

Why Was She "Impossible"?

By DUFORD JENNE

(Continued)

The words followed Mary to her room like a doom-laden sentence. She went down the hall of the boarding house she had passed Edith Lyman's room, and the door had been ajar. A group of girls were evidently discussing with Edith, who was a leader among them, some party planned for the evening; and Edith had said:

"Oh, we can't ask Mary! Ted wouldn't go with her—she's impossible!"

That was all Mary heard, but it was enough. She closed her door and stood in stricken silence. "Impossible!" Why was she "impossible"? The girls were all nice to her, but she was never a member of their parties; even Edith but asked her, but she had times Mary had heard the sound of their laughter dying away down the hall as they went out in happy times, leaving her alone.

She was almost on the verge of tears when there was a knock on the door. She hastily controlled herself, and Edith stuck her bright head into the room.

"Hello, Mary, we're out to a dance tonight, and couldn't you go?"

Mary's heart skipped a beat, and she was almost on the verge of saying "No!" for she knew she was being asked just to "fill out." But she was hungry to get away from the drab routine of her days; and she said hesitatingly, "Yes, I'd love to go, Edith."

"O. K., then, Mary, Ted will take you."

Mary sat still a moment—Ted, one of the most welcome of the boys who came to the house, whose kindly, attractive face always had a pleasant smile for Mary.

She dressed as carefully as she could, and she was ready when Ted came.

On the journey to the dance hall, through the crowded subway, Ted's kindness and thoughtfulness warmed her heart and drove away some of the chill the word "impossible" had left.

At the hall, she entered into the spirit of the evening with all her soul, warning herself that this chance might not come again.

When the evening was over, however, and Ted had left her with a kindly good-night and in the silence of her room she "took stock"; she was aware that he had shown no more than courteous interest in her.

"And I was so happy with him! If he would only ask me again!" she whispered to herself.

But he didn't, not that week-end, nor the next; and in the meantime, Mary brooded on the word that had condemned her so kindly.

Finally, in desperation, she went to mother's old Mrs. Ober, who worked in some dress-making shop, and told her the whole story.

Mrs. Ober listened, and said gently:

"Then, listen, my dear. Every girl has something of charm about her; and it is her duty to study in every way she can to bring it out. Now, your dresses ought to be changed; it's not a matter of cost but of right choice. You see, some women have a gift for figuring such things out; and some haven't. Now, it's my business to help those who haven't; and suppose we see what we can do?"

Mary's eager agreement made the older woman smile, and they went ahead with their plans.

So the day came when Mary, while Mrs. Ober looked on with interested eyes, faced herself in her mirror in a real party dress. She was amazed at the change. Her bobbed hair had been changed in such a way as to bring out the oval of her face and the curve of her slim neck; and the dress, simple in design, did the rest.

"You see?" Mrs. Ober said, and Mary turned and rushed into her room.

Mary was hurrying down the hall to Mrs. Ober's room for the purpose of having a small change made in the dress when she met Ted at the top of the stairs. He looked at her with keen interest.

"Hello, Mary, I hardly knew you! What is that a new dress?" he asked with frank admiration in his eyes.

His glance set something to singing within her. "A real party dress!" she announced, as she slipped by.

Then came Edith's comment later on. "Midget, where did you get that bob? It's the work of an artist!" Then, happiest of all, came Ted with his own special giggle at an evening dance.

It was in the quiet of one of the alcoves of the beautiful room outside the dance floor that he turned to her. "Mary, you are the same girl and yet you aren't, and I can't figure out what has made the difference. You remember the other time? I enjoyed having you then with me, but I feel now as if it were somebody else." He was smiling, but his eyes were frank and he could not hide his puzzled thought.

Mary was chattering to herself, "I shan't be loquacious any more," but she said to him: "The reason—Oh, only a woman knows! But you don't think I'm 'impossible'?"

He caught her hand in a tense grasp. "Impossible!—I should say not—and it's going to take a damned good man to get you away from me!" he said with decision.

Petroleum Used by Builders Long Ago

Petroleum products were well known to the ancients, according to the youngest son of Lord Lempell, a Scottish laird. Speaking before the Royal Aeronautical society in London, Lempell said, "We read in the Bible of the building of the tower of Babel and of the building of the ark for their mortar." The same was bitumen.

He further mentioned that Pinyan and other ancient writers have referred to the use of "Sicilian oil" for illuminating purposes. The dead sea, originally named the Lacus Asphaltites, provided bitumen, which was used to the Egyptians for embalming purposes. In the East the petroleum industry was a growing concern long before the Christian era. Earlier than this the Chinese and Japanese had used bitumen and petroleum in the shafts by means of bellows. In Japanese history it is related that "burning water" was found in the reign of Tenji, or about 1200 years ago. About the year 1600 a Japanese named Magari found oil which he subsequently distilled. The product was sold as an illuminant. It is thought this was the first instance of an attempt to split up the crude oil into its component parts. Kansas City Star.

Majority of Mankind Too Easily Excited

There are clubs and societies everywhere, and the majority of mankind are too easily excited. About the year 1600 a Japanese named Magari found oil which he subsequently distilled. The product was sold as an illuminant. It is thought this was the first instance of an attempt to split up the crude oil into its component parts. Kansas City Star.

The trouble with most of us is, we get too excited over little things and not excited enough over the big ones. Agitation, loss of temper, and the boiling point when it isn't necessary.

If a don't-get-excited club could be so organized as to conserve all the human voltage that now goes to waste through needless excitement it would mean that mankind had reached the suburbs of a new era.—Harry Daniel in Thrift Magazine.

