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TIRE REPAIRING

Farmington Junction

Homer Eisenlord



## Foundered on His Own Cooking

By AD SCHUSTER

THEY called him Old Bill in the restaurant where he was as much a fixture as the many-pronged hat-rack, the pastry case or the mechanical contrivance which timed the boiling of eggs. Bill moved with his head forward, dog-trotting his way between the tables. It would not be the same place without him.

For the little extra money and because, as he explained, there was nothing outside of the restaurant that interested him, Bill refused to take a day off. At night, tired of running around with trays and dishes, he retired to his room to rest for another day and so he went on, month in and month out, serving meals to the multitudes, making complimentary comment on the weather and the food he offered, and collecting what tips that came his way.

As Bill arrived early and left late he was able to get breakfast, lunch and dinner at the restaurant thereby solving his housekeeping problems and adding to a growing bank account. Incredible as it may seem to those who are not aware of the many remarkable records made by men and women who lack publicity agents or conspicuous employment, Bill worked fifteen years without so much as a day of vacation. Then he approached the proprietor smiling as bashfully as a girl.

"If you don't care," he said with the air of a man asking an unusual favor, "I will take tomorrow off. There is something important I would like to do."

He told no one of a dream he had been cherishing for years, a dream which was to be fulfilled in a single day of happiness. It is to be remembered Bill had been eating in the restaurant where every day on his trips to the kitchen he could watch the cooks preparing the food. Fifteen years had seen many cooks come and go, but it was the same restaurant, the same methods, and, somehow, the same taste. It was Bill's ambition, on the day which he would take off, to eat such a meal as the restaurant had never provided, a home-cooked dinner, and he would be cook. For months he planned it, altering the menu as new ideas occurred and then, when at last he regarded it as perfect, he voiced the request.

He started out early buying the things he needed and he was three times going back and forth from market to his room. Before noon he was peeling potatoes, cleaning fowl, and arranging salad. The task of preparation lasted all day. His gas stove radiated heat and appetizing odor. Its oven was stuffed and its top piled high. Now all Bill had to do was wait until the dinner was brown and tender. He sat down with a long spoon in one hand, with appetite won by a day of fasting, and thought of the joys to come.

It struck him the cook in the restaurant had been none too particular, and that there were many fine little points in the culinary art in which the waiter could excel the chef. The more he thought of it the plainer it appeared that he had been abused all these years. No man should be forced to eat meals in one place, three times a day, for fifteen years. It was too much.

Bill opened the oven, basted a sizzling fowl, and returned to the joyous task of self-pity. Well, he would show them what a real meal was like. For once in his life he would eat a dinner in which no thought of economy, no tricks at appearance, and no bids for price were considered. He would eat a dinner cooked by a real cook in a clean manner. He was tired, he reflected, of eating whatever was set before him.

So Bill ate his dinner. He started at seven o'clock was going strong at eight, and at nine was regretting that he was only human. Next day he did not appear at the restaurant and the proprietor, knowing Bill was alarmed, it was then they found him, the man whose one day off was his last, the one who was tired of restaurant food—a victim of his own cooking and ptomaine poisoning.

## Twelve Greatest Rivers

Of the world's twelve greatest rivers, only three are in the Western hemisphere, and the Mississippi, despite its popular reputation, is not one of them. The Farm Journal points out. The Amazon in South America, the Mississippi in North America and the Missouri, measured from its source to where it enters the Mississippi, are all longer than the so-called "Father of Waters."

Of the remaining nine greatest rivers, six are in Asia and three in Africa. The Nile, which meanders for 4,000 miles, is the longest in the world.

## The Timid Soul

The coward is one who, on a voyage, will protest that the promontories are privateers; and, if a high sea gets up, will ask if there is anyone on board who has not been initiated. He will put up his head and ask the steersman if he is half way, and what he thinks of the face of the heavens; remarking to the person sitting next him that a certain dream maker him feel uneasy, and he will take off his tunic and give it to his slave; or he will beg them to put him ashore.—Theophrastus.

