

The Ferndale Gazette

VOLUME 8, No. 16 116 W. Nine Mile, FERNDALÉ BRANCH, DETROIT, MICH., APRIL 14, 1927

\$1.00 a Year, 5c a Copy

Census Shows Present Ferndale Population Is 14,407

Lewis Resigns from Commission; Peterson and Smith Reappointed

Robert E. Lewis, former village president and newly elected commissioner, submitted his resignation to the commission Monday evening, giving no reasons for his action. The resignation was received and placed on the table for later consideration. Mr. Lewis, being in fourth place in the count, was elected for the two-year term.

Carl H. Peterson was re-appointed city manager.

George Smith was appointed police and fire chief to succeed himself, the only dissenting vote being Roy Tilden's, and Lewis didn't vote. A new police and fire board was appointed consisting of Fred A. McCaul and Edward Gilliam, to act with Mayor Stark.

Four supervisors were appointed to represent the city on the county board of supervisors which held its April meeting Tuesday. They were Elbert Chase, Mayor Stark, Harold V. Kennedy and Theodore Degenhardt.

Manager Carl Peterson announced his appointments, which were approved by the commission as follows: Ralph Bingham, treasurer; Jay Gibbs, engineer; Elbert J. Chase, assessor; Jay Lishness, building inspector; Dr. W. L. Dumond, health officer; Ray Golden, electrical inspector; John Winnie, plumbing inspector.

Appointments of city clerk and attorney were not made, action being delayed until a later meeting.

The first official census of Ferndale since 1920 just taken by municipal employees shows a count of 14,407 people.

In 1920 the count was 2,640, which indicates a growth of 450 per cent, an increase of 11,767.

The new population figures allows the new city four supervisors on the county board. It was hoped that the count would show over 15,000 which would give Ferndale five supervisors, as Royal Oak now has.

It was suggested at the commission meeting Monday evening that since the village was incorporated in 1918 plans be started for an appropriate celebration of the ten-year birthday in 1928.

Woodward "Pig" Raided by Police

The place of George Winters, a shoe shiner at 22816 Woodward Ave., Ferndale, was raided last Saturday evening by the local police, headed by Chief George Smith, and a charge placed against him for violation of the prohibition law. Mr. Winters opened up his place just a short time ago and was very shortly under the suspicion of the police. He pleaded guilty before Judge Gordon, Monday afternoon, and was placed under \$1,000 bond and bound over to Circuit Court.

Warcup Hardware Sold to R. C. Race

R. C. Race purchased the former Warcup Hardware and has opened for business with a complete line of hardware and builders supplies. Mr. Race was formerly of Hazel Park where he has been employed in the Hazel Park Hardware. Notice the full page advertisement on another page of the Gazette this week.

Local Gardener Tells of Profits and Pleasure from Small Plot

Royal Oak Township is to blossom like a rose if the enthusiasm of the Home Garden Club has any effect. At a meeting held in the Township Hall, plans were made for promoting a contest this summer. Leaders will be appointed for each district in the Township. This leader will promote the contest in the Community. Mr. Harold Vughn, County Agricultural Agent will meet with these contestants and give them instructions in garden making, stressing particularly the steps necessary for growing gardens in the kind of soil which we have in this Township.

Mr. Paul Schultz, of Ferndale, who won first prize in last year's contest, gave his experience as follows:

"The time is nearly at hand when we backyard gardeners are anxious to get our shovels, hoes and rakes out and work away the rust that has accumulated since last fall. I was born in the City of Detroit and at that time the places where vegetables grew were a long way off. The vegetables which were in our family were either purchased from a peddler as he was called in those days, or from one of the municipal markets. The point is that before coming to Ferndale I knew nothing whatever of gardening, only that this old earth and Mother Nature has produced for us everything we have had and ways will.

From an economic standpoint, I cannot afford to be without a garden and everything it produces, nor can anyone else who has a lot, no matter how small the space, it will produce something. My garden has produced for our use every year about \$200 worth of vegetables. We cannot

buy vegetables from any source that are not at least two days old, more often older. How much more pleasing to the appetite is the sweet corn when it is taken from the stalk and within ten minutes it is on the table steaming hot; or beans yellow or green that are not wilted nor shriveled up; plump juicy ripe unbruised tomatoes; sweet tasty carrots, crisp radishes, tender young beans, all these and more are ours if we but have the ambition to do a little work, and the part we play in this growing is insignificant compared with the work that nature does.

"What is more pleasing after the tiny seeds have been planted than to have them grow up to be plants, a great number of them taller than ourselves, in a few weeks.

"Many have argued that they will not have gardens and that they are going to have all their space in grass or a lawn, that a garden is too much work. The contrary I find is true. A lawn that is properly kept up where attention is required every day of the summer by sprinkling, cutting or trimming, where as a vegetable garden will require harder work until the full growth is attained by cultivating, but afterwards there is no work but gathering the vegetables which is my greatest pleasure and satisfaction. The work has not been injurious to me, beneficial I would say. I can cultivate my whole garden in an hour where as to sprinkle the lawn requires from two to three hours.

"Does a garden pay? Try and get all your vegetables for the summer and have some left over for winter for the price of seeds you would use to plant a garden!"

Garbage Collection Contract Awarded

Garbage is to be collected in Ferndale this year the same as last year, by the C. L. Smith Cartage Company, which was awarded the contract for 1927 at \$10,500.00.

The Gazette has not approved of this method of collection because of the scant satisfaction which was given last year. We believe that the only method which will be satisfactory will be direct city collection, however, while the contract method continues we only urge those who are not receiving service to make their complaints direct to the city manager.

Nine Mile Store To Hold Formal Opening

Having been closed for the past week, The Hawthorne Confectionery, 545 West Nine Mile, will reopen to the public on Saturday evening under the new name of "Raymonds" and with entirely new fixtures and stock. Raymond Croton, for the past six years the owner of this prosperous Nine Mile confectionery, continues in the same capacity under the new name.

The new equipment added includes an all-electric soda fountain and an electric Butter Kistwick sandwich machine, the only one of its kind in Ferndale. This equipment together with the new show cases and tables was furnished by the American Show Case Company.

Souvenirs will be presented to visitors on the opening evening.

YANKEES WIN HONORS AGAIN

Thursday evening, April 7, saw the close of a spirited match between the Regulars and Yankees, members of the Ferndale Ladies Bowling League. The Yankees may well claim the championship now for Ferndale ladies' bowling. The season for the league closed with the Yankees in the lead, they having won 57 games and lost 6, while the Regulars won 55 and lost 8. However, the Regulars challenged them to a three game match to be played on the evenings of March 23, 31 and April 7, the losers to banquet the winners. The three games were played and still the Yankees are the winners by a total of 97 pins on the three games.

The line-up is as follows:

YANKEES	1st	2nd	3rd	Tot
Mrs. R. Jacob, C.	453	355	427	1235
Mrs. C. Altland	440	327	405	1172
Mrs. R. Walters	467	423	400	1290
Maud Clark	458	392	467	1297
Mrs. N. Conn	316	344	388	1048
Total				6042

REGULARS	1st	2nd	3rd	Tot
Mrs. C. Archambeau, C.	380	401	477	1258
Mrs. G. Randall	346	455	472	1273
Mrs. J. Lishness	393	415	285	1093
Mrs. L. Schnell	409	428	345	1182
Mrs. L. LaRev're	397	350	392	1139
Total				5945

HOME OWNERS and BUILDERS—Be sure to include a "MURPHY WALL SAFE" in your new home. Fireproof and Jimmy Proof and weighs 40 lbs. May be built in the wall or on the wall and can be installed by anyone. \$35.00. J. Thompson, 583-M. Royal Oak or Gazette Office.

The FERNDALE GAZETTE

"Entered as second-class matter October 16, 1924, at the postoffice at Detroit, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879."

Published weekly on Thursday. Office: 116 W. Nine Mile, Ferndale, Michigan. Phones: R. O. 3020 and Hemlock 10088

Subscription Price in Oakland County.....\$1.00 per year
Subscription Price Outside Oakland County.....\$2.00 per year

HARVEY S. JACOBS.....Publisher
J. H. JACOBS.....Managing Editor

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

By EDGAR F. DOWN

Supt. of Schools, District No. 9, Ferndale and Pleasant Ridge

About ten years ago Herbert Quick, who was then editor of "Farm and Fireside," wrote a novel entitled "The Brown Mouse." "The Brown Mouse" is rather an interesting book so far as the story is concerned and should be particularly interesting to those who are engaged in teaching because this book is the first to illustrate the present method of teaching by projects. Of course it isn't called a project in this book and it does not differ from the kind of teaching that has been done by the very best teachers for a long time.

The story is of a young man who is a farm hand. He is not trained as a teacher but takes the district school nearby because the regular teacher has been "thrown out." This young man knows nothing about teaching school but he does know a great deal about farming. He immediately interests the pupils in the

production of milk, and grading of cattle, and through this interest works out the arithmetic, the writing, the spelling, the geography and the English. The pupils of this school were working on a particular problem that was of universal interest to them as young farmers, and through this problem they were getting all of the subjects usually taught in the elementary grades of a school.

A few years later Professor Kilpatrick of Columbia University described the same process of teaching and called it the project method. The subject of geography which we were discussing last week readily lends itself to this kind of teaching and so we find today instead of locating particular cities and rivers and countries, that through some simple commodity we are using we can study the geography of many countries.

Building Permits

Whitney Bros., 19308 Woodward, on Vester, lot 41, a 2-story house, basement; \$6,000.

Brownwell Corp., 405 General Motors Bldg., on north side Oak Ridge, lot 173, Woodward Heights subdivision, a 1-frame house, \$4,019.

Acme Lumber Co., Fenkal Ave., Detroit, on west side Kenton, lot 12, a 2-car garage; \$380.

J. D. Harrison, 22728 Woodward Ave., on west side Beaufield, lot 30, a 1½-story frame house, basement; \$4,000.

Blake Switzer, 862 Marshall W., on west side Vester, between Hilton and Bonner, lot 37B7, a 1-story addition, basement; \$1,000.

P. J. Schultz, 465 Ardmore, between Paxton and Hilton, on west ½ lot 145, 1-story addition and basement; \$1,000.

C. H. Harrison Co., 22822 Woodward on east side Pinecrest, between Bertha and Jean, lot 32, a 1-story house, basement; \$3,800.

C. J. Currie, 461 Academy E., on lot 99, a 1-story basement; \$500.

Geo. Thompson, 250 Maplehurst W., on south side Saratoga, between Woodward and Paxton, lot 169, a 2-story house; \$3,500.

Duane Tibbits, 14360 Mettetal, on south side of Chesterfield, lot 217, a 2-story flat, basement; \$13,000.

By A. R. Daly, 275 Spencer, on Spencer, lot 34; a 2-car garage. \$150.

W. A. Sockman, 235 Gambourne W., on south side Cambourne, lot 277, a 2-car garage; \$235.

Omer Morin, 474 Pearson, on west side Pearson, lot 229, a 2-car garage; \$250.

By C. H. Harrison Co., 22822 Woodward, on east side Shasta Place, between Fox and Marchfield, on lot 81; a 2-story house; basement. \$3,800.00.

By C. H. Harrison Co., 22822 Woodward, north side Northway, between Pinecrest and Beaufield, on lot 99; a 2-story house, basement. \$3,800.00.

Property Development Corporation, 7338 Woodward, on south side Cambourne, on lot 78; a 1-story frame house, basement. \$4,000.00.

Justin Rogers, 10 Moss Ave., H. P., on Drayton Ave., lot 122; a 2-story brick house, basement. \$5,000.00.

A. C. Zpontz, 4366 Oregon, on west side Woodward, lot 439; a 1-story store; \$4,000.00.

H. Wonnacott, 1513 Beaufield, on west side Beaufield, lot 29; a second story addition, 3 rooms and bath, basement. \$700.00.

C. H. Harrison Co., 22822 Woodward, on east side Pinecrest, lot 47; a 1-story house, basement. Estimated cost \$3,800.00.

