

## MICHIGAN FACES SOIL PROBLEM IN LAKE REGIONS

Public ownership of land in Michigan tracks this state midway between Wisconsin and Minnesota, the other states with which Michigan shares the common problem of the northern lake states outflow region.

The problem is to make a light soil unsuitable to agriculture economically productive through cultivation of forests not only for sawlog production but also for improvement of hunting and fishing in the region, and for tourist appeal.

Publicly owned land in Michigan totals 6,732,000 acres according to figures of the Lake States forest experiment station of St. Paul, Minnesota, revised by addition of the 2,000,000 acres added November 3. This area is 15 per cent of Michigan's total area of 36,100,000 acres.

and 35 per cent of the state's 19,773,000 acres of forest land. With approximately the same total area, 35,127,000 acres, Wisconsin has less forest, 16,946,000 acres, and less public ownership, totaling 5,048,000 acres. Wisconsin's public domain is 14 per cent of its total area and 30 per cent of its forest area.

Minnesota is the largest of the three states with 51,076,000 acres, has the most forest country, 19,615,000 acres, and the most publicly owned land, 11,077,000 acres. The proportion of public ownership in Minnesota is highest also, being 22 per cent of the state's total area, and 56 per cent of its forest area.

Federal ownership in the three states amounts to 2,519,000 acres in Michigan, 1,663,000 acres in Wisconsin, and 2,853,000 acres in Minnesota.

Management of tax-delinquent (unpaid) lands varies from state to state. In Michigan lands are ad-

ministered largely for forests and other conservation uses, by the department of conservation. In Wisconsin such lands revert to the counties which are paid by the state on an acreage basis to maintain forests. In Minnesota, while the land reverts to the state, the state's administration of it is influenced greatly by recommendations of local boards of supervisors.

## A Tribute To Mrs. Ada Richardson

For she built many bridges, strong, sturdy and lasting bridges of love and fine character.

A wonderful mother, a true friend, kind, loving and considerate. Nothing ever changed her kindly manner. Her home, family and friends were her greatest joy. She worked untiringly for many years in the Ladies Aid, always willing to assume more than her share of work.

She possessed the highest degree of loyalty, never speaking an unkind word of any one. She was a friend to all.

It seemed such a little way to me across to that strange country—beyond.

And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be the home of those of whom we are so fond.

They make it seem familiar and most dear.

As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

Her Friends.

## "SEEING EYE" DOG LEADS BLIND OWNER ON ERRANDS

When Miss Ethel Stevens, of New Haven, Conn., who is blind wishes to pay her telephone bill, she just says to her "seeing eye" dog, "See eye dog." "Come on, Isa, let's go and pay the telephone bill." Whereupon, month after month, Isa has led her mistress through the busy streets of New Haven to the telephone building on Court Street and then around to the rear door, because Isa does not like revolving doors, and these past few days and tables to the cashier's counter.

But recently the telephone business office was moved to a new building. The office manager then called Miss Stevens and offered to meet her at the door the next time she came. Isa remembered Mr. Loring and shook hands with him, and he led her into the lobby.

Isa took pains to inspect the place, and after she was convinced that all was well, she and her mistress were telephoned to the cashier's counter. There, Miss Stevens took out her telephone bill and some money and held them down for Isa to observe. "You see, Isa," she said, "this is where we pay the telephone bill now."

When Miss Stevens left the new telephone building, she was asked if she wouldn't prefer to telephone back to the cashier's counter. "Oh, no," she said, "that won't be necessary. I'll just tell Isa we're going to the telephone company and she'll bring me right to the same spot at the counter."

For five years, day and night, Isa has led her mistress on errands, and not only does she accompany her to pay the telephone bill, but other places are equally familiar.

## Rainbow's Basis for Many Legends

The Indians of the Southwest are said to hold the rainbow in abhorrence because it is supposed to be a sign of evil. In fact, the legends ascribe other misdeeds to the rainbow. It is said to blight the crops it touches and to bring misfortune to the inmates of a house over which it is seen. Another legend is that if one points at a rainbow, his finger will be cut off or he will be struck by lightning. In France and elsewhere there are legends and charms for driving away rainbows. Various things besides the proverbial pot of gold are said to be found at the foot of the rainbow.

