

CLARENCEVILLE
Mrs. Fred Menke,
Phone Farmington 28F23

VINCENT STUCKEY DIES
AT HIS HOME ON GRAND RIVER AT AGE OF 85

Vincent Stuckey passed away at his home on Grand River avenue Monday, April 30, at the age of 85 years. He leaves his son, Raymond, and grandchildren, Lucille, Vincent, Donald and Stuart Stuckey.

The funeral is to be held at his home on Thursday, May 3. Burial at Grand Lawn cemetery.

The A. & P. store was broken in for the second time in a week last Friday night. Entrance was gained by breaking through the front door.

The tenth grade pupils, in charge of Miss H. Weston, are presenting a play, "That's One On Bill," at the T. T. C. A. hall, Thursday evening, May 10.

A number of Clarenceville residents attended the play at the Redford High School Wednesday and Thursday evening. Ned Kader and Louis Kalowaski, former Clarenceville school pupils, taking the leading parts.

Mrs. Walter Handrick of Oxford avenue, entertained a large number of friends at a dancing party at the T. T. C. A. hall Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey of Saginaw and Mr. and Mrs. Green of Mt. Clemens, were week end visitors at the Walter Handrick home.

E. Hughes of Flint visited at the Alrich home, Friday.

The Base Line Social club met at the home of Mrs. Raymond Markle Wednesday afternoon.

Wm. Thornton has returned from a visit with his brother in Monroe, La.

Mrs. Sherry Burnes entertained her daughter and family, Mrs. Wm. LaForge, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shipp of Strathmore Sunday.

The Edgewood Rebekah Lodge entertainment committee held a pedro party at the I. O. O. F. hall Tuesday evening. Prizes were awarded Mrs. Frank Lewis, Mrs. French, Mrs. Oliver, Frank Lewis, Jessie Roberts and Carl Beesteele. Mrs. C. H. Witte won the money prize. The next party will be held on Tuesday evening, May 15th.

Willis T. Robert spent the week in Armada, Mich., on business.

WOMEN AT THE STORES

Experts tell us that women actually do or influence the purchasing of 90 per cent of the merchandise sold in America.

This is probably true. A woman buys the food, the clothing for herself and her children. Even if she does not buy her husband's clothes she usually tells him what to buy.

"A booklet recently published by McCall's Magazine, produces records to show that 'the modern American woman is as different from her mother as the motorbus is from the stagecoach.' In 1900 only 12,572 dozen pairs of silk stockings were manufactured in one pair for every 246 women. In 1922 more than five pairs for every female, including children, were sold. Electric current for domestic uses has increased fourfold, cosmetics and perfumes have increased seven times since the war, the sale of linoleum has more than doubled in six years and furniture has jumped three times in volume.

"Mothers today spend 85 cents of every dollar received by the retail stores of this nation. The consensus of opinion among investigators of 'clearance sales' since January 1 of this year is that women are buying styles in that women are buying styles in that keeps pace with this modern American woman will have to pay an increasing amount of attention to her likes and dislikes."

Exchange.

Sylvia Sleeps in St. Martin's
By ELAINE CAMPBELL
(Copyright.)

EVEN as a leggy, fair-haired, blue-eyed youngster, Sylvia had been thoughtful and of a serious turn of mind.

And as she grew into a slim sunny-headed girl she knew that some day she would see more of America than the small bit of Michigan that she had so far known. One of the places of extreme interest she would enter was that famous church in the heart of London, St. Martin's in the Field.

And it was small wonder, with Sylvia's nose bent on the study of the human element, that she should quite naturally find a place in journalism and that she should be so brilliantly able in her chosen profession as to be sent abroad in quest of ultimate stories from bits of the Old world.

Sylvia sent back many stories to her home paper before she had her long-looked-for experience of spending a night in old St. Martin's in the Field. She prepared herself for the vigil among the poor derelicts of a great city by putting on shabby garments in order to draw nearer the heart of the understanding. It was with the hope of gaining intimate knowledge of those forlorn beings that she went up the steps of the old church in the center of ceaseless traffic.

She choked back a terrible feeling of emotion as she went into the softly lit church and saw here and there the huddled forms which, in their hopelessness and tragedy, would sleep within its shelter and realize for that brief space of time a freedom from the kicks and hunger of the world outside.

Sylvia walked softly about, stopping now and again to chat and to scatter such grains of comfort as were possible.

It was well past midnight when Sylvia, somewhat exhausted by emotional suffering, sank down into one of the high-backed pews and, leaning back wearily, struggled with the sleep that threatened her. Then her golden head fell unconsciously back and she slept.

A half hour later, a big man walking quietly about slipping notes and coins into the hands of sleeping derelicts, caught sight of Sylvia and stopped short to gaze down at her. Her small, pale face and ragged, worn-out hair and he pondered on the fearful tragedy that must have brought so lovely a creature to this state of need.

For David Gardiner was one of the world's thinkers and, also, one of the world's helpers.

