

## Dalton's Chance Partner

By JOHN GRAY

FIVE years had sped since Dalton Drew was graduated from Millard college, and now he was revisiting the little college town for the first time. To be sure, it was a matter of business. A client of the law firm of which he was a junior partner lived in the outskirts of Millard, and Dalton Drew had been detailed to take this necessary trip to see him. Dalton arrived at six o'clock of the evening preceding the morning when he was booked to call on the client, and went to the house of one of his fraternity brothers whom he knew to be still a resident of Millard. Benson Forsyth had married and lived at home, but he apologized to Dalton that, as his wife was taking a vacation, and as the cook had taken Forsyth leave, he could not play a very good host.

That is how it happened that Dalton and Forsyth, of the class of 1910, looking quite widely west and middle aged to the boys and girls who were sitting at farrow's that night, took their places at a small table set up in one of the aisles. It was junior prom night, so the place was packed—just as it had been in Drew's undergraduate days.

"They're not so tame looking as I thought," said Benson Forsyth, as he became aware of the fact that he had been looking with considerable interest at the diners at a table near by which, however, Dalton Drew could not have seen without turning around in his chair. "Do you see anything that looks good to you?"

"Yes," said Dalton, "the girl at the little table to the right."

Benson Forsyth turned enough to notice the girl in question. "You're joking—poor girl, she looks scared enough to choke. And she's with her mother. He's Jack Mateland's younger brother, fraternity brothers of ours."

When Benson and Dalton rose to leave their table it happened that Tom Mateland, junior, and his sister had also risen at the same time. At the door there were introductions and an exchange of the fraternity handshakes between the men.

Dalton Forsyth stepped ahead with Jane Mateland when they had gone out. "You are going to the prom?" he asked, and Jane, with some confusion, said that she was not. Then they parted, Tom and Jane going in one direction and Dalton and Benson in another.

"You put your foot in it," laughed Benson. "The women have been gossiping about it for a week. Jane was going to be allowed to go to the prom this year. Her grandmother gave her \$50 to buy her first evening dress, and she bought it and all the fixings. But none of the boys asked her. Then they reacted on having Tom take her, but Tom, it seems, had got engaged to a girl of his own, and the little dance wasn't going to let Tom take little sister. It seems that the girl lives in town and her folks wouldn't let her go to Dalton's to dinner with you, so Tom took Jane. She looked a little wistful—kind of pathetic, having the dress and everything—"

"I have a sneaking idea I'll go to that dance," said Dalton Drew. "You speak a few words, sit some wine, and shape. Let me go home and slip into my evening clothes. It's 7:30 now and the dance is at nine. I guess we can just about make arrangements."

First there was a telephone call. Tom, Dalton had come to town hoping to be able to go to the dance, he said, but he had no partner. Was it possible that his sister would consent to go? Then the host had arrived with a box so full of wreaths that little Jane Mateland's eyes overflowed with tears. At 8:20 Dalton Drew, looking the incarnation of evening propriety, but smiling a little of the Forsyth's collar chest, arrived. He was immediately relieved to find that the evening dress bought with her grandmother's \$50 did not fit so well or look so smart as to look Jane, entirely of her charming awkwardness. Dalton had a great longing to tell Jane that she was the most charming girl he had ever seen—he knew it, would be the first time and she had ever told her that. But he didn't tell her then; he wanted to wait until he could gather Jane and her still pink silk dress into his arms and feel the firm smoothness of her cheek against his own.

Many a fate has been sealed and a destiny shaped within the five or six hours of a Millard Junior ball. To those who sit in the patronesses' box, deafened by the music and fanning themselves to keep away the drowsiness, there seems no opportunity down there among the dancers to fall deeply in or out of love.

But it was possibly the only environment in which Dalton Drew could have brought himself to this important decision, for the whole place was laden with associations of his youth. There was a glimmer about it that seemed to close in about him as he started to dance with Jane Mateland and that did not depart from him when, two days later, he found himself back in his law offices with the knowledge that he had asked for and received the hand of Jane.

### Answer Me

Lady—What shall I feed my goldfish on?

Desk—Ain't eggs.

Lady—Soft or hard-boiled?—Boston Transcript.

