

(Political Advertisement)

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13 Years
EXPERIENCE
As accidents increase along with the growth in population, the Coroner needs experience. Inexperience is costly in any line of work.

3 Emergency
AMBULANCES
To serve in emergencies throughout Oakland County, the Coroner needs an adequate number of ambulances manned by trained first-aid assistants.

J. Lee Voorhees



FOR
for a
SECOND TERM
OF ECONOMY

**NOTE:
Reduced Expenses for
FARMINGTON VOTERS

FIRST TERM

Michigan Needs Alex J. Groesbeck



For Governor
"Until the State treasury is in the clear, until no deficit of any kind appears on the State books, I will not sanction a single piece of legislation that will mean an added expense to the taxpayers of the state."—from a recent speech given by Ex-governor Groesbeck.

Oakland County Groesbeck for Governor Club

WHY YOU SHOULD VOTE FOR

MAURICE FITZ-GERALD for

STATE SENATOR

12th District—Republican Ticket

He is a lawyer of 35 years experience.

He lives on a farm near Milford.

He will advocate Capital Punishment.

He favors a system whereby taxes can be paid in 12 monthly payments.

He favors Free School Books for Children.

He will fight for Old Age Pensions.

He has never held any office.



HE EARNESTLY APPEALS FOR YOUR VOTES-

His Slogan is: "Free School Books for Children," "Pull Down the Poorhouses," and "Kill the Killers."



S. LEE PACK
Republican Candidate for
SHERIFF

Has had seven years experience as a deputy. A man of integrity who believes—

That the taxpayers are entitled to courteous and efficient service at minimum expense.

He pledges to enforce all laws fairly and impartially.
Primary Election, Tuesday,
September 9th

S. LEE PACK

The Illogical Isabel

By RUBY DOUGLAS

BECAUSE Isabel was such a distinct combination of practical good sense and inconsistent whimsicality, her friends had long since nicknamed her "Illogical Isabel."

At first she had been annoyed. Then her better judgment came to her aid and she reasoned it out as being a compliment rather than otherwise. "No one whom you dislike ever has a nickname," she argued. "A nickname that they call you to your face is always in the nature of a pet name."

"You're perfectly right," agreed her chum. "Now who would think of nicknaming Elizabeth Bradford? No one would dare. No one loves her enough to shorten her name affectionately to Beth."

"But—well, you know Harvey isn't going to sail his boat in the big race, don't you?" asked Isabel, seemingly quite beside the subject.

"What on earth has that to do with nicknames?" exclaimed her chum. "Everything!" declared Isabel. "I told him I simply wouldn't sail with him on Friday, the thirteenth, and he won't sail the Hydrophobia without me."

The other girl laughed heartily. "What a combination, anyway. A boat called the Hydrophobia and a girl so whimsical that she won't sail because of a silly date. Poor Harvey!" The day before the water sports arrived and Isabel had not changed her mind about Harvey. He had made no effort to see her. This only made it worse, and Isabel was wondering where she should go so as to have a good excuse for not being at the yacht races on the following day.

She began to wonder who would help Harvey sail the race. Surely he would not ask some other girl. She always held the gib sheet for him and she could not conceive of some other girl being of any real help in the stern of the little craft, whose name had caused so much trouble.

Being practical in spots, she turned to some good reading to try to take her mind off her unhappiness. Fiction failed to hold her attention. Eventually she chose a book from her father's reading table. It contained some essays and lectures on improving the mind, on broadening the vision, on discarding the petty things in life that so often upset the mental apple-cart.

"All quarrels may be traced back to misunderstanding," she read. She put down the book. Was this true? Had she and Harvey merely misunderstood one another? Was it, perhaps, as unhappy as she was at this moment? Did she misunderstand his meaning?

"I know I am inconsistent," she argued with herself. "And of course that makes me quite illogical. But what of it?" Dismissing the case against herself she decided, with very prompt and practical application to what she had just discovered, that the thing to do was to patch up the silly quarrel with Harvey and help him to sail the Hydrophobia the following day. She hoped it was not too late.

She jumped into her little roadster and drove down to the shore where she knew the boys would be busy getting their boats ready to race. Harvey was not there. The Hydrophobia was lying idly at her mooring, the water lapping her sides monotonously.

"Have you seen Harvey?" she asked one of the boys who was busy cleaning up his craft.

"No—don't believe he's going to sail," he replied.

"Oh, yes he is," replied Isabel. She hastened back to the village and made a wide detour to her home in order to pass the home of Harvey's people. She knew that he was living his vacation and would, as likely as not, be about the garden somewhere. She saw him on the porch and blew her horn loudly. He looked up at once and dashed out to the street as if he were on a sprint for a prize.

"Isabel!" he cried.

"Why aren't you doling up your mad little boat?" she asked, laughing and quite ignoring their quarrel.

"Because my mad little sweetheart won't sail with me," he replied, catching her mood.

"But she will! She knows you couldn't embark on any sea without her to help you manage the craft."

"Do you mean that?" he asked, jumping in beside her.

