

## Ambassador's U. S.-Shanghai Call Recalls His Early Use of Phone



Mr. News Photo

The opening of telephone service between the North American continent and China not long ago was an especially interesting experience for the Chinese Ambassador to the United States, His Excellency Sze. Sze, who took part in the ceremonies in Washington, just before departing from the United States shortly thereafter, Ambassador Sze recalled an experience with telephone service of 35 years ago and contrasted it with the radio telephone service which he had assisted in inaugurating.

"In 1902, on my way back to China, after graduation from Cornell University," said Mr. Sze, "I stopped in Chicago and visited the officials of the telephone company.

"In the course of my conversation with them, they offered to put

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A Good Time For All  
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**FALL OPENING**  
Sat., Sept. 11  
**JAY AND HIS**  
**NITE OWLS**

**NAPOLEON**  
**STOPPED WARS**  
**TO FIND**  
**ROUGE.**

—not for himself  
for Josephine.  
Always he sought  
the one perfect  
rouge—to give color like nature's own.  
For the Empress the great Napoleon  
would have chosen PRINCESS PA  
rouge. For its exclusive duodenal blue  
always gives glorious color that seem  
to come from within the skin—like  
natural blush. You will agree "Prin-  
cess" rouge is magical.

**TUNE IN—"A TALE OF TOWNS"**  
Sundays 9:30-10:30 P. M. Eastern T.  
For Sale by  
**Mac's 5c-\$1 Store**

Dr. Frank D. Adams of Oak Park, Illinois, will preach Wednesday evening, September 15 at 8 o'clock at the Universalist church. The public is cordially invited to attend.

## ADVERTISEMENTS Are Your Guides To Value

Experts can roughly estimate the value of a product by looking at it. More accurately, by handling and examining it. Its appearance, its texture, the "feel" and the balance of it, all mean something to their trained eyes and fingers.

But no one person can be an expert on steel, brass, wood, leather, foodstuffs, fabrics, and all of the materials that make up a list of the things we buy. And even experts are fooled, sometimes, by concealed flaws and imperfections.

There is a sure index of value than the senses of sight and touch. Knowledge of the maker's name and for what it stands. Here is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship, or use of shoddy materials.

This is one important reason why it pays to read advertisements and to buy advertised goods. The advertised product is worthy of your confidence.

**Merchandise must be good or it couldn't be consistently advertised.**  
**BUY ADVERTISED GOODS**

## FIREMAN'S GIRL By MEREDITH SCHOLL © Associated Newspapers. WNU Service.

"A MAN," said Cecilia Elledge, "who will go to a fire and leave his best girl sitting in her front room after he had spent hours getting ready to attend a dance with him, is not in love."

A look, combining irritation, impatience, indulgence and alarm came to dwell in Wade's eyes. "Don't be absurd, Celia! You know I love you. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you."

"You wouldn't stay home for a fire," Celia said.

"But, Celia, a man has his duty to perform. After all, I'm a volunteer and when an alarm sounds I'm supposed to attend. Suppose it were your house that was burning?"

"I wish it would sometime. Some time when you were here. It would be nice not having you run off when the alarm sounded."

"Celia, you're unreasonable!" She shook her head firmly.

"I'm not. There are dozens of other volunteers—too many of them all to ride on the truck. It isn't as if I asked you to stay home from every fire. I'm only asking that you try suppressing your childish desire when you have a date with me. I'm tired of being left to sit and twiddle my thumbs in a new party dress while you run off to squit a hose."

Wade bit his lips.

"And if I don't agree?" he asked.

Celia looked at him steadily. "I don't," she said, "the next time the fire siren blows when you are with me, you don't conquer the urge to go bounding off in that rattlerap car of yours, our engagement is off."

She tossed her head.

"Tony Harris has been asking me to go places with him, and Tony is not a fireman."

"I see," said Wade darkly.

"And that," said Celia, "is the proposition. The next time the fire siren blows when you are in my company will be the test of your love."

It was just a week later when the fire siren screamed at a most inopportune moment.

It always screamed at inopportune moments, as far as Celia was concerned.

They were seated—Celia and Wade—on the hammock on Celia's front porch.

It was a beautiful summer's night. The air was balmy and heavy with the scent of growing things. A full moon shined over the wide expanse of lawn in front of them.

A gentle breeze rustled the vines that covered the veranda's lattice. It was a night for romance; a night for dreaming; a night for love.

They had been there for a hour or more, blissfully content to be alone and in love, happy in the thought that each belonged to the other and that nothing else in the world mattered.

Suddenly the still night air was pierced by the raucous note of the siren.