Suddenly he pulled out his great top coat, felt in the pocket to make certain his wallet was there, and very, very tenderly lifted Sylvia's head and put his coat underneath for a pillow. So complete was her exhaustion that she only fluttered a rose-like cheek against the hand that ministered to her comfort and continued her deep sleep.

David Gardiner drew a sharp breath. The touch of Sylvia's cheek against his hand had been like the warm breath from a southern sky—the soft caress of an errant moonbeam.

When Sylvia awoke in the dim light of a new day she felt curiously rested. When fully awake she realized that a kind hand had made a successful effort to administer to her comfort by putting a pillow beneath her head and she soon discovered the nature of it.

"A man's coat and with his wallet and things left deliberately in the pocket." It was small wonder that Sylvia rubbed her eyes to make sure she was fully awake.

And with her habitual mental dive straight into the heart of things Sylvia sensed that this unknown man was making a test.

"He's wondering," she soliloquized, "whether a golden-haired person like myself will keep the wallet or return it. You see, he's left his address on an envelope to show me the straight path if I choose to take it—back to him."

After a cup of strong coffee at her hotel in the Strand and an extra fifteen minutes spent in making herself even more charming than she already was Sylvia hopped into a taxi and thence to the home of David Gardiner.

David's manservant brought him the card which read, "Sylvia Darwin, New York Daily."

His faithful servant intimated that if the master refused to see the caller he would be missing one of the treats of a lifetime.

"And the cat came back," laughed Sylvia as she entered and dropped David's great coat on the first chair.

David had jumped to his feet. It was his turn to rub his eyes as if awakening from sleep. Here was the golden-haired vagrant of St. Martin's. He was suddenly tremendously aware that her soft cheek had brushed his hand.

"But why did you leave your wallet and tobacco pouch in your pockets?" asked Sylvia as if continuing a thread of conjecture. "I suppose you thought I would prove to be a thief."

David waited just sufficiently long before answering to be quite sure that Sylvia would get his meaning—so long, in fact, that her eyelids drooped.

"And I have proved it," he said softly, and his hand rested against his side where his heart had been.

Stevenson, Batrel, Eaman & Long, Attorneys,
National Bank Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MORTGAGE SALE—Default having been made by Hazel P. Flora to Detroit Trust Company, a Michigan corporation, dated the 21st day of December, A. D. 1922, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Oakland and State of Michigan, on the seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1922, in Liber 347-7, and assigned to The Equitable Assurance Society of the United States, a New York corporation, by assignment dated January 14, 1923, in Liber 347-8, of Assignments of Mortgages, on page 201-5, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal and interest, the sum of Four Thousand Five Hundred Eighty-six and 14/100 Dollars (\$4,586.14), and an attorney's fee as provided by statute, as provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof. Notice is hereby given, that in virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case that in and to that effect, on **THURSDAY, THE NINETEENTH DAY OF JULY, A. D. 1923**, at twelve o'clock noon (Eastern Standard Time), the undersigned will, at the Eastern or Saginaw Court House, in the City of Detroit, Michigan, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount so as aforesaid due on said mortgage, with interest, and all legal costs, together with said attorney's fee, to-wit: Land in the County of Pontiac, State of Michigan, and State of Michigan, described as: Lot 26, bounded by West half of Northwest Quarter of Section 34, Town 4 North, Range 13 West, as recorded April 2, 1916, in Liber 13 northeast corner of LeRoy and Farmdale.

Dated: April 19th, 1923.

THE SOUTHWEST LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE U. S.

STEVENSON, BATREL, EAMAN & LONG, Attorneys for Assignors of Mortgage, 213 First National Bank Building, Detroit, Michigan.

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WORRIES

HOW many worries do you have that are not caused, directly or indirectly, by a lack of money? Very few, we will venture to say.

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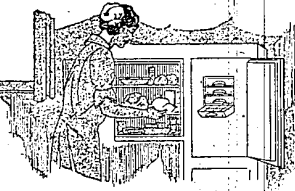
A cordial welcome and the complete facilities of a modern financial institution await you here.



Farmington State Savings Bank
"The Old Bank on the Corner"

Dependable


After years of development, electric refrigeration has the same 24-hour dependability as your electric light



especially during warm summer months, when appetites are hard to please, frozen desserts, frozen salads, and chilled beverages tempt the lazy palate

The DETROIT EDISON Company

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what One Dollar will buy!

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Red Kidney Beans No. 2	12 cans	\$1.00
White House Milk Tall	12 cans	\$1.00
Bulk Soap Chips	8 lbs	\$1.00
Prunes Bulk, 40-50 Size	8 lbs	\$1.00
Tomatoes No. 2, Standard Pack	12 cans	\$1.00

Fels Naptha Soap 10 bars 49c
Palmolive Soap 3 bars 20c
Heinz Rice Flakes pkg 13c
Kellogg's Corn Flakes Large pkg 10c
Neatie's Chocolate Bars or Croquettes 3 for 10c
Asparagus Tips Argo Brand, No. 1 Square can 17c
Mayonnaise jar 49c
Bulk Rolled Oats 90-lb bag \$3.75
Baby Chick Feed 100-lb bag \$3.25

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