

SHORE SERVICE

By ARCHIE C. NEW
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WNSL Service.

"JUST what," demanded Jean, "does your love for me mean to you?"

Her lustrous eyes, set in a lovely oval face, did not reflect the love-moment of her query. She stared across the lake, vaguely, and idly flicked at the sand with her toe.

Something in her tone arrested the impetuous declaration at the tip of Dick Wendell's tongue.

"Oh, wonderful!" he replied soberly.

"It means everything. With things the way they are, my job gone, your love—oh I've got left. Except this."

He pointed slightly to Phlegma's boat, his lake-shore property, a few acres of green lawn and beach sand, with its long spacious pavilion and sleeping quarters.

"I'd sell this if you didn't love me so much. I'd sell it tomorrow to give you something to get married on. Why, honey, he warned to the subject, 'let's—'

"Not talk of it," she interrupted him with quiet determination.

"What would we do after that money's gone?"

"Why, by that time maybe some one'll give me a job."

She regarded him curiously. "Who? This some one—a superman?"

"How should I know?" he answered, a trifle resentfully.

These women, he reflected sourly, had no idea of the things that men do.

"Some man," he told her patiently, "or some corporation with capital, somebody that looks like money, something to work with."

"And some punk?" she asked at him, springing to her feet irritably and shaking off the sand.

"And ideas. And push. I'm going to look for mother."

"Dick, Jean," he called after her, "what can I use ideas on? What can I use for money?"

She stopped, indecisively, and looked back at him with a little pity.

"You know already," she told him, faintly. "This," and she waved her hand over the place.

"But you don't want me to sell it," he protested.

"No."

"Then—what?" she laughed boldly.

"Too mean—farm it?" he gulped.

"Why, I couldn't raise enough on these few acres to—"

"I don't know anything about it," was her cool retort.

"When I marry, I want a husband, not a cog wheel." She turned quickly and fled toward the pavilion.

"Looky stuff, Dick Wendell!" commented Mack Foster, as Jean joined him, and her buddy, Claire Hollins, on the porch.

"Greatest little shore on the lake, health, looks, fanciest dances—"

"He's still got the shore, the health, and the looks," replied Jean dryly.

"You might tell him that," she added, cryptically, as she disappeared inside the house.

"Methinks," ventured Mack, whimsically, "that the course of true love's struck an air pocket—it took bump. Looks like a job for the old trusty pal."

"Better keep out of it," Claire warned him.

"Our, too, Claire-child," Mack reminded her.

"We innocent bystanders might get hit. Think I want these delightful little shore parties to freeze up on us in a hot summer?"

On an afternoon a month later Mack nosed his sedan off the highway and down the shore dirt road toward the Phlegma's boat.

As they drew near the gate posts at the entrance to the back grove, a vigorous protest arose from the back seat.

"I'm not going another inch," insisted Jean. "He's got some party there."

And Mack and Claire anxiously shared her glance at numerous couples on the lawn and beach, in about three hundred yards of shore, the vivid maroon of Dick's boat, flanked by men using fishing rods.

"What of it?" declared Mack. "Maybe he's sold the place. Has he?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Jean told him, with marked indifference. "I haven't seen him for a month. And now, let's go back."

"We will not," rejoined Mack, indignantly, "until I get out and inquire around a bit." He jumped out, leaving the girls in the car and went around the side of the house, passed a group of strange boys and girls on the step, mounted to the porch and stopped dead.

Through a group of people, singing, some munching sandwiches, he espied Dick, himself.

"Mack Foster," cried Dick, leaping from the table and springing to Mack's side.

"Just in time, folks. Meet the one and original Mack Foster," and he led him among the groups, introducing him.

"Where's Claire?"

Mack drew him away from the others, and they had a few minutes' whispered consultation. Mack's face registered surprise, delight, anxiety and a few emotions hard to define.

He finally went back alone to his car.

"Come on, you two," he told them. "It's all fixed."

"I will not," objected Jean, strenuously. "Who are those people?"

"Customers," said Mack succinctly. "Come on."

"Customers?" echoed Jean. "Has he opened a store?"

"Yeah," granted Mack, grimly. "Selling outdoor life, kids' side-deck, to private parties at a delicately a head, bottles, bottles, fishing, crabbing, quilts, etc., drinks, romance, entertainment, etc., here Mack grinned, 'all for one admission. Come on: I've sold him.'"

