

SCHEMERS IN DRAGON HUNT GIVEN MONEY, JAIL TERMS

One must go back to the darkest of the dark ages, to the days of the Nibelungen and Siegfried, to find a match for the tale that has just percolated out of the Bulgarian backwoods village of Braca. Apart from the fact that the villagers are now beginning to doubt that there ever was a dragon, because no one can be found who really saw it, the tale is complete.

Several months ago a number of woodsmen working in the mountains about Braca brought down to the village a report that a queer-looking animal of one sort or another was lurking about the summit of one of the mountains. It was suggested that the animal might be a dragon. Never doubting this for a moment, the peasants of the neighborhood and the villagers, including even the most prominent residents, took up the story and passed it about.

With its every retelling the dragon became larger and more ferocious, the fumes it threw off more poisonous, and the fire it spat from its gargantuan mouth ever hotter. It was impossible to describe with minuteness the cave in which the beast dwelled and, ultimately, the size and the nature of the treasure which it was guarding. There were, to be exact, just eight carloads of purest gold and 20 chests of precious jewels hidden away in the deepest recesses of the cave.

As might have been expected some of the brighter and more courageous young men of the village wished to organize an expedition to slay the dragon and recover the treasure. Eight wagons loaded with gold and 20 chests filled with gems were not to be sniffed at. A retired colonel of the Bulgarian army, friend willing to head the Stryftrian expedition. He and the widow of a wealthy landowner agreed also to finance the party, the men who gave birth to the idea having been careful to point out that a first-class dragon hunt would require expensive as well as extensive preparations.

Virtually everything was set for the big hunt; the widow had given much of her personal fortune; the colonel had followed suit, and had also provided himself, among other things, with a gas mask with which to protect himself against the poisonous vapors from the dragon.

Then, unfortunately, the colonel's wife happened to find among his effects a few papers which revealed to her for the first time that he actually was to lead the expedition. Fearing for his safety, she took the papers to her brother, an attorney in a nearby city, to solicit his aid in attempting to dissuade the colonel from carrying out what the wife conceived to be an exceedingly dangerous project. Albeit the lawyer saw quite another story in the colonel's papers.

As a result of his investigation the dragon hunt ended in a criminal court chamber instead of in the mountains. The attorney who originated the idea and who took charge of the expedition's charges of obtaining money under false pretences.

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History; Ethel Waterman, A. B. Junior Session Room; S. S. Science; Arthur Toothacker, A. B. Science; Aris Horwarth, A. M., English; Boush Randle, A. B., Latin; Emily Walker, A. B., Mathematics; Boush Packard, A. B., English; Merle Taylor, A. E., Mathematics; Eleanor Miller, B. S., Science; Fricia Huggatt, B. S., Science; Letta Bloomfield, B. S., Cooking; Hester Bradley, B. S., Science; Earl Correvot, A. B., English and Debating; Lois Hicks, A. B., Spanish and English; Evangeline Pursell, A. B., History; Vida McGiffin, A. B., English; Ruth Hull, A. B., Latin; Dorothy Allen, A. B., English; Arthur Stratton, A. B., History; Ernest Engel, A. B., Boys' Physical Training; Ethel Hughes, A. B., Commercial; Thelma Lee Schok, A. B., Librarian; Florence Ackery, Geography; Helen McElroy, Girls' Physical Training; Howard Crull, Manual Training; Hazel Schall, Commercial; Helen Kida, A. B., Music; Mae Simms, Music; Rachael Peterson, Clerk; Emma Christensen, Nurse; Arnold Adams, Band and Orchestra; Nellie Williams, Attendance; Helen Lockwood, Grade Supply.

Adams School

Francis M. Cooke, A. M., Prin. Junior School
Mable Brown, Asst. Prin.
Muriel Brasie, A. B., Grade 9A, Session Room, Latin and English; Lila S. Mergard, A. B., Grade 9B, Session Room, Mathematics; Ann Correvot, B. S., Grade 8, Session Room, English and Penmanship; Alvena Beals, Grade 7A, Session Room, Mathematics; Gladys Rogerson, B. S., Grade 7B, Session Room, History and Civics; Josephine Poor, B. S., Science; Della Wilson, A. B., English; Eleanor Mallender, B. S., Sewing and Cooking; Elmer Wiseman, B. S., Boys' Physical Education; Marilyn Smiley, Manual Training; Jeannette Kruikard, Girls' Physical Education; Charlotte Frye, Music; Sarah B. B. Art; Ruth Mott Simmons, Grade 6B; Dorothy Anderson, Grade 6B; Margaret McGee, Grade 5A, 6B; Alice McManus, Grade 5B; Marion Bouldrey, Grade 4A, 5B; Evelyn Wheeler, Grade 4B, 4A; Jane Hendry, Grade 4B; Marion Galbraith, Grade 3A; Orla M. Shimer, Grade 3B; Dagmar Huh-Grade 2A; Ella Engel, Grade 2B; Marian Smith, Grade 1A, 2B; Ruth Martin Davis, Grade 1B, 1A; Leona Vinecot, Grade 1B; Harriet Bishop, Kindergarten; Frances Giles, Clerk.

Hill School

Wynn B. Easterday, Prin.
Lyla McCormick, Arithmetic and Science, Grade 6; Edwina Rubey, English and History, Grade 5; Ella Cross, Grade 5; Josephine Bristol, Grade 4; Charmian Cornwall, Grade 4; Elizabeth Hurd, Grade 2; Virginia Hupp, Grade 1.

