

Illinois Fence for New York Fair

NEW YORK (Special)—Illinois-made fencing is being shipped to the New York World's Fair for enclosure of the 389.3 acres comprising the central exhibit area. This was learned when Grover Whalen, President of the Fair Corporation, announced the award of a first fencing contract to the Cyclone Fence Company, whose New York offices are at 370 Lexington Avenue.

Officials of the manufacturing firm announced that its Waukegan plant was shipping the fencing and that installation would start as soon as the first acre reached the 124th-street exposition site on Flushing Meadow. The contract price of the nine-foot steel fence installed, complete with gates and concrete footings at ten-foot centres, as derived from figures submitted by pre-qualified bidders, is \$32,812. About three miles of fence are required to enclose the central exhibit area along three sides and down to the Flushing river, whose immediate enclosure of the tract was made necessary, Mr. Whalen said, by the great and varied construction work that is already taking place on the site two years in advance of the Fair's opening date. The Illinois-made fence will be dominated by the two Thruway "venders," the Persphere and Trylon.

The man-made site of the West's World's Fair in 1932 has been named Treasure Island.

DETROIT TIGERS' SCHEDULE

AT HOME	AWAY
July 17, 19, 19	Washington
July 20, 21, 22	Boston
July 23, 24, 25	Philadelphia
July 27, 28, 29	New York
July 30, 31, August 1	Boston
August 3, 4, 5	Philadelphia
August 6, 7, 8	Washington
AT HOME	AWAY
August 10, 11, 12	Chicago
August 13, 14, 15	St. Louis
August 17, 18, 19	Chicago
August 20, 21, 22, 23	St. Louis
AT HOME	AWAY
August 24, 25	Philadelphia
August 26, 27, 28	Boston
August 29, 30	New York
August 31, Sept. 1, 2	Washington
September 3, 4, 5	Chicago
September 6, 7	St. Louis
September 8, 9, 10	Cleveland
AWAY	AT HOME
September 11, 12	Washington
September 14, 15, 16	Philadelphia
September 17, 18	New York
September 19, 20	Boston
September 21, 22, 23	St. Louis
September 24, 25, 26	Cleveland
September 28, 29, 30, Oct. 1	St. Louis
October 2, 3	Cleveland

Tremendous Trifles

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

DESERTER'S KNAPSACK.

IT WAS just a ragged deserter's knapsack . . . full of rations. A Union army, commanded by Gen. U. S. Grant, was on the way to attack Fort Donelson, Tenn. They were weary when the command came to a halt. The staff officers all agreed that their men needed a day's rest.

The general listened to their comments and then called his aide. "Bring me the deserter who came in early today," he ordered. "We will see what we can find out before we give any final orders."

"The deserter was brought in and Grant took away his knapsack, rummaging around in its contents while he questioned the owner. "Where are you from?" he asked. "Fort Donelson," replied the deserter. "Where do these rations come from?" snapped the general. "Yesterday morning—we all got the same," answered the worried soldier.

Grant looked triumphantly at his staff. "Gentlemen," he said, "this deserter's rations are not issued to men in a fort if they intend to stay there and fight! This means a retreat is planned. We will attack at once!"

They did, with the subsequent result that Fort Donelson, a key point in the Confederate line of defense in the West, fell into Union hands. —Western Newspaper Union.

Minnie the Mourner

By E. P. O'BRYAN

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I HAVE heard the fog horn out in the bay many rainy nights, and sometimes when it wakes me up I am dazed if I can tell whether it is really the fog horn or Minnie the Mourner. Minnie only makes noises like that after a very disastrous horse race, and so that is how I am sitting here now listening to him, kind of morosely myself. There was such a race today.

I am sitting up in Riley's pool hall when Minnie the Mourner comes himself into the chair alongside me. "I just dropped in to see what the hoop is," he says. "Got anything good today—any hot tips?"

I didn't have any. Then I remembered about Minnie and Riley, the pool-hall owner being on the case. "How come?" I says. "Aln' you and Riley still mad at each other?"

It seems they have patched up their differences. It all started about two weeks ago, and was part my fault. Some slicker had slipped me a phony twenty-dollar bill and I was doing a little moaning myself when I ran into Minnie.

"Looky!" I says. "See what somebody give me."

"It's queer all right," he says. "Say, listen, I'll give you a good one for it. And, he slips me a brand new twenty as crisp as a frosty morning."

Well, it turns out Minnie is going to pay Mr. Riley sixty bucks he owes and he has three twenties for that purpose. He fishes them out of his pocket, gives me one, then puts my phony in between the two good ones.

"We don't know nothing about this," he says. "I don't remember. When I got the money even. Anyway, I don't think he'll catch on."

But Mr. Riley did catch on. And he comes to Minnie with blood in his eye. But of course Minnie denies he ever saw the bill before, and even accuses Mr. Riley of trying to slip him a hot one, which makes Mr. Riley quite mad, and he tells Minnie to stay out of his place.