H. Davenport, 234 Stratford, on east side Stratford, lot 94; a 1-story basement. Estimated cost, \$1,000.00.

Gertrude M. Joy, 16142 Fairfield, Detroit, on south side LeRoy, lot 90; a 2-story frame house, basement. \$5,000.00.

Mother Makes 'Em Best

by O. Lawrence Hawthorne

I guess 'most anybuddy's cake
An' cookies ain't so hard t' take
When boys an' girls 're comin' in from play,
But when I'm lookin' fer a treat
That nothin' else could ever beat,
I'll pick my Mother's cookies any day!

My Gran'ma makes 'em awful good,
An' lots o' times I wish I could
Be at her house t' eat 'em while they're hot.
Sometimes a neighbor-lady, too,
Is lucky, an' brings us a few—
But, gosh, our fam'ly always needs a lot!

When Mother hasn't any more,
Sometimes she buys some at the store,
But every kind tastes jes' like all the rest.
You bet yer neck I like the cake
An' cookies other people bake;
But my own Mother always makes 'em best!



D. 1926, O. Lawrence Hawthorne.

CALENDAR OF ACTIVITIES

Ferndale Organizations and Clubs

- Village Commission—Every Wednesday evening.
- I. O. O. F.—Each Tuesday evening.
- Rebekaahs—2nd and 4th Mondays of each month.
- F. & A. M.—Every Thursday evening.
- O. E. S.—1st and 3rd Mondays.
- L. O. T. M.—1st and 3rd Tuesday each month at Masonic Temple.
- Fraternal Order of Eagles—Every Wednesday night, 8 o'clock, Oddfellows Hall.
- Woodmen of the World—Call R. O. 1590.
- Veterans of Foreign Wars—2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 2nd floor Real Estate Exchange Building.
- Daughters of Veterans—2nd and 4th Fridays each month.
- Woman's Club—1st Wednesday each month.
- West End Community Circle—Business meeting. First and third Saturday at the Thomas Jefferson School.
- Women's Benefit Association—Meets every third Tuesday in the Christian Science Temple.
- White Shrine of Jerusalem—Women's Club, Royal Oak—first Friday each month.
- North End Community Club—First and third Tuesdays, Roosevelt school. Carl Shafer, president.
- Board of Education—Every other Tuesday at 8:00 p. m.
- Daughters of St. George—2nd and 4th Tuesday at Masonic Temple.
- K. of P.—Every Friday at I. O. O. F. Hall.
- Pythian Sisters—1st and 3rd Mondays at I. O. O. F. Hall.
- St. James Parish, Holy Name Society—Meets second Sunday of every month.
- St. Vincent DePaul Society—Every Tuesday night.
- Ladies' Altar Society—First Friday of every month.
- Union Aerie No. 2092, Fraternal Order of Eagles—At I. O. O. F. hall, every Wednesday evening, 8:00 p. m.
- W. C. T. U.—Meeting second Friday of each month.
- Rotary Club—Every Thursday noon at M. E. Church.
- Exchange Club—Every Monday noon at Masonic Temple.
- Greater Ferndale Bowling League—Every Wednesday.
- Citizens Bowling League—Every Thursday evening.
- Lincoln P. T. A.—4th Thursday evening, each month.
- P. T. A. Council—4th Monday evening at Central School.
- Washington P. T. A.—3rd Tuesday.
- Wilson P. T. A.—3rd Wednesday.
- Coolidge P. T. A.—2nd Wednesday.
- Harding P. T. A.—4th Tuesday.
- Ridgewood P. T. A.—2nd Tuesday.
- Roosevelt P. T. A.—3rd Wednesday.

Births

Richard James Bacik, March 19, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Frank Bacik, 371 Saratoga W.

Carl Edward, March 23, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon Lamp, 2934 Grayson.

A daughter, Geraldine May, March 18, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Mike Santimore, 168 Eight Mile.

A daughter, Beatrice Rose, March 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Mike Santimore, 168 Eight Mile.

A son, William Rolston, March 26, to Mr. and Mrs. John Elgin Fothergill, 437 Maplehurst.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Fothergill, 437 Maplehurst, a son, Wm. Rolston, March 26.

To Mr. and Mrs. Carl Francis Watson, a son, Carl Francis, April 4, 2950 Burdette Ave.

To Mr. and Mrs. Oren Fisher, 1065 Albany Ave., a son, Franklin Frederick, March 26.

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald Boomer, 467 Hazelhurst W., twins, David and Donald, March 28.

To Mr. and Mrs. L. John Mathias, 250 Breckenridge, a son, Noel D., March 31.

To Mr. and Mrs. George Knight, 456 Saratoga E., a son, George Clinton, March 31.

To Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Chamberlain, 157 Nine Mile E., a son, Paul Edison, April 4.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Liddicoat, 336 Troy Ave. E., a son, George Roy, born March 14.

To Mr. and Mrs. Mickel J. Maloney, 1116 Emwell Ave., a son, Harold Joseph, March 28.

FERNDALE O. E. S. INSTALL NEW OFFICERS

The public installation of the Ferndale chapter O. E. S. No. 460 will be held Monday evening, April 18, at 8:00 o'clock. Mrs. Dolly Buckingham, Past Worthy Grand Matron of the Grand Chapter of Michigan, will conduct the installation. The officers to be installed are:

Worthy Matron, Mrs. Bessie Genell.

Worthy Patron, Mr. Ed. Gilliam.

Associate Matron, Mrs. Leola Hanna.

Secretary, Mrs. Ethel Stevens.

Treasurer, Mrs. Anna Partidge.

Conductress, Mrs. Mary Stuart.

Associate Conductress, Mrs. Nancy Summers.

Ada, Mrs. Lillian Foch.

Ruth, Alice Pritchard.

Martha, Mrs. Elsie Hopps.

Esther, Mrs. Ruth Ek.

Electa, Mrs. Edith Keeley.

Warder, Mrs. Hazel Randall.

Sentinel, Mr. Herbert Grint.

Marshall, Mrs. Eva Knight.

Organist, Miss Lois Kirshner.

Town Behind the Times

Within 14 miles of London, the town of Dowde is unique in that it has no electricity, no gas, no sewage system, no motion pictures and no doctor. It has a seven-hundred-year-old church, however, of which it is extremely proud. The houses are lighted with oil lamps and the church with candles. Only two houses have been built since 1914.

Personals

Mrs. Anna Jensen, of Drayton avenue west, left March 30 for a two months' trip to Traverse city.

Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Nichols of the Pioneer Apartments spent the week-end in Lorraine, Ohio.

Miss Marian Hagen visited her sister, Mrs. T. Rule over the week-end.

Mrs. L. A. Knight, 521 Pearson avenue, entertained her "500" club Wednesday afternoon.

OUR EASTER STOCK

is in good shape for Easter.

We are glad to show you the new Styles.

Open 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Taylor's

22808 Woodward
FERNDALE

PAINTING AND DECORATING
Done by one of Ferndale's Oldest decorators, for estimate, call F. Quick, R. O. 2237-J, Hemlock 8385-R, after 6 p. m.

SALE OF BOYS' SUITS



Largest line of Boys' Suits between Detroit and Pontiac. Over 300 to choose from.

BOYS' 2-KNICKER VEST SUITS. Sizes 6 to 12. \$9.95

BOYS' 2-KNICKER VEST SUITS. Sizes 6 to 14. \$11.95

BOYS' 2-KNICKER VEST SUITS, Blue Cheviot, sizes 8 to 10. \$14.50

BOYS' WEAR

BOYS' BLOUSES, Kayner make. Sizes 6 to 12. 79c

BOYS' KAYNER BLOUSES AND SHIRTS, in broadcloth and fancy stripe, 6 to 14. \$1.00

BOYS' KAPT. KID KNICKERS, light and dark colors, full lined, 7 to 16. \$1.95

BOYS' BEAUTIFUL GOLF HOSE, fancy colors, 7 to 10. 50c

BOYS' CAPS, large assortment. \$1.00

Sol's Place

"On The Square"

Woodward and Nine Mile

Announcing---

THE FORMAL OPENING

OF

Raymond's

545 West Nine Mile

Formerly Hawthorne Confectionery

ON

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 16, 1927

WE ARE proud to announce to our friends and customers the complete renovating of our store, involving the installation of all new fixtures, including an All-Electric Soda Fountain, Electric Butter Kistwich Machine for the making of toasted sandwiches and hot dogs, and new show cases. We will open Saturday with a complete new stock of bulk and boxed candies, cigars, cigarettes, etc.

ARCTIC ICE CREAM

SOUVENIRS

FRIENDLY FERNDALÉ PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gallimone, 258 Silman avenue, entertained at a "500" party Saturday evening. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. James Dean, Mrs. A. Wood, Mr. Harry Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. James Watkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Garner, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Millett, and Mr. and Mrs. James C. Callahan and Miss Kathleen Mager of Detroit. First prizes were won by Mrs. James Callahan and Mr. Wm. Garner; low scores were held by Mr. Arthur Dibble and Miss K. Mager. A buffet supper was served and the singing of old-time songs ended a very enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Lillian Andrews, 830 W. Nine mile, was the guest last week Wednesday of Mrs. Nina Veglinger at a lunch given at the Gotham Hotel. She spoke later in the afternoon, at the instigation of Mrs. Veglinger, before a group of Jewish mothers at the Atkinson Community Hall, McGraw and Warren. Her talk was in the interest of a better interracial feeling among the varied racial groups in the city.

Mrs. Barline of Harrington Woods was the guest of honor last Friday afternoon at a surprise stork luncheon given by her friends in the home of Mrs. Mathews, also of Harrington Woods. Covers were laid for twelve. The afternoon was pleasantly spent playing progressive pedro, Mrs. Louie Coonie receiving first prize. Mrs. Barline was presented with a very beautiful little baby bed.

Mrs. Peterson, 159 Cambourne Avenue West, gave a "Bunco" party Saturday evening, honoring Miss Jensen Denmark. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. V. Lonsborough, Mr. and Mrs. D. William, Mr. and Mrs. C. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. W. Evily, and Mrs. Fromme and daughter. Dainty refreshments were served, completing an enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Ray Stevens, Mrs. Guy Fletcher, Mrs. Vargo Anderson, Mrs. Glen McNulty, Mrs. J. H. McClelland and Mrs. Howard Anderson were Ferndale guests at a surprise birthday luncheon given last Thursday by Mrs. W. A. Dorrough, for her mother, Mrs. W. D. Dinkins, Garnet avenue, Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Collins, Silman avenue, entertained several of their friends last Saturday evening, the occasion being their twenty-first wedding anniversary. They were the recipients of many nice gifts. All present reported a very enjoyable evening.

Mrs. J. Donkerbrook of LaPrairie avenue entertained Wednesday for her daughter Charlotte in honor of her eighth birthday. Pink and blue decorations with favors were used. Games were enjoyed, and a lovely birthday lunch completed the occasion.

Mrs. Margaret Ann Painter of Columbus, Ohio, visited Saturday and Sunday in the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. G. Watson, 311 W. Lewiston. She returned home Sunday evening, taking with her for a week's vacation her three grandchildren, Margaret Ann Watson of Ferndale and Grace and Junior Proctor of Detroit.

Harold Westlake, 861 Lewiston avenue west, a student at Ypsilanti Normal, recently won the Pi Kappa Delta preliminary extemporaneous speaking contest and will represent that chapter at the provincial contests at East Lansing this week. His subject was "China Today."

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Marshall, 359 W. Lewiston, helped celebrate the Golden wedding anniversary of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Mears, Tuxedo avenue, Detroit, last Saturday evening. About thirty guests were present at a dinner followed by a reception.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Gilman, 359 Cambourne avenue east are the happy parents of an eight and one-fourth pounds baby boy, Ralph Clark, born March 28, at the Womans Hospital, Detroit.

Dr. A. A. Stewart, of the Ferndale General Hospital, recently was selected as the doctor for the Order of the Daughters of St. George. Dr. Stewart is already doctor for the Eagles.

