

## LENDING A HAND

By JANE O'RYAN  
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"LUCKY!" That was what the doctor had said in regard to his accident. He said his car could not have done worse for him had it been harrowed from an enemy. He was bruised and lacerated; his foot was wrenched and his arm sprained; while his partner had escaped with scratches not worth mentioning and had continued the business trip that had been temporarily interrupted and left him in a forlorn little town that was sure to be the local maps must ignore.

Hendleigh sighed heavily as he took a survey of his surroundings. The room he occupied was large and airy, furnished in mahogany and was infinitely neat besides, and the balcony adjoining, upon which he now reclined in a steamer chair, overlooked a pretty garden. Opposite was a large house—closed; and to the right was a smaller house occupied by an elderly man who almost drove him to distraction by incessant and atrocious open performances on an abominable mandolin; while on the other side an old couple pattered about the garden almost without cessation.

If there were only one young person to whom he could turn. Of course he could write to several friends, any of whom would come willingly; but he had no intention of letting anyone know of his accident. What good would come of it?

There was a knock upon the door. Perhaps it was his old lady keeper. Then a change swept over Hendleigh's face. Old Mrs. Walters had not only opened her home to him, but had made him feel like a son of the house and a much-beloved son at that. He was an ingrate!

So to square himself in his own eyes he called in the nicest tone at his command—"Come in." And the door opened and in walked a smiling old lady, very small and frail, who slowly crossed the room, her eyes fixed upon his face with an interest remarkable for her years, for she was quite old. "And how do you feel, child?" she asked before she seated herself by his side.

He gently laid his hand over hers. "I'm improving by leaps and bounds," he said. "Thanks to your care."

She smiled, well pleased, and her sweet face flushed. "Not mine altogether," she said, "you must not forget the young lady and the young man." These two were Mrs. Walters' housekeeper and gardener, aged, respectively, Hendleigh should judge, about fifty-three and fifty. Everyone seemed young to Mrs. Walters, and it was the false hope raised by her frequent statements concerning the "young" people about that had put Hendleigh into such an irritable frame of mind.

Mrs. Walters, unconscious of his wretchedness, looked over the balcony. "Why," she exclaimed, in evident excitement, "they're home." Her eyes were fixed upon the large house opposite, the rear of which faced them.

A look of interest came to Hendleigh's tired eyes, only to be almost instantly obliterated as they rested upon an elderly lady in the garden, who apparently was giving orders to a gardener.

"Isn't she the nice young lady, though?" inquired Mrs. Walters.

Hendleigh sighed, but said, gallantly, "Yes, she is remarkable for her age." She was, too; but she was well beyond fifty; oh, well beyond.

Hendleigh didn't care a snap of his fingers, and the following morning she had almost vanished from his mind, but in making a survey of his surroundings, his tired eyes suddenly came to a stop, while he stared in a dazed fashion into the garden; for a young lady was there—reclining young. She half reclined in a large wicker chair and she held a book in her left hand, in which she seemed to be deeply interested. Her hair shone like gold in the sunshine. She was real beyond doubt.

He must catch a glimpse of her face, and he stared hard at her bent head; but she read on and on, and just as he was about to give up, temporarily, in despair, she looked up suddenly as though she were startled. Their eyes met for an instant only, but the time was sufficient for Hendleigh's eyes and lips to express eloquently the joyousness that filled him at the sight of her, for she was lovely. But there was no response from hers. Hendleigh convinced himself that the surprise of his presence embarrassed her and a quick return to her book was the only refuge, followed by a return indoors.

But his conviction did not last long. He determined to know. So when Mrs. Walters' "young man," who assisted him to and from the balcony and brought him his meals, came up with his luncheon he handed him a book from which a note protruded slightly. "Will you give this to the young lady over the way?" he said, nodding toward the garden opposite. He spoke as one ally as he could. "And," he added, "you might wait for an answer."

The book was a modern one that he found in his bag, and was only a blind. The young lady would know that, which said: "Dear Young Lady Across the Way: If you knew how homesick I am, you would at least smile and nod at me. If you knew how I long to talk to you, you would come over to see me. Can't it be arranged with Mrs. Walters? She'll tell you about me. The Man Across the Way."

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When Ben returned, he saw at once that the book had been sent back; but when it was handed to him he smiled in deep relief, for it was not his book, but Shakespeare's "As You Like It." That rounded propitious. He felt excited as he opened it. Yes, then, he had a letter. He opened it eagerly and read: "To the Man Across the Way," it began, "You were kind to send me the book. I should like to see you; but Mrs. Walters is formal and you will have to be in the garden before this book will cheer you. The Young Lady Across the Way."

