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PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

Use Tree Fruit for Hints
Native women in Oaxaca, in
southern Mexico, use the hard, hol-
low woody fruit of a certain tree for
baths. Mixite and other Indian
women of the region consider them
"chic."

Line of Least Resistance
The expression, "the line of least
resistance," means the line or
course of procedure toward any goal
along which the resistance of any
opposing element is minimal.

FROM NOW ON, Prices will be—Adults 25c, Children 10c

PENNIMAN - ALLEN Theatre - Northville

Saturday, August 10
MYRNA LOY, WARNER BAXTER in
"BROADWAY BILL"

Wednesday, August 14
DOUBLE FEATURE
Lyle Talbot, Valeria Hobson and Hugh O'Connell in
"CHINA TOWN SQUAD"

also RAYMOND MILL and HENRY O'NEILL in
"ALIAS MARY DOW"

Saturday, August 17
PRESTON FOSTER, LILA LEE and MELVIN DOUGLAS
"THE PEOPLE'S ENEMY"

Hamlin's Market

Round and Sirloin Steak lb. 25c
POT ROAST lb. 18c

FRESH LEAN
HAMBURG lb. 17c
BUTTER lb. 26c
LARD lb. 17c

Smoked Picnics lb. 24c
Bacon in Piece lb. 32c

Harmony Coffee lb. 17c
Quaker Salad Dressing Qt. 29c

Ball Mason Jars Pk. doz. 79c
CERTO bottle 25c

Quaker Milk 3 cans 19c
Red & White Cornflakes large pko. 10c

Fresh Carrots 3 bunches 10c
Cucumbers-Long, Green 3 for 10c

Fresh Corn-Large Ears doz. 19c
Tomatoes-Home Grown lb. 5c
CABBAGE lb. 1c

New Apples 7 lbs. 25c

Delos Hamlin We Deliver
Phone 5

LOCALS

The Garden Club will meet at
the home of Miss Alice Tuttle on
Thirteen Mile road Tuesday,
August 13.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard McCracken
and son Bill, Mr. and Mrs. Harry
N. McCracken, Donald McCracken
and Miss Deborah Talbot of Ann
Arbor, spent Sunday with Mr.
James VanVolkenburgh, who is
spending several weeks at Algoma.
Bill, Dick, Eddie and Jim Har-
rison and their uncle, T. J. Harri-
son of St. Paul, Minnesota, spent Mon-
day afternoon at Greenfield Vil-
lage.

Mrs. Seymour Lloyd and daugh-
ter Beatrice, of Monroe, are spend-
ing the week as the guests of Mr.
Dora Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Grimwade
left Saturday morning to spend the
week with Mr. Grimwade's sister
and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs.
William Larze, of Aurora, Ontario.
Theodore Andrews left Sunday
to spend some time at Camp
Brady, north of Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Gullon re-
turned Sunday from a weeks trip
through northern Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Adams were
the Saturday dinner guests of Mr.
and Mrs. Harry Lewis of Redford.
LaVerne Turner, Charlie Ferris
and Dick Russell spent the past
week with friends and relatives in
Olcott Beach, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Aldrich
are spending the week at the Ald-
rich cottage at Tareh Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Aulen and
family, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold
Westfall attended the Brandt
family reunion held at Orionville,
Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Austin of
Detroit were Sunday callers at the
home of Mr. P. A. Gildren.

The Misses Betty Dawn and

Mary Ann Dunfee and their guest
Miss Arlene Binder of Detroit,
spent the week end at the Dunfee
cottage at Long Lake, near Pen-
ton.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Harrison
entertained at Sunday dinner, Mr.
Harrison's mother, Mrs. H. A. Har-
rison of Detroit, and his brother,
T. J. Harrison and daughter Eleon-
or, of St. Paul, Minnesota.

The meeting of the Women's
Union of the Baptist Church was
held at the Church, Thursday,
August 8.

Mr. Fred L. Cook spent Monday
in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Deering of Roch-
ester, New York, were the guests
the first part of this week, of Mrs.
P. A. Gildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Harrison
and T. J. Harrison spent Wednes-
day at Kingsville, Ontario.

