

LOCALS

Mrs. Charles Manzel was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Walker Phelps, in Detroit on Thursday. Edith Parker was the guest at a surprise party, planned by several of her friends and classmates on Monday, January 11. The guests included Suzanne Warner, Joyce Brown, Doris Maas, Susan Slovic, Joyce Heeneey, Christine Bickley, Angeline Andrews, Jane Leach and Fritzie Hutton.

Mrs. James Johnson entertained at her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Paulger of Plymouth on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Orlandi called at the home of Mrs. George Hecker, senior, of Fourteen Mile Road on Sunday, and found her suffering from a cold of the flu type.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Jensen visited Saturday night dinner guests at the home of Mrs. Jack Thistle in Detroit.

Mrs. Grace Hitchcock Botsford

Card has returned to her home in Ann Arbor, from the University Hospital in Ann Arbor, where she was taken on New Year's Eve, as the result of an accident on the Ann Arbor Road at Plymouth Road. Mrs. Card, who lived in and near Farmington for many years, both before and after her marriage to Roseby Botsford, was accompanied by her son George Botsford and her daughter Catherine Card. They were going into Detroit to visit a sick relative.

A group of neighborhood ladies that included Mrs. Gladys Chamberlain, Mrs. Catherine Bowman, Mrs. Ellen Hendryx, Mrs. Helen Eisenford, Mrs. Ed Haberwohl, Mrs. Myrtle Newman and Mrs. Harley Schroeder enjoyed a show at Redford on Tuesday evening. They met for refreshments, later at the home of Mrs. Schroeder.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Plunton entertained at their Sunday guests Mr. and Mrs. Rollo Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Coon and Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Conroy.

Mrs. Henry Pauline is recovering from an infection just above her

ankle on her right foot.

The Past Matrons club will meet at the home of Mrs. Mary Johnson on Thursday, January 28, at a pot-luck luncheon.

The Queen Esther club of the M. E. Church will sponsor a box social to be held Friday, February 12, at 6:30 p. m. in the M. E. Community Hall.

John Duffars and Alex Slinger of Detroit called at the H. A. McIntyre home Sunday.

Assistant Cashier
Of Farmington Bank

Byron E. Lapham is now assistant cashier of Farmington State Bank, having been elected to that position by the board of directors following the annual stockholders' meeting this week.

Singer Sewing Circle
Opens In Redford

Aid in sewing problems is being offered to Farmington women at the newly-opened Singer Sewing Circle on Grand River, one and one-half blocks west of Lahar Road in Redford. R. M. Farring is the distributor at the new store.

It is expected that regular classes in sewing instruction will be begun soon, Mr. Farring states. Many new models of sewing machines, some so small that they can be easily packed in a traveling bag and others that resemble end tables when closed, are now being shown at the shop. The store is open on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday evenings until nine.

Send in your news items

Easy Pickin's

By ADELIA MOODY
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W.N.S. Service.

PAPPY SHORT'S eyes—the color of bluing water over your hand—shifted to the right warily, though his head remained bent above the sewing-machine motor which he was repairing in Sylvia's sun porch. Sylvia must have left the room, though you couldn't be sure, with those rubber-soled nurse's shoes of hers. He continued a moment longer fiddling with his tiny screw driver and then carefully turned his head full aside. Yes, she was gone. She was due on night shift. Luckily she trusted him completely. That would make it easy.

He heard the front door close a moment later and through the window saw Sylvia drive away in her car. It was a rickety old model, Sylvia's car. Pappy snorted. She could afford a better one if she wanted it. She worked quite regularly and had only herself to support.

Besides, there were the pearls—a handful of them—which was as far as her parents had ever gone in the building of a genuine neckpiece for her when she was a child. He had often wondered why she didn't sell the pearls.

Sylvia kept the pearls in a sandalwood box behind some books in her bedroom. Pappy Short didn't know whether another person in the world besides himself knew of their hiding place, or even of their existence. He chuckled. Sylvia certainly trusted him.

Pappy laid down his screw driver and stumped away on his cork leg toward the living room. He swore under his breath at the clumsiness of his leg. It was old when he bought it second hand, and must have been the cheapest cork leg in the world originally. His face flamed with bitterness as he dragged it over the floor. He'd cut himself his leg all his life, like as not. You couldn't buy anything from tinkering at thirty-five cents an hour. That was all Sylvia ever paid him. Hence his polished old cork leg came as shlimy as possible, he crossed and stood before the bookcase. Furtively, his eyes moved about the room and swept the street beyond the windows; his car, also, reported the presence of no human being in the vicinity.

