

Personal

Virgil Button of the Michigan State College is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Don Button.

Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Harger are spending their vacation with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Harger.

Mrs. F. L. Cook and daughter, Florence Alice, were entertained at luncheon on Tuesday by Mrs. John Harlan.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ross entertained Mr. and Mrs. Harold Landesman and daughter, Betty, at

dinner on Sunday.

Miss Gladys Baker's dancing class gave an entertainment at the Twin Oaks Country Club, at Walled Lake, Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Pierce were in Detroit on Friday.

Miss Lucille Halsted has been spending a few days at Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Schultz were in Detroit on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moore of Detroit were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Barrons.

Mrs. John Harlan, Mrs. F. L. Cook and Florence Alice, spent Friday in Detroit.

Dan Goodenough left Monday night for the Hotchkiss School in the east, after spending his va-

cation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Luman Goodenough.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Shafer of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Green.

Misses Kay and Lucille Byrns and Richard Ware of Detroit spent Wednesday evening with Ruth and Genevieve Green.

Mrs. Ben Storms is on the sick list this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walters and daughter, Viola, spent Wednesday evening in Detroit.

Mrs. Carl Hinbern and Mrs. Tracy Conroy spent Thursday in Pontiac, guests of Mrs. Frank Anderson.

Mrs. Johnson, who has been spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Tracy Conroy, has returned to her home at Birch Run.

New Deputy Sheriff



JOSEPH DE VRIENDT

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Green have moved to Milford.

Mrs. Bersh of Anchorville visited her sister, Mrs. Clyde Adams Mrs. Newman returned to make a visit with friends in Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Barrons called on Mr. and Mrs. Jack Roy in Detroit, Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Minnie Gimus has returned home after spending several weeks visiting in Youngstown and Pittsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cole and Mr. and Mrs. H. Cole and daughter, Shirley of Pontiac visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Pike on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Perry Young at Pontiac on Thursday.

The Methodist Church choir are practicing on a pageant to be presented on Easter Sunday.

Love and Business

By H. I. KING

"M. R. DANFORTH, I want to marry your daughter," Arthur Dutton made this statement as one high and mighty potentate might propose an alliance with another. Why should he not? He had been brought up to regard himself as a little better than his neighbors. From the time of his grandfather the Duttons had been the biggest people for miles around. His father owned the butter-tub factory at Pontiac and there was not another village nearer than ten miles.

Arthur saw nothing presumptuous in demanding of John Danforth, the lord of mines and railroads, the hand of his daughter Eleanor. In his excursions into New York society he had met the girl and fallen in love with her. Danforth had seen Arthur calling at his house. When he sent in his card to Danforth's private life his name was remembered and the millionaire had him sent in. Whereupon Arthur made the statement with which this story begins.

"Want to marry my daughter?" exclaimed Mr. Danforth, "Of course you do, but young men would like to marry John Danforth's daughter. Paradoxical curiosity, but have you any special qualifications for the position for which you propose yourself—that of my son-in-law?"

"Well," replied Arthur, for the first time in his life fairly taken aback "you see, sir, I love Eleanor and Eleanor loves me."

"Oh—loves you, dream—very pretty, I am sure. And may I ask of your ability to support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed? I believe that is the conventional phrase generally used by parents in my position."

Arthur was inclined to be sulky. "My father," said he, "is a manufacturer—makes butter tubs. He owns Pontiacville and I am his only child."

"But isn't that business, did you say?" And then after musing a minute he exclaimed: "By George! I believe that is the place. Is this principle of yours on the Kickapoo river, young man?"

"It is," suggested Arthur.

"Then sit down there and hold your tongue for a minute. I want to talk to you about something of more importance than boy and girl whimsies." Almost shouted Danforth. He touched a button in his desk and a clerk appeared. "Bring me the papers in the electric power company matters." The clerk disappeared, presently to return bearing a large number of sheets labeled documents.

"Now here's the situation," said the millionaire, spreading some of the papers open on his desk. "I and some associates have formed the Excelsior Light & Power company. We propose to supply electric light and power to all that section of the state indicated by the blue lines drawn on this map."

He handed the map to Arthur, who gazed at it with interest and said, "A big project."

"It is," replied Danforth. "Now, your father's playmate—little factory"—Arthur winced—"doesn't amount to slacks. But the water power he owns does. So coming on project we may have that water power. And Dutton won't sell. Writes that he's going to turn over the business to his son—that's you, I suppose—and in the meantime won't disturb anything. Now, this is what I propose. We propose for a solid hour and a half they talked business. Danforth entirely forgot the errand upon which Arthur had come and Arthur appeared to have forgotten it also.

