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THE REAL THANKSGIVING SPIRIT

Richest of all the spirits of Thanksgiving day is the spirit of friendly hospitality. Preach about prosperity and millions all you like, but certain it is that a man and woman without old-fashioned friends is poverty-stricken.

Money will not buy friends. It does attract beggars and parasites Only the sincere, honest heart makes friends who will stand by one in the hour of need, and warm one to hope and courage in the time of trouble. They may not have a penny to their names, but they have the richer treasure—friendship.

And now, when you are thinking of Thanksgiving day, remember the old friends, those who live alone, whose families are gone. The Turkey may be too high-priced but a table spread in the spirit of feast will have merriment and joy and turkey will not be missed.

Thanksgiving day is here. Let us try to revive its spirit and hospitality and come together to cherish the flowers of friendship. Many there are whose souls are dying in these days of unrest. There are no neighbors to turn to, few friendly congregations where everyone shares the joys and sorrows of all. The fires on the alter must be lighted afresh. Whatever the task, let us do our parts gallantly, and forget not acquaintances who are struggling against the current and who have seen better days.

Then the Thanksgiving spirit will be a reality and a true festival in our broad land, America, where with freedom we are striving to maintain the blessings of peace and equal opportunities for all.

The Farmington Chamber of Commerce has made a good start for another year. At the annual meeting held last week there was a good attendance in spite of the storm and much interest was manifested by all members present. The year 1922 holds many things in store for this community if all are prepared to help just a little, and a good aggressive Chamber of Commerce is a community benefit. If you are not already a member, you ought to become one and thus add the weight of your influence with that of your neighbors and business associates. This community is bound to grow whether we as individuals assist or not, but it is infinitely better for all to have a hand on the rope and assist in the "pulling."

How Ferns Spread.

The fronds of ferns arch over until they touch the earth, where they root and form new plants. Some other ferns occasionally produce plants in this way, but in this species it is a settled habit. The new plants grow up, repeating the process of walking, and soon the original plant is surrounded by quite a colony of its own offspring without the intervention of spores. The connections between them are slow to die, and it is not unusual to see three or four generations linked together.

Figs Excellent Food.

Figs, we are told, were served on aristocratic Roman tables with salt, pepper, vinegar and aromatics. They were eaten fresh, or dried in oven, or on hurdles in the sun. The institute regrets to be lacking in appreciation of the classics, but we recommend cream and sugar for ripe figs, Xerxes and Pliny, David and Philip, to the contrary notwithstanding. And most delicious they are—if you can get them.—Boston Globe.

Little Joe's Grand Idea

By FREDERICK CLARKE.

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There were two loyal hearts to smile encouragingly after Walter Rose and wish him an earnest God-speed when he left Riverdale. Mercy Darrow bade him adieu through swimming eyes, but she had given him words of blissful cheer and comfort. Little Joe Dockrill, cripple as he was, lifted himself on his crutches and waved encouragingly and hopefully.

"You know what is best, dear," Walter's fiancee had told him. "If you think the prospects in the city are encouraging, you should go there."

"It is only for a year, sweetheart," said Walter. "You and your parents are practically dependent on your married sister. All I have is the lot and the old house, ready to fall down any day. I could not think of taking you there."

"It would be home with you, anywhere, dear," declared Mercy bravely.

"Yes, but the old folks have a comfortable home. I stuck to father from a sense of duty, because he was attached to the old place. If I can get enough ahead to put up even a small cottage I can always earn a comfortable living. Look after little Joe, won't you, Mercy?" added the stalwart, honest-faced fellow, with a fond glance at the little cripple.

"Don't you fear!" chirped in Joe himself valiantly. "I'll look after myself. Why, you've fitted me out like a prince, Uncle Walter, and I'm going to make you proud of me. I'll help get that house up you want so bad. I've got an idea and I'm going to carry it out."

Walter Rose was not "Uncle Walter" at all, although the little fellow called him that. Joe was a waif, an orphan city lad turned out of charitable institutions when he had outgrown the age limit, wandering to Riverdale and was run down by an automobile and crippled for life.

It was tender-hearted Mercy, true to name and nature, who took him in, but her sister resented the intrusion. Then Mercy spoke to Walter about the friendless outcast. Walter took him to the old house. His father was very old and feeble. He needed constant attention, and took a great fancy to the bright, jolly little stranger.

Little Joe was a faithful attendant upon aged Mr. Rose, and nearly the last smile upon the lips of the old man was for the lad who had so brightened his final hours on earth.

Joe had taken a great interest in the plans Walter had drawn for the new house. When the latter decided to go to the city he wanted to arrange for the care of his little charge with a neighbor.

"No, Uncle Walter; no, positively!" asserted Joe. "I've planned it all out. Let me stay here, only leave old Dobbin and the wagon. I can't do much real work, but I can drive, and I'll pick up enough odd jobs about town to keep me comfortably and sometimes to put aside for that famous new house you're going to build. See if I don't!"