His pulses stirred. It would take more than a disabled body to keep him upstairs. He would go to see her in her garden and that without delay. He must watch his opportunity to leave unperceived.

He dressed with meticulous care. His effort was painful, but what mattered that? He knew the hour at which Mrs. Walters took a nap. He would have to take his chances with the servants. He was amazed at an difficulty he had in getting down the stairs. Amazed, too, at the faintness that came over him; but once on the street, he forgot all in the joy of his progress. He walked around the block, and the front of the house loomed in the town.

It was not until he was in the front garden that the thought occurred that the girl might not be home. For a moment this made him miserable, but for a moment only. He would leave his card with a note—however, she would be there. Something would tell her he was coming.

He decided to try the back garden first. She wasn't there when he had left Mrs. Walters', but she might be there now. He hoped she was. It was so pretty.

She was there, reading; reading with such absorbing interest that she was unconscious of his presence. "Lucky book," he thought. Then, taking a deep breath, he announced himself. "Well," he said, "I've come to the garden, you see."

She looked up, an alarmed surprise in her eyes. "Why," she faltered.

Hendleigh was so disconcerted. "Why," he said, "you promised to be my friend, didn't you?" He stopped, for the alarm in her eyes had deepened.

He was dazed by her attitude. "Your letter—" he stammered, thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out the note and book and extended them to her.

"My book," cried the girl, as she took it.

"And your letter," said Hendleigh with emphasis.

He saw the color flood her cheeks as she read. She bit her lips; then, suddenly she began to laugh.

"Well," she said, "I'll have to own up to it. I did not read your letter, but I have read the garden proposition. I thought it a lark to answer your letter. I knew you would be leaving soon. She shrugged then as though dismissing the matter.

Hendleigh's eyes held her up. "And now that I have taken you up on the garden proposition," he questioned eagerly.

She laughed in an embarrassed, but undeniably attractive fashion. Then she glanced at the card in his hand. "Well, to begin with," she said, "I should have asked you to be seated at once."

But before he seated himself he asked, pointing to the card, "Just because of this?"

"Well, no," she replied, and flushed again.

"Ah," he said, then he smiled, and as he fixed himself in the seat, he sighed—but not with any sign of fatigue. He looked straight into the eyes of the girl. "Now," he said, "I have solved it all. You did not write that note to me. It was the lady here—your mother, or aunt."

She started almost violently while her eyes stared widely into his.

"Ah, you confess," he laughed. And as she was about to interrupt, he exclaimed, "Let me tell you. I said to Ben that the book and the letter were for the 'young lady,' and, being Mrs. Walters' servant, he took them to you."

"I am so stupid and—remote from the world, thought it quite a lark to answer it—to rouse you, and get some—results." He paused for a moment, then with a happy laugh and an elegant look into her deeply flushed face he said, softly, "And I think she—has." Before she had time to make a reply, he said, "I am passionately fond of reading real books. Now what have you to say?"

Her lips moved, but what she said inaudibly mattered little to her who handed him Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

Cheetah Hunting Depleted Cheetah hunting is depleted on early Assyrian and Egyptian monuments. It is depicted extensively in the Mongol empire, in Asia, and was introduced into Europe by returning crusaders. During the Fourteenth and Fifteenth centuries, hunting with cheetahs was as regarded as a noble sport in Italy and France.

"Natural Causes" Seldom the Real Cause of Death. One of the rarest things in life is death from "natural causes." Listed as "senility" on death certificates, observes a writer in the Detroit Free Press.

As has been pointed out by medical men, persons don't often wear out, they generally are killed, either by disease or accident. Although "senility" frequently is found on death certificates, more often than not because of the advanced age of the deceased, together with the fact that a certain stage in life is reached the instinct of self-preservation gradually is replaced by an instinct to die, and death is accepted calmly and happily.

True senility is found in persons ranging from the age of seventy upwards, depending on heredity, environment and other factors. Judging by medical records and vital statistics, the process of "wearing out" is a long, continuous one, most of those dying from senility having worked hard during a long life.

### Tobacco a Great Aid

In a sense, tobacco built the industrial structure of early America. When in 1612 John Rolfe planted the first acres of commercial tobacco, the export of tobacco began soon after, the foundation was laid for the export trade of the new country. Tobacco became the backbone of the Colonies' foreign trade. Tobacco purchased the machinery and tools abroad that early America to begin its industrial revolution. It paid for the educational and cultural facilities only. He would leave his card with a note—however, she would be there. Something would tell her he was coming.

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### Verdi's Failure

When Giuseppe Verdi, at the age of sixteen, took his entrance examinations at the conservatory of Milan he showed so little evidence of musical talent that the authorities declined to enroll him. This is related in the Standard American Encyclopedia. This did not bother Verdi, however, and he continued his studies, ultimately rising to the heights with his "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," and "La Forza del Destino."