It is two o'clock and suddenly Minnie the Mourner grabs me by the coat lapel. "You know what?" he says. "Today is the day Pop Tavers' two-year old runs. Remember what he told us?"

"Sure," I says, "he's a sure thing. Pop said to bet our roll on him."

Out at the cigar stand Minnie bought a paper and looked up Pop's Singing Wind.

"Third race," he says. "We ain't got time to make a bet."

A minute later Minnie the Mourner was on the phone, dialing Pinky, the bootblack. I stood at the booth door and listened.

"Listen, Pinky, this is Minnie. . . Yeah, Minnie the Mourner. Say, how much dough you got? . . . Run across the street and put twenty on Singing Wind, third race—right on the nose. . . Oh, you ain't, eh? Couldn't you manage to rake it up somehow? I'm 'twout at a dump in the sticks 'n can't make it. Be a nice boy, now. Please, Pinky. Go borrow twenty some place for me, will you? I'll be in this evening and the you up O. K. Thanks, Minnie, old boy. Much obliged." He hung up and mopped his forehead.

About four o'clock Minnie the Mourner sent out for a paper. On the sports page there was an eight column line which read: Singing Wind Breaks Track Record in Third Race—Pays \$98.50.

"Wow!" whoops Minnie the Mourner. "Ninety-dollar! . . . Fifty cents and I had twenty on his nose! Oh, boy!" Then Minnie took out his pencil and when he got through figuring he shoved the paper under my nose.

"Look at that. Whoopie!" It read \$482.50.

After about an hour we drove down to Pinky's place.

"Well," says Minnie the Mourner. "Wow!" whoops Minnie the "gimme that ducah, kid. I'm going to cash in plenty."

Pinky give us a very sad look and at the same time shook his head mournfully. "They ain't any ticket," he says. "Didn't make no bet."

You could have heard Minnie grin, clean down to the docks. "You didn't make no bet? You don't mean to say you couldn't raise no dough?"

"Yeah, I got the dough all right. Just as soon as you phoned I ran over to Mr. Riley's pool hall and borrowed it."

"Then why didn't you get no ticket?"

"Because I only had two minutes to spare when I got there 'nd—"

"So what? Anybody could lay a bet in two minutes."

"Sure they could with good money."

"Whatcha mean—with good money?"

Pinky was fishing something out of his pocket. "Why, that twenty dollar bill—"

"That's what? They wouldn't take it?"

. . . And there it goes again. I'll swear if I didn't know Minnie was down there, I'd think it was a fog horn.

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6, 1934, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Oakland County, Michigan, July 18, 1934, in Liber 714 of Mortgage Cases and provided, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the mortgage having elected under its terms of said mortgage to dedicate the entire principal and accrued interest thereon due, which election has been instituted pursuant to which there is claimed to be due and unpaid the sum of eleven hundred and thirty-three dollars and seven cents (and no part of the proceeds at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.) NOW THEREFORE by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and pursuant to the Statutes of the State of Michigan in and to which reference is hereby made, Eastern Standard Time at the Saginaw State Finance Court to the Court House in the City of Pontiac, County of Oakland, Michigan, that being the date of holding of said Court in said County of Oakland, Michigan, at a public auction to the highest bidder of the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due as aforesaid, and any sum or sums which may be due by the underwriter at or before said sale for taxes and/or interest with interest thereon, and all other sums paid by the underwriter with interest thereon, pursuant to law and to the terms of said mortgage, and all legal costs, charges and expenses, including an attorney's fee, which premises are described as follows: That certain piece or parcel of land situated in the City of Pontiac, County of Oakland, Michigan, more particularly described as: West 15-2/3 feet of lot nine (9) and all of lot ten (10) of Bloomfield Hills Addition, Township of Bloomfield, Oakland County, Michigan, said addition being a subdivision of part of the north west quarter (34) of section 4 in Township 2 North, Range 10 East, according to the plat thereof recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Oakland County in Liber 6 of Plats, page 26. DATED: May 11, 1934. HOME OWNERS' LOAN CORPORATION Mortgagee Daniel Petermann Attorney for Mortgagee Business Address: 211 Washington Square Bldg. Royal Oak, Michigan. May 13-18-August 5.

Half-Hanged Woman

Early in the Eighteenth century a woman named Margaret Dickson was found guilty of child-murder, sentenced to death, and imprisoned in the Old Tolbooth, Edinburgh. She was officially hanged on September 2nd, 1724. Resuscitated after execution, says a writer in Pearson's London Weekly, she went by the name of "Half-hanged-Maggie" and sold in the streets of Edinburgh for years afterwards.

He Was Not Married

A man entered the waiting room of a hospital. His head was enveloped in bandages.

Doctor—Are you married?

Man—No, I've been run over.