

(Political Advertisement)

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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.



Clarence L. Smith

Republican Candidate for

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

I believe that you should be concerned with the age, legal experience and reputation of the entire Prosecutor's staff.

You should be satisfied that the Prosecutor's office is on friendly and workable terms with all other law enforcement agencies.

Your money can be wasted by the issuance of unwarranted and uninvestigated complaints.

Partiality or bias in administration, each leads to disrespect for law enforcement.

Common courtesy is required in private business and should be demanded from public servants.



YOUR SUPPORT WILL BE APPRECIATED

Re-Elect

ALBERT W. WILSON COUNTY TREASURER



Primary, September 9, 1930

YOU WILL NEVER REGRET IT

Vote for

G. Dewey Kimball

FOR CORONER

A man endorsed by every undertaker in Oakland Co. Undertakers know more about the coroner situation than anybody else. Figure this out for yourself.

Give One of Your Votes to
G. DEWEY KIMBALL

Donated by the Vote for G. Dewey Kimball Committee

Translated From the French

By MARY CAREY

IT WAS a scorching June morning on Greenwood campus, and hot and cross behind a great rattop desk. Dr. Mary James struggled with a pile of French examination papers. Ridiculously young and small she looked only when she hastily pulled from her nose as a gag-whistle and a shout of "How's for a swim, Mary?" brought her to the window.

"Oh, I'd love to," she cried to the air and men in the courtyard below, "but I have to finish these French B books by noon."

To all of their temptings she shook a reluctant head, and the youngest 25th teacher and the assistant professor of economics had finally wandered off.

"Inebriety" she scolded herself "Why not admit what the whole college has seen for months? Well, why not? She's younger and neater."

About half an hour later, an unusual amount of calling and rushing about for so quiet a corner of the campus brought Mary James again to her window. "What's happening?" she called to a group of chattering freshmen.

"Oh, Dr. James, such excitement!" They all answered at the same time. "Doctor Hunter hit his head diving in Ramsey's pond and Miss Simpson dived and rescued him."

All that day and through the long summer evening, Greenwood had just one topic of conversation.

To escape the maddening chorus, Mary James shut herself into her room and with clenched teeth pored over the through the great pile of French translations. But one part of her mind was thinking: "Why wasn't I born an athlete? If Allen were drowning I'd stand and recite French."

With eyes focused on the page before her, she suddenly became aware of the meaning of what she read. It was a passage from "The Voyage of M. Perrichon," a passage conveying very vividly the distance suddenly felt by that delightful old man for the worthy young man who had recently saved him from death. Doctor James smiled—and after a moment laughed out loud.

Ten days later, at the end of the hottest commencement day in Greenwood's history, two of the gowned and hooded faculty members paused in the rotunda of College hall.

"Mary!" cried a very flushed young man. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Why, hello, Allen." She managed to make it very casual. "Are you quite all right again?"

"Of course I am," he sounded savage. "Never was anything the matter with me but a bump on the head. Of all the fools I met, let's duck senor reception and go for a swim."

Ramsey pond was deserted, cool and green in the charming late afternoon sunlight.

After they had splashed about on the shallow edges of the pond for a while, Allen struck out with a mighty thrashing and swam once, twice and three times around the little lake.

As Allen rose from the board in a graceful swan-dive, Mary struck out manfully for the deepest spot in the pool.

A score of strokes so tired her weak muscles that it was easy enough to sink beneath the surface; but it required courage not to call out until she had gone down a second time. She managed one choking, sputtering scream of "Allen!" then the green waters closed around her and she thrashed about madly in sheer terror. Down, down, down—after darkness and a queer throbbing in her head.

"Mary, Mary. Open your eyes." She lifted wet lashes to find Allen's anxious face bent over her. "Darling—are you all right?"

"It was frightfully silly of me, Allen," she murmured. And, shamelessly, she shut her eyes again just to feel the quick tightening of his arms about her.

"Mary—if anything had happened to you! I've known for months that I loved you, but haven't dared to speak, because you seemed scarcely to notice me. Do you think you could learn to care for me—a little?"

"Perhaps, just a little," she smiled up at him. "After all, you saved my life and it would be most ungrateful."