Miss Nellie Jacobs, teacher in the Jefferson School, underwent a minor operation, having her tonsils removed, Monday morning, at Dr. Crissman's. She is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Newton of Pine Crest Drive entertained as dinner guests last Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Bert Nanning of Highland Park.

Mrs. Willis Hough of Pine Crest Drive was confined to her bed the latter part of last week with an attack of ptomaine poisoning.

The guests included the Misses Wetmore, Janet Wessel, Katherine Curtis, Beatrice Martins, Elsie and Mildred Larsen, and Harriet Collins.

Miss Lucy Davenport was a charming dinner hostess last week Tuesday to several of her friends from the Board of Education.

Mr. and Mrs. Ola Hartsell, 435 Jewell avenue, were called to Lapeer, Sunday, at the sudden death of his nephew.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Moore and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Edmunds and daughter spent Sunday at Mount Clemens.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Schnell, 221 Academy, visited in Romeo Sunday.

Mrs. Linnie Naylor and sons, James and Nelson, have moved recently from Steubenville, Ohio, and are now located at 440 Troy avenue East.

Mr. and Mrs. John Evans and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Swick spent the week-end in Sandusky, Ohio, visiting the parents of Mr. Evans and Mrs. Swick.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sherman of Chicago were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Chisholm of the Pioneer Apartments over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Doering and daughter Maxine, 155 Fielding, returned home Sunday from a week's vacation at Grand Haven, Michigan.

Mrs. Earl Evans of Breckenridge was taken Sunday to Fort Wayne, Indiana, to the home of her mother for a few months' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Martin of Vester avenue have had as their guest Mrs. Martin's brother, Mr. John McNicoll, of Belmont, Iowa.

Mrs. R. A. Mitchell and son Royal of Maplehurst East is spending a week at the home of her sister in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. A. H. Elmore of E. Nine Mile has recently purchased a new "Gottfredson" truck for his moving and trucking business.

Mrs. Laura Brown of London, Ontario, is houseguest for a week at the home of Mrs. Victor Poulton, 310 Pearson avenue.

Mrs. J. Browne, 564 Lewiston East, entertained three tables at Bunco Monday evening. A lovely luncheon was served.

Mr. Donald Addis of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, is visiting at the home of Mrs. L. Naylor, 440 Troy, this week.

Miss Ann McNeven, a teacher in the Jefferson School, is spending her Easter vacation at Gaylord, Michigan.

Miss Marie Smith, teacher in the Jefferson School, is spending her Easter vacation at her home in Imlay City.

Mrs. D. Cameron and family of Drayton avenue west is spending Easter with her sister in Port Huron.

Mrs. H. B. Grow, 240 Cambourne E., entertained her Bridge Club of three tables Wednesday evening.

Miss Lulu M. Hough of Fenton visited in the home of her brother Mr. Willis Hough of Pine Crest Drive last week.

Dr. and Mrs. H. D. MacGregor spent the week-end in Ann Arbor and Kalamazoo.

SCHOOLS

The Michigan State Normal graduates will hold a dinner at the Lincoln high school Wednesday, April 20, at 6:30. All Ypsilanti Alumni are welcome. Call Mr. Bradshaw at Lincoln high school for your tickets.

The Ridgewood P. T. A. will hold its regular meeting next Tuesday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock. They will complete their Chinese auction started at their last meeting.

The Woodrow Wilson School is having a carnival Friday evening, April 22, at 7:30 o'clock. The children's work will be on exhibition. The P. T. A. will conduct a dance and sell cake and coffee. All friends of the school and parents are cordially invited.

The regular meeting of the Coolidge P. T. A. will be held Tuesday afternoon at 3:00 p. m.

LODGES

The Prince's of Orange meets the second and fourth Fridays of every month at 17 W. Davison avenue, Highland Park.—Mrs. E. B. Oakley.

The Ferndale Companion Rebekah Lodge will hold a bake sale Saturday, April 16, on 9-mile west in Bliss's Meat Market, formerly Keeley's. On Friday evening, April 22, the lodge will have a box social in their hall on Woodward at Ardmore Drive. The public is invited.

A dance will be held at St. Luke's Episcopal church, corner of Livernois and Lewiston, on Easter Monday, April 18, at 9:00 o'clock. The music will be furnished by the Blue Moon Syncopators.

FERNDALÉ WOMAN'S CLUB MEETS

Mrs. Hobart Grow, Mrs. F. G. Burt and Mrs. H. D. Chase were hostesses to the members and friends of the Ferndale Woman's Club last Wednesday afternoon at the Drayton avenue Presbyterian church. Luncheon was served at 1:00 o'clock; business and an interesting program followed. Mrs. Willis Hough was appointed to represent the club, with other Federation members, before the State Legislature soon in behalf of the Mothers' Pension bill. The Rev. Wm. Bryant, of the Drayton avenue church, gave the address of the afternoon. He used as his topic, "The World's Twelve Great Civilizations," stressing the value of the early and medieval civilizations in their effect upon our modern civilization. Mrs. Rousch furnished two well-rendered solos.

The next meeting of the club will be held April 20. Mrs. Wm. Osband of Pleasant Ridge, well known in club circles in Detroit, as well as Ferndale, will give a book-review of Hugh Walpole's "Farmer John."

GRAND OPENING!

OF FERNDALE HARDWARE CO.

(Formerly Charles E. Warcup Hardware)

22855 WOODWARD AVE., FERNDALE

Three Days --- April 14, 15, 16

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

FREE! A HEAVY 12-QUART GALVANIZED PAIL FREE!

Will be Given Away FREE With Every Purchase of \$2.00

Here is an opportunity for the people of Ferndale. We have purchased the entire stock and fixtures of the former Charles Warcup Hardware and will proceed to do business from the same location on Woodward Avenue. This great sale is the means which we are employing to get acquainted with the people of Ferndale. We have cut prices away down and are offering values such as are seldom seen in this vicinity. We urge you to call and avail yourselves of the following money-saving opportunities:

CLOTHES BASKET

Regular \$1.50 value. Out they go at only **69c**

O-CEDAR POLISH

Regular 30c value. Special at only **19c**

ROLLER SKATES

Best ball bearing. Regular \$2.25 value, at **\$1.59**
One pair to a customer

OIL MOP

Extra large size. Regular \$1.35 value, at only **69c**

STEP LADDER

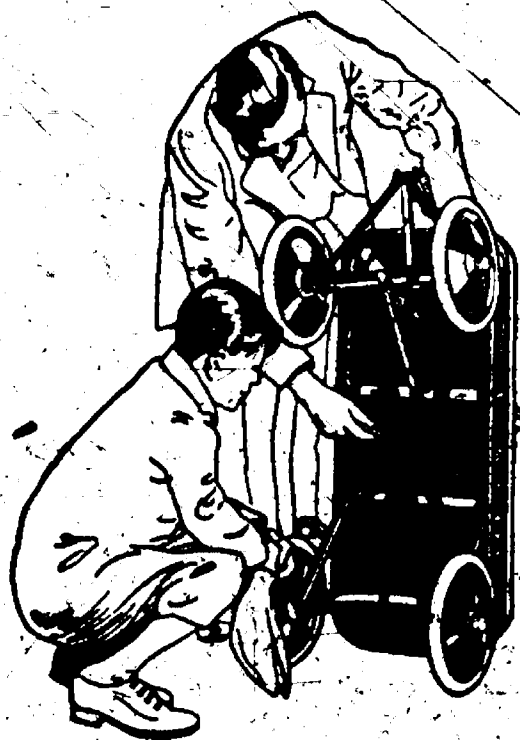
All steps heavily braced, \$1.75 value, at only **\$1.35**

SHEEP MANURE

Regular 6c lb. 1000 lbs. will go at only, per lb. **3c**

ALUMINUM WARE

Everything we have in aluminum ware will be sold during this big sale at **15% OFF**



No. 2638

COASTER WAGON

Large size roller bearing, disc wheels, with large rubber tires. Here, kiddies, is your chance. Regular \$6.00 value, at **\$3.75**

GARDEN RAKES

59c

SPADES AND SHOVELS

At Very Low Prices

1/4-in. Corrugated GARDEN HOSE

The season is just opening. Here is a real chance to save money. Regular 15c ft. hose at only, per foot **11c**
50-foot lots

FUSES

You need some fuses, and here they are at only **3c**

CLIMAX WALL PAPER CLEANER

Ladies, here is a real saving. Regular 15c can, 3 for **25c**

PORCH GATES

Made from strong kiln dry spruce. 5 ft. size, regular **\$1.19**
\$1.50 at **\$1.19**
7 ft. size, regular **\$1.39**
\$1.75, at **\$1.39**

LAWN FENCE GATES

Combination and Screened Doors at a very great saving.

BROOMS

Five string heavy brooms. Regular 70c value. One to a customer at only **39c**

COPPER BOILER

Extra heavy, 14 oz. copper boiler with lip cover. \$6.00 value, special at only **\$4.49**

GRASS SEED

Best mixed seed, regular 50c lb. value. Very special at only, per lb. **29c**
(5 lbs. to a customer)

SACCO PLANT FOOD

The best fertilizer you can get. Regular 45c for 5-lb. pkge. Special at only, per lb. **4c**

COPPER BOTTOM BOILERS

With heavy lip covers. Regular \$2.75 value. Special at only **\$1.95**

SCREEN WIRE

At a very big saving. 16 mesh, heavy galvanized wire, regular 6c sq. ft. Specially priced per sq. ft., only **4c**

SKIPPING ROPES

Regular 15c value, at **9c**

CHILDREN'S GARDEN SETS

Large size, at only **19c**
Small size, 20c value, at **11c**

PURE LINSEED OIL AND TURPENTINE

For these three days only at, per gallon **\$1.19**



No. 2620

Complete Line of

TOY KIDDIE KARS, BABY WALKERS, TRICYCLES, SCUTERS AND CHILDREN'S TOYS AT A VERY GREAT SAVING. TOYS FOR ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND.

10 per cent Off on all Johnsons Paints, Varnishes and Brushes

Church-O-Grams

By Earl R. Rice

NEW LIFE

"If a man die, will he live again?" is a big question. He is pretty sure to die. Science has not yet told us why the body dies. The answer that religion gives us, "We die because we, or somebody else, sinned," is not entirely satisfactory. But the generally accepted fact is that though the body escapes disease and accident it will just normally wear out. "Ashes to ashes; dust to dust." So much for the body of flesh.

But man is more than dust. His hope in new life is a very persistent thing. He puts trust in promises that though the body dies the spirit returns unto God, who gave it. He believes that there is a spiritual body, another house in which to live again. When he closes a new made grave he turns his eyes toward the skies and comforts himself with the thought that in some new place he shall see his loved ones again and know them.

The idea of immortality is as old, perhaps much older, than the Scriptures. It is central in the Christian faith which brings it to enduring light. "Because I live ye shall live also," says the author of our spiritual hopes. "He that believeth in me shall never die!"

We have very interesting devotional meetings every Sunday afternoon at 6:30 at the Ferndale Baptist Church. The topic next Sunday is "Understanding Death." The meeting will be conducted by Alfred Lytle. We are always glad to see new faces and we are sure you will enjoy meeting our young people.

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G. A. Simmons, Pastor
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Evening Service.....6:00 p.m.
(Public cordially invited to all services.)

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Holy Communion.....11:00 a.m.
(First Sunday in each month)

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Preaching.....11:00
Young People's Meeting.....3:30
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DRAYTON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Easter Sunday, April 17

Sunrise meeting, 7 A. M., for the Christian Endeavor Society, and all who would like to attend. Led by the pastor.

Sunday School Easter exercise, 10 A. M., "Spices for the Victor King," and "The Song of the East and West." Offering for the new building in Mosul, Iraq.

Easter Service at 11 A. M. Special Easter anthems. Subject of discourse, "Easter and the Abundant Life."

Evening service, 7:30 P. M., sermon by Rev. Lewis S. Brooke, D. D., Moderator of the Presbytery of Detroit. The C. E. Chorus has charge of the music.

