

Me, the Sacred One

A Mohammedan marriage is a very odd thing. On the day after the marriage the bride asked her husband, after Oriental custom, before which people she might appear without her veil.

"Before anybody—except me!" replied her husband—Munich Mlegan dorfer Blatter.

Quite the Contrary

"I'm afraid father was very angry when you asked him for me, wasn't he, Jack, dear?"

"Not at all. He asked me if I knew any more respectable young men who would be likely to marry your three sisters?"

Taking No Such Risk

He—They say that in time people who live together get to look exactly alike.

She—Then you must consider my refusal final.—Stray Stories.

The Missionary

Anne—It's awfully sweet of you to organize this Home-makers' club, but how do you find time from your home?

Vina—Oh, dearie, I'm divorced.

Father Gets the Truth

Father—How is it, young man, that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it, I ask you?

Y. M.—Oh, it's great! It's great!

CORRECTING THE PROF.

A professor met two students outside the campus during one of the hours for study. He walked up to one of the students and, taking out his notebook to jot down the reply, asked:

"Pray, sir, what might your name be?"

"Julius Caesar," said the student.

"What, sir? Do you mean to say your name is Julius Caesar?"

"Sir, you did not ask me what it is, but what it might be."

Made a Serious Mistake

The star comedian in the road show didn't know what had caused the riot in the theater until the day he left the hospital.

He had thoughtlessly sung "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" in the western town where a drought had prevailed for two months.—American Legion Weekly.

UNIMPORTANT THINGS

"We're made happy by the unimportant things."

"Yes—that is, if they're pretty regular in bringing their salaries home."

Evolution

Why should I climb, with study grim, A family tree,
To meet upon the topmost limb A chimpanzee?

Queer Effect of Tar

While road contractors were squirreling up on Millburn avenue, Marywood, N. J., Fanny, the prize hen of M. M. Reeve, was treated to a bath of the black stuff. Mr. Reeve gave this record-laying hen a bath in kerd and this resulted her white color, but the next day he reported that she had laid a coal-black egg.

When Coal Mines Explode

Coal mine explosions are most likely to occur between six and nine in the morning, and between three and seven o'clock in the afternoon.

The Revelation

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

MECHANICALLY Edward Curley made his way upstairs, pressed the pushbutton just inside the door of his room, dropped into a chair and stared blankly into the still smoldering embers of the fire.

He had been proposed to! By a girl! A girl whom he scarcely knew. Well, not scarcely "knew," of course. He knew Rose Dunlap well enough; in fact, he had known her for years. But he had scarcely thought of her for about half those years. And now she had—Good Lord! How could she have done such a thing! He could kill himself laughing at it!

Laughing at "it," not at her, of course. He wasn't such a blackguard as to laugh at Rose! Rose was an awfully nice girl—always had been. That was what made what she said sound so queer! And she must have found it mighty hard to say it. He'd found it mighty hard himself to propose to her—to any girl. He'd been trying to propose to Susy Blair for six months, and he hadn't yet managed to make a beginning. And Rose—was such a little thing. She certainly had nerve, all right.

Susy Blair wouldn't have had the nerve to say a thing like that! And Rose meant it, too. That was what got his goat. Susy wouldn't have meant it! And she wouldn't have got his goat even if she had meant it. At least he didn't think she would; she wasn't that kind. Susy was all right to play around with, but a man got tired of that sort of thing after a while. Now Rose—he didn't believe anyone ever would get tired of Rose.

Rose always had been particular. That was why she hadn't been a belle; that is, not much of a belle—except—come to think of it, she really was popular with the right sort of men. For instance, even if she wasn't popular with the businessmen gang he'd been running with, the gang that thought life was all jazz and didn't know a real girl when they saw her. Now, if it is thought that he had the ghost of a chance—

Good Lord! What was he thinking of? He did have a chance. That very night Rose had said—said—

What had she said, exactly? He couldn't quite remember! He had been so flustered.

Mrs. Blair had asked him to see Rose home from the dance, had told him that she hated to impose on him, but that he lived right across the street from Rose and that Mr. Manley, who brought Rose, had been called away and had telephoned that he couldn't get back!

And then he had started home with Rose. Susy Blair had seen them off. She had told Rose something he didn't quite understand; she had said that she knew that he was quite safe with Rose. She meant that Rose was quite safe with him, of course; and he had said so. But Susy had laughed and Rose had flushed, and—he wondered what the dickens it all meant. Something giddy, he supposed.

