of Tateson.

So one June day there appeared in the corridor of the Arcade a bright and shining sign that said "Dr. Laurence Montresor, room 201, office hours 8:10 a. m., 12 and 7-8 p. m."

This sign was posted directly behind the other sign that read "Headquarters for the Laura Belle Mayonnaise, room 201."

Montresor was looking over his shoulders at the sign when he collided with a little young woman hurrying down the stairs. It was Laura Belle Jones herself—sole proprietor of the mayonnaise factory. She was hurrying out to post an important letter and was in such a hurry that she had left some mayonnaise in the electric mixer. This she explained as the doctor begged her pardon for causing the collision and then offered to post her letter for her.

That was sufficient introduction. Patients were slow in coming and sometimes Doctor Montresor, weary of waiting during office hours, would leave his own door open and then call on Laura Belle.

"Your business is thriving better than mine," said Doctor Montresor one day.

Laura Belle laughed a little.

"Well, I can't sit about in my kitchen. There are about six stores that take my mayonnaise regularly. But there are as many more that won't handle it."

That afternoon, after Doctor Montresor had made his short rounds, he went to a large and prosperous food store. He left a fairly large order for various food products, mentioned at random. He ended his order with "six jars of Laura Belle mayonnaise." The grocer said they didn't carry that brand, but had something "better."

"Oh, I'm sorry; I really don't want any other sort. I'm settling in town here, and I want to have regular dealings with a good grocer, but I'm stuck on that Laura Belle mayonnaise. No, never mind the rest of the things. I'll get 'em all at the same store."

Then Doctor Montresor went to all the other stores that did not take the Laura Belle mayonnaise. At each he went through virtually the same transactions.

The next afternoon Laura Belle was beaming when he called on her—beaming and very busy. Four of the grocers who had held out had put in big orders.

So well acquainted did the young doctor and the young maker of mayonnaise become in a few weeks that, knowing that Doctor Montresor felt it his duty to mention the fact of his engagement.

"I really forgot you didn't know," said the doctor a little confused. "It has been such a long engagement that all my friends seem never to think of me in any way but as the sometime husband of Kathleen Mayes."

"Is that her name," said Laura deliberately. And then "Kathleen is a pretty name — is that prettier than Laura."

"Oh, I don't know," said the doctor. "You see, she's my uncle's ward. I'm anxious to see us married. I suppose we shall be some time, but until I'm able to support her myself. In the meantime I don't want to accept my uncle's proposition to give me \$10,000 so I can marry Kathleen before I can support her."

"Uncle is coming on with Kathleen tomorrow. They want to see how I am getting on. If my uncle sees how slowly things are going here, he's sure to offer me that money. And he's sure to say that it's my duty to take it, since it isn't fair to Kathleen to keep her waiting so long. If I could only show them an office full of patients, then there wouldn't be any excuse for speaking of money—and things could just be put off."

"But aren't you impatient? Don't you want to marry her?"

"Not especially," said Laurence Montresor.

The next afternoon Mr. Lindsey, Doctor Montresor's uncle, arrived with Kathleen Mayes and insisted on sitting in the young doctor's waiting room to observe his patients.

And when Doctor Montresor and his party arrived that evening there were already four patients waiting in the corridor. Ten or eleven arrived shortly. There were not enough chairs for all of them.

The thing that struck Doctor Montresor with surprise was that five of them were members of Laura Belle's immediate family. The rest were cousins or aunts. The last was Laura Belle. When she went the doctor saw her to the door.

"Good-by, Laura Belle," he said, but nothing more, because Kathleen and her uncle were sitting there, patiently waiting.

Without further ado Kathleen explained. "This settles it," she said. "If I had found you here fighting against bad business, and friendless, I was going to stick it out. Then there is this little Laura person. I know she loves you, I'm in love with some one else. I want to be released—and I dare say you do, too."

And that night after the uncle and his ward had departed by a night train, Doctor Montresor sought Laura Belle out at her home and told her what he had not felt free to tell her before.

As many are lost each year in crossing accidents as were lost in some of the famous battles of the Civil War.

The merchant who advertises pays so much for his space; the one who doesn't advertise pays more dearly for the lack of it.

The automobile has brought former distant places closer and closer together, including our house and the poorhouse.



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