

## BRENNON LONGED FOR A HOME

By FANNIE HURST

Twenty-five years is a long time to be heart, bone, and fiber part of a business, and then at the end of it feel frustration. That however was the case with Charles Brennan, superintendent, proprietor, manager, and general manager of the Hotel Savoy, the first-rate hotel of a city of considerably over two hundred thousand inhabitants. Brennan had personally built up his hotel to its important proportions, dividing it successfully into two sections: The Annex, or family wing, and the hotel proper, which invited the patronage of transients and those who were availing themselves of the town's famous curative waters, which were renowned for their medicinal qualities.

And so it happened that the Savoy entered to three distinct groups. Families. Commercial men and women. Rheumatic patients. One might have thought that such variety of patronage would have lent interest and even glamour to Brennan's role of hotel man, and in it was it, yet this same fact in itself was a factor in the ultimate sense of frustration that time and again, as he grew older and more deeply entrenched in his work, swept and depressed him.

What struck most painfully into the sense of loneliness which was more and more oppressing him in his daily life among the crowd, was the fact that of all the hundreds who daily milled in and out of his hostelry; lived there; entertained there; dined there; visited there, he alone seemed the homeless one. He alone, among all the coming and going, seemed to be the one who was neither coming nor going. Even the families in the Annex were usually there on a temporary basis; awaiting the completion of a new home; pending a marriage; taking a year off between changes of permanent address.

In fact, it was the families in the Annex that contributed most of all to the growing unrest that was Brennan's. The unit of these little groups was so snug. Even sitting around with them at an evening in the lobby and then seeing them troop off to their apartments, gave him that cold alien sense he was more than ever beginning to dread. Husbands and wives trailing off together. Brothers and sisters bantering their way up to bed. Pairs of people sharing the intimacies of family life; of domestic life. Then, in the commercial and transient wings, men and women on their way to homes. Men and women eager for mail from homes, anxious to get back to domestic groups; awaited at some remote point by eager loved ones.

Then Brennan himself, doomed, as he was beginning to put it, to the impersonal detached existence of the hotel. When Brennan went to his rooms nights there was the paraphernalia of hotel. Bed turned down by impersonal chambermaid hands. Night light turned on by those same employed hands. Carafe of cold water. Bowl of hotel flowers. Cold. Impersonal. And all under the same roof. Families waiting to tuck themselves into homes. Transients eager to return to homes.

Twenty-five years of hotel life had made something of a self-pitting out of Brennan. He felt sorry over the cold detached quality of his existence. He felt left out. Left over. Chilled.

But it was not until after twenty-five years of it that consciously he began to set about doing something about it. Well-off in worldly goods by now, content within his own mind that he had proved himself capable of success, thought of retirement now began to grip him. Retirement and, at fifty-three, a suddenly flourishing hope and ambition for marriage.

Into a life peculiarly memorable where women were concerned, this new phase entered, taking him by storm. In his success and maturity, Brennan wanted marriage and domesticity; domesticity as far removed as possible from the lobby, the grillroom, or the thoroughfare. These elements might have entered more surely into his reckoning except for the fact that at fifty-three, Brennan fell in love; fell in love to such an extent that had the widow Smeade stipulated that they live their lives out as an omnibus, Brennan would have consented. Fortunately, however, the desires of the widow Smeade were simple, intelligent ones that fitted in nicely with his scheme. A hotel dweller himself, for fourteen years past, it was with a certain relief that she fell in with the plans of Brennan to divorce themselves as fast as possible from the more noisome unprivate existence of the public hostelry.

The Savoy was offered for sale, and brought a price far handsomer than he had anticipated.

At fifty-four, feeling younger than he had in twenty years, married to a lovely, well-preserved woman of his passionate choice, he was in the blessed position of giving expression to the desires that had so long racked him.

## SOUTHFIELD

Miss Dorothy Atkinson left Tuesday for Mackinac Island where she will spend the month of August.

Elmer Hardow Jr. fell from a shed while at play Thursday afternoon and sustained a fracture of the right arm, and a gash in the head. He was taken to Redford branch of the Receiving hospital where he remained for a few days for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Meabrod, Fourteenth road, have as guests this week the former's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Meabrod and children of Grosse Pointe.

Aubrey Kennedy is spending several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Fuchs at their cottage on Labadie Lake.

Mrs. John Mathison, Mrs. Carl Gridley, Mrs. Lewis Dowsett, and Mrs. Robert Radford enjoyed a day's outing at Port Huron Thursday, making the trip by boat.

Miss Ann Burrell of Detroit was a recent guest of her sister, Mrs. William Ellis, Neguevas avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ripaldi and Mrs. James MacDonald went to Pontiac Sunday to visit Thomas and Rose Ripaldi who are patients in the Oakland County Tuberculosis sanatorium.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Perry, Pontiac avenue, had as guests Thursday the former's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. VanCore of Lansing, also another sister, Mrs. William Veverly of Alma. Mr. and Mrs. Perry spent Tuesday with Mrs. Emma Freer in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Griffin and family, who had lived for the past two years on Byron avenue, have moved to Clarenceville, Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Fuls, formerly of Indian avenue, have moved to Clarenceville and are settled on Jackson avenue.