Please for Tolerance

What is abhorrent to you may be not only justifiable conduct to another, but actually praiseworthy. That is where the spirit of tolerance and charity come in. We can't all think alike, any more than all trees can bear similar foliage and fruit. We are all inconsistent. Not one of us acts according to the standard his best self sets.

Elephants Were Lightest

The true dance brings the highest possible bodily perfection. Through it we can attain perfect poise. It is not a question of weight. A few years ago, in the Hippodrome, I saw a troupe of dancers. They were little girls, none over seven. Yet their little bodies were tense and rigid, and they came down bump! Then came some performing elephants. The beasts weighed thousands of pounds, yet as they danced from side to side, no one could hear the sound of their feet. The animals and poise . . . they were at ease, and they had natural understanding of the laws of balance and movement.—Edwin Strawbridge in the Dance Magazine.

Canvas Modern Buckskin

The modern hunter uses canvas where Daniel Boone and the old-timers would have used the skin of some animal, according to a writer in Field and Stream. "Canvas is in reality a substitute for skins," he writes. "The principal uses are for clothing, shelter and equipment. The pioneer wore trousers, moccasins, and a shirt or a jacket made of buckskin. The modern hunter sallies forth clad in a canvas cap or hat, canvas gloves, canvas hunting coat, canvas trousers, canvas leggings, and sometimes canvas-topped shoes."

Abuse Doesn't Prevent Use

The abuse of anything does not invalidate its genuinely ethical use. As long as we are what we are, that is, as long as we have vermillion appendages in our bodies and evil in our souls, some of us will abuse anything. That inevitable abuse will never be an ethically valid reason for doing much less or attempting to prohibit the ethical use of that same thing, whether that thing be alcohol or sex or money.—Plain Talk Magazine.

Famous Coach Neglected

That the coach of Henry Grattan, the Irish statesman, who procured in 1782 the passing of legislation which made the Irish parliament independent, is lying neglected in the open behind the National museum, Dublin, has been revealed by admirers of historic things. The coach was evicted from the museum when the Free State parliament took possession in 1922.

WEST POINT PARK

Mrs. William Zwahlen,
PHONE 2273

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wolfe were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison of Detroit.

Mrs. Crum underwent an operation at Harper Hospital last week.

Mr. Meeker, who came from Foxboro, Mass. to visit his mother, Mrs. Lena Strassburger here, has decided to remain here. His wife and family arrived last Saturday.

Miss Catherine Banfield was the guest of Miss Shirley Zwahlen Monday and Tuesday of this week.

Miss Shirley Zwahlen spent 4th of July at Middle Straits Lake as the guest of Miss Lucile Wolfe.

The Ladies' Community Club will meet Wednesday, July 11, at the home of Mrs. George Gunn. Everyone is welcome.

There will be a pedro party Saturday, July 7, given by the North End Circle at the home of Mrs. William Zwahlen. All are welcome.

The Adult Bible class will hold its next regular meeting at Middle Straits Lake July 10th. Mrs. Emerson Ault is the hostess. All are invited to attend and bring bathing suits.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wolfe and family are staying with the former's mother, Mrs. Charlotte Wolfe, while their house is re-decorated.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jones and family have returned from a week's visit at Gains, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Gainer and baby Clarence of Detroit were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Bollinger.

John Meyers Jr. of Detroit was the Sunday guest of William Zwahlen, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. William Zwahlen, William and Shirley spent Saturday evening with the former's sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Decker of Detroit.

Mrs. Margaret Davis is spending a few weeks in Detroit, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Lovett.

Miss Ernestine and Lucile Wolfe are visiting their grandparents Mr. and Mrs. John Phelps at their cottage at Middle Straits Lake for a week.

Evelyn Stoffer of Lansing was the week end guest of Miss Barbara Middlewood.

Mr. and Mrs. August Peans and family of Cincinnati, O., are visiting their two brothers, Fred and Will Peans.

NORTH FARMINGTON

Mrs. Erskine Evans,
PHONE 229

The Mystic Workers of East Farmington will hold their annual meeting and supper at Mr. and Mrs. James Tolman's home on Friday, July 13. Everyone is cordially invited.

B. L. Maynard, scout master, will lead the Sunday School during July and August in Rev. Geo. P. Davison's absence. Services are at 7 in the evening at Bond school auditorium.

The Ladies' Community Circle will hold their July meeting with Mrs. Harry Ortwine, North Farmington and 12-mile roads on Wednesday, July 11. Every woman in the community is cordially invited to join.

Ray Oldham is drilling a new well on his property.

Virginia Mitchell is planning to spend a few days of her vacation with an aunt in Detroit.

Many friends of the late Thomas Lytle attended his funeral on Monday.

E. W. Evans has been called to St. Petersburg, Fla., because of the critical condition of his father.

All boys eight years and over are invited to hear B. L. Maynard talk on Boy Scout work at the Bond School Sunday evening at 7 p. m. and help organize forces.

Frank Lauritzen is at work on a basement for his home and is making other improvements.

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YOUNGSTOWN, O.	\$1.10
MANISTEE	\$1.15
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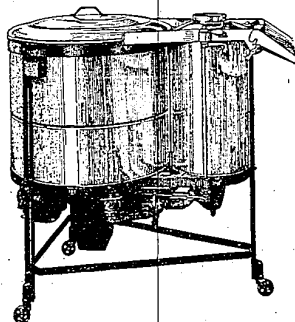
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