



TO THE VOTERS OF OAKLAND COUNTY:

On September 4th the voters of Oakland County will have the opportunity of balloting for two Circuit Court Commissioners, and in doing so, must choose between the three candidates in the field, two of whom are from Pontiac, and myself from Royal Oak.

The work of this office has become very important in the last few years, and the business is about equally divided between Pontiac and the Southern end of the County.

I am the only candidate from Southern Oakland County, and have been unanimously endorsed by the Royal Oak Township Bar Association.

People all over the County, who are familiar with the work of this office, acknowledge that one of these offices should be in Royal Oak.

Out of a sense of fair-play to 75,000 people in the Southern end of Oakland County, who are served by an office in Royal Oak, I respectfully urge that you cast one of your ballots for Circuit Court Commissioner for me at the Primary on September 4th.

I am a Republican both by birth and choice, and will endeavor to conduct the office with courtesy and efficiency if I am elected.

Respectfully,
HARRY J. MERRITT.
—Adv.

BERT PORRITT
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE
for
COUNTY ROAD COMMISSIONER
Oakland County
PRIMARY ELECTION
Tuesday, September 4, 1923



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The Dainty Picnic Cook

By LENORE GRAY

IT BEGAN the night Annie Smith introduced Roger to Lucille Barton, the new milliner, who had had a birthday party in her rooms and invited all the girls in the shop and their men friends.

"She's pretty, isn't she?" asked Annie as they went home at midnight. "Pretty," repeated Roger Gray dreamily. "More than pretty—she's beautiful—like a picture."

Annie married. "We found her crying herself to sleep that night, and that is the way she learned that Roger had almost 'not quite,' asked Annie to be his wife. And here was beautiful, golden-haired Lucille come just in time to stretch out her long white arms and bar the door to happiness against quiet little Annie, whose arms were not white, just plump and pink.

"I haven't a chance beside her, she is so clever and so handsome; but she wouldn't make a good wife for Roger; she paints and powders and doesn't seem real," sobbed Annie.

"You should worry," comforted Lucille. "I'll take care of you. I'm honest. I've got to think it up."

"Can you, Louise?" asked doubting Annie.

"Can I?" Louise smiled mysteriously. "You know what a homebody I was!"

Annie nodded.

"Well, didn't I walk in and marry Gene Fraser, the superintendent of the place, when every other girl was fishing for him and each a Venus compared to poor me? I did. You got a bigger chance than fair Lucille, the milliner's model! Sleep on that, honey."

Annie slept on it and felt cheerful the next day, but the next night her spirits sank again when she saw Roger walking down the street with Lucille.

"My idea has sprouted," announced Lucille that night. "We're going on a picnic Saturday afternoon over to Shingly beach—everybody invited, including Lucille and Roger. Don't cry till it's all over—I just had to tear Gene away from a frizzy blond who didn't know a teakettle from a can opener."

A hearty laugh came from behind Mr. Fraser's evening paper. "Some organizer, Louise, you are," he chuckled.

Saturday was a pleasant day and the picnic started off in good shape, everybody laden down with baskets and boxes of lunch. The shore was quite deserted, now that September was nearing its end, and Louise volunteered to watch the lunch baskets while the others went for a stroll along the beach.

Two hours later the strolling couples came back, to find a frisky Louise and no picnic baskets. "They disappeared," she wailed. "I just closed my eyes from the sunshine, it is so bright, and when I opened them every box and basket was gone!"

"Asleep at the switch," murmured one hungry male.

"We're five miles from the trolley line and the bus won't return for us until seven," moaned Roger Gray. "Perhaps some of us could find a house where we could get something to eat."

"Yeh—maybe the moon's made of green cheese, and we could eat that," sneered Jim Murray.

Lucille smiled, but there was a mean look about her eyes. "I had the grandest coffee cake and some bananas," she murmured.

"Shall we starve here and starve?" demanded Roger.

Louise suddenly clapped her hands. "Saved! I've thought of a plan. The Halls have a cottage along here somewhere. We'll break in and make a fire, and if there are any rats—"

"They all trailed after her with hungry, expectant faces, Annie, pale and quiet and not understanding where her chance came in. Strange to relate, a key on Louise's key ring fitted the cottage door.

In ten minutes they were all working like beavers under Louise's direction. The men dug clams and picked up firewood on the beach. Louise set the table in the pretty dining room, and Annie, plain little Annie, sew around the kitchen in her element, for Annie was a born cook, and in an hour they sat down to a wonderful clam chowder, a delicious pie, hot biscuits and honey and delicious coffee, for the lander had been strangely well stocked.

