

LOCALS

Dr. Norton and family are visiting in the East.

Rev. and Mrs. Carl Schultz are vacationing in Indiana.

William Kent resumed his position at Burnett's Service Station.

Miss June Koss returned Saturday from a 10 day vacation at Torch Lake and Elk Rapids.

Dick Barrons received a painful leg injury while roller skating last week.

Mrs. Day Dickerson of Lake Chemung was a Wednesday caller of Mrs. Frank Bradley.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nelson and son, Gordon, were spectators at the wrestling match in Detroit Monday night.

Mrs. Ernest Sprague of Cleveland and her son, Robert, and wife, of New Jersey, are spending the fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wilber.

The Misses Arlene Fink and Eileen Lapham, and Louis Higgins, and William Fraser, the latter of Detroit, will return Sunday from a vacation to northern Michigan and Emmetsburg, Iowa. The group left Saturday morning.

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Blarney Stone Attracts Visitors From All Lands

When the pleasant fiction of the Blarney stone began is not historically dated, though the expression "blarney" is said to date to the Elizabethan days, according to a writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It is supposed to define a peculiar form of wheedling eloquence, originally ascribed to the stone which is in the communications with the English queen. His failure to fulfill his promise to surrender the castle and his knack of explaining plausible excuses with the tongue's tip left the queen indignant but never satisfied.

The stone which is divided into three was the work of a lunatic who cast the loose stone from the top of the castle. The stone was placed in the present position is not clear, but the drop of the stone and its replacement involves an acrobatic feat for kissing. It is necessary to lie flat on the battlement, extending the body backwards and downwards into the hollow in the wall, and then kissing the stone, which is above the face.

All Blarney, no less than its castle, goes back a long time. In the Second century, it was the seat of Eoin Mor, who shared the kingship of Ireland with Conn of the Hundred Battles. He was the ancestor of the McCarty's. The original castle was built in 1445 by Cormac McCarthy, "the Strong." It was one of the Jeffreys who was responsible for the establishment of the town of Blarney in its modern aspect. The establishment dates back to the middle of the Eighteenth century, when a grandiose scheme of town planning and building caught the imagination of the owners of Blarney. In the plan the village was to be strangely embellished by quadrangles and triangular lawns. In order to fulfill the ambitious scheme, an effort was made to change the course of the Avonmarty river by means of a cut and fine stone bridges. The project was undertaken but abandoned because of its elaborateness of purpose.

Some Weigh and Measure in a Haphazard Manner

All our measurements are governed by the most accurate standards imaginable, but because this is so it must not be thought that a great many people do not measure and weigh and reckon time in a most haphazard manner, declares a writer in London Tit-Bits Magazine.

Our mile is 1,760 yards, but the Burmese reckons his mile as equal to the distance he can walk in the middle of the day, when it is hottest, without stopping for a rest.

In Egypt the Great Pyramid throws a shadow at sundown which is said to reach for miles, and this is used to be a sign for the rice workers to knock off.

Some people in the Rhineland do not boil eggs by means of automatic timers; they prefer the old way of repeating the Lord's Prayer slowly, when they know the eggs are done.

Even the canal men in Holland do not always look at maps to see the number of miles they have to cross. They know by the number of pipes they have smoked on the journey.

Names for United States Capital

Several experiments were made in naming the capital of the United States until the present one became fixed. From the beginning until 1871 the following names were used: "The Federal City," "City of Washington, District of Columbia," "City of Washington, Territory of Columbia," "City of Washington," with reference to the district, "Washington, D. C.," and simply "Washington." In 1871 the municipal charters of Washington and Georgetown were revoked by congress and there ceased to be any difference between Washington and the District of Columbia so far as government and laws are concerned. In 1871 President Harding's Thanksgiving proclamation was "done in the capital of the United States." The designation raised the question as to what the official name of the national capital should be. Accordingly an executive order was issued designating "The City of Washington" as the official name of the capital of the United States.

