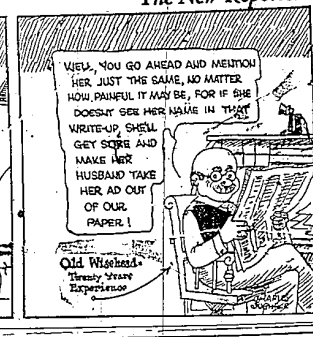
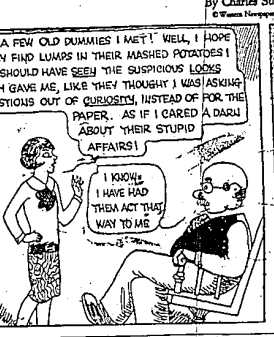




## MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



## The New Reporter

By Charles Sughrue

**SOUTHFIELD**  
Mrs. Gertrude McCleary of Lapeer was a week end guest at the home of Mrs. E. Cavanaugh, Farmington Drive.

Mrs. Eya Lesch is confined to her home with a severe cold. The S. C. A. at their regular meeting decided to tell of the accomplishments of the association to all residents of the community in the form of a membership drive.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the S. C. A. spent a very pleasant afternoon, last Thursday at the home of Mrs. Chas. Perry, Ford Republic. The guests were treated to a delightful luncheon and entertained by various amusements. Mrs. Cavanaugh and Mrs. Ller each being rewarded with prizes.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Everson of Detroit spent the week end as guests of Mr. and Mrs. K. Bradshaw of Farmington Drive.

Little Bobbie Gridley of Gwendolyn avenue is suffering with an attack of measles.

Mr. and Mrs. Nimrod and Mr. and Mrs. Rolenhouse were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Deuyter of Detroit, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Cavanaugh of Farmington Drive have sold their home and will move to Detroit with their daughter Peggie on March 8.

Mrs. Truman Olliver of West avenue, will entertain the Fair Weather Club on Wednesday afternoon.

The next cottage prayer meeting will be held Thursday afternoon at the home of Mr. L. H. Stevens, Gwendolyn avenue and Farmington Drive.

Rev. David Clark of Redford addressed a church gathering in the S. C. A. building on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Jack Fitch entertained Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Stump at dinner on Thursday, in honor of Mr. Stump's fiftieth birthday.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the S. C. A. will be entertained the afternoon of March 17 at the home of Mrs. Oscar Reed.

The members of the S. C. A. held an informal surprise party in the Community Hall, Saturday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. E. Cavanaugh, who will hereafter make their home in Detroit.

Mrs. J. Schifferstein of Hem street, had as week end guests, her daughter, the Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Erwin of Detroit.

Mr. Al Wakefield, West avenue, recently sold his home to Mr. L. Lonsberry and plans to make his home in Detroit.

Mrs. Chas. Shipp spent Thursday on a business trip to Detroit. Mrs. John Mathewson of Fourth Gate road, who has been ill with

influenza is showing improvement and hopes soon to be able to venture out.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Perry of Ford Republic, were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Babcock of Redford, at the Hotel Statler, Friday evening, followed by an evening at bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Kennedy and son spent Thursday and Friday at the home of Mrs. Kennedy's sister, Mrs. H. Buelow, Detroit.

Mrs. Lew Dowsett of Fourth Gate road, has sufficiently recovered from her recent illness, to enable her to be out and around again.

Hugo Berns, after being confined to her home for the past two weeks is now able to be out, however her daughter, Minnie, is still requiring careful attention, but it is hoped she too will soon be full recovered.

On Thursday evening, March 11 the Ladies Auxiliary of the S. C. A. will hold their regular semi-monthly card party at which a pot-luck supper is served.

Mrs. J. Hamill, Gwendolyn avenue entertained guests at her home, Friday evening.

## Blind Rattlers Halt Pipe Line Building

Rattlesnakes near Powder river have been stopping work on an oil pipe line in the Salt Creek fields, says John Keyes in the Billings (Okla.) Gazette.

Recently while the rattlers have been molting and have been in the "blind" stage, when they strike without warning, the men working on the line have been in almost constant terror and in considerable danger.

Several men have been bitten and it has been necessary to have clubs handy to keep the snakes away.

After finding snakes at hand or under foot wherever he turned for a few days, one workman quit his job and many others have also left after the presence of the rattlers had shaken their nerves.

The news of the invasion of snakes was noised about the oil fields so that the company has had difficulty in replacing the men who have quit. The contractors have little hope of being able to replenish their crews until the snakes resume their normal habits of rattling warnings and keeping out of the way.

## Ecuador Indian Girls Now Working in Mills

Indian girls in Ecuador are forsaking the bobbins, hand spindles and crude looms of their Indian ancestors and are leaving their crude mountain homes to work behind modern spinning and weaving machines in the textile mills being constructed in their country. Indeed, the influx of Indian boys and girls at the mills is creating a shortage of domestic help. However, it marks a new economic opportunity for these young people. In the mills they can earn an equivalent of 30 cents a day, American, as against practically no wages when employed as domestics. The youthful workers are said to be industrious and to have a certain aptitude for the work. Still their efficiency is only about one-fourth that of textile workers in American and English mills. For this reason only the coarsest fabrics are produced. It is not expected that the textile mills in Ecuador will ever weave such fine fabrics as are manufactured in the United States or England.

