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PRIMARY ELECTION

TUESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1928

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Candidate for
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for
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Oakland County

PRIMARY ELECTION
TUES., SEPT. 14, 1928

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Is THIRTY the Love? Deadline!

George Ada has always been proud to call himself a Hoosier, coming from that state where the statisticians claim that one out of every three men is a poet. He was born in Kladland, Ind., in 1876, and he now devotes a good deal of his time to New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco. During the last winter he resided at Palm Beach or at his country place in Brook, Indiana.

George Ada broke into journalism in Lafayette, Ind., after graduating from Purdue University, and went to Chicago where he joined the staff of the Record and for ten years enlightened and entertained the readers of that daily.

Ada is chiefly famous for his facile in slang, in the realm of the stage, he is responsible for "The Sultan of Zulu," one of the greatest pieces of musical satire ever produced, "The Shogun," "The College Widow," "The Fair Co-Ed," and a host of other musical comedies and plays. He's not married.

By GEORGE ADE

Will Durant says that no man, and presumably no woman, above the age of thirty, is capable of falling in love. When he talks about "love" probably he means the nerve-racking, soul-de-vouring, devastating kind of passion which needs an asbestos covering. He means the hysterical infatuation of a Camille for an Armand Duval or the moon-struck ravings of a Hecuba for a Juliet.

What Will is trying to say is that anyone who arrives at the age of discretion, gets over that kind of temporary insanity. If so, why worry about it? Did you ever live in the same house with some one who was really in love? Didn't you feel sorry for the victim? Isn't it depressing to see a grown person biting his nails, looking wild out of the eyes, talking verbal chocolate evades, and gurgling into the telephone twenty minutes at a stretch?

It is hard work to make any intelligent comment on Mr. Durant's brash observation, because no one really knows what "love" is. There may be one genuine brand, but the market is flooded with imitations.

Love is something like the radio. We know that it is here and in operation and popular, but we don't know just how or why the darn thing works.

What is commonly known as "love" is a sudden ambition on the part of some person to acquire a proprietary interest in something which seems attractive and desirable. It is the same kind of yearning which you feel when you see a dandy new type of car at the automobile show. And the "love" which wells up to your heart will cool down when the varnish is worn away and the transmission fails to work.

Suppose that people over thirty are not capable of red-hot devotion. What of it? If you will hang around the divorce courts you may discover that most of the buried romances started out with him and she being simply crazy about each other. Crazy, and didn't know it.

He thought he was getting an angel who had skidded on a cloud and dropped down from heaven, instead of an over-ambitious farmer with a temper like a cross-cut saw. She thought she was getting Sir Galahad, in Oxford bags, and found out, later on, that she had drawn a mental defective with a vandyke sense of humor.

Probably 60 per cent of the marriages are due to the fact that certain men get tired of clubs, hotels, boarding houses or parental supervision, and exactly the same number of women, above the age of eighteen, want to prove to their friends that they can if they want to. When the experimental male meets the determined female, and they come to an arrangement, the common explanation of their getting together is that a "love affair" has developed, whereupon Cupid drops his bow and arrow and rolls around on the ground in an epileptic convulsion.

A very large percentage of the happy marriages I have observed from the side-lines were framed up in a businesslike mood, by persons who were well above Mr. Durant's age limit. I am not claiming that the people who entered into these partnership agreements were capable of the kind of love made famous by Abelard and Heloise, Francesca and Paolo, Venus and Adonis, and these two underworld lovers immortalized in song, viz., Frankie and Johnny.

Mr. Durant probably is right in suggesting that most alliances among persons above thirty are marriages of convenience, prompted by a lonesome longing for companionship. The man wearies of sitting all by himself in a restaurant and the old maid decides that a husband will be more of a protection to her than a police dog, because a police dog cannot be depended upon to bite intruders, while husbands have been known to.

Mr. Durant would have played safe if he had said that there can be no "true devotion" after the age of fifty. We send a man to jail for drinking a glass of claret with his dinner, but we permit him to go and take out a marriage license after he is so old that he has to be propped up during the ceremony. Irving Berlin knew what he was writing about when he composed that song entitled "Don't Wait Too Long."

But when Mr. Durant insists that the fires of love burn themselves to ashes before any man or woman is thirty years old, he is making a bold declaration which he can never prove. (© 1923, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Crab Apples and Potato Bugs

By EDGAR T. MONFORT

(Copyright)

THE yearlings always grew worse in spring. The sight of young green leaves on a tree brought a lump in her throat for it reminded her of other trees—a yard full of them and back of the yard an apple orchard that looked so daintily festive at this season. She knew, too, that there would be scarcely a chickling hens followed by fluffy chicks running through the young weeds in the apple orchard. And in the gray, old weather-beaten barn, back in a corner of the loft, a soft purring mother cat with two or three kittens spraying and tumbling over her.