"Sold him?" cried Jean horrified. "For me, too?"

"Why not?" Mack almost leered at her.

"Why should you be exempt?"

"Can you tell me?" Jean asked. "A few minutes later, with frosty sweetness, 'where Miss Hollins and I may change to our bathing suits.'"

"Jean!" Dick abandoned a group, delightedly, and put out both hands toward her. But she gave him a cool look and put her hands behind her.

Dick stared at her incredulously, then compressing his lips tightly, waved formally to the ladies' rooms.

"Why, my, my," he said.

"Jean!" Dick greeted her, very soberly, as he came on her alone a few hours later on the beach. She started up, but he put out a restraining hand.

"Wait—just a minute. Mack's out in the boat now. I want to return something to you," And, sheepishly, he tossed a dollar bill into her hand. "The afternoon grove fainter in the square foot of sky as she remembered a boy in her class in school, long time ago. She wasn't Maudie, but she was Mary Young, with cheeks like rosy apples. Even she had realized she was not as clever as the boy. She was pretty in a common sort of way, but dumb when it came to getting good grades. Her mind had never been very alert about things in books. The boy used to laugh and pull her hair and help her with the problems. He never let his friends know about his close friendship with her. He would come down across the tracks late at night to see her.

"That last time they were together before he went away to Europe, he had held her very tight as they stood before the gate fire. She had kissed him, and he had kissed her. There had been an anxious note in his voice and she couldn't bear to hurt him. She had led and said yes, of course. The glad light had come back to his eyes and he had kissed her tenderly. She was glad she had led. She wanted him to go away with a happy heart even if he were to break her. He would be gone for years. She knew he would never come back—to her. She had smiled at him with her eyes full of tears.

"But I love your smile," he had said. Then he had looked down at the flickering flames. She remembered he had been so afraid the small amount of wood she could gather would not last that wonderful evening. He had said, 'Darling, an open fire will always remind me of you, and in its flames I think I shall see your smile.'

Six months later her baby was born. He was sweet and was a Queen but she should be thinking of all this tonight.

When she finished her work it was late. It had begun to snow. Spiteful icy flakes which stung her hollow cheeks. She yielded to a stronger impulse and took a Hillside car. She would have to walk six blocks and face the wind this way. But she could not. Her baby's head was still in her arms. There had been a picture of it in the Sunday paper. She liked to see where the big folks of her office building lived.

She alighted from the car at Elm and walked up the wide street. Her heart was beating faster than usual. Her breath came in little gasps as she went with the grand new house. Splashes of light came from the windows. She was glad the curtains were not all drawn. She stopped and leaned eagerly over the low stone wall. She smiled. No one was near so she took it was a nearly toothless smile.

Before an open fire she saw Mr. Horne sitting in a great easy chair, his head comfortably relaxed, his eyes fixed dreamily on the flickering flames. And while she watched she saw him smile.

She was suddenly trembling. Here was the lovely thing that would be hers alone forever. He had said when he looked at an open fire he would remember her. As she walked the weary blocks against the icy wind, her heart was singing: 'My eyes grow dim with tenderness the while, Thinking I see thee, thinking I see thee smile.'

"Thinking I See Thee Smile"

By VIRGINIA G. MILLIKIN
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNSL Service.

THE scrub woman picked up her ball and mop and stood aside for Mr. Horne to pass.

"You are early tonight, aren't you Maudie?" he asked pleasantly as he pressed the elevator bell.

"A little early, maybe," she answered with a smile that showed nearly toothless gums. She watched the elevator shoot downward with him. Then she made a vigorous shush sound with the mop on the tiled floor.

A few minutes later as she ran her dust cloth over Mr. Horne's analog, one desk, radio music came to her ears from one of those apartments across the street.

The whole of this delightful comedy is woven round a situation that is harrowing to the people involved and hilarious to onlookers.

Guy Holden glimpses Mimi and falls head over heels in love. He pursues her madly either and you, singing and dancing into her heart.

She cannot return his love, however, because she is under obligations to another man. To free herself from these obligations she, through a friend, a professional flit, intending to stage an affair which will make her former sweetheart jealous.

Her plan backfires ludicrously when Guy, about whose private life she knows nothing, comes upon the scene in circumstances that cause Mimi to believe that he is the professional flit.

From this point on evaluate the delectable sort of romantic complications.