The Irish say gold was once buried there; the Greeks, a gold key; the Norwegians, a jug and a spoon. "Rainbow gold" is not without a basis in fact. In Germany the washing of the soil by a rainbow some times has brought to light curious gold and silver coins of pre-Roman origin, known as "Regenbogen-schillingen" or "rainbow shillings."

Which popular tradition has identified with the buried rainbow treasure. There are two distinct explanations of the old proverb "a rainbow has the money in its tail." The shepherd's warning; a rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight. "A rainbow can only occur when the clouds contain much water," says the old saying. "The sun is in the sky; the rainbow is in the east and in the morning in the west, and as our heavy rains are usually brought by the westerly wind, rain clouds in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road by the wind to us; whereas the rainbow in the east passing from the rain in these clouds to the sun in the sky, the explanation is: A morning rainbow means that the air is rather humid and a continuance of rain during the day is likely, since the small amount of diurnal convection that could have occurred so early in the day has sufficed to produce a shower.

## \$25,000 REWARD

By PAUL MAURICE VEST  
(McClure Syndicate-WNU Service)

THERE was nothing peculiar about the envelope. A New York postmark. Her name and apartment address neatly typed. She supposed it might be a bill, or a letter, or a tipped fingers slipped open the flap and drew out a bulky, folded sheet of cheap newspaper paper. Curious, she unfolded the thing and a puzzled frown creased her forehead.

The words "\$25,000 REWARD" were smeared in great black letters across the top of the page.

"\$25,000 REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE CAPTURE, DEAD OR ALIVE, OF NICK GARSATTI, PUBLIC ENEMY."

Beneath the caption was the picture of a man in a convict's uniform.

Her frown deepened as she noticed the pencilled scrawl.

"Don't look like somebody you know?"

There was a resemblance—a striking resemblance. The same piercing, black eyes, the bold, full mouth, but it couldn't be. Very carefully she folded the paper so that no part of it was visible but the man's face and going to the dressing table, she rang the bell.

Presently the door opened quietly and a stout, middle-aged negro entered. The girl held out the picture.

"Does that look like anybody we know, Belle?" she asked casually.

The woman looked at the picture for a moment, then a wide smile beamed on her round face.

"Of course it do, honey. He sure was a 'shave, but that's Mistah Bill all right. I'd know them eyes ever 'time."

Thoughtfully, she watched her reflection as she combed out the shining mass of platinum blonde. This time she wasn't as young as she used to be.

It was time she started to think about the future.

Bill wasn't as free with his money as he might be.

He had told her he was a broker. A broker!

A little snore twisted her red lips. Still he wasn't such a bad sort, but a girl had to get of herself.

Twenty-five thousand was a real nest egg.

The sudden ringing of the doorbell startled her.

She heard Bill's voice as he opened the outer door.

She expected him to come bounding into her bedroom and catch her in his arms. He didn't. The bedroom door opened slowly.

She did not run to meet him, as she usually did, but sat where she had her red lips puckering into a little pout.

"Well, aren't you glad to see me?" she queried petulantly.

He came over to her and patted her shoulder.

"You know, I'm always glad to see you, baby."

His voice was troubled.

"Have some hard luck today. A bad break on the stock market. I'm afraid I'm about cleaned out."

"Oh!" The exclamation was a little pet of ice in the room.

He went on.

"I'm afraid there won't be much money this month, baby. But maybe you could take a cheaper place for a while until I get back on my feet."

Her face turned from him.

When she finally looked up, there was a serene smile on her face.

"Sure! Sure!" She agreed in a brittle voice. "You know I'll stand by you. We'll pull through."

He looked at her in wonder.

"You don't mean it, baby. You don't mean that you won't pull out on me."