At 3 P. M., Dr. Bryant goes to Memorial Presbyterian Church to deliver the centennial address at the unveiling of the bronze tablet for Dr. David M. Cooper, born April 18th, 1827, and for 56 years a Michigan Presbyterian pastor.

April 17 is the sixth anniversary of Dr. Bryant's ministry to this congregation, as he began to preach to what is now the Drayton Avenue Presbyterian Church, on April 17th, 1921, and continued without a break for the past six years.

In the morning service there will be administered the ordinance of Baptism, and members will be received.

MUSICAL AND CHALK TALK

A musical event of the season will be sponsored by the Who-so-Ever-Will Bible class of the Baptist church Thursday evening, April 21. Miss Wilma Crandall, harpist of Detroit, will give several selections on her own harp. Miss Crandall is a well-known radio artist, and will play Barcarolle, and In Stainland.

Professor Emil Zwicky, for years a member of the Redpath Chautauqua Bureau, will give a chalk talk.

Mrs. Young will give several selections on her violin. The program will also include numbers by Mr. O. J. Parker, the Ferndale poet.

Ferndale Gospel Mission Services every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, northwest Livernois and West Nine Mile. Evangelist, J. H. Pattison.

The missionary society of the Drayton Avenue Presbyterian Church will meet at the home of Mrs. Wm. A. Bryant, 113 St. Louis Avenue, on Thursday, at 2:00 o'clock.

About forty members of the Good Fellowship class of the Ferndale Baptist Church enjoyed a "Fish and Chip" supper at the church Tuesday evening of last week. Mrs. John Close was in charge. The dinner was followed by a musical program and business.



HE heart of Christendom rejoices on Easter Sunday. The entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, the agony of Christ in the garden, the crucifixion and burial on Good Friday—all these are past. Death is swallowed up in victory. Christ the Lord is risen today!

If, as has been suggested, the word Easter is derived from Oster, which signifies "rising," then is Easter Sunday, both in name and reality, the feast of the resurrection.

It is more probable, however, that Easter gets its name from Eostre, a Saxon deity, whose feast was celebrated every spring about the time of the Christian festival. A compromise was thus effected, Christians accepting the pagan name and pagans accepting the Christian significance of the day.

Easter is a movable feast. It falls on "the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first of March, and, if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after."

In earlier days Easter was called the Paschal feast, for it was kept at the same time as the Pascha, or Jewish Passover.

So much for the origin of the name. Easter Sunday today is celebrated by young and old alike.

For the children there are rabbits and Easter eggs—and the unrestrained joy of egg hunts in back yards and in public parks.

For the grown-ups there are new suits, new hats.

But surely Easter holds more than this for us. It is not a day of happiness alone, nor of outward show alone. It is a day of victory.

Just as our Saxon forefathers celebrated Eostre and the victory of things physical, so we celebrate Easter and the victory of things spiritual. The heart of man is filled with the beauty of spring's flowers that have sprung from death to life.

The soul of man is triumphant, for it is filled with a spirit which dieth not.

Christ the Lord is risen!

THE MINSTREL

OUR conception of a minstrel today is a blackface comedian, and, accordingly, the far-famed Dan Emmett, said to have been the first man to use burnt cork on his face, has been called the inventor of minstrelsy.

But minstrels existed long before the days of Dan Emmet. Their origin is written in their name, for "minstrel" comes from the old French "menestrel," which goes back to the Latin "ministralls," meaning servant. And the first minstrels were of the class of musical entertainers attached to medieval households, particularly those who sang to the accompaniment of the harp or other instrument.

Later the name came to be applied to street singers and traveling troubadours of whom frequent mention can be found in contemporary literature. For instance, in a Flemish book entitled "Adventures of the Fox Rheinehard," written in the Twelfth century by one Willem, we read of "minne-streels" or troubadours.

Anatole France refers to Homer as a minstrel who traveled to the military camps to entertain the soldiers with his epic songs. But the first valid minstrels and the first to answer to that name were the medieval troubadours of whom the burnt-cork gentry are a comparatively modern variation.

Biblical Story of the Resurrection

IN THE end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, to see the sepulcher.

And behold there was a great earthquake, for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning and his raiment white as snow.

And for fear of him the keepers did shake and become as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear ye not, for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here, for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead, and, behold, He goeth before you into Galilee; and there shall ye see Him; lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the sepulcher with fear and great joy; and did run to bring His disciples word.

And as they went to tell His disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came, and held Him by the feet, and worshiped Him.

Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

And when they saw Him they worshiped Him, and some doubted.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and earth:

Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost;

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

Esther Ralston



Esther Ralston has the biggest opportunity of her film career in "Old Ironsides." The production has a large cast, including some prominent players. It is a story of the war against the pirates of Tripoli, and Miss Ralston has a very important part.

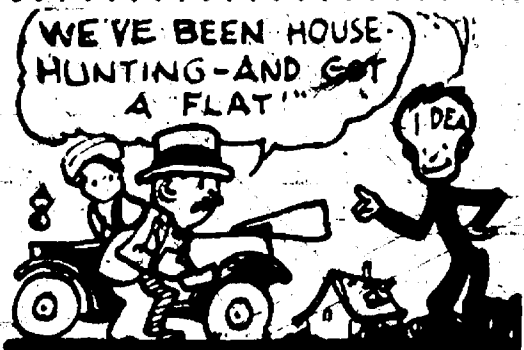
NOTICE OF MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE SALE

Default having been made in the terms and conditions of a certain real estate mortgage, made, executed and delivered by Harry C. Thomas and Pearl W. Thomas, his wife; John H. Thomas and Elizabeth S. Thomas, his wife, to the International Mortgage Corporation, a Michigan Corporation, which said mortgage bears date of March 3rd, 1926, and was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Oakland County, Michigan, on June 22, 1926, in Liber 419 of Mortgages, on Page 446-9, Oakland County records, and which said mortgage contains a power of sale on default, authorizing the foreclosure thereof, and by reason of which default said International Mortgage Corporation has elected to declare and does hereby elect to declare the entire unpaid balance of said mortgage due and payable in accordance with the authority therein contained, and on which said mortgage there is claimed to be due and unpaid on the date hereof, for principal and interest and costs, as provided therein, the sum of Seven Hundred Eighty-five and 29/100 Dollars (\$785.29) and no suit or proceeding at law or in equity having been had or instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the undersigned will, on Tuesday, the 28th day of June, A. D. 1927, at twelve o'clock noon, Eastern Standard time, at the northerly entrance to the Oakland County Court House, in the City of Pontiac, Michigan (that being the building in which the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland is held), sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to realize the amount due thereon, as aforesaid, together with the interest thereon to the date of sale, attorneys' fees and costs of sale, as provided by law; said mortgaged premises being described as follows, to-wit: Lot Number Twenty-seven (27) Thomas Oaks Subdivision, a part of the north-west 1/4 of Section 35, Town 1 North, Range 11 East, according to the plat recorded October 14, 1924, in Liber 34 of plats on Page 6.

International Mortgage Corp.,
a Michigan Corporation,
Mortgagee.

Dated March 18, 1927.
MAURICE F. COLE,
Attorney for Mortgagee,
Hartwick Building,
Ferndale, Michigan.

Gazette
Classifieds
Pay



SPARE the "spare" and you'll spoil the trip. Tire trouble will tire you out, so why let it trouble you? Select a spare or two today from our supply.

FITCH
TIRE & BATTERY
SERVICE
PHONE R O 2261
155 9 MILE W.

Flowers for Easter



We invite you to call and see our display of potted plants and fresh cut flowers for Easter. We offer a selection of choice flowers at reasonable prices.

Ferndale Florist

Ferndale Theatre Bldg.
2218 WOODWARD AVENUE
and
22936 WOODWARD AVENUE.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of the Ferndale Gazette, published weekly at Ferndale Branch, Detroit, Mich., for April 1, 1927.

State of Michigan, County of Oakland, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. Herald Jacobs, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Ferndale Gazette, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—Harvey S. Jacobs, Ferndale, Mich.
Editor—Harvey S. Jacobs, Ferndale, Mich.
Business Manager—J. Herald Jacobs, Ferndale, Mich.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) Harvey S. Jacobs, Ferndale, Mich.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) There are none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date

shown above is
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn and subscribed before me this 4th day of April, 1927.
(SEAL) J. HERALD JACOBS.
VIRGINIA CORRIGAN.
(My commission expires Dec. 5, 1930.)

Church-O-Grams

By Earl R. Rice

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April 17 is the sixth anniversary of Dr. Bryant's ministry to this congregation, as he began to preach to what is now the Drayton Avenue Presbyterian Church, on April 17th, 1921, and continued without a break for the past six years.

In the morning service there will be administered the ordinance of Baptism, and members will be received.

MUSICAL AND CHALK TALK

A musical event of the season will be sponsored by the Who-so-Ever-Will Bible class of the Baptist church Thursday evening, April 21. Miss Wilma Crandall, harpist of Detroit, will give several selections on her own harp. Miss Crandall is a well-known radio artist, and will play Barcarolle, and In Stainland.

Professor Emil Zwicky, for years a member of the Redpath Chautauqua Bureau, will give a chalk talk. Mrs. Young will give several selections on her violin. The program will also include numbers by Mr. O. J. Parker, the Ferndale poet.

Ferndale Gospel Mission Services every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, northwest Livernois and West Nine Mile. Evangelist, J. H. Pattison.

The missionary society of the Drayton Avenue Presbyterian Church will meet at the home of Mrs. Wm. A. Bryant, 113 St. Louis Avenue, on Thursday, at 2:00 o'clock.

About forty members of the Good Fellowship class of the Ferndale Baptist Church enjoyed a "Fish and Chip" supper at the church Tuesday evening of last week. Mrs. John Close was in charge. The dinner was followed by a musical program and business.



HE heart of Christendom rejoices on Easter Sunday. The entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, the agony of Christ in the garden, the crucifixion and burial on Good Friday—all these are past. Death is swallowed up in victory. Christ the Lord is risen today!

If, as has been suggested, the word Easter is derived from Oster, which signifies rising, then is Easter Sunday, both in name and reality, the feast of the resurrection.

It is more probable, however, that Easter gets its name from Eostre, a Saxon deity, whose feast was celebrated every spring about the time of the Christian festival. A compromise was thus effected, Christians accepting the pagan name and pagans accepting the Christian significance of the day.

Easter is a movable feast. It falls on "the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first of March, and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after."

In earlier days Easter was called the Paschal feast, for it was kept at the same time as the Pascha, or Jewish Passover.

So much for the origin of the name. Easter Sunday today is celebrated by young and old alike.

For the children there are rabbits and Easter eggs—and the unrestrained joy of egg hunts in back yards and in public parks.

For the grown-ups there are new suits, new hats.

But surely Easter holds more than this for us. It is not a day of happiness alone, nor of outward show alone. It is a day of victory.

Just as our Saxon forefathers celebrated Eostre and the victory of things physical, so we celebrate Easter and the victory of things spiritual. The heart of man is filled with the beauty of spring's flowers that have sprung from death to life.

The soul of man is triumphant, for it is filled with a spirit which death not.

Christ the Lord is risen!

THE MINSTREL

OUR conception of a minstrel today is a blackface comedian, and, accordingly, the far-famed Dan Emmett, said to have been the first man to use burnt cork on his face, has been called the inventor of minstrelsy.

But minstrels existed long before the days of Dan Emmett. Their origin is written in their name, for "minstrel" comes from the old French "meneestrel," which goes back to the Latin "ministratus," meaning servant. And the first minstrels were of the class of musical entertainers attached to medieval households, particularly those who sang to the accompaniment of the harp or other instrument.

Later the name came to be applied to street singers and traveling troubadours of whom frequent mention can be found in contemporary literature. For instance, in a Flemish book entitled "Adventures of the Fox Rhenishard," written in the Twelfth century by one Willem, we read of "minne-streels" or troubadours.