At length Danforth said: "We will go further into this tomorrow. Be here at ten o'clock. I guess you and I working together can astonish the natives."

"And what about my first proposition, Mr. Danforth?" asked Arthur.

"The tub factory? That goes, of course," answered the older man.

"No, sir," proposition with regard to your daughter," said Arthur.

"Oh, that—well, we'll take care of that later."

"Just as you say," Arthur replied, "but you'll find it much more to your satisfaction to talk power with your son-in-law than with just plain Arthur Dutton—"

"That's almost blackmail, young man."

"Not at all, sir. Business is business and the least personal consideration. In this case, love happens to come first. If you stand in my way with your daughter I'll naturally stand in your way with my power site."

"But I don't want your power site under those conditions," said Mr. Danforth.

"Nor I your daughter under those conditions," retorted Arthur. "Let's take love out of the subject entirely."

"Love?"

"By leaving it up to Helen. If she loves me you give your consent."

"Mr. Danforth was quick to reply: "Fair enough."

That night when Helen told her father she had said "Yes" to Arthur and asked for his approval, he said: "I have met your young man in a business way. I hope his heart is as true as his head."

Farmington Resident's Brother Passes Away

Funeral services were held last Friday for Arthur Tredway, 63, of Lansing, a brother of Stephen Tredway of Farmington, who died two days earlier following a week's illness.

Mr. Tredway had been a resident of Lansing 23 years and had been employed at the Reo Motor Car company for the past 13 years. He was a member of the Baptist Church at Redford, Mich., and also of the K. O. T. M. of this city. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Wilma Tredway; one son, Vernon Tredway, Lansing; one daughter, Mrs. W. J. Laubach of Detroit; one brother, Stephen Tredway of Farmington. The body will be at the home of his sister, Mrs. Ross Wells of Pontiac, 125 East Mt. Hope avenue, until time for funeral services which will be held from the Jarvis Estes Funeral home Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, the Rev. Roy B. Dier officiating. Interment in Mt. Hope Cemetery.

Kick Saved Life

Carl A. Gorseger, 38, of Withee, Wis., had to have an eye removed after being kicked in the face by a horse. An examination of the eyeball revealed that Gorseger prior to the accident, was suffering from a cancerous tumor which probably would have cost his life.

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BATTLE AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS IN CHILDHOOD YEARS

War On Disease To Be An Offensive Drive; On This Month

For decades the measures that have been taken by man against tuberculosis have been largely directed at the adult years of life, when sanatorium care and surgical operations; have been used to repair the lungs of persons with actively developed cases of tuberculosis. More recent efforts, it is true, have been of an offensive nature in the stress they have given early diagnosis, but that implies an already invaded and attacked body.

This year, and particularly during the present month, the war against tuberculosis, sponsored nationally by the National Tuberculosis Association and in Michigan by the Michigan Tuberculosis Association is becoming an offensive war. These organizations are reaching back into the childhood period, concentrating on the childhood type of tuberculosis in order to get the enemy before he gets the opportunity to do severe damage.

Children in whom tuberculosis catenae to gain a foothold, it is stated, may have symptoms so slight as to be overlooked. But by use of the tuberculin skin test and the x-ray, there may be determined the infection and the diseased lung-glands that indicate childhood tuberculosis. Once the presence of this juvenile condition is determined, it can usually be prevented from developing further by proper treatment, including separation from people sick with tuberculosis, plenty of rest, training in health habits, and medical attention. This course of treatment differs but little from that which should be accorded perfectly healthy children to enable them to develop into adult life in the best possible condition.

Through measures such as these may be prevented the sickness and death, the suffering and the heart-aches that continue to be the toll exacted annually by tuberculosis. Certainly they are precautionary steps that every thoughtful parent will wish to take for the protection of precious children.—Michigan Tuberculosis Association.

DECEASED BANKER LIVED ON TWELVE-MILE ROAD

R. T. Cudmore, Detroit banker, who died this week, was the owner of the beautiful estate on 12-Mile road near Tibbitts road, Farmington Township. His residence and grounds, on the north side of the road just west of the orphanage built last year, attracted admiration of motorists who passed by.

Funeral services for Mr. Cudmore were held Wednesday afternoon.

It takes a long time for a man to save enough money to buy a block of salt but when the Wall Street boys shake the bushes it doesn't take him long to tumble to the ground.

Or Politicians

The league of truth just formed in Vienna offers membership to anyone who hasn't told a lie in the last twelve months. That's hard on the fishermen and golfers.—Boston Transcript.

Can You Depend-- On the Other Fellow?

You may be a safe and careful driver yourself. You may use the utmost caution—but you can't control the other fellow's car!

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