## The COMMUNITY TREE

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

THIS is the story they tell in a village by the sea: It was rather a small village, and not a very rich village, and most of the people who lived there were fishermen and their families.

At Christmas time a young girl decided that they must be up to date and have a community tree. It took a deal of talking and wheeling and getting around old people who could see no sense in it. But at last the necessary money was raised.

all but a few dollars. The young girl decided to go in a cross old captain who was never known to give anything to anybody, except ill-natured replies. "The girl used all her art to persuade him, he said it was a waste of money and electricity and had no sense to it. 'I wouldn't give a penny,' he growled, 'not if every man and woman in the town begged me on their knees. Foolishest girls on ever I heard of!'"

But the young girl was not discouraged. She had set her heart on having the tree. Finally she managed to raise the required amount.

On the way home he carried a tall high light overlooking the sea. It blazed with light and was very beautiful. Everyone admired it except the captain.

Christmas eve there came a sudden storm of wind and snow. But shining through the flakes gleamed the lighted tree. The captain's son, Roger, and he came to the next village on business. On the way home his car broke down. He was compelled to walk. Weary and spent he finally arrived at his home. The captain's face was lined with anxiety.

"Thought ye were lost," he said; "what's been the trouble?"

Roger related his experiences, and then said: "The storm grew so bad I almost gave up. I could hardly tell where I was. It was hard to walk. Then I saw the Christmas tree, and that was the one thing that led me home."

(Ch. 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

## Let the Christ-Child In

By L. D. STEARNS

NEARLY two thousand years ago, on the Judean hills, a band of shepherds listened to the first Christmas song. In the spangled heavens radiance burst like flame as the music broke across the silent night. It does not require a great deal of imagination to picture their stern, rugged features changing from swift amazement to adoration and solemnity as the strange light grew brighter and more far-reaching—the music more jubilantly sweet. The streets filled quickly with hurrying throngs.

"Bless the Lord, O, my soul!" dignified the holy men.

"On earth peace and good will toward men," rang from the sky.

"What means it?" some one cried.

"Unto you a Child is born. Unto you a King is given," came in answer from the heavenly host.

Slowly and majestically the Star moved across the heavens until it paused above a manger where a new-born infant lay, a soft, unearthly radiance lighting all the place.

Wise men came with gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. Rich and poor—wise and simple—old and young—bowed beneath that holy light on the first Christmas eve, so long ago.

Today, throughout the entire Christmas world, the song still rings. Whatever the place or style of Christmas celebration, back of it sounds the triumphant cry—"Peace and good will unto you, a King is given." As it reaches once to the individual hearts of the world shall not understanding and sympathy and kindly faith replace barbarism and intolerance, fainting gently into deeper glow the mystic light that is shedding Christmas cheer?

According to an old legend the Christ-Child alighted abroad each Christmas eve with a bundle of evergreens on his shoulder. Through rain or sleet—garments ragged—feet bruised and torn—he is pictured traversing village and town seeking aid and kindly cheer. A candle window signified his welcome within. Aid rendered any beggar was counted as hospitality offered the Christ. As the old and new merge again into one may brotherly love, radiating clearly and far, proclaim, even as the shining candle of old, "The Christ-Child may come in!"

(Ch. 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

## Yule Observance in England

Since the earliest known times, England has entered into the observance of Yuletide more heartily than any other country. It was principally a religious observance with the Celts, but they also added mirth to the occasion.

## "Silent Night, Holy Night"

"Silent Night, Holy Night" is said to have originated in a little Bavarian village some time during the Eighteenth century. This is among the most loved songs of Christmas time.

## Children and Christmas

Wherever there are children, Christmas and the Christmas spirit are in no danger of dying out.

## WEST FARMINGTON

Mrs. Irvin Knapp  
PHONE 4084

Several from here attended the North Farmington meeting and dinner held at Joseph Graham's Tuesday.

L. N. Howard has started to excavate for the foundation of a house on his farm at the corner of Twelve-Mile road and Halsted road.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Knapp entertained about 35 relatives Saturday evening, at their tenth anniversary. Supper was served, five tables of progressive pedro being in play. High scores were won by Mrs. Marley Bachelor and Charles Heliker and consolation prize went to Lee Giegler and Starr Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. George Heliker, Jr., spent Monday in Detroit on business.