How in the mischief had she learned so much about civil engineering? Why, when he told her of that bridging problem that was troubling him she understood it right away, and she suggested—no, she didn't suggest, exactly; she merely said something that made the solution of the problem pop right into his mind. It was just chance, of course; but Rose had to be pretty well up even to say what he did say. And then—oh, yes! he remembered now—then they got to her home and he unlocked the door and gave her back the key and thanked her for helping him to the solution; and she said that—that she'd like to help him all her life, and—and her voice quavered, but she went on and said she wanted him to know that she cared for him a great deal. And then she slipped into the house and shut the door.

And—Great Scott! Was that really all she said? It couldn't be. It seemed like so much more. Oh! What an ass he was! That wasn't any proposal! Proposal? Rose wouldn't dream of proposing to any man! And yet—her voice—oh! Could she really have meant it the way he thought! If she did—he'd have to know tonight, right away! Mr. Dunlap was reading in the parlor when he had left Rose at home. He had seen him through the window. He might be up yet; and if he was, Rose probably was, too. He could see from his window if the lights were burning! . . . They were!

He'd go over right away. . . . Where in thunder was his hat? . . . Oh, hang the hat! He'd go without it. Mr. Dunlap might put out the lights while he was hunting for it. . . . No! They weren't out yet. . . . Gee! It took a year to cross the street! And what was the matter with the Dunlap gate that it wouldn't open? . . . There! He guessed it was just his own better fortune. . . . Stumbled on the steps, of course! Lord, he was nervous! . . . Lucky the widow blind wasn't down. . . . There was Mr. Dunlap reading. And there was Rose, thank heaven! . . . What was that darned bell? Never had had any trouble in finding it before. . . . Got it at last! Now if Rose came to the door! She's getting up. Yes, she's coming! Gee! he was trembling like a leaf. He—

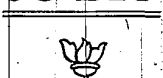
"Rose!"

"Edie!"

After a while they heard Mr. Dunlap stirring and went in to break the news.

Beat the Magic Carpet

From a schoolboy's essay, as reported in the Boston Transcript: "Lincoln wrote the address while riding from Washington to Gettysburg on an envelope."

SO BIG

By EDNA FERBER

(© Doubleday, Page & Co.)

CHAPTER 12—Continued

"Two years ago I came and learned to 'grab the Century' in order to save an hour or so of time between Chicago and New York. Peel said it was a pleasure to sit a coal to his broad, flat sides out of the folded data, was fine and clear. Sometimes Selma, in a nervous delight, passed her ear, worked her hand over his shoulders and down his fine, strong, straight back. He had been abroad twice. He learned to call it 'running over to Europe for a few days.' It had all come about in a scant two years, as is the theatrical way in which life speeds in America."

Selma was a little bewildered now at this new Dirk whose life was so full without her. Sometimes, she did not see him for two weeks, or three. He sent her gifts which she examined and touched delightedly and put away; fine soft silken things, hand-made—which she could not wear. The habit of years was not strong upon her. Though she had always been a woman of dainty habits and fastidious tastes the grind of her daily married life had left its indelible mark. Sun and wind and rain and the cold and heat of the open prairie had weakened their vengeance on her fighting of them. Her skin was tanned, weather-beaten; her hair rough and dry. Her eyes in that frame startled you by their unexpected calm, they were so calm, so serene, yet so alive. They were the beautiful eyes of a wise young girl in the face of a middle-aged woman. Life was still so fresh to her. There was about her something arresting, something compelling. You felt it.

"I don't see how you do it!" Julie Arnold complained one day as Selma was paying her one of her rare visits in her study. "You girls are as bright as a baby's and must look like dead oysters." They were up in Julie's dressing room in the new house on the north side—the new house that was now the old house.

Julie was messaging. Her eyes had an absent look. Suddenly: "Listen. Selma, Dirk and Paula are together too much. People are talking."

"Talking?" The smile faded from Selma's face.

"Goodness knows I'm not strait-laced. You can't be in this day and age. If I had ever thought I'd live to see my time when—well, since the war of course anything's all right, seems. But Paula has no sense. Everybody knows she's insane about Dirk. That's all right for Dirk, but how about Paula? She won't go anywhere unless he's invited. They're together all the time, everywhere. I asked her if she was going to divorce Storm and she said no, she hadn't enough money of her own and Dirk wasn't earning enough. His salary's thousands, but she's used to millions. Well!"

"They were boy and girl together," Selma interpreted, frowning.

"They're not any more. Don't be silly, Selma. You're not as young as that."

No, she was not as young as that. When Dirk next paid one of his rare visits to the farm she called him into her bedroom—the cool, dim shabby bedroom with the old black walnut bed in which she had lain as Pervus De-Jong's bride more than thirty years ago. She looked somehow into his dim light, her great soft eyes gazing up at him.

"Dirk, sit down here at the side of my bed the way you used to."

