

SHORE SERVICE

By ARCHIE C. NEW
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

"JUST what," demanded Jean, "does your love for me mean to you?" Her lustrous eyes, set in a lovely oval face, did not reflect the sentiment of her query. She stared across the lake, vexedly, and idly flicked at the sand with her toe. Something in her tone aroused the impetuous declaration at the tip of Dick Wendell's tongue. "Why, wonderful!" he replied, soberly. "It means everything. With things the way they are, my job gone, you—our love—is all I've got left. Except this." He pointed slightly to Pilgrims Rest, his lake-shore property, a few acres of green lawn and beach sand, with its long spacious pavilion and sleeping quarters. "I—I'd sell this if you didn't love it so much. I'd sell it tomorrow to give us something to get married on. Why, honey," he warned to the subject, "let's—"

ously. "Who are those people?" "Customers," said Mack, succinctly. "Come on." "Customers?" echoed Jean. "Has he opened a store?" "Yeah!" granted Mack, grimly. "Selling outdoor life, lakeside delights, to private parties at a dollar-fifty a hour. Dinning, bathing, fishing, crabbing, quail, cats, drinks, romance, entertainment, music," here Mack grinned, "all for one admission. Come on! I've sold him."

MERRY QUIPS

In Counterfeit Money
He—It costs me \$5,000 a year to live. She—Do you really think it is worth it?
Cluck, Cluck
"Tommy's girl is no chicken."
"No; she's a goose if she marries him!"
Next Case
"His face is my fortune."
"Huh! Another hard luck story!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*
Such Language
"Itax daddy finished dressing?"
"I don't think so, rummy. I heard him talking to his collar."
Vivid Description
"Can you describe your neighbor?"
"Of course, I can. That's what he hit me for, describing him."
At Auction, Maybe
"Is your wife changeable, old man?"
"I've never tried, but I shouldn't think so."—*Answers Magazine.*
Proof of the Pudding
Mrs. A.—Should I ask the cook for references?
Mr. A.—No, get her to submit samples.
And Spare, Too
"I adore bridge! I could play it in my sleep."
"Apparently you do."—*Tit-Bits Magazine.*
Nothing to Speak Of
Flower-Dealer (to man in store)—Are you looking for something?
Man—No; I've lost my wife.—*Tit-Bits Magazine.*
His Ever
He—Who spilled seaweed on this waffle, dear?
She—Oh, John! How could you! This is lemon pie!
FLOWERS FOUND TO RUN TEMPERATURES
Flowers are apt to be feverish, says a communication to the French Academy of Sciences by Professor Barington, reporting his observations of the temperature of plants.
Some of the flowers that are given to show their abnormal temperatures, he says, are the morning-glory, the nasturtium and the dandelion.
Most flowers, however, are given to normal temperatures at midday. This, he says, is several degrees above the temperature of the surrounding air.
This is easily noted to occur on buds between 10 o'clock in the morning and noon.
The male flowers of dicotyledons and monocotyledons are warmer in temperature than female flowers of the same plant at the same stage of development.—*Detroit Free Press.*
Notes in the Valley
Britain's reputation as the Ringier Isle is enhanced by the enlargement of the Bourville Carlton, which hangs in the tower of Bourville village school, near Birmingham. When it was installed by the late George Calloway in 1909, it contained 50 bells; now it bears 48 bells, and the most delicate response to the player's touch of any carillon in the world. The heaviest bell weighs three and a quarter tons and the lightest twelve pounds, the total weight of the instrument being seventeen and a half tons.—*Tit-Bits Magazine.*
A City That Was
The recent rise and fall of a city is probably held by Pithole, in Pennsylvania. Within three months of the finding of oil, the town had a hotel, a theater, and a daily paper. At the end of seven months it had 24 hotels, an academy of music, a water works, a city hall, and 13,000 inhabitants. Then the oil was taken away by a pipeline, and in three weeks the city had 40 inmates.—*Montreal Herald.*
Odd Ticks Played by Noise
Noise plays many tricks. In the great cathedrals of Milan, Cologne and St. Peter's an organ note lasts so long that any rendition is a confused jumble. In St. Paul's in London and in the Hollywood bowl it is possible for two people 50 feet apart to have a whispered conversation, owing to the acoustics.—*Scientific American.*
16,000 Miles of Trout Streams
There are approximately 16,000 miles of trout streams in the state of Michigan. The acquisition of land with river frontage is favored by the Department of Conservation to insure continued freedom of fishing privileges.—*Detroit News.*
Humble Protest
"You have some rich relations," said the gossip.
"Yes," answered Farmer Cornoussel. "But all they ever do for me is to put me to the expense of buying my family new clothes to wear to foolish parties."
Relief
"Your girl called up and said she wouldn't be able to meet you today."
"Well, that's a wait off my mind."—*Tit-Bits Magazine.*
Important Document
Mother—A 20-page letter from James. What does he say?
Daughter—He says he loves me.

THE ROMANS

Had A Phrase For It

"CAVEAT EMPTOR," meaning "Let the buyer beware." This was not used as a bit of balm to ease the ancient conscience; nor, yet, was it placarded in the booths and stalls of the market-place. It was a piece of every-day knowledge, born of dear-bought experience.

A shopkeeper knew little about the source of his merchandise. This tunic he bought from a trader, who said it came from Byzantium. So he sold it as the latest Byzantian style. The trader told him the dye was pure Tyrian—it wouldn't fade. So he sold it as Tyrian dyed. But the buyer knew the responsibility was his own. If he guessed wrongly, or his judgment was poor, it was HIS hard luck.

Today, fortunately, there are safer guides than the blanket-warning to "let your eyes be your market."

These guides are the newspaper advertisements. In this newspaper, they are a catalog of the best values in town—signed by responsible firms. If the goods are not all that is claimed for them, their sponsors would need to "beware." For no business can thrive on a one-time sale, or on dissatisfied customers.

A signed advertisement is, in a way, like a promissory note. The advertiser has made a statement, and affixed his signature as a sign of good faith.

So, read the advertisements before you start out on a buying trip. Make this habit, and see how much you save... in time, in temper, in money, in shoe-leather.

FRIONA STAR