Baronum School

Isabel Foreman, A. B., Prin. Gertrude Cromie, Grade 5; Alfreda Parham, Grade 4; Lydia Terrill, Grade 3; Vivian Struble, Grade 2A; Marjorie Robertson, Grade 1A, 2B; Mabel Lohnsbury,

Forlorn Figures



Birthday addict, who always insisted it was the sentiment rather than the gift that counted, receives a present that doesn't fit.

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four new business corners and open up property which although in the very center of the village has never been platted and remains in the same irregular shaped pieces described as metes and bounds.

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shot gun in the world; that caused the getting of my left knee. "If we go into the buying," I managed to ask him, "I suppose you intend taking that gun?" "Sure," he said. "Well, what I was thinking is, do you, that is are you, going in first? I mean ahead of me?" "Oh, I don't know. That depends on how we get there."

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pected to give a demonstration. If it should rain Sept. 6, the picnic will be held the following Friday, it is planned. The recommended route to the park is east on Oakland avenue from Woodward, then north at Oxford drive directly to the park. Large signs will be posted along the road giving directions.

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Flappers of 3100 Years Ago Much Like Those of Today, Scientists Prove

BETTY, the flapper, walking down Fifth avenue—or any other American street—has nothing on Miriam the flapper who walked along the narrow curving streets of Beth-Phalet in Palestine more than 3100 years before the birth of Jesus Christ. That's one of the things that comes home to the spectator who goes to University College, London, and studies the exhibits recently excavated from tombs near the ancient city of Gaza, in the southern part of Palestine, by the British School of Archaeology. Betty, the American flapper, rouses her cheeks to make them beautiful. Miriam did the same thing. Whereas Betty uses a handsome mirror framed in silver, Miriam uses a mirror of burnished copper. The hair is bobbed today and so it was centuries ago, only Miriam, for convention's sake, covered it with a wig when she went to a dance. Betty uses cute little slide combs. Miriam used the same kind of thing, made of bone and ivory. Betty adorns herself with earrings of diamonds or pearls, and Miriam found ornaments of gold, chiseled by a patient native workman just the thing to insert in her ears. Alitk, the modern and the ancient flapper share the love of gold beads for the neck. Betty's father is rich, she wears a necklace of diamonds or pearls or rubies. Miriam's rich daddy gave her necklaces of carmalians. Or, if poor, covrta shells from the Red Sea served the purpose. Betty wears diamonds on her fingers. Miriam preferred dice of glass. Betty cosmetics for the eyes were not strange to Miriam. Betty, of course, darkens the space around her eyes to make them look bigger and more luminous. Miriam, 3100 years ago, had a bronze container full of Kohl and applied the stuff with a kohl stick. All of this brings Biblical times very close to us. The British investigators have been digging in two places—Tel-Beth, which is the ancient Biblical city of Gerar, and Tel-Fara, which is the Biblical



Here's an artist's conception of a modern flapper and a flapper of 3100 years ago meeting—and learning that after all they're much alike. Beth-Phalet. To Gerar came Abraham in the city of Ur on the Tigris. There also dwelt Isaac and the fair Rebecca. On one of the hillsides resided Abimelech, king of the Philistines, who, according to the Bible, saw into the tent of Isaac and Rebecca. Today, from the tents of the Bedouins, life does go on repeating itself. Excavations have proved that the two little towns were situated in the midst of what was once a great arid country. The numerous sickles of iron and flint found prove the likelihood of Isaac reaping a hundred-fold. Women's jewelry was not the only thing found in the tombs. All the types of agricultural implements used in those days, the pottery employed in the management of the household, the earthen lamps in which a wick floated in olive oil, silver purners and gorgeous incense burners were also discovered. And most interesting and most famous of all, a hoard of pottery dating from 400 B. C. was discovered on which were inscriptions in Aramaic. It was a woman's household book! It starts out—"Expenses of the house of Amen-k."

Shadows. Lights and shadows played strange games on the brick wall of the theater. They twisted themselves into ominous and fantastic shapes. There was a giant negro, crawling steadily toward the entrance; a strange dwarfish fellow back of him with a great tin. Filled with dynamite, without a doubt. Then a new flash of light and the figures were dispelled. "If you look at one spot long enough, you can see everything and nothing," it was observed. But this auto was quite a bother. It passed again. Suddenly, several shots, sharp and quick, spoke out. We started. I thought of the strange man with the stranger gun from Detroit. "Get going," I urged, pushing him gently, but with the family firmness. It was only a back fire," he said. Came the Dawn. Calm followed. Noises in the streets ceased. Lango and drowsiness captured Birmingham, and the people on their way to church next morning wondered as I needed for sleep, why I looked so soiled and unshaven. . . . and maybe pajae. Sunday night was rather different as we were in the manager's office of the theater where the safe is located. It was figured by some genius this would be far better. Ha! But to make up for that, the man with the gun did not accompany us. In fact, I believe he remained in Detroit. Waiting. This was just another night of waiting. For what? Heaven knows. If they had blasted through the door into the office, what would I have done? We were on the second story. I couldn't jump. Excitement wears off. It did not seem so long until the chief shock me. "Let's go," he said. "They're not coming." It was daylight then. I had slept the last part of the night. The safe had not been touched. Nothing happened the next night. Maybe the work was passed through the scatter points that Birmingham had armed for war. The record price of \$400 a carat was paid for a diamond weighing 33 carats recently found in South Africa.