## Hailed as Master of

### Fine and Useful Arts

The love of beauty that never passes beyond' quaint and color was too slight an object to occupy the powers of the genius of Michelangelo, painter, sculptor, poet and artist of Sixteenth-century Italy. There is a close relation between the genius of the mechanic arts, the fine arts and useful arts; and it is an essential fact in the history of Michelangelo that his love of beauty is made solid and perfect by his deep understanding of the mechanic arts. Ralph Waldo Emerson points out in his essay on the genius. Architecture is the bond that unites the elegant and the economical artist, and his skill in this is a promise of his capacity in both kinds. His Titanic handwriting in marble and travertine is to be found in every part of Rome and Florence; and even at Venice, on defective evidence, he is said to have given the plan for the bridge of the Rialto. Nor was his skill in ornament, or confined to the outline and designs of towers and facades, but a thorough acquaintance with all the secrets of the art, with all the details of economy and strength. Michelangelo constructed the fortifications on the heights of San Miniato, which commands the city of Florence, to defend it against the attack of the prince of Orange in 1520, and frustrated an attack by artillery by means of huge mattresses of wool. By treachery the city eventually was captured, but the fortifications the artist had constructed were so impressive that the celebrated French fortress builder, Vauban, later visited them and took a plan of them.—Detroit News.

## Druggists With "Side

### Lines" Nothing New

The druggist who sells lunches, books, radio sets and fishing tackle isn't a modern phenomenon at all, as most of us believe.

Around 1000 to 1025 we find the pharmacist selling sweets, preserved fruits, brown paper plaster, hair powders and perfumes. In 1617, in England, a new chapter separated the apothecary from the grocer and he began to concentrate more upon drugs and to dispense.

At a later date apothecaries virtually became physicians. They prescribed as well as dispensed and visited patients. The pharmacist was then practically a fully qualified practitioner.

But gradually he had fewer and fewer drugs to dispense as prescribed. Today a city will often support only a few exclusive pharmacies and the druggist has fallen back upon side lines, quite as in the early days. This is no new and riotous indulgence on his part; he has ample respectable precedent.—T. Swann Harding in the American Druggist Magazine.

## Wedding Day Abuse

The natives of Annam have an official who bears the title of master of sorrows. His duty is to curse in the house of a dead person to drive away evil spirits. This official also curses at wedding ceremonies. People who accompany a marriage procession to the bride's house are abused by the bride's family, in the belief that this will bring good fortune to the newlywed pair.

To avert evils during a new moon period these people throw stones into their neighbors' houses. The curses that descend upon the heads of the throwers are believed to bring good luck to everybody concerned. Hence the day of the new moon in India is called the day of stones.

## Bible in Philippines

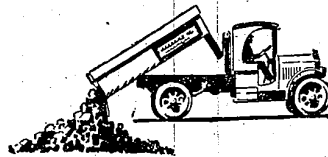
The Bible holds a unique place in the life of the Filipino people. Millions of Filipinos seldom read any other book and many of them believe the Bible is the only real book in the universe. The annual distribution of the Bible in the islands is greater than the combined circulation of all newspapers, exceeding 125,000 copies annually. No other book has attained a circulation in excess of 1,000 a year. More than one-third of these Bibles are in English, the others being in various native dialects. Most of them have been printed in Manila since the earthquake in Japan destroyed the plates, and the work constitutes the first publishing done in the islands.

## Toad Burnt as Witch

I have always liked the country people in Austria so much that it gives me a shock to read a truly dreadful occurrence in that land, says a London Daily Chronicle contributor. A peasant's cows were attacked by some mysterious illness. A toad was found in the cowshed, and at once it was suggested that witchcraft had been at work; the witch had turned herself into a toad; the toad must be burned. So burned the wretched toad was while the peasant walked round crying a cruel cry. He was fined for cruelty, but what a state of appalling ignorance the incident uncovered!

## Stolen Goods

Bobby, aged five, had just come home from the hospital and his aunt bought him a small tinker toy. While Bobby was playing with it his aunt remarked to another aunt that it had cost so much for such a small toy. The other aunt said: "Oh, well, it is well constructed. It is made of steel." Bobby overheard them talking, and said: "Oh, I heard you. You 'tinkered' it. You 'did,' 'cause I heard you say so."



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REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE

For

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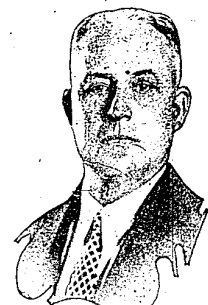


# John A. ADAMS

Republican Candidate for  
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COMMISSIONER  
OAKLAND COUNTY

Primary Election  
Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1928

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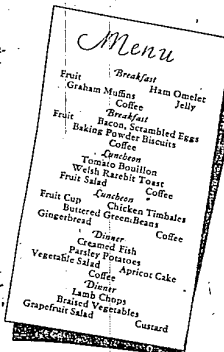
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