

THE CRANDALLS AND THE STENDHALS

By FANNIE HURST

The house of the Crandalls in Wittergar street was one of those massive brick-and-stone affairs that looked as if it had been built and passed on for a few generations from father to son.

Martha Crandall had married Deeping Johnson in her father's home and remained there after her marriage, and after the death of the elder Crandall.

Martha Crandall Johnson's daughter Adeline had been born in that same house, in the same study, high-ceilinged, unadorned bedroom in which she herself was born.

It was a somber house, heavy woodwork, wooden pillars between archways, folding doors, long halls, pier-glasses, hot-air furnace, push window-hangings, balcony-fronted china closets, brackets, what-nots, great bronze figures for bric-a-brac, and a bronze clock with two bronze warriors for the centerpiece on the parlor mantel.

And yet within, there was within this house, the feeling of stability. Its silent old walls had soaked into their timbers the emotions of sane, steady-going folks.

You felt about the house of the Crandalls that the people who inhabited it had not made their money overnight, so to speak. Crandalls, ever since Crandalls had lived there, had been able to afford the substantial things of life.

Little Adeline Crandall Johnson grew up in that environment, as blithely as if the somber old house had been a rose garden. She fitted through its halls. She danced through its dark corridors as brilliantly as a butterfly, caught in some strange northern environment.

Her parents, her staid, cotton merchant of a father and her mother Martha Crandall, who had been reared to be staid, marveled at the electrical kind of brilliancy of this girl, their child. They marveled, and it was as if they warmed their icy fingers around the luminous flame of her personality.

She was something so alien to them and yet so includingly fascinating. She had been born in the chill autumns of their lives, when Martha was forty-two and her husband fifty. Almost any way you looked at her she was a phenomenon, the last creature in the world you would have expected to spring from the union of two such angular souls as Martha Crandall and Deeping Johnson.

Unconscious of the incongruity of her young presence in the deep brown plush of the Crandall-Johnson environment, Adeline rushed into the flush of her adolescence.

By this time the Crandall-Johnsons were at the peak of the financial history of all the Crandalls who had occupied that house on Wittergar street. Not only had Martha come into a vast fortune, but Crandall's money, but Deeping Johnson had practically cornered one of the most important cotton markets in the history of the industry.

When Adeline Crandall Johnson was seventeen she was heiress to seven million dollars. More than that, and with an obsolete kind of solemnity of which they were totally unconscious, the parents of Adeline had picked out for her in marriage the son of another local millionaire. It was one of those predetermined affairs about which there had not been much family discussion. It is doubtful if Adeline herself, in these years when she and the fat young boy were so consciously sent to dancing school together, was even conscious of the import of what was happening.

Certainly she never took Donald Dugan seriously enough to even resent him. The fact that at seventeen and eighteen they were unofficially considered engaged, glanced off her bright young conscience with scarcely an impact.

One night, however, in the great deep brown plush parlor, the young Dugan, probably on the crest of his brief flare of adolescence, caught her into his short round arms and kissed her wetly, pattingly, and with possessiveness on the lips.

Four weeks later Adeline Crandall Johnson eloped with her music teacher. It was one of those seven-day-wonder, local catastrophes. The town shivered. The town stood aghast. The newspapers, excited as if summoned into a new world, carried news of that marriage as if they were printing the story of a death.

flowed around them in rivers brown as tea. The young Crandall who had married Adeline because to him she was a flower almost too sweet to pluck, pulled in the beginning against the drag of this environment.

But in the end he, too, began to succumb. By the time Adeline's baby girl was born, the young pair were part and parcel of the house located on Wittergar street.

It cannot be said for Jacques Stendhal that he was of the stuff that parents would select as the husband of a loved daughter. He was a frail, low, probably in character, too. A constitutional dilettante, unstable by nature, playful, and in a way that was forever to be adorable to Adeline, depended upon her for decision.

Then, too, he loved her. There was no doubt of that. This volatile Frenchman, full of traditions that were alien to the very life and being of Adeline, had one quality of stability that was impeccable.

He loved Adeline. It was curious, but within that household, slowly, surely, steadily, as relentlessly as the progress of a Greek drama, unspoken plans for the destiny of Adeline Stendhal began to shape themselves in the mind of Martha Crandall and her husband Deeping Johnson.

This catastrophe that had come to them was not to be borne. This frail, blond, volatile, young outsider, with the stage-like name of Jacques Stendhal, music teacher, was not to be endured within the substantial walls of the Crandall mansion.

And it must be admitted, that as they marched on, Jacques himself gave justification to their enormous resentments against him. He trawled away his days. After his marriage, his slight income from the teaching of piano, fell off entirely. It was nothing for him to spend hours on end in the narrow strip of garden behind the Crandall house, dandling his baby girl on his knees.

In vain Adeline, as if she sensed the menace that was forming between them, pleaded with him to stabilize his life; to either resume his own profession of piano instruction, or adapt himself to some form of work in her father's vast cotton organizations.

It was no use. To all intents and purposes, Adeline had married a ne'er-do-well. When the baby was three years old, a phantom of delight if there was one, affairs in that household began to shape themselves toward a climax. For thirty months Jacques Stendhal had not turned his hand in an earning capacity, the threats, the aspersions, the annoyance of his parents-in-law notwithstanding.

For thirty months, until her sweet eyes were rimmed with weeping, Adeline had implored, begged, coaxed. And to what end? To the end that after these importunings, Jacques, remorseful for the moment, would promise, and the scene would end in one of play; the young father, the young mother, their child between them, romping in their youth and vitality through the somber rooms of the somber mansion.

