

Water-Proof Basements
Guaranteed By Company
 The Guarantee Water-Proofing Co., of Auburn Heights is the only firm of its kind doing business in the vicinity of Farmington. It specializes in making basements water-proof against seepage from rains and snow.

Wide Variety Of Wool Blankets Now In Stock
 Fred L. Cook & Co. is continuing its fall offering of blankets over from last week. All sizes and colors in wool blankets are now in stock and are being offered at attractive prices.

Included in the large stock are single and double blankets, auto robes, baby blankets, cotton blankets and quilts.

Phone in your news items.

Mighty Volumes
 The silent influence of books is a mighty power in the world; and there is a joy in reading them known only to those who read them with desire and enthusiasm. Silent, passive, and noiseless though they be, they yet set in action countless multitudes, and change the order of nations.—Giles.

Worth Remembering
 To say that we have a clear conscience is to utter a falsehood; had we never stated we should have had no conscience.—Sir W. Temple.

CLUB TO GIVE DANCE
 The Northwestern Athletic Club will sponsor a Halloween dance, Thursday, October 29, at the Odell's Hall at Clarenceville, corner of Eight Mile road and Grand River.

Of course if Mahatma Gandhi is not able to settle his difficulties in London, there is always the League of Nations to fall back on.

Try an Enterprise Liner.

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

Unsolved Riddles That Still Puzzle Authorities Here and Abroad

Without a Clue

IT WAS on Christmas night, in 1910, that the first news was made public of what is probably the most baffling and mysterious disappearance of its kind in the police annals of the United States—the unexplained and apparently insoluble vanishing of Dorothy Harriet Camille Arnold, the daughter of Francis R. Arnold, a wealthy importer.

The facts in the case were few and utterly devoid of sensationalism, thus making the climax stand out with all the force and contrast of lightning against a pitch black sky. On the morning of December 12, thirteen days before any inkling of the affair reached the newspapers, Miss Arnold had left her home at 108 East Seventy-ninth street, New York, supposedly for a morning's shopping. She was in the best of health and spirits and, among the errands which she intended to do, was the purchasing of a dress at one of the Fifth avenue shops. As soon as she found what she wanted she was to call her mother on the telephone and the final decision would then be made.

The thorough and searching investigations of the police and the reporters later developed the fact that Miss Arnold had walked from her home to a store at Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, where she purchased a box of candy, which she charged to her personal account. The sales check showed that it was about noon when she left the store and, some two hours later, she was at Brennan's book store, Fifth avenue and Twenty-seventh street, where she bought a book which she stated was to be given away as a Christmas present.

Just as she was leaving Brennan's, Miss Arnold met a woman friend and, in response to the usual question as to how she was feeling, replied: "I never felt better in my life," and then, as she was leaving, she added: "I'm going to walk home through Central park. Want to join me?" But the friend declined and Miss Arnold continued on her way—never again to be heard of. Had the friend accompanied her it is possible that one of the greatest mysteries of modern times might never have occurred but, as it happened, Dorothy Arnold went on alone and vanished.

Wishing to avoid publicity as much as possible, the Arnold family purposely suppressed the news of their daughter's disappearance until, at the request of the police, it was given out in order that the publication of her picture and a full description might develop possible clues to her disappearance. But, although there were a number of apparent inconsistencies about the case—probably due to the natural shrinking from the nationwide attention which the affair attracted—nothing definite was ever discovered. The most striking point elicited by the investigations of the newspaper reporters was that, despite the Arnold family's definite statements that their daughter had had no love affairs, she had been carrying on a secret correspondence with a bachelor in Pittsburgh. But it was quite evident that the man in question could have had no connection whatever with the disappearance of the New York heiress and this lead was dropped both by the police and the press.

White slavery, which was at that time very much in the public eye, was popularly blamed for the unsolved mystery but when it came to details even the most astute detectives were at a loss to explain how a strong, athletic girl like Miss Arnold could have been kidnaped and concealed without leaving the slightest trace, while, if she had been made away with, it would have been practically impossible to hide all signs of the body and her distinctive clothing—descriptions of which were flung to all parts of the world. That Miss Arnold had not planned to leave home was evident from the fact that she left all her jewels and a considerable sum of money in cash behind her and that, on the very morning of her disappearance, she had written several letters relative to a tea in honor of a number of her former schoolmates at Bryn Mawr.

The theory of suicide was untenable because her body would have been found. Premeditated flight was hardly to be considered, while sudden flight would have undoubtedly led to recognition somewhere in the country. Foul play was the only alternative remaining, but in the event that Miss Arnold was either kidnaped or killed, how did those responsible succeed in hiding all traces of their crime from the police of two continents?