Murray Moore of Lapeer spent
the week end with his parents,
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thornton
are spending a few days with
their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry
Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Nelson
visited Mrs. Homer Watson, for-
merly Helen Pauline, in Indian-
apolis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Richard-
son spent the week end with
friends in Cassville.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ross were
the week end guests of their daugh-
ter in Gaylord.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Westfall
and Mr. and Mrs. John McClelland
left Tuesday morning for a trip
through northern Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe of Detroit
were the Saturday afternoon
guests of Mr. and Mrs. James B.
Snyder.

Miss Ida Steele is visiting
friends in Grand Lodge this week.

Miss Adaline Wikom entertain-
ing at a shower in honor of Mr.
Howard Bingham of Franklin,
Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harriet Epley.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Smith and the
Misses Ida and Zaida Steele motored
to Grand Lodge Sunday.

Miss Viola Walters is the guest
of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Smith of
Detroit, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Adams left
Monday to spend several days with
relatives in Columbus, Ohio.

Norman Barrons, Jr., left Wed-
nesday morning with his uncle T.
P. Barrons, to spend some time in
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Many anglers come long distances
to fish in Michigan, but a German
woman who recently purchased a
non-resident license in Downstate
country, probably has the distance
honors clinched for 1935. The ap-
plicant was Mrs. Agnes Vogel of
Breslau, Germany who obtained her
license from George Anthony, Dis-
trict Agent in Marcellus.

Tony

By SCOTT W. RYALL
McClure Newspaper Syndicate
WNU Service

TONY BEECHOM came home in
June, home to a dim flat in a
Grimm street tenement where the
smells of cooking, staled walls and
people were more pungent than its
neighbors.

Tony, like every other boy, had
much of good and much of bad
in him. At eighteen, he was caught
in a robbery and sent to the reform
school. Three years later he came
out to find his family moved from
the river-side shanty to the big,
Ninth ward tenement on Grimm
street.

For a time after the return, he
was an outcast. Everyone was kind
to him. Even Officer Casey who
had instructions to watch him,
talked cheerful enough whenever
they met.

It was an outcast by reason of
his own thoughts, and although the
tenement was a far cry from the
other place, he felt a depressing
influence from its slums, its smells,
its throng of inhabitants.

"He'll come out of it," said Pete,
his father, one night when the
mother was worried and Tony was
up alone on the roof, brooding.

"Give him time!"

"All right for you to say, Pete,"
he replied, "but he thinks things,
Nona like things, Pete."

Tony was sitting against a chim-
ney on the roof, his mouth pulled
down bitterly and he dwelled on
the inequalities of life, for he had
learned something at the reform
school besides a trade.

Every night he dreamed, and
there was no job among the shoe-
makers. Even if there had been,
they would find his record. He
was a bitter, disillusioned out-
cast who could do nothing useful
and at that moment the vague class
of humanity known as "itch people"

were dining in hotels, each spend-
ing more money in one night than
he needed for a month.

His breath caught in a sob. It
wasn't sorrow or self-pity. It was
anger; anger at his situation, at his
failure to get a job, but more than
else, he was angry at the weak-
ness which seemed keeping him
from taking what was his right.

He rose suddenly, decisively;
climbed over the roof parapet onto
the fire escape and descended to
the alley. It was dark down there.

One of the boys at the prison
school—a thick-headed, lewd young
thief—told him how he had robbed
a man by holding his hand to his
coat. The man thought he had
a gun and trembled so his teeth,
which were false, rattled. It was
funny. And he had over forty dol-
lars on him.

Forty dollars! The big fellow
had got forty dollars with nothing
more than a harmless threat. Forty
dollars! And some men had as
many hundreds, even thousands.

The young man was fanning the
flame of determination. His hand
pressed tightly in his coat pocket.
He walked aimlessly until he found
himself in the warehouse district,
then purpose took form and he saw
his victim.

The man turned slowly, then
came toward him, the metal cold
of his cane tapping more briskly
as he neared. Tony's lip quivered.
He waited for him to pass then
stepped softly after. He was trem-
bling all over.