Bishop's Rock

The first land sighted by people who journey to England or France is Bishop's rock, a small member of the archipelago known as the Scilly islands, 25 miles beyond England's Land's End. The legendary title of the "Land of the Romans" indicates the Scillies' connection with the romances of King Arthur and the tragedy of Tristan and Isolde. The Gulf Stream winds in among these islands, and although they are as far north as the "cold" tip of Newfoundland, the winter thermometer rarely goes below 40. The climate is always temperate.

Wear Animal Badges

The King's Own Royal Lancaster regiment wears the Lion of England for a badge; the Royal Warwickshire wears an antelope; the King's Liverpool, West Yorkshire and Royal West Kent, a horse; the Buffs, the South Devon, Royal Berkshire, North Staffs and York and Lancasters, a dragon. Other regiments use the Ugr, elephant, eagle, stag and cat for badges.

Hidden

By WILLIAM P. LEONARD
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WNY Service.

THE amiable pedestrian idly strolling along, halted at the curbing near to a young boy, who was diligently poking with a stick in the gutter, where a muddy puddle formed a small, dark pool. As the boy looked up the man mechanically and quickly stepped backward, an indulgent smile lighting his face.

"Oh, no, Mister, I won't splash you!"

"Lost something, lad?" Reassured and greatly surprised at the boy's clear diction, the man stepped nearer.

"No, sir, hunting something. My Dad says, 'Don't go along with your nose stuck up in the air gazing at the sky; you might stub your toe and fall into a mud puddle!'"

"But, Dad says, 'go along looking at the exact center of the pool began to enlarge and waver outwardly for a mud puddle, then you'll see the sky reflected and maybe find a quarter in it.' Didn't find any in this one, though," he ended on a note of disappointment. But again he sighted, aimed, and hit the mark.

The man's hand slipped to his pocket and brought forth a half dollar. "Well, that was tough luck; but your work has done enough for it, so here is a bit to make up," proffering the coin.

"Thank you, sir, but can't take it. Dad says 'The return from honest toil is an honor, but money received

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

In charity, beggars one. I didn't work for you, Mister, so I didn't earn it."

"Well! Well!" ejaculated a much surprised pedestrian. "So your Dad says all that! I would like to meet your Dad, young man. It would be an honor."

"Dad and I are all the family—now." The boy paused and a skinny hand tugged at the pedestrian's coat. "You mustn't mind Dad not shaking hands. He is funny, uses his hands to pick up anything, and then sometimes can't do it."

As they passed through a rickety door on the fifth floor, they stepped at once into a living-room, which was evidently also used for whatever else might be required. A man sat on the edge of a cot, elbows on knees, hands dangling downward, silver-templed head bent: a sad picture of complete dejection, but which was at once brightened as he came abruptly to his feet, a strangely winning smile of pleasure irradiating his face at the entrance of his son. As his glance traveled beyond, his look changed to one of utter surprise, incredulity, and then to sheer joy.

The two men stood regarding each other in amazement. Then the pedestrian, unheeding the boy's warning, sprang forward with both hands extended. Swift pain contracting his features, the other held up his arms from which the two hands helplessly dangled.

They held each other off, greedily gazing; they thumped each other on the backs, the crippled one with such whacks as he could administer with his arms. Then later, in reply:

"Come on suddenly in the night, after I lost his mother, Alma—you remember Alma?—Bet you did! Good old sport; many's the quarrel we had that sent you year over the nights I spent out. Happy, though, with life brimming over the cup! Well, we married, and for six years it was heaven. Yes, I have the boy. But this—" he made a gesture with his helpless hands—"been to all the clinics in three cities. A specialist was interested and gave me a lot of attention. Nothing could be done, he said."

The boy opened a lip-sided door and stepped outside onto a tiny balcony, which served for the purpose of drying clothes and storing food—when there was any to store. The two old college chums were left alone.

A splintering of wood, a shriek of terror. The father reached the door first, which he kicked open. A broken rail—a jagged upright post which was thrust through the front of the boys' overalls—there he hung, backward over space—the straps of the overalls being the only hold between the child and destruction.

A thought leaped to the father's mind. "Thank God Mrs. Leery sewed those buttons on only last night!" But quicker than thought he had grabbed both of the boy's ankles, one in each hand drawing him to safety.

Back into the room, patting and stroking him, soothing him with loving words, the father reached to his pocket for his handkerchief.