Mrs. Edith Graham spent Monday with Mrs. Charles Heliker.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heliker spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Giegler at Hartland.

The West Farmington School is preparing their program to be given Friday evening, December 21st.

The Walled Lake Consolidated School children will give their Christmas program Friday afternoon.

The Walled Lake Consolidated bus, No. 2, broke down Monday morning. The children were waylaid until another bus was sent.

## FARMINGTON ACRES

Mrs. H. A. McIntyre

Mrs. Frank Hofmann entertained the Walled Lake Club Thursday. The luncheon table was prettily decorated in holiday colors. Those present were Mrs. Charles Willard and Mrs. Kooztz, daughter Elsie Rose of Detroit and Mrs. Albert Koss, daughter Shirley, Mrs. Charles Damon and Mrs. H. A. McIntyre, daughter Glenna of Farmington Acres. The January meeting will be with Mrs. McIntyre.

Mr. Morris Seebaldt, daughter Virginia, and son Richard, visited several days with Mrs. Seebaldt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Walker of Capac.

Mrs. W. E. Dan visited friends in Wayne on Friday of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Damon had as their guests last week Mrs. Jas. Collier, Mr. and Mrs. M. McDonald and Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt Williams.

Morris Seebaldt has been in Flint for sometime in to spend to holidays with her family here. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Koss and

children visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McKinney in Detroit Saturday.

Mrs. Gaylord of Redford was a visitor of Mr. and Mrs. Crandall on Base Line road.

Miss McConchie and Harold Markham were guests of a theatre party in Detroit Sunday.

Little Miss Argie Stinnett and

June Koss are quite ill at their homes this week.

Mrs. B. G. McIntyre, Mrs. Ducharme, Miss Amanda Markham and nephew, Harold, were Detroit shoppers Monday.

Harold Markham and friend, Miss Ruth Cadaret, attended the basketball game in Redford Monday evening.

Mrs. Crandall and Mrs. Koss were shoppers in Redford Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Hofmann of Edwards avenue was a visitor in Detroit Wednesday.

Mrs. Liem of Farmington road was shopping in Detroit Wednesday. Little Miss Nancy spent the day with Mrs. Dann.

## Our First Christmas Greeting...

Our first Christmas greeting to this community can be a sincerely hearty one, for in the year that has past, our first in Farmington, you have greeted with enthusiasm this new Oakland-Pontiac motor car agency. May yours be a very Merry Christmas indeed, and for a

## Happy New Year

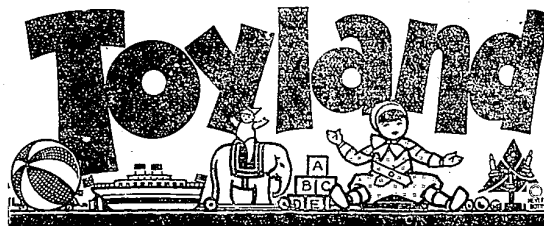
Drive one of the new Pontiac Sixes soon to be presented—a superb new Oakland All-American Six—or one of our good Used Cars. Whichever you buy, you can be sure, through 1929 and every year, of

"SERVICE LIKE YOU LIKE IT"






## Oakland-Pontiac Sales

C. H. DUNHAM

## Doors Wide Open for Last-Minute Shoppers!



SANTA CLAUS HAS BROUGHT THE FINEST TOYS EVER MADE FOR GOOD GIRLS AND BOYS. COME AND SEE THEM.

SLEDS	SKATES	TRAINS
		
Fast ones, easy steering	Hockey type with shoes attached	Mechanical and electrical
\$1.50 up	\$4.49	\$1.50 and up
DERRICK	PEDAL BIKE	
		
Works just like a real one	Speedy ones, easy running, rubber tires	
\$1 and \$4.50	\$1.75 and \$3.75	

## GIFTS FOR OLDER FOLKS

### RIFLES AND SHOTGUNS

22's.....\$5.50 and up  
Shotguns.....\$26 and up

Glass Vases—Tea Sets—Card Tables  
Watches—Tree Lights—Stainless Steel Knives  
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**Lee Hardware Co.**  
THE WINCHESTER STORE