

How David Helped Poppy Gale

By JANE OSBORN

(Continued)

DAVID TRUE had hit upon the idea of spending his summer in the suburbs. His business in the city had succeeded past his fondest hopes. But any sort of prolonged vacation would have been difficult for him to manage with business demanding his close attention in the city. Still a summer might be pleasantly spent in one of the better sort of suburbs.

So it was that David True leased for three months a charming house of Spanish architecture belonging to a bachelor architect who was passing the summer in Europe.

What happened next was not at all what he anticipated. He fell in love with Poppy Gale, whom he first met at a dance at the country club to which he had been invited by a bachelor acquaintance. Poppy was there with her usual circle of masculine satellites. She was dressed in a cool green frock with a wreath of green leaves round her short-cut wavy hair and looked, it seemed to David True, like a woodland druid.

He promptly joined the circle of gallies and competed with them for dances, and was in fact a little surprised at the good nature the others showed in letting him have dances that she had already promised them. Following Poppy seemed with them to be a sort of habit, a pleasant enough way of spending an evening.

In the club house locker room the next evening David met his bachelor acquaintance who had led him to the dance.

"Seems you were rather taken with Poppy," commented the acquaintance, lighting his pipe.

"Miss Gale, you mean?" answered David correctly. "By jove, but she is charming. Apparently built the men at the club are mad about her."

"Oh, well," drawled the acquaintance. "Poppy's a nice girl—plenty of pep and a good dancer—"

"Funny someone doesn't marry her," commented David, "or at least get engaged to her."

"Oh, well," again drawled the acquaintance. "Poppy's all right, but she's got her failings like the rest of them. You're only met her once. Wait till you know her better."

Thus challenged David True went to work to know Poppy better with his usual directness. He devoted himself to her at the next dance, asked to call, received permission, made a formal first call and then asked for permission to play golf with her the following Saturday morning. But Poppy said she didn't play golf. She said she didn't have time, in fact Saturday she was going to be dreadfully busy with a rummage sale.

The rummage sale, she explained, was for the old man's home in which she was intensely interested. She wondered if David had some old clothes he would let her have for the sale, and when he eagerly offered his entire wardrobe she wondered whether he would help her collect the things next Saturday morning instead of playing golf. He could come in his car and they would run around together. David was delighted and from regarding her as a woodland nymph he now regarded her as a sort of up-to-date St. Elizabeth as well. He even helped with the rummage sale, all Saturday afternoon, and came away dusty and exhausted but blissful to have been so much with Poppy. The next time David called on Poppy she told him of her interest in a fresh-air home for city children. She was trying to get in sand pile for them. She wondered whether David would mind motorizing down to the seashore and bringing back his car full of it.

Then she asked him to solicit the men in the club for donations for another favorite charity, and later at a dance she told him that she would accept his invitation to go to the shore with him the following week if he would help her beg money to furnish a ward in the children's hospital.

One midsummer day David's acquaintance called upon him just before dinner. David looked faced.

"Haven't seen you at the club for weeks," said the acquaintance with a grin. "Given up golf?"

"Oh, I haven't had time," sighed David. "And I'm going to ask you to come out in the dining room with me while we talk. I've only fifteen minutes. I've promised David to—"

range the books in the library at the settlement house tonight and she wants me to call for her at seven."

"Hum-m," drawled the acquaintance. "Poppy certainly knows how to dance—"

"But what?" snapped the weary David. "Of course she's got her hobbies like all the other girls. And I haven't spent the summer just as I intended to. But I'll tell you a secret. I've been proposing to Poppy on condition that she wouldn't expect me to go on this way after we were married. She was furious—but after a while she relented. Then I asked her whether she'd have me if I agreed to found a sort of a trust fund for her charities—so she could hire someone to do the things that I've been doing. She thought fifty thousand dollars would do, and I'm game. She said she felt that otherwise she couldn't marry me, because so long as she didn't I'd probably be a bachelor and probably willing to do these things for her, and if she married me then she would be doing all the clubs and hospitals and things that she's interested in."

"Hum-m," commented the acquaintance. "She's a nice girl—Poppy."

Good Investment

Two hogheads of rum was the price of White island in the New Zealand group 100 years ago.

Today the island is worth many millions of dollars.

Enormous deposits of valuable fertilizers have been discovered, according to a message which estimates 2,000,000 tons are available for shipment.

Fortuitous Bump

A hole in the pavement probably saved the life of Nora Palmer, age twelve, of Atlantic City. The girl swallowed a 25-cent piece, and it lodged in her throat, threatening to choke her. An ambulance was summoned, and as it was returning to the hospital with Nora as a passenger, it bumped into a car which dis-

Light Bulb Barometer

Firemen of Fostoria, Ohio, are trying out a new weather prophet. A large electric light bulb is held under water while the tip at the end is pinched off. The vacuum in the bulb draws in the water. The bulb is then hung on the wall and if it drips water, stormy weather is on its way. If it does not drip, fair weather can be counted upon, the firemen have been told.

Dug Up Hittite Castle

President Masaryk has been informed that the Czechoslovakia archeological mission has discovered an ancient Hittite castle near Kaisarieli, Turkey.

The castle includes an ancient temple, dating back to the Third century before Christ, and also contains cuneiform inscriptions dating 3,000 years before Christ.

Chemical Trust

An effort is being made in Germany to form a "supertrust" to control the chemical and drug business.

Taxi Drivers Tested

One of the largest nationally known corporations operating a taxi service in different cities has adopted the intelligence test in choosing drivers. The test was resorted to when it was learned that 18 per cent of all their drivers were responsible for 46 per cent of the accidents. Their emotional and hysterical tendencies are now studied before drivers are engaged. Of 10,000 applicants, only 6,000 were chosen as a result.