Suddenly the man whirled. Tony
knew. He tried to snarl, "Put
up your hands!" but no sound
would come. The man's eyes
seemed fastened on him like gim-
lets.

"Who is there?" he asked sharply.
Again Tony tried his throat and
failed. In that instant the man
turned his face to the blank build-
ing wall.

"Who is there?" he repeated, and
the young man saw in the atti-
tude the tense listening of a blind
man.

His breath caught in a gasp of
terror.

"Gotta match, mister?" he asked
hoarsely.

"The man faced him again. Then
he laughed softly, merrily.

"Certainly. And could you tell
me where I am? I've been walking
farther than I thought and my
light is—bad."

The hesitation before the last
word was so habitual, Tony knew
it only represented an old pain.
The boy's eyes protruded as he
stared at those lightless eyes. His
hand mechanically reached for the
offered match and was caught in a
hard grip.

He writhed quickly, futilely. The
man's free hand traveled swiftly
over his face, feeling the lines
of bitterness, the pinched cheeks
and the tense jaw. Then came that
soft laugh and he released him.

Tony felt a nauseating weakness.
How could the man laugh like that
in the dark?

"Boy," he said kindly, and the
would-be assailant knew that night-
as he was waiting for nothing and
hidden from him, "you must yet
learn to suffer. Lead me to a res-
taurant and we'll have dinner to-
gether."

Again he laughed softly as if
secretly amused, and Tony, feeling
a lightness of mind, unknown since
his arrest three years ago, leaned
weakly on the blind man's proffered
arm.

The Four

By WALDO L. CLEMENT
McClure Newspaper Syndicate
WNU Service

IT WAS during our senior year
that the rest of the class began
to call us "The Four." Whether
this name was intended for good-
natured kidding or otherwise I don't
know, but anyway it stuck.

We were together a great deal
those flying months; Tom and
Laura, Anne and I.

Tom was broad shouldered and
lean of limb. His hair was the color
of corn silk and his eyes blue. The
girl called him "The Viking."

Laura was like him; big boned,
red haired and good natured.

Anne was different; she was slim
and dark haired and quiet.

Tom and Laura were the life of
any gathering. The fact that they
were seniors didn't bother them a
bit. They teased each other up
and down stairs in the most un-
dignified manner and hurled insults
at each other with friendly grins.

They were good pals. Anne and I
laughed at their pranks but couldn't
do these things ourselves; we weren't
built that way.

Tom never took any liberties with
Anne. He never washed her face
in a sink or on her bare shoulders
the way he did Laura.

Once I saw Tom kiss Laura when
they were dancing and the lights
were low. She laughed and pushed
him away and he pulled her closer
they were quarreling animatedly
about the correct way to spell cas-
tillio.

The inevitable happened, of
course. Long long ago some one
sophisticated started the story that
they were engaged. It burned me
up.

Just before the holidays we had
a class sleigh ride; all the usual fix-
tures, ice cream, hot chocolate, flag-
ging, fur robes and a long sleigh
filled with straw.

We piled in helter skelter, and somehow
"The Four" were together as usual.

Tom was sitting in the front seat
back and she leaned her shoulder
against mine. It made me feel that
I was responsible for her protection
and comfort. I came near propos-
ing to her that night.

On the long ride over the snow-
packed country roads we sang liv-
ely college songs as we snuggled
down under the robes and thrilled
at the touch of soft hands in our
own.

Coming home the moon was just
dropping over Sawyer's hill when
we reached the long steep grade by
the mill pond. I remember we were
singing something about "Soft and
Low," when a big black dog jumped
over the wall barking furiously. We
felt a sudden jerk that threw us
backward and the singing stopped;

then came the thudding roll of
hoofs and a biting wind filled with
clouds of snow blew over us.

Scrambling to our knees, we saw
the driver waving furiously at the
bits and over the heads of the gal-
loping horses the deep valley flow-
ing to meet us. The road was
narrow and curved to the right at
the foot of the hill. It seemed to
end abruptly in the deep woods.

The sleigh began to rock danger-
ously and slid from side to side
like the lash of a whip. Some of
the girls screamed and stood up
preparing to jump. I could feel
Anne trembling as she buried her
face on my shoulder.

