

LOCALS

The Past Matron's Club will meet with Mrs. L. P. Schroeder on Tuesday, April 21. There will be a pot luck luncheon at noon.

Fredy Warner, who is a student at the Valley Forge Military academy, at Valley Forge, Pa., is spending his spring vacation at his parental home.

Mr. and Mrs. Addison Comstock were Easter Sunday guests of Dr. and Mrs. F. Rosatelli in Detroit.

Master John Rosatelli returned with them to spend the week with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Comstock.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Fortune and Mr. and Mrs. Stephens of Detroit, were Sunday callers at the home of Mrs. Phoebe Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradley, Mr.

and Mrs. Walter Coon, Mrs. Mahlon Bradley and Mrs. Charles Potliffe attended the funeral of Eugene Doughner at Royal Oak on Friday. Eugene Doughner was the nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley.

Because of the illness of Mrs. Karl Ritter, the F. W. C. met at the home of Mrs. Fred Cook on Wednesday afternoon. The meeting was scheduled to be with Mrs. Ritter.

Mrs. Robert Burns and Mrs. T. H. McGee were visitors in Detroit on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Thomas have moved from a farm on Newburg road near the Eight Mile road to a home on Blake street, Northville.

Mrs. Charlotte Wolfe has received word of the death of her sister, at Laurel, Ontario.

Mrs. Ralph Banta was a substitute teacher in the kindergarten recently.

EMERGENCY

By GRANT SASSAMAN
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Write Service.

THELMA CONNORS quickly dried her eyes when she heard her mother coming down the stairs. Going to the window, Mrs. Marston looked out at the dripping trees on the lawn. Without turning, she addressed the young woman on the divan behind her.

"Even as a little girl you were too didactic, Thelma—and as impetuous as you were sweet," she said softly. "I'm afraid the fault was yours, not Paul's. He has pride too, remember. Why don't you go back to the city and—"

"Never, Mother!" There was choked bitterness in the exclamation. "He didn't make a single overture when I started packing my things. He actually helped me pack. Even when I applied for the divorce, he never—oh, what is it, Mother?"

Mrs. Marston, turning slowly, had suddenly bent forward with hand gripping her side. A low moan of pain had escaped her lips. Thelma sprang from the divan and hurried to her mother.

"That—papendix—of mine!" gasped Mrs. Marston. "Acting up again." She managed a rueful smile. "I'm in for another lecture from Doctor Clarkson. Call his office, Thelma."

Paul Connors, sitting at the copy desk, leaned forward with brown hand cupped in his hand. His facilities were busy with a scene of long ago.

He was a freckled-faced boy of ten, wearing ragged blue knee pants and a faded brown blouse the day of Thelma's party. He had been drawn to the open gate by the shouts of merriment coming from the lawn.

He was leaning subconsciously against the gate post, when a girl of about seven, with golden curls flowing to her shoulders, approached slowly from within. There was a blue ribbon in her hair, and her eyes were blue and friendly.

"Elia," she said graciously. And then, with the abrupt naivete of childhood: "I never saw you before. What's your name? Mine's Thelma Marston."

"My name's Paul Connors. We moved to this town yesterday. My pop's a bricklayer. I'm gonna start school tomorrow."

Little Paul was dimly conscious of another person in the background. A black-haired woman in a white dress, Mrs. Marston. She stood on the porch. Gee, but she was pretty!

In an instant Thelma was smiling. "Won't you come in, Paul Connors?" She reached out and took Paul's hand. "Mother says the ice cream and cake will be served at four. Please."

Mrs. Marston came down off the porch quickly. "Yes, do!" she cried. Paul saw her dark eyes were moist as she leaned down to kiss Thelma. He heard her say: "Bravo, my darling!"

"Connors! You're wanted on the phone!"

It was Thelma! Thelma calling from the Hedgerow hospital to tell him her mother was about to undergo an operation. Could he come over? Her mother wanted to see him.

"I'll be there in ten minutes," said Paul Connors; and he was. He found Mrs. Marston lying incredibly still under the white sheets, with Thelma, sitting white-lipped and silent at her side.

