

COUNTIES RISE TO DEFENSE OF BEAR POPULATION

Black bears whose raids on bee-hives, orchards and sheepherders' flocks have exhausted the patience of Michigan legislators are finding defenders in a majority of counties where they are numerous.

The conservation commission will extend protection to bears in 32 Michigan counties. The legislature in its recent session, voting bills for bear damage totaling more than five thousand dollars, approved payment but voted to re-

move the animals from the protected list. The legislators qualified their action, however, in authorizing the commission to re-sure protection to bears in any county.

Bears of Keweenaw county, a recognized tourist attraction, were given such protection several weeks ago. And other county boards of supervisors have hurried to request similar action. The commission at its July meeting decided to extend protection if requested to do so by county boards in counties in which such protection is extended. It will be unlawful to hunt bears except during the open season on deer, November 15-30 inclusive.

Facts About the Telephone

The desk type of telephone is 53 years old. It was first used in 1886.

The scientific observatory on the Jungfraujoch has the highest telephone in Europe.

There are more than 42,000 telephone employees in the metropolis of New York City, of whom 21,000 are women. Of these, nearly 11,000 are operators.

An underground telephone cable is being laid between Paris and Bordeaux in France. The cable will be capable of transmitting simultaneously toll calls, radio broadcasts, and television.

Before the handset telephone was introduced in the Bell Telephone System, the Bell Laboratories measured the faces of 4,000 persons in order to determine the correct distance between the mouthpiece and the receiver of the instrument.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By ALICE RICE
(Released by McClure Syndicate.)
WNO Service.

Ted's screen door slammed as Dan O'Connell walked heavily out on the front porch. He looked with disfavor on his daughter Mary, crisp and dainty in a dress of black, sitting idly in the hammock.

"I suppose you're waiting for that good-for-nothing young man of yours?"

"If you mean Ted Bramton—yes, I am."

Mary turned fearless young eyes on her father.

"Why do you have to be so suspicious and unfair about Ted?"

"You'll come to no good going about with boys that are above you."

Dan's voice was stubborn.

"You'd just as soon have me going out with Peter Farley, wouldn't you? I suppose he isn't above me."

"Well," Dan answered warily, "yes. He's one of our own kind."

"He is not. And if I were a man your age, I'd a heap rather have my daughter, if I loved her, with a man like Ted than a man like Peter. I know. I've been out with them both. Peter is—horrid."

Dan sat down in a stiff chair close to his daughter.

"Now don't get me wrong, Mary," he said, with an effort at explanation. "He may be all right, in a way. But what does he mean playing around with a poor girl like you? Taking you out every night in that ritz car of his, to these millionaire night clubs?"

Dan's eyes were dark, puzzled, brooding.

"He's not awfully rich, Dad. He's got some money—but he's got a job, too, and he works harder than most of the boys I know. He's ambitious, too, and wants to be a great lawyer. Anyway, we don't always go to expensive night clubs. Sometimes we just ride, and talk, or park the car on the beach and sit and look at the water."

"Yeah," answered Dan sourly. "And look at the moon! Did he ever ask you to marry him?"

Mary hesitated a moment.

"No," she said, slowly. "Not exactly. But—"

"Exactly. But," Dan smoked a moment thoughtfully, watching the smoke from his pipe rise slowly on the still, hot air. "But—but probably he's got a wife somewhere and can't. He doesn't think it matters—doesn't think you matter. I've seen these things happen before, Mary. Dan scraped his chair back against the railing, got up and started away.

"Think it over, Mary. I don't mean to be cross. Tell your Aunt Maggie I've gone down to the pool room."

Mary watched her father's upright figure as he walked slowly down the street. Too bad. He wouldn't understand.

Mary knew there were rich young men ready to take advantage of poor young girls. But Ted wasn't that kind.

They had met conventionally enough, really.

Her employer—she was a stenographer for a lawyer—had offhandedly introduced them one day at the office.

"Oh, Miss O'Connell," he had said, "this is Mr. Bramton, of Howell and Carvell's. He's got some information I want. Please take it down, and let me have three copies by 10 tomorrow morning."

That was the beginning.

Mary knew Ted loved her—as she loved him.

Just why he hadn't asked her to marry him, she didn't know. He would. She was sure.

And thinking of Ted, rocking lazily back and forth in the hammock, she forgot her father's worries in sheer happiness.

Suddenly the big gray car drew up at the curb. Ted sprang out, but before he could come up the steps Mary was by his side.

"All ready?" he said, smiling into her eyes. "Good girl." He held her hand a moment as he seated her.

"Where'll we go?"

"It's hot—let's go to the beach."

"I know a swell place there I've never taken you. We'll go there and dance a while, shall we?"

It was a lovely spot where they found themselves an hour later.

Music of compelling rhythm, lights from a thousand tiny, rainbow-colored lanterns, a floor like glass laid under and around old pine trees that caught whatever breeze there was in a sighing wave like an echo of the boom and the roll of the breakers not far away.

Ted and Mary danced and danced. They never tired.

And as she swayed back and forth to the soft lights, his arms guiding her, Mary knew that everything was right.

At one of the tables that fringed the dancing floor, deeper in the shadow of the pines, Mary had noticed a strikingly beautiful young woman—dressed all in black, dressed in a way that made Mary's prettiness and crisp white freshness seem childish, ineffective. Her eyes were deep and sad as they followed Mary.