Walter agreed to this, but with some reluctancy and misgivings.

Daytimes Joe drove down to the depot and waited around for a chance to haul a trunk or carry a valise or package in the old wagon. Then he started in on what he called his "grand idea!"

Every week he wrote to Walter in the city. Three times a week he drove around to see Mercy. She had no time to visit him, for she had to slave hard to please her narrow-minded, complaining sister.

With the end of the year Walter Rose wrote that he had not done as well in the city as he had anticipated. He was homesick, however, and was coming back to Riverdale to be among friends, even if he had to work a little harder and wait a little longer for that new house.

Walter was puzzled at the gayety and suppressed excitement of little Joe as the latter met him at the depot with old Dobbin and the wagon.

"I had hoped when I came back here," he told his companion, "that I would surely have earned and saved enough to provide a neat home nest for Mercy and the old folks. Instead of that I have less than three hundred dollars, a mere beginning. Why, what's that?"

Well might Walter stare! The old place looked like a lumber yard.

"It's the result of my grand idea!" cried Joe proudly. "You know they are doing a lot of tearing down and rebuilding in the new factory town of Blairsville, eight miles away. What you see yonder is waste stuff thrown away—nails that they let drop to the ground, stone, brick and lumber that the wrecking company crews bury or burn up. And, say, Uncle Walter! there's enough bricks—I've counted them—to build as fine a house as was ever put up in Riverdale!"

"You blessed little fellow!" said Mercy, when an hour later she knew that the new house was a certainty, and tears of joy fell upon the bright golden head as she kissed Joe gratefully.

And, lo! the stone that the builders had rejected had become the foundation of a structure of comfort, love and happiness!

Saving Grace.

Mrs. Browne—I must say my husband is most economical. Does your husband save much?

Mrs. Towne—Before we were married he saved me from drowning but he hasn't saved anything since.—Wayside Tales.

The Modern Cinderella

By MURIEL BLAIR.

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Cinderella was a foil for Beatrice. That, perhaps, was the real reason why Mrs. Lanham, who had never been known to do an unselfish act, surprised her intimates by asking her little orphaned niece to make her home with her after her brother's death.

Esther and Oliver Benton had grown up together in the same house in Ohio, and Oliver had supported his widowed mother and sister until Esther's brilliant marriage to a wealthy lawyer. Esther mourned her husband's death decently for a year; then she moved to New York.

Why Mrs. Lanham should have taken little Cinderella—whose real name was Elizabeth—into her home was a mystery until Mrs. Bentham-Jenkins solved it.

"Why, my dear, the reason is perfectly obvious," she said to a friend. "It is only necessary to look at the children's faces. Did you ever see a more glaring contrast between beauty and homeliness? Beauty and the beast, I should call it; and that charity child won't improve with years, either."

Elizabeth heard it and ran away to cry. Elizabeth wore Beatrice's cast-off dresses, after the trimmings had been removed and a certain dowdiness imparted by Mrs. Lanham's deft fingers. That excellent woman knew the value of a foil for her daughter, particularly now that Beatrice was of a marriageable age. Beatrice was kinder. Once she gave Elizabeth one of her cast-off gowns.

Lester Martin had been a frequent caller at Mrs. Lanham's house of recent weeks. Martin was the son of old Roger Martin, the banker.

Lester was calling at the Lanham home, and Beatrice, having heard the news from her maid, was hurrying into her reception gown. Cinderella was all alone. She was just going upstairs—for Mrs. Lanham did not like her to receive her guests—when she met Lester at the door.

"Why don't I ever see anything of you, Miss Benton?" he asked, detaining her.

Elizabeth did not know what to say, so she said nothing.

"You dear little Cinderella," said Lester Martin, and bent down and kissed her.

She cried wildly for hours, until Beatrice came and found her in her room.

Beatrice was too much excited to notice Elizabeth's red eyes. She began chattering about Lester.

"Mamma thinks that he is in love with me," she said.

"Do you love him, Beatrice?" inquired Elizabeth.

"I don't know. I guess I could," said Beatrice, whirling about. "Mamma says you needn't come down tonight because we are having guests."

She came back presently. "Do you know old Roger Lester is giving a fancy dress ball next month?" she asked. "Yes, the invitations have just come. And oh, I forgot to say that there is one for you. Mamma has written accepting for me and declining for you.

Elizabeth trod on air during the next four weeks. She went so happily about her duties that more than once she caught sight of Mrs. Lanham surveying her with amazed disapproval. At last the night of the ball arrived.

"You need not sit up for us," said Mrs. Lanham condescendingly.

When the auto rolled away she hurried upstairs and slipped into the ball dress and slippers.

Nobody stopped her at the door. Masked, among a hundred other masked women, her presence excited no comment.

The music intoxicated her. Elizabeth could dance divinely. But when she saw Lester approach and gravely ask her, her head swayed and her eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Shall we go into the conservatory?" he asked, when the music stopped. He offered her his arm. At the door of the ballroom they passed Beatrice and her mother. Their eyes rested on her, and with a sudden terror Elizabeth perceived that she was recognized.