She stood up and put her slender hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Say, what do you take me for anyway?" she jeered in a silky voice.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her. His voice was a bit husky when he spoke.

"Say, you're a real pal! I'll make it up to you one day soon, honey."

She felt a little uncomfortable.

"Oh, forget it," she laughed. "You've treated me pretty square. She stroked his black, crisp hair.

"I'll tell you what," she cried suddenly. "Let's forget the tough luck tonight and throw one more grand old celebration. We've got twenty bucks. We'll shoot the works at Perlin's—what do you say?"

"Great girl!" He hugged her to him.

"Our last blow-out!"

She smiled softly at him, then started looking for something she could not seem to find.

"Darn it!" she exclaimed petulantly. "I thought I had some aspirin—be a honey and get me some while I get out and rage together."

He whistled merrily as he left the apartment.

She stood tense until the outer door closed after him. In a moment she was alone. The outer door was ajar and she had reached for the phone.

"Get me the chief of police," she staccatoed into the mouthpiece, "and make it snappy."

Five minutes to nine. Bill reached across the table and took

her hand. Her feverish eyes fell before his black, piercing ones. "Do you know, kid," he said softly, "I've never been crazier about a dame before in my life. But I am about you. You're all right."

Her laugh was a bit hysterical.

"You're pretty a k, yourself," she managed to say, her eyes fascinated, on the hands of the little jeweled wristwatch he had given her. Two minutes to nine.

Four men in dark suits came in and took the table adjoining theirs. Bill looked at them dubiously for a moment, but said nothing.

He turned back to her.

"I'm not much good," he continued quietly. "But I've never cared more before. You see there's never been anyone who really mattered."

He paused for a moment.

"Sure, there have been dozens—lots of 'em—out for all they could get. You're different. Say, for a girl like you I could do almost anything!"

She dared not look at him.

Her throat pulsed feverishly.

She clutched a red handkerchief tightly in her hand. One minute to nine. The seconds ticked off.

"I've got him," one of the men said. Suddenly she stood up and raised the red handkerchief.

The four men at the adjoining table jumped to their feet and rushed forward, their hands menacingly in their coat pockets.

"All right, Garsatti," one of the men rasped in a low voice.

"We've got you. Put 'em up!" But Bill was on his feet, his hand at his hip before they started. Four shots split the air.

The place was in an uproar. Women screamed. Tables were overturned.

"We got him," one of the men said, kneeling beside the still body. "He's dead as a doornail."

No one noticed the girl in white satin. She stood grasping the table. Over her breast a dark red stain was spreading. One of the men saw her as she started to fall and caught her in his arms.

He laid her carefully on the floor. Her great big eyes stared up at him. She was gasping for breath.

"The \$25,000!" she whispered huskily. "It's mine. . . . every cent of it. . . . Don't let anybody else—"

She fell back unconscious.

The detective looked down at her, his hand on his pulse. His face was without expression.

"Yeah, it's yours baby. The whole thing's your grand. But buy you a swell gold casing and all the trimmin'."

Mining Town Rebuilt

As Social Experiment

Giving a town new life has been a successful experiment at Brynmawr, South Wales. For some ten years now it has been the scene of the town of about 10,000 inhabitants, normally engaged in coal mining, have been virtually cut out from the life of the country.

Two years ago the Social Experiment, which was moved by the poverty prevailing there that they set about devising ways of economic and social revival.

First, a study council was formed in which more than 200 persons representing every section of local life were enrolled. The council investigated health, education, finance, occupation, etc. Various town improvements were effected and are being extended, and the task of establishing new industries was tackled with vigor and courage.

Under the roof of an old factory, once commercially engaged in boot-making, there is being conducted a new industry, the style of Brynmawr and Clydach Valley Industries Ltd., an unusual experiment in co-operative manufacture of furniture, woven wool fabrics, and hosiery.

Another scheme is the establishment of a poultry-keeping, for which part of the factory is used as offices and stores. The old boot-making plant was purchased at low cost and a small number of men and girls produce about 300 pairs of miners' boots weekly at a profit. Organized market gardening and allotmenting are being carried on in progress.