His velvety rough hand was clumsy with the volume of medieval history which he removed from the case. The book fell upon the floor with a heavy slap. Pappy Short jumped, and his eyes fluttered quickly about before he stooped to recover the book. He set it quietly upon an end table and removed two more volumes from the case. Sylvia must have chosen to put her pearls behind the volumes least likely ever to be removed by the roving hand of a guest.

Pappy Short's hand closed quickly on the small sandalwood box. It was locked, but Pappy had little difficulty getting into the box. He lifted the lid. He glanced. Pearls were money, not beauty, to Pappy. He counted them. Nineteen. That meant he had eleven in his possession. Soon he would have to put an end to this pilfering before Sylvia discovered her loss. She never seemed to look into the box with more than a fleeting glance, to see if the pearls were safe.

He removed a lone pearl with his thumb and forefinger. Always it was just one. He put the pearl in his vest pocket while he re-secured the lock. Then he replaced the box and the books in their place. He took the pearl out of his pocket, chuckling with satisfaction.

No one would guess, he smiled to himself as he returned to repairing the machine motor, that there were twelve beautiful pearls hidden in his ancient cork leg.

His work completed, he gathered his tools into a worn satchel and let himself out the door. He wished Sylvia were here with her car. She often drove him home. But she ought to—paying him a miserable thirty-five cents an hour! And she had even gone off this time and forgotten to pay him at all!

Pappy Short always arose at nine o'clock unless the weather was stormy. Then he slept until noon. This morning it was stormy. He woke at eleven-thirty.

He reached for his old leg which always stood against the wall by his bed. The feel of it was somehow different this morning. He dragged himself upright and swung his good leg to the floor. He stared at the cork one. It was different! It was new—a brand new leg, and a high-priced one at that! How had it come there, and where—his heart beat suddenly with furious pumps—where was his old leg and the pearls?

Confusion and fear made him fumble with the folded paper he picked up from the floor. It bore his name. Inside was scrawled in Sylvia's hasty handwriting:

"I dropped in on my way home from work this morning. I had forgotten to pay you the dollar for your work yesterday."

"This good new leg I bought for you in appreciation of your good work and trustworthiness, I hope you will like it and be able to get about better. It is just a little surprise I've planned for a long time."

SYLVIA.

"P. S.—I took the old leg along with me. I can use it for kindling."

Oakland County Man
In State Directorship

An Oakland County man, Draper Allen, on Friday morning assumes charge of administration of the sales tax collection in Michigan. His appointment as director of the division has met with general approval. He is a resident of Birmingham and has had business offices at Pontiac. Last autumn he ran a close race for the congressional seat against Congressman George Dondero, only a little over 500 votes separating the candidates.

Spencer Heeneey, John Dalrymple, Lynn Rohrer, and Harold Kammerer were among those attending the Michigan-Northwestern basketball game in Ann Arbor Monday evening.

Mrs. E. A. McIntyre and daughter, Gertrude, spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Clara Forshes and family, and brother, Charles Hollister and family in Twining, Michigan.

Send in your news items.

Mrs. Barnum Will
Entertain Vesper Club

Mrs. William Barnum of West Point Park will be hostess to the Girls Vesper club on Sunday evening, January 18. Mrs. Barnum lives in the former Ed Witte home in West Point Park.

The group met with Miss Doris Gilbert Sunday evening to enjoy one of the finest vesper hours the club has enjoyed. Mrs. Ethel Middlewood gave an interesting talk on the building of character. Miss Ellene Baldwin sang a solo and at the close of the service a lunch, including a birthday cake in honor of Miss Doris' 15th birthday, was served by her mother, Mrs. Gilbert. Covers were laid for 12 girls and for Mrs. Middlewood and Miss Ault.

EXPRESS APPRECIATION

Mrs. Eugene Edwards and Mrs. Maude Follet expressed their appreciation this week to Farmington business men for consideration extended to them following the death of Mr. Edwards.

Being Cheerful
"Everybody ought to be cheerful," said Uncle Eben, "but not so cheerful as to look foolish."

Italians in Argentina
A high percentage of Argentina's population consists of Italians or those of Italian origin.

Invented the Kaleidoscope
The kaleidoscope was invented by Sir David Brewster and patented by him in 1817.

Coyotes as Pets
Papago Indians of the Southwest used to make pets of coyotes, captured young.

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