It came to them distinctly, loudly, a harsh, screeching sound that sent the goose pimples racing up Wade's back and arranged in various patterns on Celia's spine.

He sat bolt upright.

The hand that held Celia's suddenly grew rigid.

She saw by the faint light of the moon that the old-time gleam was alight in his eyes.

She remained silent; her breathing quickened, watching, waiting. Wade sat there for fully a moment, his eyes fixed on the siren, his own breathing labored. And then, as if some vague memory had penetrated his brain, his body relaxed. Slowly, reluctantly he sat back in his chair, his eyes escaped his lips. He closed his eyes, as if trying to shut out all sight and sound. The hand in Celia's grew limp.

Celia waited until the last faint whine of the siren had died. Then she leaned forward in the darkness. Her arm encircled his shoulder. She drew him toward her and kissed his lips.

"Wade! Wade!" He held her close.

Minutes later they drew apart. A pin point of light had begun to gleam on the horizon.

It grew larger, brighter, lighting the whole eastern sky.

Watching it they were suddenly aware that Celia's eyes were wide and staring, that the blood had left her cheeks.

"She turned to him, startled.

"Wade! It looks like the hotel!" Wade nodded.

"It does, doesn't it?"

"Wade, there are hundreds of people in there. They—they might be burned to death!"

"They're probably all out by now," Wade said.

She turned back to stare through the lattice.

The eastern sky was even brighter.

The fire seemed to have gained headway.

"Wade! Celia's voice was low, frightened. "Wade, I've a confession to make. I—I paid Tommy Rogers a dollar to turn in that alarm tonight!"

"You what?"

"I paid Tommy Rogers a dol-

lar. You see, I wanted to know whether—how much you loved me. I—I couldn't wait."

Her voice broke.

"Wade, I was afraid. Afraid that if there weren't another fire—for a long time—you might forget my prop—proposition, and—oh, Wade!"

"Darling!" He held her close. "You sweet kid. Of course I love you. And tonight will prove it. Why, this is the biggest fire we've had in years!"

"Wade, I want you to go!"

"You want me to—?"

She nodded wildly.

"Wade, you must! Think of those people. You must go, Wade. They'll need every man they can get!"

Wade stood up.

"Celia, you're wonderful!" He kissed her, drew away, jammed on his hat and galloped madly down the walk. A moment later the tall light of his rattlerap car had disappeared in the distance.

Celia sighed heavily and sat down, conscious of a pleasant, warm glow of happiness.

Wade parked his car on the outskirts of the village and walked in. The streets were jammed, but most everyone seemed in a jovial mood.

He learned by questioning that it wasn't the hotel after all.

The lively stable directly behind it had caught.

Most everyone was glad.

The thing had been an eyesore to the town long enough. The firemen had decided to let it burn. A good job done, everyone agreed.

Wade wandered around for an hour or more.

Presently he came upon the object of his search. Tommy Rogers was with a group of other boys was perched on a picket fence, enjoying the blaze.

"Tommy, come over here," Tommy jumped down and followed Wade into the shadows. Wade reached into his pocket and produced two crisp dollar bills, which he presented to Tommy.

"One buck," he said soberly, "for setting fire to the old lively stable. And another for keeping your mouth shut to Miss Elledge."

Tommy accepted the money and grinned knowingly.

"O. K.," he said. "Any time you want another fire set let me know, Mr. Parker."

"One," said Wade, "is enough."

## Importation of Tea Led to New Art in England

Tea, like many other things now taken for granted by the Western World, came out of the Orient. The Chinese were doubtless making a ritual of tea drinking centuries before ever the first Saxon set foot on British soil. The beverage that has since become so popular with that nation was first presented to the English people through an advertisement that appeared in a London newspaper in 1658, writes B. Wylder in American Collector.

Two years later Samuel Pepys wrote in his Diary, "I did stand for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never had drank before."

In 1664 the East India Tea company presented a pound of this new luxury to Charles II. It found instant favor with the court and those who could afford to indulge themselves consumed as many as twenty to twenty-five cups daily. At this time over 40 shillings were needed to buy a pound of this fine Chinese importation.

As the demand increased, more was imported and the price was lessened until in 1710 tea could be enjoyed by all classes.

As it increased in favor, dishes for serving it were naturally in demand. The earliest known teapot was fashioned in 1670 and is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. This pot bears the arms of the East India Company and the inscription: "This Silver Tea-Pot was presented to ye Comtee of ye East India Company by ye Honorable George Lord Berkeley Castle. A member of that Honourable and Worthy Society and a True Heroic Lover of Their 1670." In shape and size it is very similar to the pots designed for coffee, a beverage that antedated tea in England by a decade.