### The Feet Always Busy

The feet do more work relative to their size than any other part of the body. It is hard to visualize the fact that when a man walks a mile he places an aggregate of 250 tons on his feet. Three out of every four adults in this country have some sort of foot trouble. The blame for this condition is largely due to incorrect footwear, but the far incident to walking on hard pavements and floors is a contributing cause.

## New Law of 1937 Affects Right of Affidavit Recording

(Editor's note: Due to an unusually large number of laws affecting both real and personal property, passed by the 1937 Legislature, The Enterprise is publishing a series of articles prepared by Henry T. McLaughlin, Oakland County Register of Deeds, and Robert D. Fiedrich, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney and Civil Counsel for the County. All the acts discussed in this series, with one exception were passed this year. This article is the fifth of the series.)

### HOUSE ENROLLED ACT NO. 156 PUBLIC ACT NO. 190; SESSION OF 1937

"1364 Affidavits as to parties to instruments; recording; According to Section 1, Affidavits as to the birth, marriage, death, name, residence, identity and relationship of parties named in deeds, wills, mortgages and other instruments affecting real estate, affidavits of survivors duly registered under the laws of this state with respect to the existence and location of monuments and physical boundaries, such as fences, streams, roads, and affidavits of registered surveyors reconciling ambiguous descriptions in conveyances with descriptions in records, and affidavits of the regular chain of title of the actual as to facts incident to the actual possession of the real estate therein described, and affidavits of the purchaser or purchasers, or in the case of a corporation, of its president, vice president, secretary, or other duly authorized representative acting in a fiduciary or representative capacity, of real estate sold upon foreclosure or conveyed in lieu of foreclosure of a trust in lieu of deed of trust securing an issue of bonds or other evidences of indebtedness, or of any mortgage, land contract or other security instrument held by a fiduciary or other representative, as to the authority of such purchaser or purchasers to purchase said real estate and as to the terms and conditions upon which such property is to be held and disposed of, may be recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the county where said real estate is situated. Any person who shall knowingly make any affidavit in violation of the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of the crime of perjury.

This act is ordered to take immediate effect.

Approved July 14, 1937.

The fact that this is an act which controls "the right to record certain affidavits." It is a decidedly beneficial act, but it should not be interpreted as a method of determining the actual status of the priority rights of persons who might be affected by its use. In our scheme of government such rights can only be determined in the case of a conflict by an open hearing where each party to the controversy has a fair opportunity to present his contention. While

property rights cannot be determined by the mere procuring of an affidavit and placing it on record in a Register of Deeds office, the statute does provide a method by which, any person interested in property, the title to which may be defective because of the absence of any of the information which may be included in the affidavits mentioned in this statute, may declare to the world his position or claim as to such defects in the title and if said declaration is allowed to stand unchallenged for a long period of time, it would be evidence of some weight as to the facts set up in such affidavit.

Down Trees Headfirst According to Simpson's "Uncommon Knowledge," squirrels, chipmunks and similar light-bodied arboreal rodents are the only animals that habitually and naturally come down trees headfirst. This, of course, excludes cats, which come down tail first. Apes, raccoons, porcupines, opossums, kinkajous, coati-mundus and other heavier-bodied "tree-climbers" come down tail first by preference, using the claws to help support the weight of the body; some of these, however, reverse the method when in a hurry or when the continuance of the climb and the smaller members of the cat family are not classed as true tree-climbers and they come down in a rather unnatural and awkward manner. The continuance of the climb may come down a tree either way, or they may simply drop from the branches of the tree.

### Loggers Too Collegiate

Astoria, Ore.—Movie directors seeking rough and rugged loggers in nearby lumber region for a logging camp film are having difficulty. They declare the modern logger—often a university student or graduate—is too civilized for dramatic purposes.

Indians and Glacé Names American Indians had an important part in naming many states of the nation. Wyoming was called "M'cheuwomink" by the Indians, a Smithsonian Institution surveyor wrote. Nebraska means "flat water." To the Sioux tribes, Oklahoma is the Cheotaw word for "red people," and Missouri got its name from an Algonquin phrase meaning "the end of the big canoe." Minnesota, literally translated from the Sioux, means "land of the sky-blue water."

### Dined on "Poit"

Up to a few years ago in Ireland, very poor families often "dined on potatoes and poit" for months at a time. Having no other food than potatoes, says Collins's Weekly, they added an imaginary flavor to each mouthful by pointing the food at a bottle in the center of the table which contained a preserved bit of bacon, fish, cheese or salt.

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