Future of Felt

A piece of felt never knows whether it will be a masculine hat at \$5 or a feminine hat at \$18.55.

CLARENCEVILLE

The home of Mr. Smith on Albion avenue, Stecker Ball subdivision, was badly damaged by fire from a defective chimney. Tuesday afternoon and would have been completely destroyed but for the timely efforts of neighbors and two Detroit firemen, William C. Williams of 3489 Springle avenue and Marvin Mahall of Bleviere avenue who were on relief and passing on Grand River avenue, gave their assistance. Owing to their work the fire was out when the city fire department arrived from Redford, in record time. The people of this district certainly appreciate the services rendered by these two firemen and the department. It is a long run and the roads are in very bad condition. This is the first time it has been possible to save a home in this neighborhood after the fire has started as there is no protection at all here. It is hoped that we will have fire protection of our own in the very near future.

Mr. Butterfield of Farmington will be the speaker at the Father and Son banquet at the Church given by the Adult Bible Class, February 22.

The Clarenceville Lodge of the I. O. O. F., No. 327 will hold an old time dance at Livonia Town Hall, Livonia, Center Saturday evening, February 6. This lodge is the infant lodge of the I. O. O. F., and everything they attempt always goes over with a bang. Their music will be the timely old time fiddle type and everyone anticipates a wonderful time.

The Tri-Township Community Hall will soon be completed after a hard winter's work. The community started to build a hall that would be a place for everyone to meet and be proud of. They have succeeded after a lot of hard work. They hope it will not only benefit themselves but also the surrounding communities. That is the feeling that built it. Not a hall for one but one for all. There will be a grand opening on February 15. Watch for it. Notice will be given later.

The Ladies' Aid will hold their pot luck dinner at the church Thursday noon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Cox attended the I. O. O. F. dance at Novi, Friday evening.

The ladies of the Tri-Township Community Association met at the home of Mrs. Walter Durham Wednesday to sew.

The Tri-Township Community Association ladies will hold a pedro party at the home of Mrs. Milton Purkey Wednesday, February 10 at 2 o'clock.

Miss Effie Scates and Lucille Austin took part in the entertainment at the Clarenceville Church, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Menke were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Eastlake, Cabot avenue, Detroit, Saturday evening.

Mr. Ducha is the butcher at the H. A. Taylor meat market which opened Saturday.

Miss Aileen Cox and Mr. Fred Cripsky visited Mr. and Mrs. Carl Cox, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Headerle just returned from a week's stay in Chicago where they attended the Page Wire Fence convention. Mr. Headerle is with the Barnes Wire Fence division. They report a wonderful time.

Mrs. Walter Schweitzer is on the sick list.

The tea at Mrs. Scates' home in Farmington has been postponed until Thursday afternoon, February 11. The Ladies' Aid and friends are invited.

A very pleasant surprise party was given Tuesday evening by Mrs. Wm. Reynolds at their home on Tuck road in honor of Mr. Reynolds' birthday. About sixteen couples were present including Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, Mr. and Mrs. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. E. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pollack and John Johnson of Detroit. Cards and dancing were enjoyed until a late hour when a bountiful lunch was served. All left wishing Mr. Reynolds many happy returns of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Cox attended the I. O. O. F. dance at Novi, Friday evening.

Little Janet Waack, daughter of Carl Waack, is very ill with pneumonia.

When Miss Carl of the Edgewood School and Mrs. Blakemore of the Central building returned to their apartment in Detroit Monday, after school they found

that some persons had entered their rooms and stolen all their clothing leaving nothing of any value behind. Two men were seen by a neighbor leaving with traveling bags. This is the second time in a week or so that an apartment was entered in that neighborhood.

The P. T. A. will hold their regular meeting Thursday evening, February 11. There will be a good speaker and music. They will also hold a get acquainted supper, February 20.

A large number of Farmington and Clarenceville people attended the old time party held at the S. A. C. hall Monday night. All old time dances were danced. The mazurka, polka, schottische, two step, waltz, Virginia reel and square dances. These dances are greatly enjoyed by all, even if it is only to look after. The next old time dance will be given at the opening of the new Tri-Township hall, February 15 and all are looking forward to it. There will be plenty of old time fiddlers and a good time for all. Everything will be free.

Mr. Whitney Hames, teacher at the Noble School, has quit his position at that school and has taken on one in another town.

The entertainment committee of the T. T. C. A. will have a pedro party Thursday evening, at White's Hall.

DON'T CASH CHECKS

Don't cash the check of any stranger, is the warning that is being sent out by the mercantile associations of this state. Every day they appear in some new guise, with some new story that is expected to disarm suspicion. The other day a motherly old lady appeared in a store in a northern Michigan city and after ordering a small amount of merchandise sent to a certain address, tendered a check in payment that was much larger than her bill. She was apparently so gentle and so motherly, that never a suspicion entered the merchant's head. Later he found the check a bad one and his faith in humanity has taken a considerable drop. Regardless of the circumstances, the best plan is to pass them on to the town banker and if they get by that individual their paper is pretty apt to be genuine.

Literary Note

"The good short story," says a literary correspondent, "is harder to put together than the long novel, which is really nothing more than a series of short stories, linked together. It is easier to market an ordinary novel than it is to place a short story. The latter, to get by, must show snap and glamour first to last. One editor wrote me: 'A three-line text frequently says more than a three-column sermon.'—Atlanta Constitution.

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Look Forward

Looking into the future—what do you see? Times of adversity prepared for in advance? An old age of comfort and the financial ability to enjoy life in your declining years? It is toward this pleasant and safe future that the man who has used forethought, may look forward. It is such a simple and easy thing to make a proper start if you but take a careful look about you.

A judicious real estate investment in this locality at this time gives promise of a big profit in the near future.

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