With a gesture of impatience Maryann Nelson dabbed at the stinging tears that would come into her eyes and spill down her cheeks. As she looked up from her typewriter and out the window across a sooty roof she saw the topmost tip of an elm tree in all the lacy daintiness of its early spring frock. The branches swayed gently to the rhythm of a breeze she could not feel and the pastel green of the leaves seemed to defy the dirt and dust of the big city.

It had been five years since Maryann had seen spring in the country and the worst was, she reflected bitterly, she had not appreciated its beauty before moving to town. Already bored with life, as soon as she had finished high school she had persuaded her parents to let her take a business course and get a position. She was not needed on the farm and there was nothing there that she liked to do at the time.

"When a girl's got her head and heart set on doing something she doesn't get any satisfaction out of life till she's tried it," Mr. Nelson had said wisely enough.

So they let her go without protest or ill feeling and she, determined to conquer the world, had set out in high spirits. Up to that time domesticity was to her merely a word to be found in the dictionary under B, but she soon developed an intimacy with it and its heart-breaking symptoms that put a shadow in the deep blue eyes and made her wish that cities had never been.

Her parents wrote regularly, letters full of happenings on the farm, always with a postscript of apology: "I know this won't interest you, but there isn't much else to write about." And she, to whom every detail was a bitter-sweet stab, would sigh as she read the letters, "It takes contrast to make one appreciate things," she mused, "but so often you can't go back."

"Can you tell me where I can find the A. F. Jones account? It isn't in the file where it belongs."

Maryann was brought out of her reverie by the sound of Bill Scott's voice and a quick flush overspread her face as she dropped her head to hide the tear that she knew was still lingering gully on her cheek—one round, telltale drop of woe.

"Maryann, you've been crying," he accused in a voice resonant with sympathy. "What's the matter?" But Maryann shook her head and tried to swallow the lump that was rising in her throat again. How could she tell him why she had been weeping when he did not even know that she had ever cried in the country? Somehow, she had always felt ashamed of it—and hated herself for being ashamed. But there was something so distinctly urban about this well-built, well-dressed, cocker of hers; the very way he held his cigarette, the way he walked—everything he did reeked of the city.

"Let's go somewhere tonight," he begged. "I got a letter this morning that has upset me and yet I believe it'll be the best in the end. I want to talk it over with you. I need your help and advice."

Maryann was so weary that evening that she had planned not to primp for Bill, but habit is a strong thing and she found herself getting ready with the same happy anticipation she had always experienced. She enjoyed looking her prettiest for Bill.

"It's just this way," he told her, dropping down on the divan beside her. "I got a letter from mother this morning and she says she's got very well and she feels I ought to come home. It was hard as the dickens at first, but I've faced the thing out and it doesn't seem to me that I'll ever make a success as a business man. Six years ago I started in as a bookkeeper and—I'm still a bookkeeper. And here, I've got nearly two hundred pounds of brawn and muscle and I use these fingers on my right hand. That's what I talk to be a bookkeeper. No, I see it now. I was never intended for a business man. I'm going out to the farm, Maryann. Dad bought a place three years ago when the doctors ordered him to the country. And the only regret I have—is you. I'd—hoped some day. Oh, well, you know—but you'd never be happy in the country."

It was then that Maryann did a surprising thing. Quite boldly and ecstatically she flung her arms around his neck and crept up close to the two hundred pounds of brawn and muscle. "Just leave me behind if you dare!" she whispered. "If it lets you don't know a crab apple from a potato bug, but I can show you a thing or two."

Didn't Finish

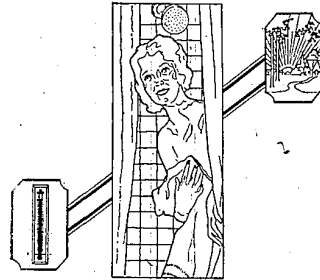
The old wise man who wrote: "Know thyself," could have added: "And know others as you know thyself."—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

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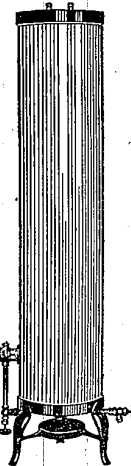
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