

## LOCALS

Miss Emma Knox of Muskegon is visiting her sister, Mrs. Russell Cutler for a few weeks.

Mrs. A. C. Worfield was hostess to a group of ladies at contract bridge on Monday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Butten have moved to East Lansing where Virgil is in the service of the State

## Auction Sale

Thursday, January 21

At 12:30, between 5 and 6 Mile Roads on Haggerty Highway:

9 Good Jersey and Holstein Cows. Some with calf by side. Two good work horses, about 1400 lbs. each. 400 Bu. Oats. 100 Bu. Corn. 25 Tons Alfalfa. Loose, 8 Ton Straw in barn. 100 Shocks Corn in field. 2 Sets of Good Double Harness. Grain Drill. Grain Binder. Corn Drill. Corn Binder. Mowing Machine. Dump Rake. Side Delivery Rake. Hay Loader. Two Walking Plows. One Oliver Riding Plow. 3-Section Spring Tooth Harrow. 2-Section Spike Tooth Harrow. Riding Cultivator. 2 Horse Cultivator. Outfit for 3 Drum Roller. Potato Digger. Fordson Tractor and Plow. Manure Spreader. Hay Rake and other small articles.

TERMS—CASH

WILLIAM BOWMAN

Owner

HARRY C. ROBINSON, Auc.

Ill Conservation department. Virgil, who is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Don Butten of Twelve Mile Road, is a recent graduate of Michigan State College at Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Auten and son Oscar, visited Mrs. James Auten at Orionville on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Edwards and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Moore of Detroit were Sunday afternoon callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Snyder.

Several school children are absent from the Bond school with bumps and chicken pox.

Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Yerkes of West Point Park were Saturday afternoon visitors of Mrs. Edith Price.

Master Dick Turner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Turner of Roseville Park visited his grandmother, Mrs. Dora Thompson, on Wednesday and Thursday.

"George Thursty was host to a party of men at his home at Northville on Thursday evening. Those attending from Farmington were John Lapham, Arthur Lamb, Curtis Hall, Spencer Heeneey, and Bernard Banfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Oakley of Dearborn, and Howard May of Novi were among the Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Louis White.

Louis Newlin has been absent from school this week with a severe bronchial cold.

Guests from South Lyon, Berkeley, Hazel Park, Milford and Detroit were present at the School of Instruction meeting at the O. E. S. Hall on Tuesday evening, at which Mrs. Ida Ellstone of Detroit was the instructress. She was accompanied by Mr. Ellstone. The evening was preceded by a dinner at 8:00 o'clock.

## Vacation



By ADELE THANE  
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WNU Service.

OF COURSE he was playing. Everyone played away the lazy hours of vacation time. Eloise wished he were a little more serious. He was too good-looking and desirable to pretend at loafing. Some girl might lose her heart to him—mistake the comedy for drama. Eloise had.

But she wouldn't make a fool of herself. Ever since Roxey had been coming to Cashmere Beach, eight years ago, when he was a "fresh" at Harvard, he had made violent love to the prettiest girl at the fashionable resort. And as violently forgotten her when the red-and-white-striped beach umbrellas were folded away and the elite of Boston returned to Beacon street and foot-ball. Each summer it had been a different girl. Often, two. And once, three—this season. Eloise was the third.

But he wouldn't know. She'd play the game to the limit. As long as he better. It wasn't without some foundation the press had crowned Eloise queen of the Duse Players.

She looked the warm and viciously with a bare breast. It had been a stiff battle. But it was nearly won. In three days more she would be watching the cool landscape of Maine disappear over her shoulder, and glimpse ahead the green of Massachusetts between the hills of New Hampshire.

She must keep a firm upper lip at the Stevensons' Mardi Gras festival on Friday night. That would be her farewell to Roxey. Yes, she must reserve all her energy to laugh until that hour. After that . . . She didn't like to think what might happen after that. She might cry. She might keep right on laughing. It was easier to forget one's heart was breaking if one laughed.

The sound of strong running feet came to her ears. She looked up. Roxey threw himself upon the sand at her side.