Furniture making is at present the most active side of the factory, a number of youths have been trained by an expert. School and house furniture has been turned out and sold in all parts of England and Wales. Boys are engaged in producing hard-wearing woollen trousers, taking the work from the shop's back to finished work of material working under an artist in decoration and design. About 20 girls are employed in machine-knitting of socks from by hand. It is now virtually certain that all the enterprises will be commercially successful.

It is not claimed, of course, that the experiment has solved the district's grave unemployment problem, but it has put new life into the town. There are social and educational centers everywhere.

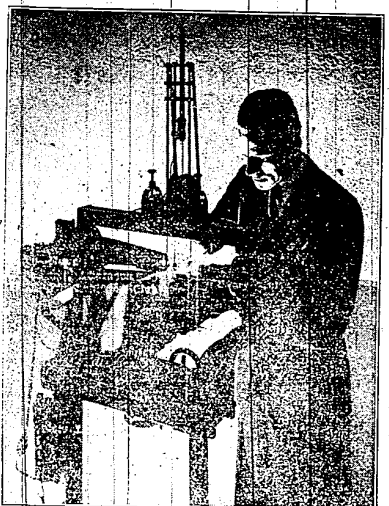
Sweet Lamb

If you find a leg of lamb that is especially sweet and succulent, it may have come from a member of a flock that was finished out for market on beet tops, says the Country Home Magazine. According to Wyoming live stock specialists, one acre of good beet yields enough tops to feed 1,000 lambs a day.

Great Smoky Mountains

The greatest mountain mass east of South Dakota's Black Hills are the Great Smoky Mountains, with several peaks more than 6,000 feet high.

## Use Microscope to Measure Thickness Of Paper in Telephone Transmitters



This projection microscope, in use at the Bell Telephone Laboratories, can make extremely accurate measurements of the thickness of paper rings which are used to cushion the edges of telephone transmitter diaphragms.

## BUILDING OUTLOOK GOOD IN LOWER PART OF STATE

Prospects for residential building activity throughout the winter in most of Lower Michigan are very good, according to Raymond M. Foley, State Director of the Federal Housing Administration. The Detroit Housing Office of the Federal Housing Administration has worked for some years with builders with a view to improving winter building methods to a point of safety. The Director said:

"Following the usual holiday lull over the Christmas period, there has been a marked increase in applications for insurance of mortgages, especially on new construction during the past week."

Foley said, "Approximately 50 applications have been received during the past week with about two-thirds representing proposed new construction to be started in the next few weeks."

"The Housing Office has issued a bulletin from its Architectural Section dealing with precautionary measures in connection with construction work in freezing temperatures. This is based upon experience with a number of years in the Lower Michigan zone and deals with such matters as proper storage of materials, proper pouring and protection of concrete and the building of other masonry units."

"Methods of protecting plaster jobs and the proper methods of installing insulation material and millwork, also are covered in this bulletin."

The Federal Housing Administration advises against exterior painting when the temperature is below forty degrees, or likely to fall below forty degrees before the paint is dry. It is recommended that interior painting should be done under conditions in which temperatures can be maintained at seventy degrees or more to assure continued drying.

In connection with plastering, the Federal Housing Administration recommends that the tempera-

tures be maintained above fifty degrees while the outside temperatures are below freezing.

"The Detroit Housing Office will be glad to furnish to persons actively interested in winter building, copies of the bulletin dealing with the subject," Foley said.

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WHAT MAKES US LAKE LOVERS OR EACH OTHER—The American Weekly, the great weekly magazine with the February 11 issue of The Detroit Sunday Times, will present among other features a report on unusual facts discovered by Prof. T. M. Carter of the Michigan College, Albion, Michigan, after conducting some interesting experiments with his college students to find out how social behavior affects popularity. Be sure to get the February 11 Detroit Sunday Times.

The Greatest Power On Earth Is the Printed Word.