This gay and colorful musical comedy, which will have its last performance on Sunday night, September 1st, will bring to a close in a blaze of glory Detroit's first summer season of outdoor musical shows, which has been most unusual and successful.

All seats are reserved and performances start at 8:30 nightly.

Three Faiths Have No Converts. Of the six principal religions of the world three, namely Zoroastrianism, Judaism and Hinduism, admit no converts. The only religion to any of these religions is the doorway of birth—Modern Review.

Huge Water Lilies. Water lilies with leaves 40 feet in circumference are found in Ontario, Canada.

SUMMER OPERAS TO BE CLIMAXED BY "GAY DIVORCEE"

Opera Under the Stars brings to the mammoth outdoor stage at North Field in the last production of its first summer season, the most outstanding musical comedy in years, "Gay Divorcee."

For a fast moving story, hilarious comedy and catchy music this musical show is hard to beat.

Among the many songs is the sensational hit "The Continental."

There is also the inner of the song name which is one of the flash high-points of the whole show.

Elaborate dance numbers, gorgeous sets and colorful costumes make this show bubble over with life and action.

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The greatest disappointment that can come to a man is to find that in another human whom he has trusted implicitly—for once lost it can never be restored.

The most important spur to a man's progress is for him to have a deep conviction that he was meant for something larger than he is at present doing.

If it could be obtainable perhaps the simplest reading material run across in many a day would be provided by some such tale as "The Private Life of the Village Gossip."

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QUOTATIONS ON MAGAZINES NOT LISTED SENT ON REQUEST.

September First is the last day to pay your taxes for 1932 and prior years without interest or penalty!

AND now, after years of postponement and delay, the time has come for you to pay your taxes.

You can't put off this duty any longer. Your peace of mind and domestic security demand it.

Fortunate, indeed, are the tax-payers of Michigan. A thoughtful legislature has acted boldly to lighten their burden. Never before has the tax-payer met with such prime consideration.

You, who still owe taxes for 1932 and previous years can now pay in the original amount. Although years have passed you need pay no interest or penalties here alone saving yourself from 27% to 45%, and even more.

But your law-makers have not stopped at merely cutting interest and penalties. Well they know that debts piled up with

the years can not be met over night, even if the totals are reduced. So They Created The "10-Year Plan!"

Now you can pay your back taxes for 1932 and prior years so as to take advantage of big and worthwhile savings. If you cannot pay in full at this time you can pay as little as one-tenth and pay the balance over a period of years, with only a small carrying charge.

September first is the last day to pay back taxes for 1932 and prior years without interest or penalties. Do not delay! Act Now! Your County Treasurer will quickly tell you the exact amount of your tax. He will accept your payments and restore you to good standing as a faithful tax-payer of a great State.

Save Your Home!

BY ORDER OF THE ADMINISTRATIVE BOARD:



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Bird Called Cassowary

Shown at Field Museum

A specimen of the strange large flightless bird called the cassowary, a number of species of which are found in New Guinea and northern Australia, and among neighboring islands, has been placed on exhibition at Field Museum of Natural History in the hall containing the systematic collection of birds, reports a bulletin from the museum.

The exhibit is unique in that it was prepared by application of a new departure in museum taxidermy methods previously used in connection with reptiles and certain kinds of mammals, but now for the first time employed on a bird. This process, originated and developed by Leon L. Walters of the museum's taxidermy staff, has special advantages in making lifelike preparations of animals which often, because of certain characteristics, lose qualities of natural appearance when treated by ordinary methods of mounting the skin. By this process the animals or such parts of them as require special attention to assure realism to their appearance in life, are reproduced from the original specimens in a cellulose acetate composition in which all natural colors, lines and qualities are preserved to an extent impossible with the original material. In the process there are used media made from the original specimen.

In the case of the cassowary, the body is a mount of the skin prepared in the ordinary manner, but the head and neck, which are characterized by very bright blues, reds and yellows, and the legs are reproduced by the Walters method.

Traits of Big Trees

The Grizzly Giant, one of the famous big trees located in Yosemite National park, has a wild gooseberry bush growing on one of its branches nearly 100 feet from the ground. The unusual location of the gooseberry bush is attributed to birds having carried the seeds. Two other interesting items concerning Yosemite's big trees have recently come to light. In one instance attention is called to the fact that the tops of two big trees in the Mariposa grove have grown together. And one of the big trees in the Merced grove has a stream flowing under its base.