Then I heard Laura's voice ring
out clear and confident. She stam-
pered across the bouncing sleigh
and muttering all her superb
strength hurled the frightened girls
flat. "Crawl to the right side and
hang on," she cried. "We'll make
it!"

It was a miracle that we did.
The sleigh tipped perilously as it
rounded the curve and it seemed an
eternity before we settled back and
the foundering horses gained the
road to plunge forward again. But
Laura had gone over the side. I
saw her fall, clutching at space, and
forgot Anne. I forgot everything
but Laura. Leaping feet first and
praying I wouldn't strike her, I fol-
lowed.

A pine tree took care of me; a
burly pine that cracked two of my
ribs and knocked me unconscious
with one blow.

When I opened my eyes Laura
was bending over me. She was
crying and I knew she had just
kissed me. Her mouth was trem-
bling. "Hob," she whispered hoarse-
ly, then choked up and began to cry
again. My side was aching but I
knew my arm around her and kissed
her. I kissed her many times and
thrilled at her heart beating against
mine. "I love you, Laura," I said
holding her close. "I don't care if
you and Tom are engaged, you're
mine."

"Tom?" she eyed me queerly,
"that clumsy clown?" The old ready
laugh bubbled in her throat, then
suddenly serious she stepped back
and shook her head. "But Anne?"
her eyes were probing into mine.

"I thought you—that she—"

I was still attempting to describe
just how it was when we overtook
the rest of the crowd. They were
paired off, walking slowly, and the
very last ones were Tom and Anne.

She had her hand on his shoulder
and was talking and laughing soft-
ly. It surprised me, knowing how
quiet and reserved she was. "The
Four"—"One for all and all for
one"—and they hadn't even missed
us!

Beam of a Vessel
In nautical terms the beam of a
vessel is one of the heavy pieces
of timber or steel set transversely
across the vessel to support the
decks and stay the sides; hence, the
greatest width of a vessel, as a
steamer of 40-foot beam.

Naming the "Tarheels"
The name "Tarheels" was first
given in derision by Mississippians
to a brigade of North Carolinians
who in a battle of the Civil war
failed to hold their position on a
certain hill, having "forgotten to
tar their heels that morning."

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22c per yard

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NEW FALL DRESSES
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Can You Use An Extra Room

In virtually every home there is a need
for a storage room. Old trunks, pictures,
furniture and other household articles,
which you may have reason to think will be
of use later on, detract from the neat
appearance of your house unless they are
concealed.

A room built in your cellar or in your
attic will solve your problem of what you
should do with things when they are tem-
porarily out of use. In addition to furnishing
storage space, the room will provide your
belongings with protection.

The materials we use are your guaran-
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on the steamer—everything for a good time.

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Visit Perry Victory Monument, the Caves,
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Wednesday and Thursday Four Hours at the Bay, Fri-
day and Sunday Six Hours at the Bay, Lv. Detroit 9 a.m.
Fares: week-days 75c; Sundays and Holidays \$1.00.

CEDAR POINT OUTINGS

Sail from Detroit any Friday or Sunday. Over three hours at the
Isle of America. Wonderful bathing beach, board walk, all amusements,
big hotels; everything on a grand scale. \$1.50 R. T. including ride on
the Inlet Trail to the Park. Home 1015 P. M.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON OUTING

Leave Detroit at 1:30 P. M. for a cruise on the river and among the
Put-In-Bay Islands. Two hours at Put-In-Bay Park. Dance under the
Lido Eerie moon returning.
7:30 R. T. Home 11:00 P. M.

A REAL WEEK END

Start over at Crescent Hotel,
Put-In-Bay until Sunday
night, only \$2.35, or at the
Breakers Hotel, Cedar Point,
only \$7.50. Price includes
steamer fare, hotel room
and all meals Saturday and
Sunday.

SHOWBOAT MIDNIGHT MOONLIGHT

Every Saturday Night. Leave Midland, Para 7:30

DANCING MOONLIGHTS

Dance on Lake St. Clair every Wednesday and Thursday evenings.
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