Anatole France refers to Homer as a minstrel who traveled to the military camps to entertain the soldiers with his epic songs. But the first valid minstrels and the first to answer to that name were the medieval troubadours of whom the burnt-cork gentry are a comparatively modern variation.

Biblical Story of the Resurrection

IN THE end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, to see the sepulcher.

And behold there was a great earthquake, for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning and his raiment white as snow.

And for fear of him the keepers did shake and become as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear ye not, for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here, for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead, and, behold, He goeth before you into Galilee; and there shall ye see Him; lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the sepulcher with fear and great joy; and did run to bring His disciples word.

And as they went to tell His disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came, and held Him by the feet, and worshiped Him.

Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.

Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them.

And when they saw Him they worshiped Him, and some doubted.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and earth.

Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost;

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

Esther Ralston



Esther Ralston has the biggest opportunity of her film career in "Old Ironsides." The production has a large cast, including some prominent players. It is a story of the war against the pirates of Tripoli, and Miss Ralston has a very important part.

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE SALE

Default having been made in the terms and conditions of a certain real estate mortgage, made, executed and delivered by Harry C. Thomas and Pearl W. Thomas, his wife; John H. Thomas and Elizabeth S. Thomas, his wife, to the International Mortgage Corporation, a Michigan Corporation, which said mortgage bears date of March 3rd, 1926, and was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Oakland County, Michigan, on June 22, 1926, in Liber 419 of Mortgages, on Page 446-9, Oakland County records, and which said mortgage contains a power of sale on default, authorizing the foreclosure thereof, and by reason of which default said International Mortgage Corporation has elected to declare and does hereby elect to declare the entire unpaid balance of said mortgage due and payable in accordance with the authority therein contained, and on which said mortgage there is claimed to be due and unpaid on the date hereof, for principal and interest and costs, as provided therein, the sum of Seven Hundred Eighty-five and 29/100 Dollars (\$785.29) and no suit or proceeding at law or in equity having been had or instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the undersigned will, on Tuesday, the 28th day of June, A. D. 1927, at twelve o'clock noon, Eastern Standard time, at the northerly entrance to the Oakland County Court House, in the City of Pontiac, Michigan (that being the building in which the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland is held), sell, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to realize the amount due thereon, as aforesaid, together with the interest thereon to the date of sale, attorneys' fees and costs of sale, as provided by law; said mortgaged premises being described as follows, to-wit: Lot Number Twenty-seven (27) Thomas Oaks Subdivision, a part of the northwest 1/4 of Section 35, Town 1 North, Range 11 East, according to the plat recorded October 14, 1924, in Liber 34 of plats on Page 6.

International Mortgage Corp.,
a Michigan Corporation,
Mortgagee.

Dated March 18, 1927.

MAURICE F. COLE,

Attorney for Mortgagee,
Hartwick Building,
Ferndale, Michigan.

Gazette Classifieds Pay



SPARE the "spare" and you'll spoil the trip. Tire trouble will tire you out, so why let it trouble you? Select a spare or two today from our supply.

FITCH
TIRE & BATTERY
SERVICE
PHONE R O 2261
155 9 MILE W.

Flowers for Easter



We invite you to call and see our display of potted plants and fresh cut flowers for Easter. We offer a selection of choice flowers at reasonable prices.

Ferndale Florist

Ferndale Theatre Bldg.

22018 WOODWARD AVENUE

and

22936 WOODWARD AVENUE

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of the Ferndale Gazette, published weekly at Ferndale Branch, Detroit, Mich., for April 1, 1927.

State of Michigan, County of Oakland, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. Herald Jacobs, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Ferndale Gazette, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—Harvey S. Jacobs, Ferndale, Mich.

Editor—Harvey S. Jacobs, Ferndale, Mich.

Business Manager—J. Herald Jacobs, Ferndale, Mich.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) Harvey S. Jacobs, Ferndale, Mich.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) There are none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date

shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn and subscribed before me this 4th day of April, 1927.

(SEAL)

J. HERALD JACOBS.

VIRGINIA CORRIGAN.

(My commission expires Dec. 5, 1930.)

Tragedy of Calvary Challenge to Faith



At Easter, we face the challenge of the Cross.

There is no fact in all the Christian story which is at the same time so inspiring and so disquieting as the fact of Calvary. We cannot come within vision of the little hill that lay beyond the wall of Jerusalem and fail to feel our hearts

strongly uplifted and profoundly disturbed. It is the scene of supreme love for humanity, of unfaltering loyalty to God. In the former aspect it brings to us hope and consolation; in the latter it challenges us to examine the nature of our faith and the manner of its exercise.

Looking at the universe from the standpoint of the Cross we discover the tremendous truth that back of all phenomena is love. No matter how much of surface contradiction there may be; no matter how many things appear in the history of the race, in the facts displayed by science, in the experience of the individual, which run counter to love, Calvary, if it has any meaning at all, means that the ultimate, controlling fact is love.

God is love—that is what the Cross means. And if the ultimate significance of life and the universe is God, then love is the supreme motive and power, which, in the end, must explain all, must reconcile all, must restore everywhere and in all life the harmony and happiness which our failure to understand and to believe this truth have lost to us for a time.

Faith's Foundation.

When faith lays hold upon this fact it gets solid ground beneath its feet. Nor can it be easily confounded by appearances. It has learned that the contradictions of appearance are due to the incompleteness of vision when life is regarded from any other standpoint than that of Calvary. Only at the foot of the Cross, on the summit of the little hill, can we see things in their completeness. We must keep coming back to it for a renewed realization of the truth that when life is viewed steadily and as a whole, from this focal point of God's purpose, love is seen to be the heart of it.

But when faith finds the comfort of this fact it faces, also, the challenge which lies in it.

The practical significance of the fact rests in the response which faith makes to it. The fact must be acted upon.

We derive no benefit from the universal atmosphere if we do not breathe it into our lungs. A man with nostrils stopped and mouth closed, dying of suffocation, does not disprove the existence of air. He proves only his own folly in failing to appropriate the essential element abundantly provided for his life. If the room becomes stifling and respiration difficult we throw open the window, acting upon our faith that God's supply of air is ample.

God's Love All Powerful.

Calvary is a challenge to faith to act upon its belief that love is the supreme force in the universe to dare all things and to suffer all things in unhesitating reliance upon the certainty and sufficiency of God's love to conquer where every other power fails. Jesus, as He turned His steps toward Jerusalem, faced the apparent collapse of His mission. If men were to

When Christ Arose at Easter Dawn

Dead hills, slate-faced against a pallid moon,
A brooding sea—
A restless forest whispering a song
Of mystery,
And sorrow cringing at the gates of old
Gethsemane.

But lo! a gleam lights up the sombre hills,
The dead trees stir,
Across the heavy night steals the sweet scent
Of spice and myrrh.
A golden halo rests above a cold,
White Sepulchre.

And in that glow, an angel robed in white
Stands all alone,
One hand upon a chariot of stars,
One on the stone
That seals the grave of Him the grieving God
Has named His Own.

And, all unseen by man, or beast, or bird
Ere night has spun
Her sable woof across a saddened world,
The sleeping One
Answers the call that floats adown the stars,
"Come, my dear Son!"

Thus Christ arose from His white sepulchre,
And journeyed home,
And where the angels knelt, a lily grew
Beside the tomb,
And those who came saw Christ in its glad face,
And sweet perfume.

judge by the surface indications, by the part picture which was visible to them—the picture of Jesus standing alone in the grip of His enemies; Jesus with the organized prejudice of hierarchical Judaism against Him; Jesus with the might of Imperial Rome against Him; Jesus without a human friend who had the courage to stand by Him—men could only say that this was catastrophe and defeat. So judging, Jesus Himself could not have felt otherwise.

The failure of religion to conquer the world in the name of Jesus is chiefly due to the fact that, too often, it is thus that its exponents have judged. They wanted immediate, visible results. They have shrunk from apparent failure, with all that it entailed of material loss and physical suffering; they have compromised and resorted to other sources of seeming strength. They have builded up an apparent success, measured in terms of wealth, or prestige, or numbers. But they have sacrificed the only thing worth while—the spiritual regeneration of humanity through the power of love.

EASTER is the time of the reveal of the lilies. They are seen in the hats and in the hands of the ladies—real or artificial lilies. They are found at the bedsides of pain, in the hospitals and the rooms of the shut-ins. They are held in the hand and cherished in the heart. But they are in the gardens also, or in the windows of homes and held in crystal vases. They are regnant and royal and sweet, according to the particular type of lily. The rose will have its day after awhile, and it will be a long summer day. But at Easter the lily has away.

Savior Chose Victory.

Jesus saw all the gloomy appearances of defeat long before they overwhelmed His disciples and sent them scurrying to cover; but He saw that the only real defeat possible lay in His surrender to appearances, in His losing faith in the love-purposes of God. Had He said, "By a little concession to the Temple authorities, by a small

yielding to Annas and Pilate, I can prolong My life and My service to My people; I can continue for another ten or twenty years to teach and to heal and to help; I can gather a large following and lay a stronger foundation for the work that must go when I am no longer able to direct it," that would have been tragic, that would have meant utter failure, hopeless defeat.

And yet how wise and commonsensical it all sounds, and how often men who count themselves His followers have shaped their service of Him by just such considerations as these.

Jesus went to the cross because He believed that love was mightier than organized prejudice and hatred, mightier than the armies of Rome, mightier than death, and that the way of God's triumph ran like a path of glory through all the midnight darkness which men termed catastrophe.

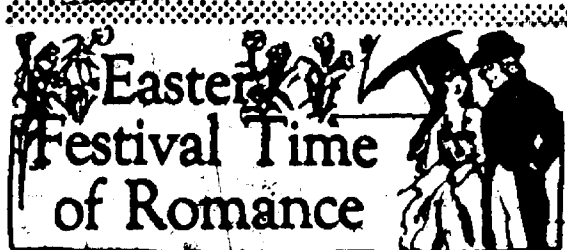
Call to Christians.

And when we turn back to Calvary, and salute with grateful and worshipping hearts the Man who did not flinch from it, we acknowledge that Jesus judged truly.

When will Christians answer the challenge of the Cross, and declare that they are willing to risk everything to lose everything, in order to demonstrate anew the truth that love is the only redemptive power for life, that love is the only answer to its problems, that love is the only solvent for its ills?

When will Christians courageously and with the heroism of their Master, build all their plans, rest all their hopes, chance everything upon the faith, that the significance of life is love, that the controlling impulse of the universe is love?

When that day comes the Cross will return, not as a symbol, but as an experience. There may be another such appearance of failure and defeat as made midnight for the blind at Calvary; but beyond it will lie the dawn of which Jesus spoke when He said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw men unto me!"



EASTER has always been the time of budding romance. In all ages numerous festivals have offered opportunities for the swains to press their suits upon the ladies of their choice. There was the "sugar cupping" to which only the unmarried came. The youths and maidens, armed with a cup and sugar or honey, came to the flower-decked well, and dipping the sugared cup into the well, murmured an incantation to the spirit that dwelt there, and then drank the water. The incantation is a secret, but it is believed that the object was to make a wish, and promise allegiance to the spirit, if the wish were fulfilled. It has long been consid-

erately, on Easter day, to wear something new; otherwise the rooks, envious of human finery, might cause your best clothes to tear. To avoid this the young people of European villages go to the market to buy a small article of wearing apparel. The custom of giving presents, especially gloves, is common in New England. In France the custom of wearing something new prevails to such an extent that every woman considers herself very ill-treated indeed if she has not a new cap to wear on Good Friday, and a new hat to wear on Easter Sunday. As a consequence, these days are called the feast of caps and the feast of hats.

On the continent of Europe there are numerous parades, attended by great pomp and splendor. In comparatively recent times the noblemen of the district, accompanied by his suite, rode in state through the town scattering coins pell mell, the peasants standing by, loudly applauding such splendor. In Spain there is the custom of the Easter king, who, wearing a tin crown and flourishing a kitchen spit as a scepter, furnishes a ribald counterpart of the English Lord of Misrule. There is also an ostentatious hanging and burning of a stuffed figure of Judas. After the fire is out the merry-makers dance over it, stamping and scattering the ashes of the effigy.