This is the question which has puzzled the minds of master detectives like William J. Burns, Chief of the New York secret service, Sir E. H. Henry, chief of Scotland Yard, and hundreds of others who have endeavored in vain to solve the riddle without a clue.

(C) by the Wheeler Syndicate.

Robot Writes Message

Berlin, Germany, has been much interested in a full-sized dummy of a woman which writes the exact reproduction of the handwriting of the sender operating some distance away. The operator pens the message on a device which transmits the impulses to the robot, which in turn transfers these impulses to a blackboard or chart.

BUSINESS LEADER ENCOURAGING TO STANLEY F. SMITH

L. K. Liggett, Rexall Head, Believes One-Cent Sale Is Business Headliner

Stanley F. Smith, the Rexall Druggist, has just received a personal letter from Louis K. Liggett, leading figure in the drug world, old friend of former President Coolidge and a keen student of modern business. The message sent from Boston headquarters of this outstanding pacemaker in successful merchandising is as full of good news as an English Walnut is of meat. Mr. Liggett throws some mighty interesting sidelights on current business affairs and has crowded much unanswerable logic into the document.

Referring to one of his conversations with former President Calvin Coolidge, he tells that after an hour's discussion of business problems, Mr. Coolidge declared: "Supply and demand will make the price. It always has and always will. You cannot control what God produces."

Mr. Coolidge was referring to the English attempt that failed, to regulate production and price of rubber, and Mr. Liggett's comment is, "No special legislation—no national legislation—no world interference or world courts can establish a value that will turn the flow of business. Calvin Coolidge was right when he said that price can be regulated only by supply and demand."

The fact that at this particular time of business stress there is listed the largest number of Rexall drug stores in drug store history, was received with no little satisfaction, because it proved to him the wisdom of becoming the Rexall druggist in this particular locality where the profit and good will assured by the Rexall plan to both the one who sells and the one who buys has been a community affair of mutual benefit.

"I think the biggest merchandising idea that has ever been promulgated in America is the fall one-cent sale," continued Mr. Liggett, and he gives this bit of history: "I brought this sale to you in the fall of 1914, after war had been declared between the European countries. Everything was at a standstill. Stock markets were closed. Everything was 'going to hell in a handbasket,' and the one-cent sale put your business over then and it will do the same thing this fall."

More money is going to be spent on the publicity program for this autumn One Cent Sale than has ever been expended before. As its projector who gave it to the independent druggists who have accepted the Rexall merchandising plan, Mr. Liggett says: "The theme and scheme back of the One Cent Sale is clean—it is wholesome—it is truthful. It is merchandising from a factory to consumer with the lowest possible intermediate profit. You will give employment in your stores by reason of what your consumers buy. And after all, that is what is going to tide us over!"

This Rexall One Cent Sale will be run the first week in November and the people of this community will share in the festival of buying opportunity of the current strenuous year.

"Hell Below Zero" To Be Shown At Redford

In the drawing tone of a man more at home in a London drawing-room than the jungles of Equatorial Africa, Carveth Wells, explorer, adventurer, globe trotter and more recently motion picture producer, belittles the rule of the lion. Wells returned recently from an authorized expedition to the famed mountains of the Moon in Equatorial Africa where his party nearly froze while they could stare down upon the steaming jungle below.

The picture they brought back is aptly titled "Hell Below Zero," and will be shown at the Public Redford theatre, Wednesday and Thursday in the same program with Clive Brook in "Silence."

"Lions," said Wells, "are gentlemen. They have no desire to start trouble, but if it comes along they take it in its stride. We shot them—with cameras—in all sorts of poses. They climbed trees for bait we hung up; they gazed right into our cameras and walked soft footed all around us, but they did not attack."

The more we read about him the more we are convinced that Governor Huey Long's first name ought to be "Hoey."

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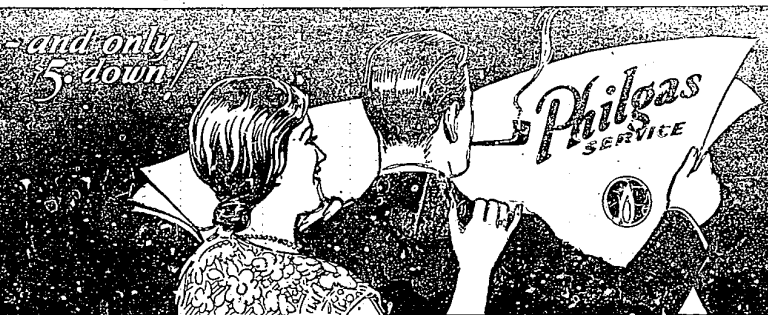


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