"What is the matter?" Lester asked, as they sat down. "You are not feeling well? May I get you a glass of water?"

She shook her head. Lester placed his hand upon hers.

"Do you think I do not know who you are, Cinderella?" he asked, "for all that mask? See if I can guess. You are Miss Benton and you ran away to the dance."

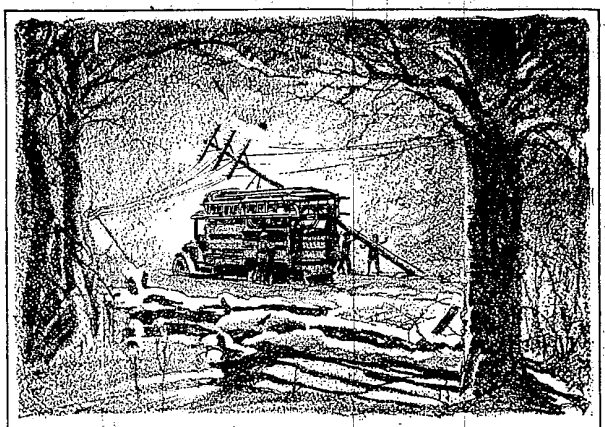
"And I can never go home," said Elizabeth in panic. "She recognized me. I had never been to a ball before, and I could not bear not to just once. I don't know what I shall do."

"I'll tell you," said Lester. "You need never go home again if you will marry me."

He mistook the look in her eyes.

"Oh, Cinderella," he cried, stretching out his arms longingly, "I love you with all my soul. It was you I went to see, not Miss Lanham. I know all about your circumstances and your unhappy life. But, Cinderella, I want you for my own, and I know a clergyman over in Jersey who doesn't go to bed until twelve, and if we take a taxicab we can just make it. Will you come with me, Cinderella, dear?"

"Yes," sighed Cinderella, happily, and that was the second time he kissed her.



After the Storm

"How soon can we use the phone?" That is the question in thousands of minds when storm rages over the community, downing wires and poles and disrupting service.

Let's talk it over.

The Telephone Company is human. We have our limits. We have difficulties. But the people of the Telephone Company are striving all the time to give service that will command public good will—and never more earnestly than when storm has impaired our service facilities.

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We're doing our level best to satisfy you. Together with public understanding and appreciation of our problems, that spirit is operating steadily toward our fixed goal; *"Ideal Telephone Service for Michigan."*

MICHIGAN STATE TELEPHONE CO.

FUGITIVE OFFICIAL BELIEVED FOUND

CALIFORNIA POLICE HOLD FORMER VAN BUREN ROAD COMMISSIONER.

SHOCKED PAW PAW SOCIETY

Muddled Accounts and Disappearance of Dentist's Wife Discovered At About Same Time.

Paw Paw, Mich.—The arrest in lower California of Charles P. Cox, former Van Buren county road engineer, wanted for embezzlement, is expected shortly, Sheriff Dwight Barker here was advised Monday.

Arrest of Cox will end a country-wide search inaugurated last December when he vanished, leaving the Van Buren road department topsy-turvy, in connection with which the county has offered a $2,000 reward.

Cox's disappearance not only stirred county officialdom to action but it shook Paw Paw's society leaders when, simultaneously, Mrs. Wilma Racette, 30, wife of Dr. Felix A. Racette, a dentist here, vanished.

Cox took with him his seven-year-old son, Maynard, while Mrs. Racette had with her, Ellen, six-year-old daughter. Dr. Racette and Mrs. Hazel Cox held a consultation over the situation that left them homeless and childless. They decided to ask authorities to apprehend the couple, but without publicity. Dr. Racette believed Cox had persuaded his wife to go automobiling and that she would return. He said he was willing to take her back.

After three months, Dr. Racette decided that he would divorce his wife. A decree recently was handed him by the Van Buren county circuit judge. Mrs. Cox has not instituted divorce proceedings.

Sheriff Barker was instructed by the supervisors to institute search for Cox. He had police circulars printed, which contained photographs of Cox, Mrs. Racette and their children. These were sent broadcast.

Sheriff Barker has just received word from a town in lower California that Cox had been seen in the vicinity and that he had been unsuccessful in an attempt to cross the border into Mexico. He wired back to apprehend Cox and hold Mrs. Racette if she were with him. The supervisors have renewed the $2,000 reward.

Cox and Mrs. Racette with their children, drove from Paw Paw last December 17, in a big touring car Cox had just purchased. He left this at Kalamazoo and boarded a train, it is said.

Special Attention.

"I am a great believer in specialists," said Ethel. "When I have trouble with my nose I go to a nose specialist, and when I have trouble with my heart I go to an expert on hearts." "Them's my ideas," said old Lady Gunbusta. "And that's why when my nephew, Jimmie, had his tonsils cut out I took him to a regular tonsorial artist."

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