Dark eyes gazed up at the ceiling with a fixed purpose in them, and Mrs. Marston's lips moved slowly, grimly, deliberately. "They'll be taking me into the operating room now, Paul. Before I go I want to tell you what I think of you. You've ruined Thelma's life. You're an utter cad, Paul Connors. You—"

Connors' mouth dropped open; the harsh scolding of Thelma's chair drowned her mother's words as she leaped erect, her cheeks flaming.

"Mother! Don't—don't talk to Paul that way! A heel of her shoe rapped sharply against the floor. "That isn't true! He's not a cad!" She bent down over the dark head, suddenly contrite. "Oh, forgive me, Mummy," she sobbed.

"But I couldn't let you be unfair to Paul. I—"

"Love him," said Mrs. Marston. "Certainly you do. Why don't you stay where you belong, where you've belonged ever since that first day at the open gate—in his arms!"

Connors never knew afterwards whether it was he or Thelma who made the first move. Neither did he nor Thelma know, ever, what the surgeon said to Mrs. Marston as she was wheeled into the operating room.

"I can't see any reason for the beaming smile," the doctor scowled. "Doctor Clarkson told me he wanted you to undergo the operation a year ago. Why the sudden decision? It's no emergency."

"Emergency?" Mrs. Marston's smile became almost a grin. "That's just what it was, doctor."

Lost Forever
Mrs. Connors—My first husband was a perfect saint.
Her Second—Then you'll never see him again.

A History-Making Winter



WEST FARMINGTON

Shirley Rose Johnson has been ill the past week.

The West Farmington school is closed this week due to the illness of its teacher, Mrs. Gibson.

Mr. and Mrs. James Heliker have moved to a farm at Cahoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Barkley called on Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cox Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Grace who spent the winter months in Texas, returned here Friday. They spent a few days visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cox and family motored to Adrian Friday, to spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Ulmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heliker

and family and Mr. and Mrs. George Heliker, Jr., and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Heliker, Sr.

The Walled Lake school was closed Monday afternoon as the funeral of Mrs. James Tuttle was held at that time. Mrs. Tuttle's daughter, Margaret, is a teacher in this school.

Temperature of Honolulu

The mean annual temperature of Honolulu, Hawaii, is 74 degrees F.; the maximum, 88 degrees F.; the minimum, 58 degrees F. The average annual rainfall is 28.6 inches. Honolulu is not subject to strong winds.

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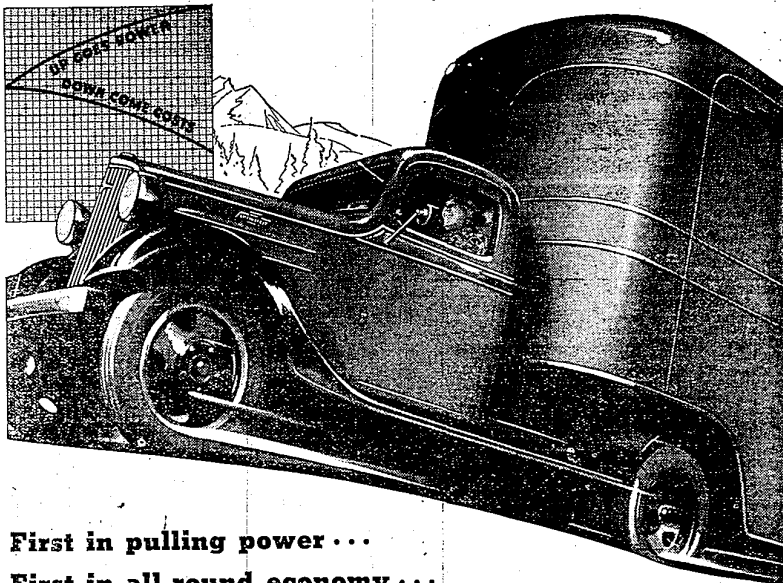
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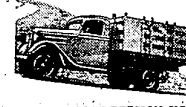
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