

Tragedy and Comedy

Oddly Mixed on Stage

A symbol of the Spartan spirit of vaudeville is exemplified by Ben Welch, who has for years portrayed those serio-comic bits of Hebrew life.

Several years ago he was playing in a revue with Frances White in Washington. He was handed a paper, reached for it but it fluttered to the floor.

"Don't reach for it," he whispered, "I am blind. Go on as though nothing had happened."

The audience laughed, and he turned a fitting joke. In a flash Ben Welch had entered the long black night.

He went on from city to city, continuing during the run of the show.

Blindness was the beginning of an illness that today has left him totally paralyzed, but he has not faltered. Stage hands carry him out to a bench in front of a park backdrop. The curtain goes up, and there is Welch, sightless and helpless, making people laugh and sometimes cry.

This is more often than not in vaudeville. Tragedy wearing the mask of the comic—O. O. McIntyre, in Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan.

Old Indian Cemetery

Found in California
An ancient Indian graveyard, believed to antedate the California mission period, was discovered recently near Parisima mission in the Santa Ynez valley near here, by Don Meadows and Ray Gruwell, Orange, Cal., research workers. A number of prehistoric specimens, including several Indian skeletons,

skulls, beads and arrow-heads were obtained, says an Associated Press dispatch from Santa Barbara.

The burial plot, once the "happy hunting grounds" of the "bronzed warrior of the West," was situated in the center of what was a large bean patch, which, up to the time of the discovery, completely obliterated all trace of the important find.

According to Meadows, they dug through three different layers of graves, each from three to four feet in depth. It is possible that there are other graves below, he said.

The graves were buried in a sitting posture with the knees crooked beneath the chin. Of forty skeletons which were unearthed, every one was found facing the west—toward the setting sun.

Above each grave, as a sort of partition between it and the one above, was found a limestone slab, several inches thick.

Uncle Eben

"When a man claims far isn't no sentiment in business," said Uncle Eben, "he don't take into account de deep affection of de human race for money."—Washington Star.

San-Yak

PILLS FOR DIABETES
Stomach, liver and bowels. Strict diet not required. One pill at night lends unusual good rest. Sold at Smith's Drug Stores.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.
In the Probate Court for the County of Oakland.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 21st day of December, A. D. 1925. Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of FRANK M. WALTERS, Deceased.

William H. Walters, administrator of said estate, having filed in said court a petition praying that the time for the presentation of claims against said estate be limited and that a time and place be appointed to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said deceased by and before said court.

It is Ordered, that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present claims against said estate.

It is Further Ordered, that the 10th day of May, 1926, at eight o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims against said deceased.

ROSS STOCKWELL,
Judge of Probate.

(A true copy)
Dan A. McGaffey,
Probate Register. Jan 1-15

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

In the Probate Court for the County of Oakland.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1925. Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CLAUD R. REYNOLDS, Deceased. Chas. Reynolds, administrator of said estate, having filed in said court a petition praying that the time for the presentation of claims against said estate be limited and that a time and place be appointed to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said deceased by and before said court.

It is Ordered, that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present claims against said estate.

It is Further Ordered, that the

10th day of May, 1926 at eight o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims against said deceased, and for the examination and allowance of her final account, determination of heirs, assignment of residue and discharge of said administratrix.

ROSS STOCKWELL,
Judge of Probate.

(A true copy)
Dan A. McGaffey,
Probate Register. Jan 1-15

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

In the Probate Court for the County of Oakland.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 22nd day of December, A. D. 1925. Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of CHARLES H. LEACH, Deceased. Clinton McGee, executor of said estate having filed in said court a petition praying for the examination and allowance of his final account, assignment of the residue of said estate and the discharge of said executor.

It is Ordered, that the 25th day of January, A. D. 1926 at eight o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

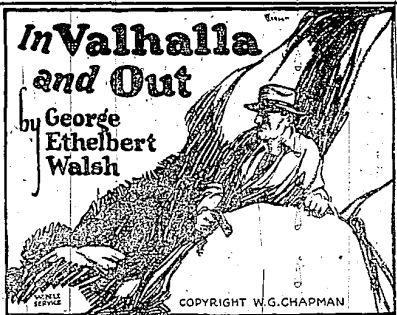
It is Further Ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Farmington Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

ROSS STOCKWELL,
Judge of Probate.