As he raised it to wipe the boy's tears his gaze fastened first on one hand and then on the other with a look of utter bewilderment, then he raised his eyes to the pedestrian's—and dried his son's tears and then his own.

Songs That Reach Heart

Must Picture the Scene

The bitter a song enables those hearing it to visualize a scene, the better the song, obviously. Such songs never die. There are songs that have helped untold thousands to visualize a scene or emotion, writes Rev. G. White in the Detroit News.

"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" was written by an American, Ernest Ball, some 25 years ago, and is regarded by most Americans as breathing of the very spirit of old Erin. "Love's Old Sweet Song" was written in late-Victorian days by James L. Mollay, an Englishman.

Popular songs of the "Down by the Old Mill Stream" type may be come folk songs, for the melodies are simple and sweet and the characters the ever-popular "boy-and-girl" combination. It was written by Tell Taylor in 1910. Another of this type is "Wait Till the Cows Come Home," written by Anne Caldwell in 1917.

"Come Through the Rye" was written by a forgotten composer in the Seventeenth century. Robert Burns set down the words we all know. The song refers to the Rye River, rather than a field of rye. Young gallants waited by the stream, which had no bridge, and offered to carry the neighborhood ladies across. In mid-stream they would demand a kiss for a fee, threatening to drop the passenger in the water unless it were paid.

The "Spring Song" is perhaps the best known of the great Mendelssohn's shorter numbers. Several lyrics have been written to the music. "Listen to the Mocking Bird" was written shortly before the Civil war. "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet" dates to the early Twentieth century.

Chop Suey Was Known to Chinese Long, Long Ago

Various authorities have stated that chop suey is not a native Chinese dish, but is known in China chiefly among tourists and foreigners, though of course most of the ingredients were well known to the Chinese in China before this became a popular American dish. The usual story, notes a writer in the Detroit News, is that it was hastily invented by a chef in Chinatown, New York city, in 1855, during the visit of Li Hung Chang, the chief calling it a chop suey or mixture of his own creation.

It appears, however, to be much older than this and to be connected with the influx of Chinese labor in the early days of California gold-mining and western railroad construction. A recent history of the Canadian Pacific Railway, "Steel of Empire," by J. M. Gibbon, says:

"Gold in California brought another link with China in the form of a tide of Chinamen who paid fifty dollars a head to cross the Pacific to do odd jobs, ply their trades and wash gold as well as mine. Some of them opened restaurants, with Chinese food for their compatriots, and one of these incidentally introduced what has since become a national American dish, namely Chop Suey. This is said to have been served sarcastically by a Chinese restaurant man to a gold digger in the bowl which is kept with scraps of food for beggars. It was a novelty and caught the fancy of the miners who spread the gospel of this new dish throughout the United States."

An Ancient Paris Restaurant

Boulanger's restaurant, which opened in Paris in 1785, was the first dining establishment to offer a choice of foods and liquors. Previously, says Collier's Weekly, the only public eating places were coffee houses and taverns, serving "regular" meals at a common table at a fixed time and price. Parisians so enjoyed eating when and what they liked that, by 1810, the city had more than 125 restaurants, one of which served 197 meat dishes.

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Benares, India, is the center of the real Hindu life and religion. Swarms of pilgrims travel miles to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges—to drink and have their faces—thus, in their belief, washing away their sins and assuring the salvation of their souls. They stand by the hundreds waist deep in the murky water; lips moving in prayer, oblivious in their religious fervor to curious onlookers. The terraced slopes leading to the river are crowded with priests, sacred cattle and many of India's three million holy men.

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LOCALS

Letters to the Editor are always welcomed by this newspaper.

Miss Zaida Steele left Wednesday to spend a week with her sister, Mrs. Orson Everett, at Lake Orion.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gaston have sold their home in the city and will make their future home at Orchard Lane with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Sprague.

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Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steele and Mrs. Flora Brannack were dinner guests at the Wilber cottage last Wednesday.

Deputy Sheriff and Mrs. Joseph DeVriendt, and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Goers, plan to leave Friday in a trailer to attend the four day American Legion State convention, which begins Saturday at Battle Creek.

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