"Darlin'," he panted, throwing her his whitest smile, and brushed his lips across her bare arm. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

"Of course," laughed back Eloise. She lightly kissed the place above her elbow where his lips had touched, and looked into his face coquettishly. She noticed with a catch at her throat how tanned he was and how smoothly his muscles rippled under the taut skin of his thighs.

Roxey began piling sand around Eloise's straight legs. "What are you going to wear to the Stevenson racket?" he asked.

"I've a good mind not to tell you," she answered, watching the wind run disturbing fingers through his tick hair. "Your heart should point me out."

"It will, it will, beloved; never fear." He straightened to his full six feet and pulled her up beside him. "Get your six kisses. I'll bear you to the farthest float, and together they raced to the water's edge and dived in."

Eloise tipped the black velvet hat slightly and viewed herself in the long mirror. She looked like a slim boy in her tight-fitting green-and-gold costume. She had elected to wear the garb of Harlequin to the Mardi Gras . . . because Harlequin always laughed. She had a strong conviction that it would disguise her soul as well as her body.

Eloise settled her silk mask and ran down the garlanded staircase to the bright scene spread out below. She threaded her way through the happy dancers, deftly eluding the eager grasps of singing monks and capering fauns and a fat, red nephroptophiles. She reached a green-lacquered column and hid behind it. Her cheeks were flaming and the eyes behind the mask were electric in their blueness.

Suddenly a pair of orange-satin arms swept her into the maze of dancers.

"You see, dear girl, my heart had pointed you out to me," whispered a gay voice in her ear.

(If only she might believe that!) "Clever boy!" she smiled.

"I hoped you would come as Columbine."

"And play Pierrette to your Pierrot?" There was a hint of wistfulness in her tone.

"Certainly. Why not?"

"But Harlequin is much safer," replied Eloise.

Roxey looked at her sharply. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, just see Eva Cooke! Doesn't she make a perfect Queen Mab with that long blond hair of hers!"

"What do you mean, Eloise?" Roxey repeated emphatically.

Eloise turned her head away. "What does it matter? It might mean—that I'm falling in love with you. And again, it might not. Who knows? DO look at Eva," she urged.

All through the night and into the wee sma' hours, Eloise and Roxey danced. And at the end of each encore her heart pounded. "This may be the last . . . He'll say good-by after this one . . . and go away."

But it was Eloise herself who finally called the halt.

"Twice she postponed it. The third

time she plunged into it recklessly.

"This is our last," she said as Roxey swung her into a momentary waltz. The lights had been dimmed and only the glow of golden moon-shaped lanterns swung over their heads. The air was heavy with the smell of roses and incense.

"What'd ya mean, the last?" asked Roxey dreamily.

"The last dance. Remember, I'm catching an early train tomorrow—this morning. My vacation is over. The boss rather stressed that in his recent letter. There's two best sellers waiting to be illustrated when I go back."

Roxey looked at her a long time. At last he said:

"Are you glad?"

"Glad to get back in the harness? Of course. Aren't you? I mean," she explained hurriedly, "won't you be glad to get back to State street again?"

He shrugged and began to hum: "Because I love you." He tried so hard, but can't forget . . .

It was a habit of his to sing with the orchestra while they danced. Eloise wished he wouldn't—this once. That song was too poignantly true.

Of a sudden, he steered her, still dancing, into a secluded corner of the garden. No lanterns were here. Just the moon and the stars. They swayed backward and forward in time to the softened strains of music.

"I'm going to kiss you good-by," laughed Roxey.

"I should never speak to you again if you didn't," pouted Eloise.

"Hold that pose!" he commanded and bent his head swiftly.

His arms tightened so that her body became a part of his in the shadows. He kissed her long and passionately; kissed her as he had again and again.

At last he broke away, laughing shakily.

"Pierrot salutes Pierrette," he said in a low voice. He was trembling from head to foot.

A strange light came into Eloise's eyes. It was given to her in that crucial moment the power to see into Roxey's heart, and she knew he loved her; loved her as the robin in the treetop loved his mate; loved her and wanted her.

She went up to him and laid her head on his breast. He listened to its wild beating; pulled his head down, and whispered ecstatically: "Pierrette salutes Pierrot," and kissed him as he had kissed her.