## Meet the Crew

There will never be a battle in this world until every man has the chance to go into business and see what a swarm of crabs, drones, shufflers and bellyachers can do to help him build up a "nice business."—Paper Trade.

## Providence by Battle

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

(Copyright)

WHEN Kirtelle-John wore her cloudy look wise men instantly became aware and waking. Why not in presence of a girl baptized Kirtelle-John Kirtelle? An olive-branch name, you see, to hold peace between two warring stocks, such intent on perdition's own name. It was had enough to have the heir turn out an heiress, likewise a half-orphan. Her father had died before she was a month old, saving poor tenant folk trapped by fire. Fery Kirtelle wasn't so bad a name for a man—but with both grandfathers called John there was a pretty howdye-do over harmonizing things without favoritism.

So Kirtelle-John the small person had grown up, ugly, even scrawny, the white, then suddenly flowering into beauty so exotic it was breath-taking. Tall, slim, litely angel, she came, saw and conquered.

That is to say, before the era of the footbath Leland, whose other name was Douglas.

Vital to her finger tips, Kirtelle-John had to be doing something. Therefore she flirted—desperately yet with a certain reserve of discrimination. Not a bit snobbish—her hottest partisans were the young fellows, who, when it came to courting, felt themselves out of it.

Leland, her match in everything, had no such hindrance, yet, oddly she did not appeal to him. Certainly nothing so alive had a right to be so fondly calm. It was neither pretense nor apathy—her eyes forbade. He wondered a lot—was there anything save a man that could really wake her?

There was he discovered to his own confounding. A horse, plus horses general. The horse, black, thoroughbred, wind-swift, game as a pundit, sleeked with bloody foam from bit to haunch, was running away, and with torture of bit and spur and lash, torture of plunging, doing all he might to unseat an iron rider, or else to crush him. Leland strolling over grass a hundred yards from the lane asserted full run to the mare's help, but stopped short after three strides, half paralyzed. Kirtelle-John raced down her own pasture, popped her Brown Betty handsomely over the tall hedge, right in front of the squealing black fury, half wheeled, caught the reins below the bit, and drew down the creature's head, gently but with a grip of iron, as she did it crying in a voice of steel to the rider: "Drop that whip! Jump! Else you'll die as you deserve."

"D-d if I do!" the man panted, making to slash again.

Instead he caught Kirtelle-John's crop full across his face, heard her cry: "D-d if you don't!" before with another cut. At that Leland rushed forward. No time for words—he wrenched the fellow from saddle, restraining with difficulty an impulse to slam him down—hard.

"Unstable! Quick!" the girl cried—then as he obeyed, to the dismounted rider: "Leave! And don't come back. This lane is private property—free to men and beasts—but forbidden to brutes."

"I'll have the law on you, too," the man roared.

Leland lunged off his coat, saying, through set teeth: "Let the law of manhood settle it—right now," then to Kirtelle-John: "Ride away! Please!"

Kirtelle-John nodded, but smiled over her shoulder: "How I'd love to stay!" She did not go far away. Leland found her in wait a hundred yards up pasture when half an hour later he went victorious from a most satisfying combat. She held out both hands to him, saying with a touch of slyness: "I waited, to ask pardon for—for all my hatefulness—"

"Don't!" said Leland, holding the hands tight. "All that was providential—for my salvation—I knew it the minute I saw you over the hedge."

"I—don't understand," she began untruthfully.

Leland smiled: "Of course you don't. But give me a year to do it and I'll make you."

"I mean—about the providence," she said, flushing beautifully.

He shook his head at her, sighing: "Are you quite blind to—surface indications? You're bound to know we were born for each other—why? our lands say it first, and everything else echoes it. Check-by-jowl, they lie—and half our inkblots are lies to each other. And the last one of 'em bent on matching us—maybe that's what

made us so stiff-necked and offish. I told myself you were perfect, except for lacking a heart—which my wife must have whatever else was lacking. And you, I reckon, didn't dream I could put up a fight."

"You fought for—me?" from Kirtelle-John very low.

Leland nodded: "And a little bit for myself. Every time I landed on that scoundrel I'd tell myself it was right down mean—he'd really done me great service. Showed me you had room in your heart for a suffering animal—so I thought there must also be room for a man."

"That reminds me," said Kirtelle-John. "I must buy this horse."

"Why?" Leland asked with a hovering smile.

"O! To make up to him for—this morning," she answered.

Leland looked reproach. "Not a word about making up to me?" he said, when the very best you can do is to marry me right off the reel."

**New Giant Telescope:**

The world's greatest telescope, which is at the Mount Wilson observatory, is soon to be outclassed by an instrument now being built for the Frye observatory at Seattle, Wash. The new telescope is expected to reveal 400,000,000 stars, while the Mount Wilson telescope, which has a small reflector, makes 320,000,000 heavenly bodies visible.

**Air Around Venus**

Of the surface of Venus we know very little because it is surrounded by an opaque atmosphere even that our eyes cannot penetrate to any extent, says Nature Magazine. But the fact that it has a dense atmosphere, and also that heat radiations from its night side have been detected, would imply that it has abundance of air.

**One Remedy**

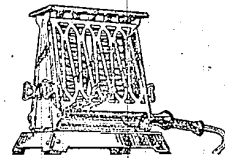
"What would you suggest for a rich uncle, who is very feeble and walks with difficulty?"

"How about a few banana peels?"—Judge.

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