They drove to the harbor and together they put the Hydrophobia into the plank of perfection.

"We've done everything but put powder on her nose," laughed Isabel as they surveyed their pretty, clean boat.

"Put plenty on your own tomorrow, dear, for we're going to run up into the wind and win this race. And then—" he asked.

Isabel nodded. "Yes—you may ask father—if we win," she told him.

By Way of Argument
A visitor at a certain fishing village asked the person what was the principal diet of the villagers.

"Fish, mostly," said the vicar.

"But I thought fish was a brain food, and these are the most unintelligent folk I ever saw," remarked the tourist.

"Well," replied the person, "just think what they would be like if they didn't eat fish!"

Mother's Cook Book

Constant striving for the unobtainable, frequently results in neglect of important matters close at hand.—A. Edward Newton

Disease and health, like circumstances, are ruled in thought. Sickly thoughts will express themselves through a sickly body. Strong, pure and happy thoughts build up the body in vigor and grace.—James Allen.

EVERYDAY GOOD THINGS

IF ONE is fortunate enough to get the dried corn water, ground and fresh from the mill with all the germ left in the meal, a dish of mush or a corn pone and Johnny cake will have an entirely different flavor. The corn meal commonly on the market is of necessity prepared to keep.

Corn Bread.
Take one-half cupful of sweet fat, one-half cupful of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, two cupfuls of cornmeal, one-half cupful of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt. Mix and stir the dry ingredients, and add two cupfuls of milk to the beaten whites, fold in the beaten whites and bake in a well-greased dripping pan.

Spider-Corn Cake.
Take one and three-fourths cupfuls of cornmeal, one-fourth of a cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one cupful of sour milk or buttermilk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Beat the fat in the pan, pour in the butter after beating vigorously, pour over a cupful of sweet milk on top of the batter and bake forty minutes.

Maine Johnny Cake.
Scald a pint of milk and pour over three heaping tablespoonfuls of cornmeal, one-half teaspoonful of salt, cook for a few minutes, then add a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two beaten egg yolks, and lastly the whites beaten stiffly. Bake and serve from the dish in which it is baked.

Carrots a la King.
Cook six cupfuls of diced carrots in boiling salted water until tender. Save the water. Melt three tablespoonfuls of fat, add three of flour; when well blended add one quart of the carrot stock, add one teaspoonful of chopped onion and the same of celery; then add one cupful of milk and cook until thick. Add the sauce to the carrots, seasoning as needed and serve with a tablespoonful each of minced parsley and pimento.

Wells Maxwell
(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

What Does Your Child Want to Know?
Answered by BARBARA JOUJALY



WHERE DOES THE WATER GO AT LOW TIDE?

The water travels far away, 'Tis neither less nor more, Low tide for us is high tide now Upon some other shore. (Copyright.)

Chinese Delicacy

Chop suey originated at a diner that Prince Li Hung Chang gave in New York when he made his trip around the world. Prince Li carried his own chef with him, and the menu was strictly Chinese. One of the dishes especially delighted the wife of the guest of honor, and she asked Li what it was. Prince Li called in his chef, and the chef replied in Chinese, "It is a creation of my own—a chop suey." The words "chop suey" mean a mixture, or hash. Prince Li said in English, "It is a chop suey." The American woman spread the news of chop suey, the wonderful dish. The name was taken up by the Chinese restaurants in America, and today chop suey is the chief concoction that they serve.

Helpful

The widow of a farmer was being consoled by a neighboring farmer, who happened to be a widower. "Cheer up, woman," he said. "I've young yet, and good looking, and you could soon get another husband." "Oh, no, no," she replied, "who would take me?" "Why, if I had a better pair of boots on I'd run away with ye myself," said the widower, gallantly. The widow lifted her face and wiping her eyes, said earnestly: "I wonder would John's fit you?"—England Birmingham Weekly Post.

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Vote For

GEO. W. ASHLEY

Republican Candidate

For
COUNTY CORONER

Primaries, September 9th

RE-ELECT

FRANK SCHRAM

CANDIDATE FOR THE REPUBLICAN

NOMINATION FOR

Sheriff

OF

Oakland County



An organizer who has on his staff a group of competent and experienced deputies.

With his record, Oakland County taxpayers and citizens are assured a continued efficient business administration of the affairs of the Sheriff's Office.

YOUR SUPPORT WILL BE APPRECIATED AT THE PRIMARIES SEPT. 9th

Vote for James E. Lawson
For State Senator

Though a "Gentlemen's agreement" between Oakland and Washtenaw Counties, Charles Sink, your present State Senator who has been serving you for four years, retires and it becomes Oakland's County's turn to elect a State Senator from the twelfth district.

James E. Lawson who is now serving his third term as a State Representative from the first district of Oakland County, who deserves promotion, solicits your endorsement and support as a candidate for the State Senate at the primary election September 9.



RE-ELECT

BURTON P. DAUGHERTY

Your County Clerk

Friendly, Courteous
Service

Your Support Will Be
Appreciated