It was at the end of the fourth year, however, that the older Crandalls did succeed in creating a schism. It was finally borne in upon even Adeline herself that life with this play boy was unendurable; it was not only unfair to herself and to her parents, but to the youngster at their knees, to continue as his wife.

Just why it was unfair, Adeline never stopped to ask herself, except, that according to all the traditions of the Crandalls and the Johnsons, every man must produce. It never occurred to Adeline that the fact that the Crandall-Johnsons had seven millions should be more than sufficient to offset the congenital shortcomings of Jacques.

When the little girl was four years to the day, Adeline consented to the divorce. Curious, but the reality of the situation never seemed to come home to Jacques. He could not take seriously the fact that this sweet girl of his life and heart was about to walk out of them. And yet she did.

One year after Adeline's incredible acquiescence to a divorce Jacques found himself back in his humble studio as piano teacher, pounding out his living at the keyboard.

The situation in the Crandall-Johnson house had progressed. With an acquiescence which seemed to denote that the strength for conflict had flowed out of her heart, Adeline resumed life according to the dictates of her parents. Not even the prospect of their divorce, or the approaching marriage with Donald Dugan seemed to penetrate the icy solidity that had encased her since her official separation from Jacques Stendhal.

Life resumed its even flow. She had her child, a small beauty, who was permitted by court agreement, to visit her father once every month, and Donald Dugan as eager as ever to carry her to school, to taking the little step-daughter along, with his marriage contract to Adeline.

Two nights before the wedding Adeline, still in what is said to be her very mantle of reserve, walked out of the Crandall-Johnson household with her child in her arms. At ten o'clock that same night she eloped with Jacques Stendhal and was remarried to him in the office of a local magistrate.

ACT AS BRIDESMAIDS

Misses Vivian and Shirley Addie of West Point Park, acted as bridesmaids at the wedding of their sister, Miss Beulah Jubb to Max Bergen in Howell Thursday morning. The wedding party returned for a wedding breakfast at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Addis.

The married couple is spending their honeymoon in Port Huron. They will make their home in Howell.

While driving a truck in Atlanta Norman Long ran into another truck driven by Will Short.

STREET FAKERS

Street fakers, posing as delivery men, are again operating an old game, which may be new to you. Any person walking the downtown streets is a possible victim.

The faker approaches from a nearby closed delivery truck, with what may sound like a plausible story. He has a fire scarf, a sweater, an automobile tire, an "Oriental" rug, or some other article of merchandise.

"I've got a bargain here. Don't ask me where it came from. Make me an offer." Or, "This is smuggled stuff. No duty paid. I can let you have it for next to nothing. What will you give?" Or, "We're leaving Detroit to-night. This is

the last one I have left. What's it worth to you?"

The stories vary, but the result is always the same. It is "gyp" merchandise and you get no bargain. Do not be tricked into buying from the delivery faker.

If you are approached by one of these tricksters, call a policeman, or notify the Bureau. The chances are 20 to 1 he is operating without a license, as well as attempting to obtain money under false pretenses.

It takes two factors to make a bargain attractive price and high fide value. It doesn't pay the faker to combine the two.

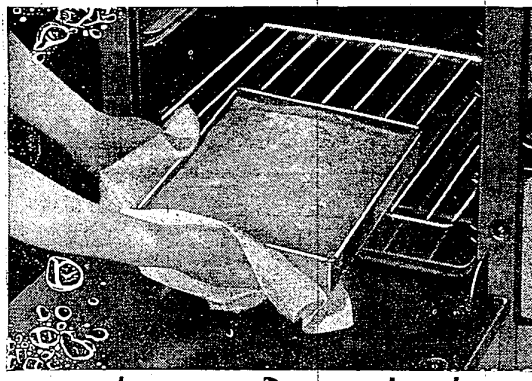
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ODD EXPEDIENT RESCUES BOY TRAPPER FROM DEATH

Even had he been aware of the strict Federal penalty for tampering with communication lines, a young trapper from Boise, Idaho, would have cut the telephone wires. The telephone lineman who arrived quickly to repair them saved him from freezing to death. It was the recollection of Bell System advertisements, which told him that telephone linemen are quick to repair broken circuits, that caused him to cut the wires and to hope that the telephone linemen would come in time.

This 15-year-old boy has been for several months the chief support of his father and his motherless brothers and sisters. The boy's trapping has been the main source of income, and he uses a rickety old car to take and from the general vicinity of his trap lines. One bitter cold night when 30 miles from home, he tried to start the car. It stalled him. In the dark and cold he braved until he was practically exhausted.

He looked up at the wires. The telephone company advertisement about the linemen hastening to repair wire failures, in the daytime or at night and under any conditions, flashed into his mind. He climbed up the pole, cut all the wires, and just hoped and waited, with no other chance to escape from death.

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Just Tramps?

There is a class of people in the world who are known as tramps. They have no home, no purpose in life, no objective, no ambition, no responsibilities. They have no influence in any community—no one has any confidence in them. They are just tramps—ragged, dirty, unkempt. Don't make tramps of your letters by sending them out on poorly printed stationery. You would not care to buy from a man who came to you looking like a tramp. Your customer may feel the same way. Good stationery is as necessary to the man who is selling chickens and hogs as it is to the man who is selling Packard cars. It creates the impression of you with the customer that you want him to have.

It stamps you as business like, alert, and up to date, and creates a confidence in the things you say in the letter and the stuff you have to sell.

The impression your letter creates when the prospect opens it on his desk, speaks louder than the written message it bears. It is your introduction to him. Make it as good as you know how. Have your letterheads printed by experienced, fully-equipped craftsmen.

The Farmington Enterprise

Enterprise Liners bring results.