Annie was the queen of the occasion. More than one man looked enviously at Roger Gray, and nobody thought it was clever when Lucille daintily dug up her perfume and powdered hands and boasted that she knew nothing about cooking or housework and that the delectable shop was good enough for her. She nearly swooned at the idea of peeling an onion. It was at that particular moment that Jim Murray thought of a lifetime of meals he had planned to eat with Lucille, and looked vacantly out of the window, and it was then that Roger caught up Annie's little brown hand, with a burn on one thumb, and kissed it boldly.

"Congratulations me, everybody," he smiled around the table.

"It came off fine," telephoned Louise to her friend Mrs. Hall. "Annie and Roger are engaged, and they want to spend the honeymoon in your cottage."

"I wonder," mused the fair Lucille. "I wonder what became of those elegant coffee cakes I bought!"

CHURCHES

Methodist Church

Rev. E. F. Dunlavy, Pastor

10:30—Morning worship and sermon.
Anthem by the choir.
Sermon by the pastor: "Man and a Tree."
11:30—Sunday School. Wells D. Butterfield, Supt. A good place to spend an hour.
6:30—Epworth League. The leader will be E. N. Roos. A good program and an interesting hour for young people.

Baptist Church

Rev. E. W. Palmer, Pastor

10:30—Morning worship.
Sermon subject: "The Church."
11:45—Sunday School. We have classes for all ages.
7:30—Open Air service. We are to have as the speaker at this service Hon. Grant M. Hudson. All the people of Farmington are invited to hear him. Remember the service starts at 7:30.

St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Clarenceville

(at Sutter Road)
Rev. Paul Graupner, Pastor

9:30—Sunday School.
10:30—English Service.
A week from Sunday, August 19, the annual mission-festival will be held. In the morning Rev. J. M. Kempff, for many years missionary in India, will conduct the German service. At 3 p. m. Rev. H. F. Hensick of Dearborn will preach English. During the noon hour lunch will be served on the church lawn.
A cordial invitation is extended to all friends of mission.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church

Rev. E. J. O'Mahoney, Pastor

Sunday masses at 8:30 and 11.
Daily mass at 8:00.

Evangelical Church

Rev. A. A. Schoen, Pastor

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
German service, 10:15.
Subject, "Bitter Water Sweetened."
Sunday School, 11:15.

West Point Park Church

Geo. E. Gullen, Pastor
10:30—Morning worship and sermon by the pastor.
11:45—Sunday School.

North Farmington Independent Church

Rev. George P. Davey, Pastor
During July and August evening services at p. m. in the Bond School auditorium.

WAYSIDE EATING PLACES

We wonder how long it will be before the keepers of wayside eating places will learn that cleanliness of surroundings and well cooked food are the only avenues through which a permanent and prosperous business, catering to the tourist trade, can be built? How many times people travel miles out of their way to find a good eating place simply because they have been guided by the slovenly and unkempt places found along the highway. We do not say that all eating places are like this, but we do know that too many of them are unfit as a place to serve food. Michigan is a great summer tourist state. Many of these visitors do not care for expensive hotel meals in the cities, but would prefer simple, inexpensive lunches along the country lanes. As we serve them so shall we reap. It is time many of those catering to this class of travelers should learn this simple lesson—Exchange.

You never can tell. The girl who is easy on the eyes may be hard on some father's pocket-book.

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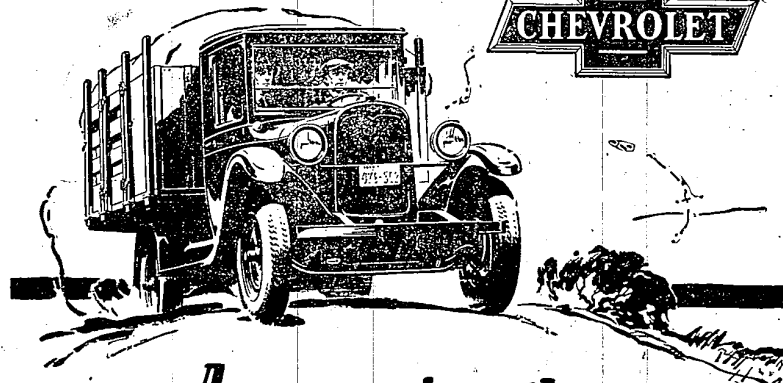
Local Agencies:

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