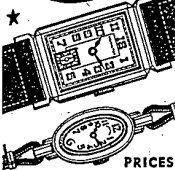


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LOSEY CORNERS
A bridge and bunco party was given by the P. T. A. Friday evening at the Rose and Sadie Club. Miss Audrey Noble drew the door prize. Refreshments were served by the committee in charge of the event.
Due to the fact that Mrs. William Foster, has been called for jury duty this month, the S. S. board meeting will be held following the cottage prayer service at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fredericks.
A number of women from Hope Chapel attended the W. M. A. convention at the Euclid Avenue Church in Detroit Tuesday.
Rev. A. F. Knepp preached a splendid sermon to West Point Park community people Sunday. There is to be one more such service to be held yet this year. All residents of the community are urged to attend.
Nearly 17 members of the W. M. A. met at the home of Mrs. R. Fredericks for a pot luck dinner with the regular mission meeting taking place in the afternoon.

Clipping shrubbery to resemble animals, ships and other curious shapes was a garden custom popular with the Romans.
Jacksonville, Fla., had the coldest day of its experience almost a hundred years ago, when the city shivered at seven degrees below zero, Feb. 7, 1853.

BREEZY BRIEFS
Bullfighters of Madrid, Spain, recently went on strike.
Forest resources of French Equatorial Africa are to be developed.
A Hall of Youth, costing \$50,000, has been opened in East London.
England has 2,000,000 horses, 4,000,000 dogs and about 20,000,000 cats.
Danzig is ruled by a high commissioner, appointed by the League of Nations.
Nanking's most magnificent mansion and grounds are those occupied by the ambassador and staff of the Soviet Russian embassy.
Because Vienna owns 70,045 dwellings and 3,323 stores, the Viennese think their capital is the largest "householder" city in the world.

**THE STORY'S
END**
By WILMER RICHTER
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FREDERICKS paused in the hall to glare scornfully at the opposite flat. With equal disdain she turned up her nose alight up-titled by Nature. She smiled at her own energy. No hateful Rod Bradford lurked this morning behind that closed door to be impaled by her contempt. He had brazenly telephoned her boarding house the preceding day, he must have been on a short trip. A cheeky message Freddie had answered by banging the receiver back on its hook.
"What cared she, where he went? Let that Monica What's-her-name morn her absence. As for red-headed Freddie Harding, Rod had passed out of her life for good. He preferred brunettes to blondes, that was his affair. And as for his absurd tale, that he had taken that sleek-eyed, raven-haired creature to dinner and movies merely to be polite to the daughter of his mother's dearest friend . . . Horse feathers!
As Freddie sped lightly down stairs to look the mail, her lips curved. What a joke on Rod this would be, when he heard, his former sweetheart had lived for a week, unbeknown to him, right across from his room. The daughter of Rose Shubert, the friend of them both! A joke in truth! But one that Rose must spring. Never again did Freddie intend even to notice that fickle girl. Empty! A false alarm after all!
Hurriedly slamming the door but neglecting to release the catch to its lock, she walked to her typewriter. Her story she finished her present story for "Elipant Romances," the more quickly could she start another. Thanks to Rod's kindness in loaning Freddie her flat while Rose was out west, before her stretched an entire week of uninterrupted quiet.
"I say, Rosy-posy! I thought you were away till I found your door unfastened. I got back myself sooner'n I expected. I came to borrow some coffee." A bass voice sounded from the kitchen. Rod! That was an intruder! Rod, nervy as ever! Better he than some stranger. But Rod was now a stranger. He came a slip-slapping along in his pajamas. He faced her, handsome as always, his brown hair tousled, a bathrobe hanging open over his pajamas, his feet bare in floppy slippers.
"Freddie Harding!" he jerked forth. He rubbed his eyes. "Am I still asleep? If so, what a magnificent dream!"
You look a nightmare!" she taunted.
"And you a lovely vision! . . . But what are you doing here?"
"Telling you to get out!" acutely conscious of her own powdered hair, comfortable kimono and missing stockings.
He grinned. "No can do! . . . My door blew shut! The lock snapped! Rod and Freddie are married here together!"
"Not if I know it! . . . The key to my door may open yours."
Into the hall she darted. Vainly she strove to turn the latch, while the gentleman blandly watched her. Only, however, for the brief space of a minute or so. Then soprano accents shrilled behind him, "Rod! That's what you're up to! No wonder you failed to meet me at nine, play-in' round here with this hussy, both of you scarcely dressed!"
"Hussy yourself!" flared the red-head recognizing the hated Monica. "This nippy locked himself out and borrowed my flat key but it won't work. Lucky for him you can let him use yours."
"Whadda you mean, sayin' I've a key to his door?"
"Ladies! Ladies!" temporized Frederick, fearing the outbreak of the Amazon war. "You must shake hands on ent'rin' the ring. Miss Harding, this is Miss Burton and vice versa. Now let's kiss and make up."
"Kiss your own sweetie!" ejaculated Freddie slipping past Rod into her own living room.
"I'm on my way, too," flashed the brunette. "And as for Mr. Bradford, I don't ever wanta see you again!"
As Monica turned away, her enemy gave Rod a shove. "Hurry'n home," she giggled, "and trot after your pet wild cat."
"Before breakfast!" he demanded. "Not me! . . . when'll that meat be served?"
"Tomorrow morning," crowed Freddie. Then smiling, she added: "Go grab a bite and clear out. This is my busy day!"
Minute after minute the typewriter keys clicked merrily. Line followed line until at the end of the page she stopped to read her manuscript. "Sheer tommy-rot!" she growled. "Damn it! I can't think straight with all that hullabaloo this morning!"
Hard at work again, she heard the door open and turning to see