(A true copy)
Dan A. McGaffey,
Probate Register. Jan 1-15

In Valhalla and Out

by George Ethelbert Walsh



Whoever named the island Valhalla, a sort of paradise in the South Atlantic that figures in this story, must have had in mind some of the strenuous characteristics of Valhalla, hall of the gods in Scandinavian mythology. Odin's abode had innumerable doors corresponding to the caves and secret passages of Mt. Wilson's stand. The former was the heaven, a place of eternal feasting and daily combat for warriors who had been slain in battle. The island is a millionaire's winter home, designed probably for feasting and recreation, but which through the machinations of certain evil-minded persons in the story, becomes a place of combat, dark plots and exciting adventures.

George Ethelbert Walsh is one of a small group of writers who are proving the good of the world and not being the good with the passing of the satellite ship. While steam, electricity, the radio and other modern developments have lessened the perils of the ocean, they have not diminished its mystery and romantic qualities. There are still many far places, many lands out of the paths of commerce that are ideal spots for adventure. Human passions have not changed and the sea, no less than the land, furnishes all the materials which a novelist needs for red-hot stories. The modern tale of the deep can be made, and in this case, as in the case of the earlier generation.

Mr. Walsh has been writing sea stories, western stories, boys' stories, animal stories and others dealing largely with adventure and outdoor life for more than thirty years. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and graduated into writing from newspaper work. His sea stories have appeared in most of the leading magazines, and weeklies and his books have had a wide distribution. He is the author of something like 60 serials and novels. He is a member of the Authors' League of America and makes his home in Yonkers, N. Y.

dismissed and were rowing lustily back to the patent craft. The plot continued watching until the small boat was hauled out of the water and swung to the davits of the yacht.

"I wish uncle had come with us," she observed; then, speaking half petulantly, "I don't see why—"

A sudden gust of wind tore at her large scarf, and it fell over to reveal. She jerked both hands upward. Something light and glittering fell in the air and landed with a splash in the water. A little exclamation of dismay escaped her lips.

"Oh, my hand-bag!" she cried. "It's in the river. Mr. Blake! Please get it! It's full of my papers and cards."

"Oh, what shall I do?"

She ran to the edge of the boat as it plunged in under the bag, but a restraining hand detained her.

"I'll signal for the boat to come back and pick it up, Miss Alice," replied Mr. Blake calmly. "Don't do anything rash now."

"But it's sinking, and this tide's carrying it away. Oh, can't you get it for me?"

"I'm a poor swimmer, Miss Alice," he apologized weakly. "and the tide is carrying it directly over their heads. Dick and I will go in the boat back in a few minutes."

"Oh, dear, it will sink before they get here!"

At this juncture both were startled by a voice that seemed to come from the air directly over their heads. Dick and I were in the boat back in a few minutes."

"I think I can get it for you," he announced calmly.

They glanced up at the tall, lithe figure, as if it were an apparition, Mr. Blake frowningly and Miss Alice with the light of expectation in her blue eyes; but if either thought to see him plunge recklessly into the river the disappointment was mutual.

Dick was calmly gathering in his line for a cast. In more than one casting tournament he had won out against all contestants. The bag was floating down on the tide, fifty feet away, sinking gradually below the surface as the water soaked in it.

The long birchen pole was not the kind he would choose for a casting tournament, and lacking all pretense of a reel to control it, the line was liable to whip and snarl in the wind; but there was a heavy sinker on the end, and Dick gazed this against the wind before he threw.

The two below watched the hook and sinker describe an arc in the air, hesitate a moment over his head, and



The Two Below Watched the Hook and Sinkers Describe an Arc in the Air.

then as if propelled by some invisible force both went hurtling in a graceful curve directly for the floating bag. It seemed for an instant that Dick had overestimated the distance, and something approaching a sigh escaped the girl's lips; but a second later it was changed to an exclamation of pure delight.

"Oh, you've got it!" she cried, clapping her hands.

The hook had caught in the lace mesh, and as if he were hauling a trout out of the stream Dick lifted the bag from the water, and swung it within reach of the eager owner.

"If you'll unhook my catch," he said, smiling. "I'll be obliged."

Before she had the dripping bag clear of the hook, Mr. Blake was mounting the steps to the dock. A new view of the man's face was not friendly. He was clearly annoyed.

"That was a lucky throw of yours, my man," he said. "Of course you know fishing is forbidden on this dock."

(Continued on page 7)

Life's Pleasures

Are bestowed by destiny upon those who have judgment to practice frugality and foresight. Don't spend all you earn on the passing show. Good things come to those who prepare for the morrow.

No better start can be made than by an investment in real estate.

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Located on Farmington road at Farmington city limits offers exceptional advantages to those who wish to make a start or to those who are looking for an investment promising good returns. Lots can now be secured in this subdivision at reasonable prices with a small down payment and easy terms. It is an ideal home location. Improved roads in every direction and good schools within a short distance.

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