"The dead third Mother. Twenty-seven holes of golf before I came out."

"I know. You ache all over—a nice kind of ache. I used to feel like that when I worked in the garden. And pulling vegetables, or planting. He was silent. She caught his hand. "You didn't like that. My saying that I'm sorry. I didn't say it to make you feel bad, dear."

"I know you didn't, Mother."

"Dirk, do you know what that woman who writes the society news in the Sunday Tribune called you today?"

"No! What? I never read it."

"She said you were one of the jeunesse dorée."

"Gosh!"

"I remember enough of my French at Miss Fister's school to know that that meant 'silly youth.'"

"No! That's good! I'm not even spanked."

"Dirk!" her voice was low, vibrant.

(Continued on Page 7)

Stock Market Term

A "seller" is a stock which is being marketed in a telephone market, and, owing to quietness, is selling below speculative and demonstrated values without due recognition of its potentialities.

Baby Ruffed

So many persons wished to adopt a baby found in the public square of a small town near Bergamo, Italy, that the chief of police decided to raffle the child. The baby was won by a childless couple, who had it baptized Vito.

STATE OF MICHIGAN

In the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland in Chancery.

Serena Stodgell, Plaintiff

vs. No. 12,274

Josiah Stanbrough, the undersigned wife of John C. Connor, Josiah Stanbrough, Susan Stanbrough, Ransom Stanbrough, Malinda E. Stanbrough, Melvina E. Stanbrough, and Helen F. Stanbrough, or the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns of each and every of them, Defendants.

At a session of said Court held at the Court House in the City of Pontiac, County of Oakland, State of Michigan, on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1925:

Present: Hon. Frank L. Covert, Circuit Judge.

On reading and filing the Bill of Complaint duly filed in said cause, and the affidavit of Clinton McGee, from which it satisfactorily appears to the Court that the defendants above named or their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, are necessary and proper parties in the above entitled cause; and

It further appearing that after diligent search, inquiry and investigation it cannot be ascertained, and it is not known whether the persons named in said Bill of Complaint as defendants, or any of them, are living or dead, or where he, she or they may reside if living, or whether the right, title, interest, claim, lien or possible right has been by them, or any of them assigned to any person or persons, and if dead whether he, she or they have personal representatives or heirs living, or where they or some or any of them may reside, or whether such title, interest, claim, lien or possible right has been disposed of by will; and further, that the whereabouts of such persons, their heirs-at-law, personal representatives, devisees, legatees and assigns, are unknown and the Post Office addresses of none of them can be ascertained, nor can it be ascertained whether any of them are minors or incompetents:

On motion of Pelton and McGee, attorneys for plaintiff:

IT IS ORDERED that the appearance of each and all of the foregoing defendants be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this Order, and in case of their appearance, or the appearance of any of them, that they cause their answer to the Bill of Complaint to be filed, and a copy served upon the attorneys for plaintiff within fifteen days after service upon them, or their attorneys, of a copy of said Bill, and in default thereof that said Bill be taken as confessed by said defendants who shall fail to comply with the requirements of this Order.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that the said plaintiff cause this Order to be published within forty days in the Farmington Enterprise, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said County, once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that plaintiff cause a copy of this Order to be personally served upon each of said defendants herein, at least twenty days before the time prescribed for his, her or their appearance.

FRANK L. COVERT, Circuit Judge.

Countersigned: Burton P. Daugherty, Clerk.

By Mary Cobb, Deputy.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that this act, in which the preceding Order was made, involves and is brought to quiet the title to the following described lands situate in the Township of Farmington, County of Oakland, State of Michigan, more particularly described as follows:

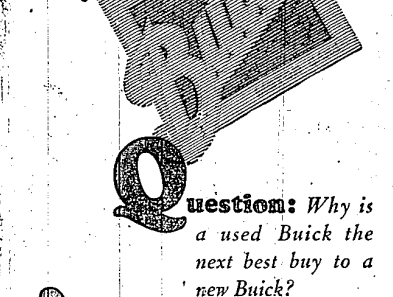
The South half of the Southeast quarter of Section 2, Town 1 North, Range 3 East, Michigan.

PELTON & MCGEE, Attorneys for Plaintiff First National Bank Bldg. Pontiac, Michigan

June 5, July 3.

When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them

No. 19



Question: Why is a used Buick the next best buy to a new Buick?

Answer: Because the correctness of Buick design and the quality of Buick manufacture are not altered by use. A used Buick is a better investment than many new cars of other makes.

Plymouth Sales and Service

PLYMOUTH, MICH.

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A Strictly Private Family Club for Young Americans of Character and Standing.

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Cadillac 5600