who was there, she beheld a young man with light hair.
"Mr. Hawthorne!" she faltered, blushing realizing she was not exactly dressed for company.
"What are you doing here?"
"I'm after your script if you can give it to us today."
Freddie's hour of triumph had arrived. Now she would show con-cel Rod Bradford he was not only blueprinted in the stew. By skillfully maneuvering her enraptured visitor into the outside hall and talking to him long enough, she must inevitably attract Rod's attention and set him ablaze with jealousy. Mistakenly she supposed Rod had already returned to his flat, forgetting in his eagerness his locked door.
"I'll do my best," smiled the author. "But my thoughts are all upset right now," with a coyly suggestive glance, "Maybe after lunch . . ."
His Heaven sent chance had come! "Why not lunch with me? We can then discuss . . . er . . . er . . . what I wish to say to you. And tonight," pressing his advantage, "how about a show . . . ?"
Not so fast, fellah! blurted Rod, looking at his watch. He slipped behind the entry curtain, his eyes snapping.
Surprised, Hawthorne forced himself to speak. "I did not know you had a . . . a husband!"
"Wrong surmise, me lad!" corrected Rod briskly. "I'm sorry to say, Freddie hasn't picked the winner in the matrimonial sweep . . . I mean, I'm jolly glad, if you grasp the situation."
"Oh! Shut out the loudspeaker!" Freddie cut in, embarrassed. "Mr. Bradford lives across the hall," he awkwardly explained, "and dropped in to beg a cup of coffee. One has to be charitable."
"But you just moved here," suggested Hawthorne. "Evidently you pick up strange men easily and make them feel quite at home."
"That'll do for you, Mr. Buttin!" barked Rod. "No more nasty cracks outta you, unless you want one on the jaw!"
Turning to Freddie, Hawthorne spoke. "Good day, never mind the story."
Tears of vexation flooded the girl's gray orbs. Angerily she exploded, the instant the editor was outside. "Now you've done it! I hate the sight of you! They'll buy nothing more from me! Get back into your flat before I scream! Get the hell out! Phone a locksmith! Use the fire-escape . . . or . . . or . . ."
"How about my key? It'll be less trouble." He brought forth that flat object from his pocket and smiled maliciously.
"So you had it all the time!" she blubbered. "Then be on your way! You've brought me nothing but . . ."
"Love and kisses!" Vainly she strove to escape Rod's arms. At last she yielded and wept on his manly shoulder.
"My story's rejected! an' my time wasted!" she sobbed.
"Why not try actin' 'stead of writin' love romances?"
"I'll starve," persisted Freddie.
"We'll do it together." Then more hopefully, "A pal of mine edits 'Life's Drama.' We'll ask him to be best man and make him buy your script? . . . Is it finished?"
"Not quite," Freddie was bewildered and somewhat subdued. "I'm havin' trouble with the ending."
"Is that all? Try this climax." He caught her chin, raising her vivid lips to his eager ones.
Again he spoke. "What could possibly be better'n this"—another impatiently necessary interruption—"for the story's end?"

SHRINE IS PLANNED FOR HOOSIER POET
Indiana Hamlet to Preserve "Riley's Boyhood Home."
Greenfield, Ind.—This quiet hamlet has set out to make a national shrine of the rambling, two-story boyhood home of James Whitcomb Riley, painter-poet.
Organizing as the Riley Old Home society, residents of Greenfield have induced the town council to buy the green-shuttered, white frame house on United States highway 40 where the Indiana poet lived until he was twenty.
Old-timers disagree as to the exact site of the birth of the poet, who died Hoosier virtue to the enlightenment and pleasure of people the world over, but agree that he came into the world in a log cabin that later became a summer kitchen at the rear of his boyhood home. Just how far away the cabin originally stood is not certain.
Dr. Carleton B. McCullough of Indianapolis, who for ten years was Riley's doctor and confidant, said that the poet, whose "ole swimmin' hole" is familiar to almost any boy, was born on the site where the home now stands.
"Blow-glass" windows, a backyard bright with hollyhocks in summer and an old apple tree mark the Riley home. The Riley society plans to enclose the backyard with a white picket fence.
Inside the front door is an unsupported circular staircase built by the poet's father, Ruben A. Riley, a Civil war captain, skilled cabinet maker and Greenfield lawyer. Beneath it is the cubbyhole and clothes closet so graphically described by Riley's favorite heroine, "Little Orphan Annie."
The Riley Old Home society is seeking to restore the home with period furniture, the poet's library, chinaware and family pictures. A bust of the poet, completed by Myra Richards a week before Riley's death in 1916, has been placed in the home.
In the town square stands a half-acre figure by the same sculptor—the gift of thousands of American school children who contributed pennies to pay its cost.

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ROAMING ALONG
Trinidad expects its bumper banana crop this year to bring prosperity.
For every hour on the air, radio performers practice from five to fifteen hours in the studio.
Through the efforts of immigrants from Poland, the first glass works in Palestine has been erected.
Brazil has an estimated population of nearly 45,000,000 and is growing at a rate of a million a year.
Keeping the Washington monument lighted at night cost the government \$1,411 in the last fiscal year.

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