Hours later, the first pink streak of dawn found them in the same garden, the last guests of the Mardi Gras. Roxey was saying:

" . . . And do you think you could play loving me well enough to go through a mock marriage?"

Eloise's answer must have been satisfactory, for the dawn blushed a deep rose.

## Seas Eating Away Shores

of Ancient French Town  
Les Saintes Maries De La Mer

France, ancient town on the Mediterranean, and one of the most picturesque in France, is in danger of disappearing—in danger so imminent that the project of the department of the Bouches du Rhone has been asked to do something about it.

The sea is eating its way into the coast already. The sea is property once three-quarters of a mile from the sea, is protected from it only by dikes, one of which on the west, has been almost destroyed by recent storms.

The town is almost entirely surrounded by water. To the south is the Mediterranean, to the west the salt lake of Les Lons, to the east the Imperial salt lake. Both of these bodies of water are separated from the sea only by a thin strip of shore, through which narrow channels are beginning to be cut.

It will not be long if nothing is done, until the barriers break down, the lakes become part of the Mediterranean, and Les Saintes Maries de la Mer, a small promontory on the end of the neck of land, sinks beneath the sea.

Dikes built along the banks of the Little Rhone to protect the region from floods have helped to increase the speed with which the sea is eating away at the coast, for the silt which the Rhone used to spread at its mouth to replace the land eroded by the sea is now carried into the Mediterranean.

Les Saintes Maries de la Mer retains all its picturesque because its inaccessibility keeps all but the most determined tourists away.

It is in the Camargue, the desolate region of salt marshes in the delta of the Rhone's multiple mouths, where the only thing that grows is cattle fodder. There the cowboys of France live, armed not with lasso, but with a long pipe. Large stretches are practically uninhabited. Les Saintes Maries de la Mer being the only community in its administrative district.

Chief attraction of the town is the curious fortified church of the Twelfth century with beehive walls within which worshippers could in case of need, become defenders. In the church is housed the Black Virgin, which the gypsies come regularly to worship, in pilgrimages from all parts of Europe.

Well-Expressed  
"What a long letter you have there."

"Yes, sixteen pages from Aileen."

"What does she say?"

"That she will tell me the news when she sees me."—Pearson's Weekly.

## Calendar of Coming Events

Friday, January 15. Farmington High School's basketball team will play Walled Lake on the home floor at 8 o'clock.

Saturday, January 16. Discussion of farm problems at Farmington Mills, beginning at 1:30 p. m.

Monday, January 18. Church School Board of M. E. Church will meet in the evening. Potluck supper at 6:30 p. m.

Monday, January 18. Work in the first degree at Farmington Lodge No. 151, F. & A. M.

Wednesday, January 20. Old-fashioned box social at Salem Evangelical Church.

## WANT-AD COLUMN

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Thursday, January 21. Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church will meet at the home of Mrs. William Schuler at 12:30 for a pot-luck luncheon.

Thursday, January 21. The Trinity White Shrine, No. 44, will sponsor a card party at the Masonic Temple at Northville at eight o'clock.

Thursday, January 23. Birthday Ball for the President at Botsford Tavern.

Thursday, January 25. The Past Matrons club will meet at the home of Mrs. Mary Johnson for a pot-luck luncheon.

Friday, January 29. Ye Olde Time Redford Fair Group will hold a dinner followed by cards and dancing at Botsford Tavern.

Friday, February 12. Box social at M. E. Community Hall sponsored by Queen Esther club.

Reports Improvement in Electric Stoves

Pat Quinlan, manager of the Redford Appliance Shop in Redford, returned this week from Mansfield, Ohio, where he attended the showing of new models of Westinghouse electric stoves. Mr. Quinlan reports that the new electric ranges have reached a point of efficiency which enables them to compete successfully with other types of stoves.

The three-month plan, by which purchasers are given until March before the first payment is due, is now available on 1937 merchandise purchased at the Redford Appliance Shop.

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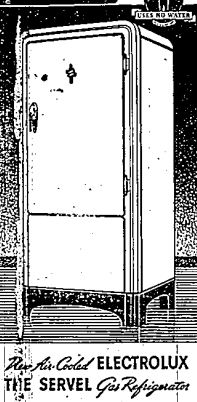
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