"That's out." Allen pulled himself abruptly upright. "It's not gratitude I want. Please forget all about it right now—or you'll be hating me inside a week. Don't I know? I've never felt such a fool in my life as I have these last few days. I wasn't really knocked out at all; just stunned for a minute. Jean's been a life-saving instructor all winter, and by the time she'd tried all the different holds on me and knelt on my chest for good measure I was ready for the infirmary!"

"He caught the twinkle in Mary's eyes and acknowledged it with a shame-faced grin. "Most ungrateful of me, I know," he admitted. "Of course I've kept quiet around the campus and played the grateful victim to my best ability, but I had to let it out to some one now. You won't tell?"

"I!" said Doctor James demurely. "If you'll get on with that proposal of marriage you seemed about to make a while back, I can promise as your future wife to keep your secrets forever."

NEW SCHEME USED TO SELL SHOES—AND STOCK

Shoes and stock-ings is the latest method used by an eastern outfit to move shoes at \$6.50 per pair, and also to sell stock, given with each pair of shoes, but not qualified by the Michigan Securities Commission.

The circulars distributed by the company informed shoe purchasers, they were being offered the opportunity of making \$20,000 within the next few months. Complainers say they bought the shoes and retained the stock. They further state that although the shoes have worn out four since, no dividends have put in an appearance. More shoes and more stock, however, have been received; more rosy promises have been made.

The Federal Trade Commission created by Act of Congress, recently ordered the company to cease and desist from the making of false and misleading statements in the marketing of its shoes and stock-ings. Before You Invest—Investigate!—Better Business Bureau.

Don't expect Opportunity in a limousine inviting you for a joy ride.

Century of Brilliant Women

Whatever the masculine attitude toward her, woman (of the Sixteenth century) was playing a widening social role. She was beginning to look askance at the dress and family wash, and at least to gaze beyond the threshold of her home. In all of which may be seen a Sixteenth century version of women's rights. It was a century of brilliant women; a mere list of their names is a bit dazzling; Marguerite d'Angoulême; Victoria Colonna; Anne Boleyn; Catherine de Medici; Diane de Poitiers; Sir Thomas More's daughter, Jeanne of Aragon; a little later, Elizabeth, Mary Stuart and others.—From "Rabelais, Man of the Renaissance," by Samuel Putnam.

Famous Wax Modeler

Mme. Tussaud was the founder of Mme. Tussaud's exhibition of wax figures in London. Born in Bern in 1760, she was taken to Paris while a child by her uncle, who practiced wax modeling as a fine art. She became adept and modeled many of the great people of France. She married, a Frenchman named Tussaud, from whom she soon separated. Returning to London, she went with her part of her collection in the Palais Royal, and the idea of her chamber of horrors. Her wax figures were successfully shown and her exhibits became permanent.

Original "Sweet Alice"

Ghosts of a dead romance hover about the knoll near Taxewell, Va., where Olivia Wynne lies buried, for it is believed that she was the "Sweet Alice" of the immortal poem, "Ben Bolt," writes Joseph Leslie in a Norfolk (Va.) paper. There is no one living, of course, who remembers Olivia Wynne. She lived in the day of the pioneer, and her home was comparatively remote from the centers of population. There has been handed down a story which pictures her as tall and slender, brown-haired and dark eyed and beautiful. She lived her young life sheltered from the world.

Paganini as a Father

Paganini's greatest relaxation was spelling his son. No childish whim was too unreasonable to be gratified and his patience was really maternal. Once, when the child had broken a leg, the doctor ordered absolute rest, but no one could keep the little one still. Paganini sat with the child in his lap for eight days, caressing and entertaining him. Finally he became dazed from continual sitting and the doctor insisted on his going out. He had accomplished his purpose, however, for the young bones had knit together properly.—From "Paganini of Genoa," by Lillian Day.

Grow!

Advertising is usually a sign of a growing business. And people, as a rule, like to shop at a growing store.

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FOR ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY

ELECT JOHN E. CROSS COMMISSIONER DRAIN

20 Years Drainage Experience With Private Firms An Engineer—Not A Politician Never Before A Candidate

Candidate of the Oakland County Taxpayers Association and Endorsed by Them

Your Support Will Be Appreciated

"A Physician For Coroner"

Alex M. Carr, M. D.

Resident of

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Elect an Experienced, Registered Civil Engineer for an Engineer's Job

Lewis M. Wrenn

Republican Candidate

for

Drain Commissioner

Your Support Will Be Appreciated