Eat It by the Ton

Twelve hundred tons of plum pudding are consumed in London at Christmas.

Start Day Early

In Finland it is a custom to attend church services at five o'clock on Christmas morning.

Christmas Emblem

As an emblem for Christmas, hang up, with the mistletoe and holly, Dad's crushed pocketbook.

FERNDALE METHODIST CHURCH

Woodward at LeRoy

Greetings to All and Invitation to Worship Here on

EASTER DAY, APRIL 17

6:30 A. M.—SUN RISE SERVICE, conducted by the Epworth League.

10:30 A. M.—"EASTER MESSAGE," Sermon. Pastor. Baptism of Children and Reception of New Members.

12:00 Noon—SUNDAY SCHOOL. Easter Lesson.

7:30 P. M.—THE CHOIR OF THIRTY VOICES, under direction of Mr. Arthur Clayton, will present the SACRED CANTATA, "THE EASTER VICTORY." Come early.

Why go to Detroit? You will do better here.

New members always wanted.

EARL R. RICE, Pastor. Residence 291 Drayton W.

EASTER DAY

AT

ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Livernois at Lewiston

PHILIP T. SODERSTROM, Minister

HOLY COMMUNION, 11:00 A. M.
Special Music

CHURCH SCHOOL PROGRAM AND BAPTISM OF INFANTS, 3:00 P. M.

O God, grant us so to die daily from sin, that we may evermore live with Christ.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

Rev. L. E. Chamberlain, Pastor, 157 E. Nine Mile

Sunday School and Morning Worship, 10:30

Special Features of Morning Service:
A Short Sunday School Program.
Special Music.
A Large Class Joining the Church.
A Baptismal Service.

Evening Service, 7:30

The choir gives the Cantata, "Jesus Lives," by Chas. H. Gabriel.
We offer to all a hearty welcome.

FERNDALE BAPTIST CHURCH

Troy West at Woodward Ave.

A. F. WAECHTER, Minister

Residence, 271 Maplehurst W.

Phone 3317

SPECIAL EASTER SERVICES

EASTER SERVICE 10:30 A. M.
Subject
"From Puzzled Lives to Glowing Hearts"

EVENING SERMON

"The Fruit of the Resurrection"

Special Easter music under the direction of Ivor Herbert. Roxie Andrews at the piano.

Baptismal Service in the Evening

"Come to Church on Easter Sunday"

DRAYTON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

SUNDAY, 7:00 A. M.

SUNRISE SERVICE..... Led by Pastor

SUNDAY, 11:00 A. M.

EASTER SERVICES

Special Music—Double Quartette
Instrumental Music
Reception of Members and Baptism

Editor's Note: This story is a cross section of the war. As Captain Thomason is a marine officer, naturally the actual names, dates, and places mentioned will bear a definite relation to marine activities in France; there is no intention, however, to overshadow the rest of the fighting American units. This story is a Marine story, because the author is only familiar with the combat experiences of his own men—but every doughboy who saw service in the war will recognize these experiences and encounters as similar to his own.

INTRODUCTION

Seven years after the war, across the world from France, I met a major of the American general staff, who was on the Paris-Metz road that last week in May, 1918, and saw the boys going in. "They looked fine, coming in there," he said. "Tall fellows, healthy and fit—they looked hard and competent. We watched you going in, through those little tired Frenchmen, and we all felt better. We knew something was going to happen—" and we were silent over Chilean wine, in a place on the South Pacific, thinking of those days and those men.



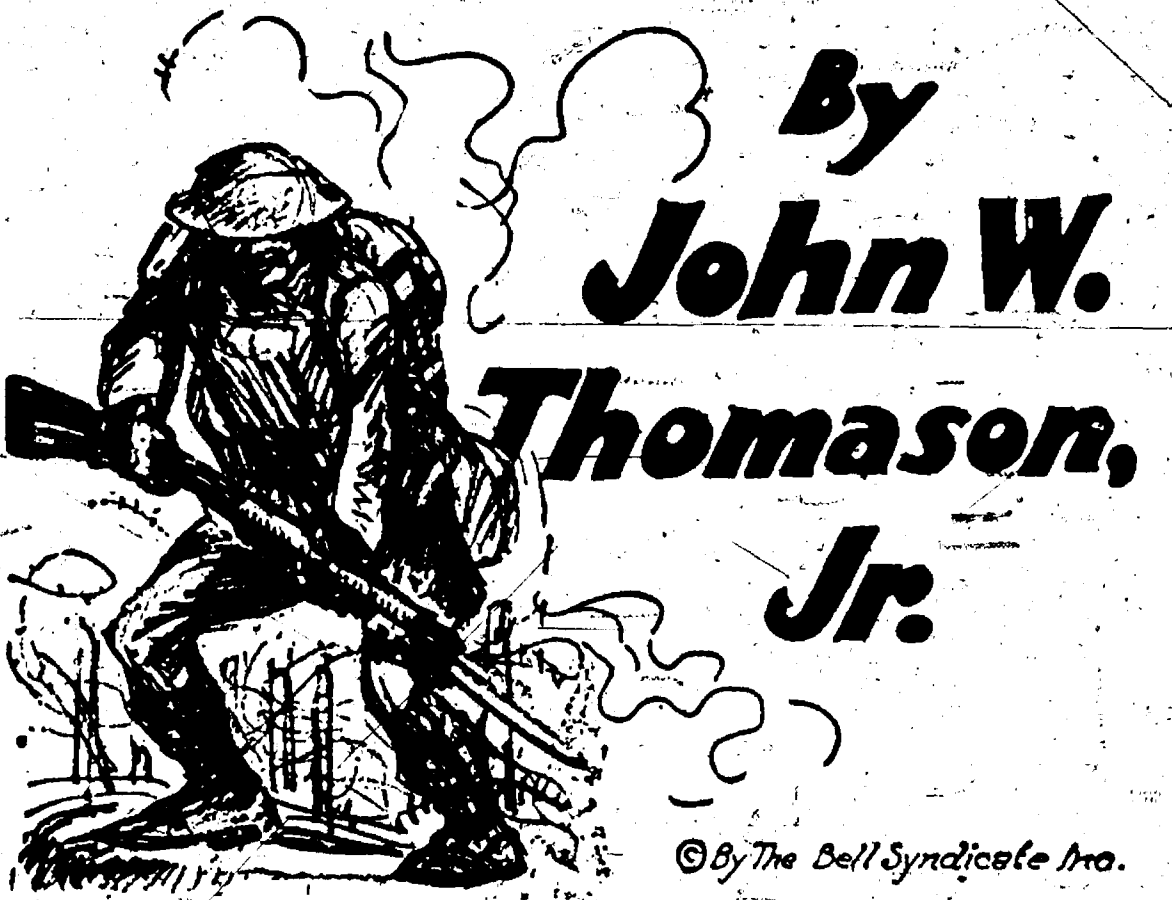
There is no sight in all the pageant of war like young, trained men going to battle. The columns look solid and businesslike. Each battalion is an entity, 1,200 men of one purpose. They go on like a river that flows very deep and strong. Uniforms are drab these days, but there are points of light on the helmets and the bayonets, and light in the quick, steady eyes and the brown young faces, greatly daring. There is no singing—veterans know, and they do not sing much—and there is no excitement at all; they are schooled craftsmen, going up to impose their will, with the tools of their trade, on another lot of fellows; and there is nothing to make a fuss about. Battles are not salubrious places, and every file knows that a great many more are going in than will come out again—but that is along with the job. And they have no illusions about the job.

There is nothing particularly glorious about sweaty fellows, laden with killing tools, going along to fight. And yet—such a column represents a great deal more than 28,000 individuals mustered into a division. All that is behind those men is in that column, too; the old battles, long forgotten, that shaped our nation—Brandywine and Trenton and Yorktown, San Jacinto and Chapultepec, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Antietam, El Caney; scores of skirmishes nearly every year—in which a man can be killed as dead as ever a chap was in the Argonne; traditions of things endured and things accomplished, such as regiments hand down forever; and the faith of men and the love of women; and that abstract thing called patriotism, which I never heard combat soldiers mention—all this passes into the forward zone, to the point of contact, where war is girt with horrors. And common men endure these horrors and overcome them, along with the insistent yearnings of the belly and the reasonable promptings of fear; and in this, I think, is glory.

They tell the tale of an American lady of notable good works, much esteemed by the French, who, at the end of June, 1918, visited one of the field hospitals, behind Degoutte's Sixth French army. Degoutte was fighting on the face of the Marne salient and the second American division, then in action around the Bois de Belleau, northwest of Chateau Thierry, was under his orders. It hap-



FIX BAYONETS!



By
**John W.
Thomason,
Jr.**

© By The Bell Syndicate Inc.

pened that occasional casualties of the Marine brigade of the Second American division, wounded toward the flank where Degoutte's own horizon-blue infantry joined on, were picked up by French stretcher bearers and evacuated to French hospitals. And this lady, looking down a long, crowded ward, saw on a pillow a face unlike the fiercely whiskered Gallic heads there displayed in rows.

"Oh," she said, "surely you are an American!"

"No, ma'am," the casualty answered, "I'm a marine."

The men who marched up the Paris-Metz road to meet the Boche in that spring of 1918, the Fifth and Sixth regiments of United States marines, were gathered from various places. In the big war companies, 250 strong, you could find every sort of man, from every sort of calling. There were northwesterners with straw-colored hair that looked white against their tanned skins, and delicately spoken chaps with the stamp of the eastern universities on them. There were large-boned fellows from Pacific coast lumber camps, and tall, lean southerners who swore amazingly in gentle, drawing voices. There were husky farmers from the corn-belt, and youngsters who had sprung, as it were, to arms from the necktie counter. And there were also a number of diverse people who ran curiously to type, with dented shoulders and a bone-deep sunburn, and a tolerant scorn for nearly everything on earth. Their speech was flavored with navy words, and words culled from all the folk who live on the seas and the

ports where our warships go. In easy hours their talk ran from the Tartar wall beyond Peking to the southern islands, down under Manila; from Portsmouth Navy yard—New Hampshire and very cold—to obscure bushwhackings in the West Indies, where Cacao chiefs, whimsically sanguinary, barefoot generals with names like Charlemagne and Christophe, waged war according to the precepts of the French revolution and the Cult of the Snake. They drank the eau de vie of Haute-Marne, and reminisced on saké, and vino, and Bacardi rum—strange drinks in strange cantinas at the far ends of the earth; and they spoke fondly of Milwaukee beer. Rifles were high and holy things to them; they also talked patronizingly of the war, and were concerned about rations. They were the Leathernecks, the Old Timers; collected from ship's guards and shore stations all over the earth to form the Fourth brigade of marines, the two rifle regiments, detached from the navy by order of the President for service with the American Expeditionary Forces. They were the old breed of American regular, regarding the service as home and war as an occupation; and they transmitted their temper and character and viewpoint to the high-hearted volunteer mass which filled the ranks of the Marine brigade.

It is a pleasure to record that they found good company in the army. The Second Division (United States Regular was the official designation) was composed of the Ninth and Twenty-third infantry, two old regiments with names from all of our wars on their battle-flags, the Second



Going Over.

regiment of engineers—and engineers are always good—and the Twelfth, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth field artillery. It was a division distinguished by the quality of dash and animated by an especial pride of service. It carried to a high degree esprit de corps, which some Frenchman has defined as esteeming your own corps and looking down on all the other corps. And although it paid heavily in casualties for the things it did—in five months about 100 per cent—the Second division never lost its professional character.

