

## STATION F. H. S.

## Kindergarten

The children have finished the furniture for the Doll 'Corner'. The furniture consists of a chair for baby doll, a bureau and a bed. The little girls are making the linens for the bed. For nature study they study the flowers that are brought in. They are also planning their party for the end of the year.

## Miss Hartz.

## First Grade

The children are enjoying the story "The House in the Woods," for literature. Phyllis' class, in reading, will finish their first readers this week. They are making bird books of the birds studied in nature study.

## Miss Schiffer

## First Grade

The children are making a circus this week. The following have been neither tardy nor absent for the month of May: Beatrice Auten, Lucile Brydon, Berntha Davis, Robert Davis, Luella Ross, Herbert Sleep, Wanda Taggart, Isabella Yerks. Both A and B groups are reviewing the stories in their readers.

## Miss Percy.

## Second Grade

They have memorized the poem, "Seven Times One." Norman's class will finish the second reader this week.

## Miss Koterba.

## Fourth Grade

A new girl has come to this room, Rosalind James, of Royal Oak.

## Miss Hunter.

## Fifth Grade

In geography class, we had an exciting baseball game, the "East Side" were the victors. Rah! Rah! Rah!!! We are acting pictures in reading class. As a result, some of us have decided to become comedians. Each of us was given a strawberry and whenever we forget to be polite we put a bad speck on the berry. We are anxious to see how many can keep their berries perfect. In English class, very interesting stories were written about "An Exciting Moment."

## Miss Tapio.

## Sixth Grade

This grade has been having "spelling matches." Alice Westfall usually comes out victorious. In language, they are practicing retelling stories.

## Miss Hudson.

## Eighth Grade

The Eighth grade has its annual banquet next Monday night.

## Miss Stuart.

## High School

Commencement week begins with Baccalaureate services at the Methodist Church, with Rev. Bolens of Evangelical Church giving the address. Then Wednesday night at 8:15 is class night. This

is divided into two parts. In the first part, the salutatory is to be given by Avis McCafferty, who has the second highest record of scholarship for the four years of high school. The valedictory is to be given by Margaret Bryan, who has the highest record of scholarship for the four years of high school. The second part of the program is informal in which the Class Prophecy, together with all the other things which go with Class Night, are to be presented in the form of a play.

Thursday night is the Second Annual Alumni Banquet at the Community Dining Room of the Methodist Church at 6:30.

Friday evening at the Community Hall at 8:15 will be the formal Commencement program. James McGee of the First Baptist Church at Flint will give the Commencement address. Miss Helen Boorman, the new Latin and French teacher for next year, visited the high school Wednesday.

## Mr. Leonard.

The Freshmen have a class meeting every day to plan their picnic. We wonder how much "business" they do.

## Sophomores

The Sophomore Class Picnic is to be held at Elizabeth Lake.

## Juniors

Some of the Juniors have turned negroes and seem to take great delight in riding up and down the streets ringing a bell so they could advertise "His Eight." Reports say they met with good success.

## Seniors

The Seniors are making a good impression on all the teachers by studying hard the last week of school.

## Athletics

At the track meet held at Milford, June 6, Farmington came out very well. Although there were quite a few towns entered the Farmington team let every one know they were there, by the records they made and by the success they had.

In the high school track meet, we came out second, Rochester being the victors by a score of 36, and Farmington's score 21.

The grade school team didn't intend the high school team should win with higher honors than they. They came out with a score of 275, and the Oak Ridge defeated them by having a score of 288.

## Society

Three years ago, the girls of the Farmington High School formed a league of which every girl is a member. This league has its officers who are elected at the end of every school year. The president is always a girl of the

Senior Class. Miss Mitchell was the first Dean of the Girls and when she left, Miss Knapp took her place, and these two "sisters" from the high school have done much to help this organization on its way.

The league was first organized for the purpose of bringing the high school girls closer together and to make each one think every other girl to be her friend.

During the school year, the league has held several parties, but the best of them all was the program of last Thursday evening success of three years' work. For the first time the girls have accomplished something of which they are really proud.

About sixty girls gathered in the assembly room of the high school, and as Thelma Salow played, the girls marched to the lunch room, where dinner was served. After the dinner, Miss Knapp introduced the toastmistress, Miss Viola Walters, who is also president of the league this year.

The first speaker was Miss Alberta Murphy, a Junior, and her subject was, "Shall We Die on Third?" It was very interesting for she compared the four years of high school to a baseball game. She was followed by Miss Virginia Nichols, a Senior, who spoke about "Reminiscence" and told of the things that stand out in her four years of high school work as being important.

Then Mrs. Duddy, from Marine City, Mich., addressed the girls. She emphasized three things, which were "Fulfilling First Things First," "Service," and "Living With God." Her address was very interesting, because she talked of things that girls can understand.

The program was made merry by many yells and songs, and it was ended by all the girls singing the high school song.

To show their appreciation of Miss Knapp's tireless efforts in behalf of the girls during the past year, they presented her with a basket of beautiful roses. They also presented a bouquet of roses to Mrs. Duddy to express their thanks of her coming.

As they were leaving, Miss Knapp presented each girl in turn to Mrs. Duddy, who was the only one besides the high school girls and their Dean at the banquet.