During the reign of Queen Anne many fine teapots were made to order for the nobility. They were small, however, as tea was still expensive. Not until the reign of George II, 1727-1760, were they made in larger size or in profusion. The earliest teapots were severely simple in style. Then, as demand increased, silversmiths began to give free rein to their artistic abilities. Fine chasing appeared. There were frequent changes in shape and decoration to please the taste and

the fashion of the day. The teapot of the 18th century was a masterpiece of the silversmith's art. It was a work of art in itself, and it was a pleasure to use it. The teapot of the 19th century was a masterpiece of the silversmith's art. It was a work of art in itself, and it was a pleasure to use it. The teapot of the 20th century was a masterpiece of the silversmith's art. It was a work of art in itself, and it was a pleasure to use it.

**Framing the Constitution**  
On May 14, 1787, the convention which framed the United States Constitution was called to meet at Philadelphia. Due largely to the necessity of travel, however, a quorum did not arrive until May 25. Sessions were continued until September 17, when the Constitution was adopted. Among the many factors which made for divergent points of view among the delegates was one on which James Bryce, distinguished English commentator on the American form of government, writes as follows: "Their geographical position made communication very difficult. The sea was stormy in winter, the roads were bad in summer, and the distance from Charleston to Boston as to cross the ocean to Europe, nor was the journey less dangerous."

# 5 STAR Hits

## in SEPTEMBER

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### DUST MOPS

Regular 79c Value  
**49¢**

Spreads Reversible Mop that straddles table and chair legs! Extra large and fluffy, about 17 inches. Nickel-plated handle socket easy to shake out dirt. Lacquered handle 48 inches. Last year's choice of Orange or Green colored yarn.

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### Old English NO-RUBBING WAX

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Improved No-Rubbing Floor Wax makes the floor shine without need to rub it to a shine. It is applied by brushing or polishing at the same time. No rubbing or polishing at all. It does not smudge or leave a sticky mess. It is the best floor wax. Also excellent for linoleum.

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### NIGHT LATCHES

5-pin tumbler construction—the same as security. Here is a lock \$1.25 that will serve you night and day. Value 10¢. Fits for doors 1/2 to 2 1/2 inches thick. Furnished with rim and reverse bevel strikes, also three keys. Complete with screws and instructions for installing.

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### TOILET TISSUE

12 Rolls  
**50¢**

Soft, absorbent finish. White—sublime, 500 sheets per roll. Paper-wrapped to guard its cleanliness. The extremely low price of this tissue has made it a popular favorite with all quality buyers. It is an outstanding value. Order 12 rolls from your Hardware Store today.

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### BIT BRACES

**97¢**

Heavy polished steel frame, 10-inch sweep. You'll find it handy for home, work shop or farm. Hardened steel chuck with alligator jaws for small or medium-size drills. Hardwood head and handle. Compares with \$1.50 brace.

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BAPTIST CHURCH  
TO SPONSOR DRAMA

A drama entitled, "The Aftermath," is to be given Wednesday, September 15, at 8:00 p. m. at the Baptist Church, to which the public is cordially invited.

The author, Judge M. C. Summers, and his wife enact the two characters in the play, which opens quietly in a business office and proceeds to more exciting circumstances as the play progresses. Press notices, notably that of the Detroit Free Press, characterize the play as a "colorful, gripping drama, one which once witnessed will never be forgotten."

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—Longfellow.

Mich. Fruit Growers  
Picking Bumper Crop

Picking of the greater part of a three million bushel peach crop already has been started by fruit growers in Southwestern Michigan, one of the nation's major peach sections. When the largest crop in many years is in prospect, this year's bumper crop in practically all states is viewed with favor by most Farmington households, many of whom are faced with the necessity of obtaining good food for winter at low cost.

Uncle Sam's peach orchards are yielding more than 59 million bushels this year. Last year when there were only 48 million bushels many home canners gave up thoughts of extensive peach canning because of the expense.

This year things will be different. There will be dainty, colorful canned peaches, peach butter, peach preserves and peach honey on the shelves of many homes that saw few full ears in 1936.

Peach production in Michigan is confined largely to the extreme southwest corner. Berrien county, where is located the city-owned and city-operated Benton Harbor fruit market, is the fourth largest peach county in the country, and the largest peach county east of California, according to the federal census.

It is estimated that within the next few weeks the Benton Harbor market will see the sale of approximately 2,000 carloads of peaches. Buyers will be there from 26 states, and peaches will be trucked to distances up to 300 miles.