"Mary," said Ted, a little breathlessly, as they took their places at a table near that of the beautiful woman—they sat so that they faced Mary, but Ted's back was to her—"I've got to tell you something. I shouldn't. But I must—Mary—you know I love you. How much do you love me?"

And Mary was just ready to tell Ted how much she loved him, when the beautiful woman in black came toward her.

Ted, sensing Mary's confusion, turned, then jumped to his feet.

"Katharine!" he cried. "What right have you to follow me—to spoil my life?"

He put his arm protectively about Mary's shoulder.

But Mary drew away from him. The woman's eyes, brooding, sad, hurt, reminded Mary of her father's. "Who is she, Ted?" Mary heard her own strained voice asking the question.

The woman answered.

"I am Ted's wife," she said. Then she took each of them by the hand.

"Come," she went on, softly, slowly. "We mustn't make a scene. Ted, we will take Mary home."

The three got in the car—Mary and Ted on the front seat as usual, the brooding woman on the back.

And in innumerable hours they reached Mary's house.

It was still dusk as Ted helped Mary from the car.

He held her hand a moment, whispering good-by as he watched her stumble up the steps, then hurried into the car.

A second later Mary watched its long gray bulk melt away into the gathering twilight.

She sank into the hammock and rocked slowly back and forth as if she had never left it.

Ted was gone.

He would never come back.

But she didn't blame Ted. Ted loved her. He had told her so. He had wanted her.

The sad, brooding eyes of the woman in black had separated them.

Mary jumped from the hammock. With a shriek of brakes the big gray car drew up at the curb, and Ted sprang from the front seat.

Mary gasped as she saw a woman sitting in the dusky back seat.

"Good for you, Mary," shouted Ted, as he bounded up the steps to her side. "Didn't get tired waiting, did you? Sorry I'm late. But my—"

"Ted," Mary whispered. "I can't come with you. Your wife—"

"My wife?"

"There—in the back seat."

"Hey—Mary—wake up. You've been asleep and dreaming. I haven't any wife, you silly girl. But Mary, I'm going to have, soon, aren't I? Mary—here's my sister. Just got here tonight. Mary—I told her all about you and she wanted to see you right away. Mary, it's all right with me, isn't it? I mean, you—"

"Yes, Ted," Mary patted his hand affectionately. "I do."

Hair Pulling Gave Name To Corners in Michigan

After 75 years during which Henpeck Corners, in northern Genesee county, refused to live up to its brilliant name, the trouble was nearly renewed recently by a simple question. "How did the Corners get the name in the first place?" writes a Henpeck Corners, Mich., correspondent in the Detroit Free Press.

The woman in the grocery on the north side of the road had one version of the story and the woman in the grocery on the south side of the road had an entirely different version. Other good women of Henpeck took up the argument and it appeared that civil strife was imminent until a neutral authority settled the matter once and for all.

An aged man, the oldest settler here, knew the answers, complete with names, dates and places. Since he is a bachelor who "never has anything to do with women," his explanation was accepted as completely neutral.

"It was all of 75 years ago," he said, "when two women got to picking each other over their back fences about some trifle." He indicated the location of the back fence, where a few rotted posts still stood.

"About the time they started pulling each other's hair—well, I don't know how that hair-pulling match ever came out, but these corners that hadn't been called nothing but East Bedford up to that time haven't been called anything but Henpeck Corners since."

The old-timer recalled that when his father brought him to Henpeck 58 years ago the Corners was a thriving little community inhabited by a group of lumbermen cutting the timber land after the first sweep through Michigan's virgin pine forests.

Today the lumber mills are gone and Henpeck Corners is a farming community of a half dozen houses, a church and two stores. Its chief claim to fame the most unusual name in Genesee county.

Nature Controls Swing Of Bridge in California

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—A bridge on hinges that swings up and down with the whims of Mother Nature is the pride of the California state highway department, following completion of a three-span bridge on the scenic new San Joaquin highway, skirting the coast line 40 miles south of Carmel, Calif.

Great engineering problems were confronted when the bridge was being planned. Heavy gale winds spray laden winds, torrential rains and constantly settling abutment foundations were encountered.

Two main spans in the mile connect with the two 34-foot swing abutments.

FLORIDA GROUP MEETS BY PHONE, SAVES LONG TRIP

One of the accomplishments of the Florida Colony Control has been the adoption of a plan of holding its sessions by long distance telephone. Formerly the frequent meetings required the eighteen members to drive to a central point, but now the miles have been bridged by telephone. Not only is time saved, but the only expense is a call at the customary rate and the monthly rental of the long distance equipment. These calls have linked Sarasota and Sanford together in business conferences, and through the use of the long distance the results have been as satisfactory as if the men were in conference together instead of being 100 miles apart.

COLLEGE TEAMS WIN HONORS

Two dairy judging teams of Michigan State College students recently won high honors in inter-collegiate competition at the Eastern States Dairy exposition at Springfield, Mass. Among 11 teams the Michigan State College dairy products student judges were first in total points. Coach Ira Gould took Gardner Cranston of Belmont, Martin Butth of Comstock Park,

and James B. Kelly of Coopersville, with Edmund Frost of Detroit, as alternate. Second place honors among 13 college teams were awarded members of a Michigan State College team in dairy cattle judging. Second in total team scores to Maryland University was the work of Kenneth Dunn of

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Oscar (left), here pictured with his owner, Benjamin Sterling, a commission merchant of Seattle, Wash., is reported to have served for ten years as watchman in the latter's office. Among his other accomplishments, he has answered the telephone in the office he guards and slaps his wings until someone comes to answer it.



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