In 1917, when trained soldiers in the United States were at a premium, the navy offered a brigade of marines for service in France; it was regarded desirable for marine officers to have experience in large operations with the army; for it is certain that close co-operation between the army and the navy is a necessary thing in these days of far-flung battle lines. The British distress at Gallipoli is a crying witness to this principle. In a navy transport, therefore, United States Ship Henderson, the Fifth regiment of marines embarked for France in June, 1917, with the first armed American forces. The Sixth marines followed. The two regiments constituted the Fourth brigade, and served in the Second division, United States Regular, until the division came home, in August, 1919. About 30,000 marines were sent to France; some 14,000 of these went as replacements to maintain the two regiments of the Fourth brigade. A brigade musters some 7,500 officers and men; this brigade took part in some very interesting events.

Hereafter I have written of the marines in the war with Germany; how they went up, and what they did there, and how some of them came out again. Being a marine, I have tried to set forth simple tales without comment. It is unnecessary to write what I think of my own people, nor would it be, perhaps, in the best taste.

And I have written of marines in this war because they are the folks I know about myself. Those battlefields were very large, and a man seldom saw much or very far beyond his own unit, if he had a job in hand. As a company officer, I always had a job. There is no intent to overlook those very gallant gentlemen, our friends, the army. Their story is ours, too. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

CHAPTER I

Attack.

In the fields near Marigny marines of the First Battalion of the Fifth found an amiable cow. There had been nothing in the way of rations that day; there were no prospects. All hands took thought and designated a robust Polish corporal as executioner. He claimed to have been a butcher in a former existence. He was leading the cow decently away from the road when a long gray car boomed up, halted with the touch of swank that Headquarters chauffeurs always affect, and disgorged a very angry colonel.

"Lieutenant, what are you doing there—" he yelled.

"Sir, you see, the men haven't had anything to eat, and I thought, sir—we found this cow wandering around—we couldn't find any owner—we'd like to chip in and buy her—we were goin' to—"

"I see, sir, I see! You were going to kill this cow, the property of some worthy French family. You will bear in mind, lieutenant, that we are in France to protect the lives and property of our allies from the Germans—release that animal at once! Your rations will be distributed as soon as possible—carry on—" The colonel departed, and four or five 77s crashed into a little wood two hundred yards up the road. There were more shells in the same place. "Hi! Brother Boche must think there's a battery over there!" "Well, there ain't—" the marines sat down in the wheat and observed the cow, abandoned by a vanished French family.

"I was a quartermaster sergeant once, sir," said the platoon sergeant dreamily. "I remember just what the cuts of beef are. There'd be fine sirloin on that cow-critter, now. Mr. Ashby (another flight of 77s burst in the wood), if we was to take that cow over an' tie her in that brush—she oughten to be out here in the open, anyway—might draw fire shell's liable to hit anything, you know, sir—"

"Sergeant, you heard what the colonel said. But if you think she'd be safer—I'd suggest volunteers. And by the way, sergeant, I want a piece of tenderloin—the T-bone part—"

The cow was duly secured in the wood, men risking their lives thereby. The Boche shelled methodically for two hours, and the marines were reduced to a fearful state of nerves—"Is that dam' heifer gonna live forever?" Two of three kilometers away fighting was going on. The lieutenant, with his glass, picked up far, running figures on the slope of a hill. You caught a flicker, points of light on the gray-green fields—bayonets. Occasional wounded Frenchmen wandered back, weary, bearded men, very dirty. They looked with dull eyes at the Americans—"Tres mauvais, la-bas! Beaucoup Boche, la—" The marines were not especially interested. Their regiment had been a year in France, training. Now they, too, were dirty and tired and very hungry. The war would get along... it always had.

A week ago, Memorial day, there had been no drills. The Second Division, up from a tour in the quiet Verdun trenches, rested pleasantly around Bourmont. Rumors of an attack by the First division, at Cantigny, filtered in. Cantigny was a town up toward Montdidier. Notions of geography were the vaguest—but it was in the north, where all the heavy fighting was. It appeared that the Second was going up to relieve the First... "Sure! we'll relieve 'em. But if they wanted a fight, why didn't they let us know in the first place? We'd showed 'em what shock-troops can do!"

The division set out in camions; in the neighborhood of Meaux they were turned-around and sent out the Paris-Metz road, along which the civilian population from the country between the Chemin des Dames and the Marne, together with the debris of a French army, was coming back. The civilians walked with their faces much on their shoulders, and there was horror in their eyes. The marines took notice of another side of war.

"Hard on poor folks, war is," "You said it!"—"Say—think, about my folks, an' your folks, out on the road like that!"—"Yeh. I'm thinkin' about it. An' when we meet that Boche, I'm gonna do something about it—Look—right nice-lookin' girl, yonder!"

There were French soldiers in the rout, too. Nearly all were wounded, or in the last stages of exhaustion. They did not appear to be first-line troops; they were old bearded fellows of forty and forty-five, terror-

ists; or mean, unpleasant-looking Belgians; such troops as are put in to hold a quiet sector. Seven or eight divisions of them had been in the line between Soissons and Rheims, which was, until May 27, a quiet sector. On that day forty-odd divisions, a tidal wave of fighting Germans, with the greatest artillery concentration the Boche ever effected, were flung upon them, and they were swept away, as a levee goes before a flood. They had fought; they had come back, fighting, thirty-five miles in three days; and the Boche, though slowed up, was still advancing. They were holding him along the Marne, and at Chateau-Thierry a machine-gun battalion of the American Third division was piling up his dead in heaps around the bridge-heads but to the northwest he was still coming. And to the northwest the Second Division was gathering. During the second, third and fourth of June it grouped itself, first the Fourth brigade of marines, with some guns, and then the regular infantrymen of the Ninth and Twenty-third. Already, around Hautevesnes, there had been a brush with advancing Germans, and the Germans were given a new experience: rifle-fire that begins to kill at 800 yards; they found it very interesting. This was June 5; the battalion near Marigny, on the left of the Marine Brigade, had a feeling that they were going in tomorrow. The men thought lazily on events, and lounged in the wheat, and watched that clump of trees—and at last an agonized bellow came on the echo of a bursting shell—"Well—she's stopped one! Thought she musta dug in—" "Let's go get 'em!"

Presently there was lots of steak, and later a bitter lesson was repeated—mustn't build cooking-fires with green wood, where the Boche can see the smoke. But everybody lay down on full bellies. Before dark the last French were falling back. Some time during the night Brigade sent battle orders to the First battalion of the Fifth marines, and at dawn they were in a wood near Champillon. Nearly every man had steaks in his mess-pan, and there was hope for cooking them for breakfast. Instead...

The platoons came out of the woods as dawn was getting gray. The light was strong when they advanced into the open wheat, now all starred with dewy poppies, red as blood. To the east the sun appeared, immensely red and round, a handbreadth above the horizon; a German shell burst black across the face of it, just to the left of the line. Men turned their heads to see, and many there looked no more upon the sun forever. "Boys, it's a fine, clear mornin'! Guess we can chow after we get done molestin' these here Heinies, hey?"—One old non-com—was it Jerry Finnegan of the Forty-ninth?—had out a can of salmon, hoarded somehow against hard times. He haggled it open with his bayonet, and went forward so, eating chunks of goldfish from off that wicked knife. Two hours later Sergeant Jerry Finnegan lay dead, across a Maxim gun with his bayonet in the body of the gunner.

It was a beautiful deployment, lines all dressed and guiding true. Such matters were of deep concern to this outfit. The day was without a cloud, promising heat later, but now it was pleasant in the wheat, and the woods around looked blue and cool.

Across this wheatfield there were more woods, and in the edge of these woods the old Boche, lots of him, infantry and machine-guns. Surely he had seen the platoons forming a few hundred yards away—it is possible that he did not believe his eyes. He let them come close before he opened fire. The American fighting man has his failings. He is prone to many regrettable errors. But the sagacious enemy will never let him get close enough to see whom he is attacking. When he has seen the enemy, the American regular will come on in. To stop him you must kill him. And when he is properly trained and has acquired the habit of saying "Come on!" to him-

he will stand as much stinging as any body on earth.

The platoons, assailed now by a fury of small-arms fire, narrowed their eyes and inclined their bodies forward, like men in heavy rain, and went on. Second waves reinforced the first, fourth waves the third, as prescribed. Officers yelled "Battle-sight! Fire at will!"—and the leaders, making out green-gray, clumsy uniforms and round pot-helmets in the gloom of the woods, took it up with Springfield, aimed shots. Automatic riflemen brought their chaut-chauts into action from the hip—a chaut-chaut as accurate from the hip as it ever is—and wrangled furiously with their ammunition-carriers—"Come on, kid—bag o' clips!"—"Aw—I lent it to Ed to carry, last night—didn't think—" "Yeh, and Ed lent it to a fence-post when he got tired—get me some off a casualty, before I—" A very respectable volume of fire came from the advancing platoons. There was yelling and swearing in the wheat, and the lines, much thinned, got into the woods. Some grenades went off; there was screaming and a tumult, and the "taka-taka-taka-taka" of the Maxim guns died down. "Hi! Sergeant—hold on! Major said he wanted some prisoners—" "Well, sir, they looked like they was gonna start somethin'—" "All right! All right! but you catch some alive the next place, you hear?"—"Quickly, now—get some kind of a line—" "Can't make four waves—" "Well, make two—an' put the chaut-chauts in the second—no use gettin' 'em bumped off before we can use 'em—" The attack went on, platoons much smaller, sergeants and corporals commanding many of them.

A spray of fugitive Boche went before the attack, holding where the ground offered cover, working his light machine-guns with devilish skill, retiring, on the whole, commendably. He had not expected to fight a defensive battle here, and was not heavily intrenched, but the place was still with his troops, and he was in good quality, as marine casualty lists were presently to show.

There was more wheat, and more woods, and obscure savage fighting among individuals in the brushy ravine. The attack, especially the in-board platoons of the Forty-ninth and Sixty-seventh companies, burst from the trees upon a gentle slope of wheat that mounted to a crest of orderly pine, black against the sky. A three-cornered coppice this side of the pines commanded the slope; now it blazed with machine-guns and rifles; the air was populous with wicked keening noises.

Most of the front waves went down; all hands, very sensibly, flung themselves prone. "Can't walk up to these babies—" "No—won't be enough of us left to get on with the war—" "Pass the word: crawl forward, keepin' touch with the man on your right! Fire where you can—"

Sweating, hot, and angry with a bleak, cold anger, the marines worked forward. They were there, and the Germans were there. An officer, risking his head above the wheat, observed progress, and detached a corporal with his squad to get forward by the flank. "Get far enough past the flank gun, now, close as you can, and rush it—we'll keep it busy." Nothing sounds as mad as rifle-fire, staccato, furious—The corporal judged that he was far enough, and raised with a yell, his squad leaping with him. He was not past the flank; two guns swung that way, and cut the squad down like a grass-hook levels a clump of weeds. They lay there for days, eight marines in a dozen yards, face down on their rifles. But they had done their job. The men in the wheat were close enough to use the spirit-second interval in the firing. They got in, cursing and stabbing.

Meanwhile, to the left, a little group of men lay in the wheat under the very muzzle of a gun that clipped

the stalks around their ears and riddled their combat packs—firing, high by a matter of inches and the mercy of God. A man can stand just so much of that. Life presently ceases to be desirable; the only desirable thing is to kill that gunner, kill him with your hands! One of them, a corporal named Geer, said: "By God, let's get him!" And they got him. One fellow seized the spitting muzzle and up-ended it on the gunner; he lost a hand in the matter. Bayonets flashed in, and a rifle-butt rose and fell. The battle tore through the coppice. The machine-gunners were brave men, and many of the Prussian infantry were brave men, and they died. A few streamed back through the brush, and hunters and hunted burst in a frantic medley on the open at the crest of the hill. Impartial machine-guns, down the hill to the left, took toll of both. Presently the remnants of the assault companies were panting in the trees on the edge of the hill. It was the objective of the attack, but distance had ceased to have any meaning, time was not, and the country was full of square patches of woods. In the valley below were more Germans, and on the next hill. Most of the officers were down, and all hands went on.

They went down the brushy slope, across a little run, across a road where two heavy Maxims were caught sitting, and mopped up and up the next long, smooth slope.