Mrs. Edward F. Maier arrived Thursday from Buffalo to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Rodenhous, the latter of whom is ill from a recent operation. Mrs. Rodenhous's mother, Mrs. Rosa Bauer, is also here from Buffalo to spend some time with her daughter.

The S. C. A. will hold its monthly meeting next Thursday evening, August 6, in the community building. All members are urged to be present.

Leonard Perry returned Thursday from University hospital in Ann Arbor where he had been for a week, following a tonsillectomy. There will be no church service in the community building next Sunday as Rev. Brashear has been called away to fill another pulpit. Sunday school classes will meet at the usual hour, however, at 10 a. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Ryan, Seminole avenue, entertained the brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. William Lynch and daughter of Mt. Forest last week.

Mrs. Mary Mathison, Fourteenth road, had her cousin, Miss

Mable Maltz of Redford, with her Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin McNutt of Five Lakes were the guests of Mrs. Truman Oliver, Indian avenue Monday. They brought with them Mrs. Oliver's mother, Mrs. L. D. Hubert, who had been visiting in the McNutt home for several weeks.

Miss Eleanor Perry was the guest of Miss Marjorie Smith at a dinner at the Woman's City club in Detroit Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Readell of Wyandotte were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dowsett, Fourteenth road, Sunday.

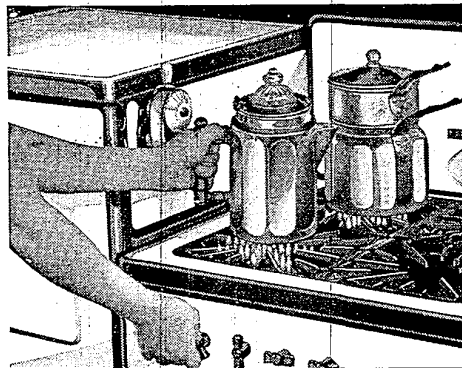
Turkey has found a new way to get the taxpayers' goat. A tax has been placed on Angoras.

## Business Club Women Fete Northwestern Group

At the monthly meeting of the Business and Professional Woman's Club, of Farmington, members of the Northwestern B. and P. W. Club were guests. The program, arranged by Mrs. Sayers Harger, included readings by Mrs. Effie Seger, music by Miss Carol Harger, and games furnished by Mrs. Carl Hansen.

An invitation from the Monroe B. and P. W. Club to attend a gathering at the Monroe Yacht Club was read and plans made for members of the Farmington Club to attend.

Try an Enterprise liner. They produce results.



## QUICK, EFFORTLESS GAS COOKING

JUST turn the valve, start cooking—and in a few minutes breakfast is on the table! That's just how easy it is to use gas—no worry or bother—and explains why tens of thousands of families are using Philgas—real gas for

homes beyond gas mains. See the remarkable new Detroit-Jewel ranges for use with Philgas at our store, and learn how easily you can have these cooking conveniences in your kitchen!

## FARMINGTON HARDWARE CO.

D. L. Dickerson  
E. O. Hutton

Phone 3  
Farmington



## Televisions

YOU WOULD say she had X-ray eyes . . . was clairvoyant . . . a fortune teller—except that thousands of shoppers see as clearly as she into the contents of perfect opaque jars, and fortell with the same accuracy the future of the things they buy.

Advertising is her television. Advertising gives her complete advance information. Quietly, in a congenial corner of her home, she thinks and determines before she buys. Finding out about the newest foundation cream, the crispest breakfast food, the most gossamer brand of hose. Comparing these with others. Making selections serenely. Going forth to buy . . .

She has only this to do. No worrying or hesitating when confronted by two jars, each equally inviting. No doubts about their makers. Advertisements have told her the invisible merits—given her clear true images of the contents of those jars, and the results of their use.

Rare is the woman who can boast she has never bought anything she wishes she hadn't bought. But with aid of advertisements, that sort of buying is almost entirely done away with. A regular reading of advertisements keeps shopping-temper sweet.

No Waiting  
"My girl gave me a surprise last night when I called to take her out to a dance," said Simpson.  
"What was that?" asked his fellow clerk.  
"She was all dressed up in a new evening gown," Simpson enlightened him.  
"You say she was all dressed when you got there?" asked the other.  
"Yes, I said so," came from the young lover. "Why do you ask in that tone of voice?"  
"Well, that wasn't a surprise," retorted the other. "That was a glidy miracle."

Leisure  
The use of leisure is a difficult thing. The majority of us, when freedom is given into our hands, fly to the excitement of some form of recreation. We must be "doing" something—preferably something physical; if we are not, we are lost and without resource. This is why holidays sometimes pull and leave us at a loss.