## Laffs

Ignatz is so dumb, he thinks a pole vault is a place where they keep Pollocks.

Miss Knapp—"Harry can you tell me what a hypocrite is?" Harry W.—"A hypocrite is a boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."

"You say," repeated the druggist, "that you want a quarter's worth of candy and a nickel's worth of stomach medicine?"

"Yes, sir," replied Percy Spaller, and mix 'em please."

Harmon B.—"Losing her beauty, don't you think?"

Percy P.—"No, probably she got up late."

"Did you give your quarter to the Sunday School?" asked his mother."

Robert Cook—"No, ma, I lost it."

"What, lost another quarter? That makes three Sundays you've lost your money."

Robert C.—"Yes, but if I keep it up, I'll win them back again. That kid's luck can't last forever."

"Where's that beautiful canary bird of yours that sang so sweetly and clearly," asked Mrs. Pauline's neighbor.

Mrs. Pauline—"I had to sell him; my son Bill left the cage on the radio set, and he learned static."

## Avis Goers.

## A Gratified Ambition

By G. P. WILSON

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EVER since I was a child I have always wanted some man to ardently clasp my hand and vow, fervently, that he would love, honor and obey me until death did us part. And I have always wanted to look in the limelight of publicity, to be the center of attraction, the most talked-of woman in the universe.

At first I dreamed of a big, curly-haired lover as handsome as a Greek god; but of late years I haven't been so particular. Anything masculine will do. And I have given up the idea of being the most talked-of woman in the world.

A month ago or so, I inherited an estate in Texas. An uncle of mine departed this life and left me all his worldly possessions, and my first impulse was to tell the glad news to every one. But that would be a commonplace way to announce my good fortune and I wanted to avoid the commonplace above all else.

So the next morning, when Sally Hultz stopped at my millinery shop on her way to get the mail, I had a confidential chat with her.

"You and I have been friends for a long time, Sally," I began, "and I know you won't betray a confidence. I'm going to tell you something, but you must promise not to tell a soul."

"I'll never breathe a word of it," promised Sally, all excited.

"I've inherited an estate in Texas," I announced dramatically. "Uncle Jasper left it to me."

"Hub," granted Sally, plainly disappointed. "Thought you'd heard some scandal."

Ten minutes after she'd gone, Hank Hawkins came in and tried to sell me an automobile on credit. After Hank came the deluge. Almost every one in town dropped in.

That night, while I was sitting on the porch of my modest little cottage, Judge Henderson stopped to see me. Naturally, I was thrilled.

"I am a man of few words, Miss," he said. "I believe in coming to the point at once. You have reached the age when you should have the care and protection of a man and I have come to the conclusion that I am the man to look after you."

"Oh, judge," I murmured breathlessly.

"Wouldn't you like to come over to my house and be my wife?" he went on, putting his arm around me.

"I—I think I would," I stammered. "But I want to be made love to first. I've never been courted like all girls want to be. If you really want to win me, write love letters to me and everything."

"That's all foolishness," he laughed, drawing me closer to him. "Is there any doubt about your uncle's estate going to you?" Inquired the judge, a note of apprehension in his voice.

"I'm the only living heir," I informed him and he brightened up perceptibly.

The next morning I received a letter from the judge, a regular love letter that thrilled me to the very bottom of my soul. I was a happy woman. The judge wrote me every day, came to see me every night, gave me diamonds, rings, more or less, and I was the most talked-of woman in the town.

For two weeks I lived an ideal existence, basking in the sunlight of the judge's affections, and then my air-sickness blew up. When the judge came

to see me that night I knew something was wrong. He greeted me with a chilly aloofness and remained standing instead of sitting in the porch giving with me.

"I didn't think a woman of your age would try to mislead an old man like me," he began, without even saying good evening. "I'm surprised."

"What do you mean?" I asked, being some surprised myself.

"You told me you were a rich woman," he growled. "Led me to believe that you had inherited a vast estate in Texas, knowing all the time that all you had was ten acres of Texas sand that's not worth a dime. I investigated and found out."

"I didn't tell you that I was wealthy," I remonstrated, about ready to cry. "You made love to me, won my heart, and now you want to crush it because I'm not a rich woman. Ten good women, you're a loathsome cad and I hate you!"

"I'm sorry you feel that way about it," he declared. "It's all been a mistake. If you will give me back my ring—it was my first wife's and has been the engagement ring of all my other wives—I'll be going."

"I won't give anything back to you," I cried, as mad as I have ever been in my life. "And if you don't leave at once, I'll scratch your old eyes out."

He took me at my word and left hurriedly. As he left, romance passed out of my life and I realized that one of my ambitions would never be gratified. But I'm going to be the most talked-of woman in my town. I'll say I am. My branch of promise suit against Judge Henderson will certainly do that for me.

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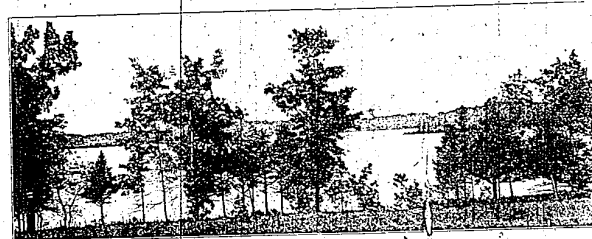
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