Some marines branched off down that road and went into the town of Torcy. There was fighting in Torcy, and a French avion reported Americans in it, but they never came out again... a handful of impudent fellows against a battalion of Sturmtruppen. Then the men who mounted the slope found themselves in a cleared area, full of orderly French wood piles, and apparently there was a machine-gun in every woodpile. Jerry Finnegan died here, sprawled across one of them. Lieutenant Somers died here. One lieutenant found himself behind a woodpile, with a big auto-rifleman. Just across from them, very near, a machine-gun behind another woodpile was searching for them. The lieutenant, all his world narrowed to that little place, peered vainly for a loophole; the sticks were pumping and shaking as the Maxim flailed them; bullets rang under his helmet. "Here, Morgan," he said, "I'll poke my tin hat around this side, and you watch and see if you can get the chaut-chaut on them—" He stuck the helmet on his bayonet, and thrust it out. Something struck it violently from the point, and the rifle made his fingers tingle. The chaut-chaut went off, once. In the same breath there was an odd noise above him... the machine-gun... he looked up. Morgan's body was slumping down to its knees; it leaned forward against the wood, the chaut-chaut, still grasped in a clenched hand, coming to the ground butt first. The man's head was gone from the eyes up; his helmet slid stickily back over his combat pack and lay on the ground. "My mother," reflected the lieutenant, "will never find my grave in this place!" He picked up the chaut-chaut, and examined it professionally, noting a spatter of little red drops on the breech and the fact that the clip showed one round expended. The charging handle was back. He got to his feet with deliberation, laid the gun across the woodpile, and sighted three Boche with very red faces; their eyes looked pale under their deep helmets. He gave them the whole clip, and they appeared to wilt. Then he came away from there. Later he was in the little run at the foot of the hill with three men, all wounded. He never knew how he got there. It just happened.

Later in the day the lieutenant was back on the pine-crested hill, now identified as Hill 142. Captain Hamilton was there, one or two other officers, and a handful of the Forty-ninth and Sixty-seventh companies;

(To be Continued)



A SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT

The Sandman Story

Martha Martin

EDA'S DREAM

EDA was very anxious to leave the farm and go into society when she grew older and she thought about it and wondered how it could be.

She thought it would be so lovely to have to do nothing at all, all the rest of her days, except to give orders. She grew so tired at times of the numbers of chores which were always coming up to be done. One night after Eda had gone to bed she was thinking about a wonderful future and planning her best make-believe plans when suddenly a little Fairy appeared.

"Hello, Eda," said the Fairy.

"Why, hello," said Eda.

"My name is Fairy Grant-Your-Wishes," said the Fairy, "and the Dreamland King and the Fairy Won-

were no picnics and no berry and nut hunts. The life now was all that Eda could possibly bear. How she did wish she hadn't asked Fairy Grant-Your-Wishes to grant such a silly wish.

One day she was talking to a lot of her new-found friends. They were all boasting of how rich their daddies were and of how famous they were and of their grandfathers and grandmothers.

They didn't quite understand how Eda was one of them in such an unexpected and unexplained fashion and they wanted to make sure that she really belonged.

So they began talking of their riches and of their fine aristocracy or ancestors, which showed that they didn't amount to much when they boasted so much.

"My father was the founder of a coaching club in the most fashionable city," said one as though that were of great historical importance.

"My grandfather was the founder of an automobile racing club and my grandmother's father was the one who originated riding crops now in use in all the smart riding clubs," said another.

"My grandfather was the brass tack king who made the great family fortune out of brass tacks," said a third.

"My father is known as the Curtain Rod King," said a fourth, "and his father before him was famous for being the founder of the Tuesday Evening club dinners."

On they boasted of their relatives who rode along the best bridle paths in city parks and Eda thought it very strange that those who said they believed in a democracy should call all their rich relatives "Kings" when they became prosperous.

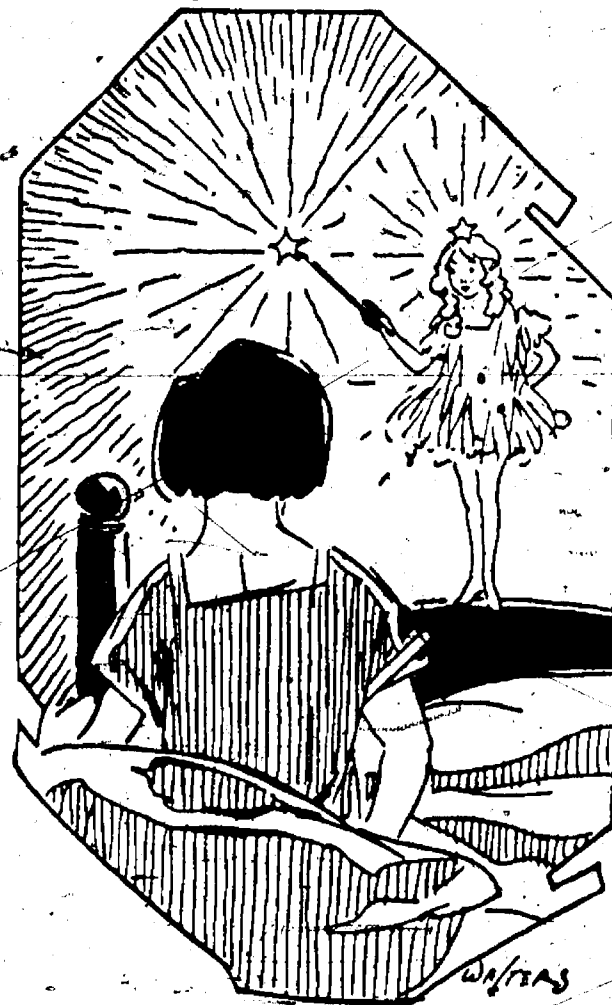
"And who was your father?" they asked her.

"He is really a king of the earth," Eda answered, and they all laughed and said, "A king of the earth; how could he be that?"

"He is a farmer," Eda went on, "and without farmers your fathers would never have been able to do anything, for the earth gives us what we eat and what we need. But while you would call my daddy a Farm King if you had him, I just call him my dear farmer daddy and shall from now on, for I don't like society. I want to go back to the farm! I want to go where things are happy and simple and real."

And as she said this the children seemed to vanish and Fairy Grant-Your-Wishes had taken Eda back, and the whole long dream had only taken one night of real time. But, oh, how happy Eda was that no one had known she had ever deserted the farm and its dear people and its dear animals for what was so curiously thought to be famous society.

(Copyright.)



"My Name is Fairy Grant-Your-Wishes."

drous Secrets said you might want to ask me to grant you some wishes. Is there anything you wish?"

"Oh, Fairy," said Eda, "I would like to be in high society when I grow up and I'd even like to begin now."

So before Eda knew it she was with many little girls who were so beautifully dressed and they always had people about them, maids and governesses, and they couldn't do anything by themselves.

Eda wasn't used to that at all. She had always been used to having a lot of freedom and independence. And when she suggested that they all go barefoot everyone was horrified at her. They didn't know what to make of that at all. And, oh, Eda wondered after a time how she could ever stand the life even after she grew up.

For there were so many teas and card parties and luncheons and there

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Notable Exception

It is often said that the works of art never attain the perfection of the works of nature, but there are exceptions to all rules and we like a mechanical loud speaker better than a human one, if only because we can shut it off when we want to.—Ohio State Journal.

Some people go through life acting as if every cloud held a cyclone.

You can learn a bear to dance, but it ain't dancin'.

(Copyright.)

WHAT THE GRACIOUS HOSTESS SAYS:

By DELLA THOMPSON LUDS

THE BREAKFAST TABLE

THE table for a breakfast party is set as for luncheon. At each place is a service plate, with such forks at the left, and such knives and spoons at the right as will be used. The water glass stands at the tip of the knife blade, and the bread and butter plate with the butter spreader lying across top, at the tip of the first fork. A salt and pepper shaker are placed between each two places.

The breakfast napkin, which matches the cloth, is folded diagonally and laid on the service plate with the embroidered point toward the edge of the table. If the fruit course is to be on the table when the guests enter the napkin is laid at the left of the forks.

The bread and butter plate is about six inches in diameter and matches other china used.

A ball of butter may be placed on the plate before the guests enter if economy of service is desired. The supply plate is not left on the table, but is passed by the waitress, if there is one, or set on the tea wagon, to be passed, when necessary, by one of the children if there are any, or from guest to guest.

The menu for a breakfast party or brekko-lunch should be simple, else we lose the point of this form of entertaining. It may consist of the following:

Whole Strawberries (with powdered sugar)

Curled Bacon Scrambled Eggs
Baked Potatoes Johnny Cake
Sliced Cucumber
Raspberry Tarts Coffee

or:

Red Raspberries and Cream
Fried Ham and Eggs
Creamed Potatoes
Oatmeal Muffins Tomatoes Sliced
Doughnuts Coffee

or:

Cantaloupe
Soft-Boiled Eggs
French Fried Potatoes
Lettuce Tomatoes Sliced
Corn Meal Muffins
Coffee Doughnuts

For an autumn breakfast the following is suggested:

Fruit Cup
(Mixture of orange, banana, grapefruit, grapes, pineapple)
Waffles and Honey
Coffee Doughnuts

and for winter:

Grapefruit
Buckwheat Cakes Maple Syrup
Sausage
Coffee Doughnuts

In either of the above two menus extra service in the kitchen would be needed, unless made by electric equipment at table, but either would be hailed with exclamations of delight.

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4	March shipments from the factory larger than March, 1926	4957 cars
	February, 1927 shipments greater than February, 1926	4106 cars

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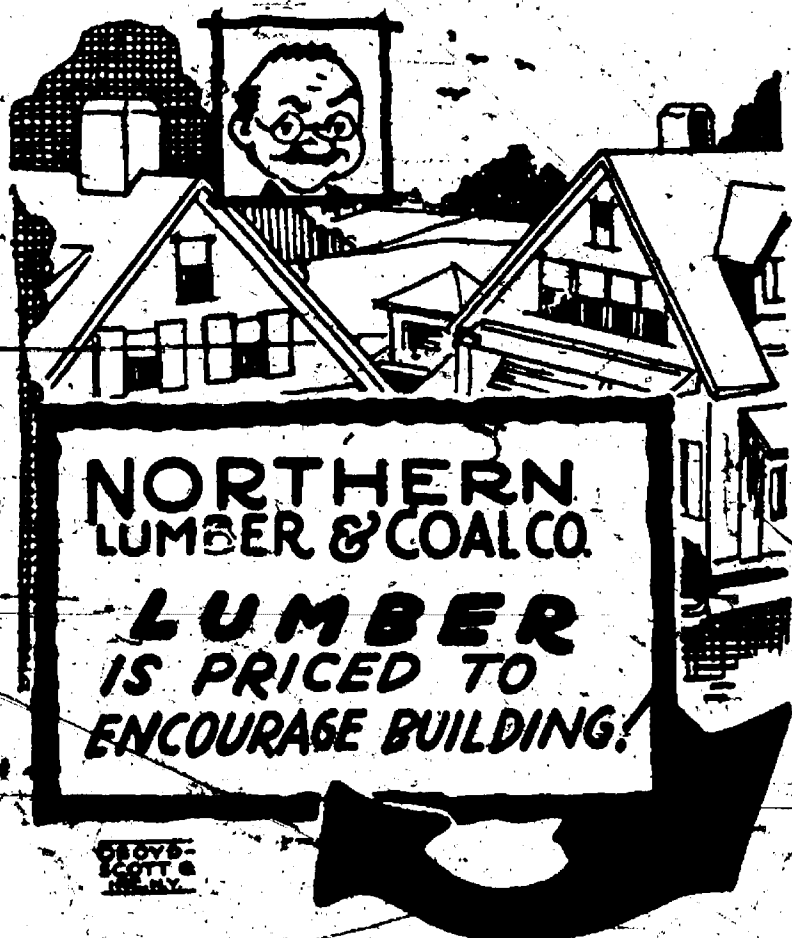
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