

Every Day . . . In Michigan . . .

5 People are KILLED In Auto Accidents

You May Be Next!

A dead man never gets a second chance! Let's use our brains while we're still living—the trouble with us motorists is that we think we're pretty good drivers—accidents can't happen to us. But don't kid yourself, that's just the attitude that death grows fat on—overconfidence! Overconfidence is just a ritzy word for carelessness—carelessness that will send you to your grave or years of crippled living. But your life isn't the most important thing—no sir, we know plenty of motorists who'd give their lives and more if they could bring back to life those they had killed.

Let's knock some sense into our heads—let's drive carefully—let's save 5 lives a day! Or would you rather learn by experience—all right, go ahead—kill yourself . . . that will teach you a lesson you won't have to worry about forgetting. But listen—don't kill an innocent victim—because living as far as you're concerned is all washed out. You'll always hear the sickening impact of flesh against car—a heart-rending scream—a bloody body and gruesome death—you'll wish it was you who had died. We know people who had that experience—some of them went crazy.



Leon D. Case
SECRETARY OF STATE

Space for this advertisement is donated by this paper in the interests of life-saving.

Self-Expression

By HAY SAFERSTEIN
Writer, Sandstone, Inc.
WNU Service.

"I'M AFRAID you'll find my babies mischievous," said Janet Sturgis when Amy had washed away the stains of travel.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkins, their mother. "It's only that they're more intelligent than most children and have a greater need of expressing themselves."

Being somewhat familiar with her sister's offspring, whose mode of self-expression was not always agreeable to a visitor's taste, Amy Wilkins unlocked her trunk without comment. But the lid was barely lifted before two beautiful children rushed into the room and threw themselves upon her with such force that she gripped the bedpost to keep from falling.

"Not so boisterous, Junior. Be nice, Elsie," admonished their mother, gently. "Aunt Amy isn't used to your rough-and-tumble treatment."

"I guess I'm not permanently damaged," announced Amy. "By the way, I've got a dolly and a fire engine—"

"Where?" shouted Junior. "Where?" shrieked Elsie.

"In my trunk. It—"

In five seconds the contents of the trunk were on the floor; the children had found what they were looking for and had scampered down the stairs.

"I don't understand their behavior today," said Janet. "They're usually so good."

"You mustn't expect them to be too staid," said her mother. "After all, little folks must express themselves."

"Everything is in order again," said Janet, picking up the last article of apparel, "and dinner is waiting. Fred will be glad to see you."

"Fred?" murmured Amy. "Fred Sturgis, Will's brother. He lives with us."

A couple of weeks later Amy Wilkins sat on the porch, wondering why she had rashly promised to spend an entire summer with her relatives.

"Those lumps have ruined everything I've worn so far," she mourned, "and Janet and Will—mother—excuse everything they do on the ground of self-expression."

She picked up a book, just as Fred Sturgis emerged from the house and sat down opposite her.

Amy bowed, stiffly. "Enjoying your vacation?" he asked, and added, without waiting for an answer, "You'd enjoy it more if those bras were a thousand miles away. There they come, the little fiends, looking as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths."

Amy saw them. Junior was carrying a heavy club and Elsie a pointed stick, both so winsome and sweet that even their disapproving relatives marveled. And while they marveled the youngsters arrived on the porch, and Junior brought his club down on his uncle's head, while Elsie's stick made a hole in her aunt's silk dress.

"Give me those things!" commanded Amy, indicating the weapons they held.

She grasped Elsie's stick, and threw it over the porch rail. Immediately the child was at her heels, screaming, biting, and scratching. The commotion brought Mrs. Wilkins out of the house; a picture of petrified astonishment.

"Mother, will you make these little pests behave?" demanded Amy. "It's easy to see," announced Mrs. Wilkins, coming out of her trance, "how little you understand children. Give me that club, Junior, like the little gentleman you are."

But in the excitement of the moment the little gentleman failed to distinguish friends from enemies. As his grandmother approached, his foot swung forward and caught her in the stomach. She fell into a chair, gasping. The next time Junior's leg shot out it knocked a tooth from his uncle's mouth, and cut his lip. Thoroughly exasperated, Fred Sturgis flung the boy across his knee, administering a more thorough punishment than had ever fallen to his nephew's lot. Elsie, too, came in for a little chastisement, after which the children stared at their uncle with mingled awe and respect. But their good behavior lasted only until they saw their parents in the distance, when they scrambled down the steps with the agility of monkeys, their screeches rending the air.

"We'll be murdered for this!" Amy whispered.

"I'll die happy," returned Fred, with a grin.

Amy laughed, but Janet and Will were already on the porch, their faces aflame with righteous indignation.

"I think," said Amy, "it will be wise to take an early train out of town."

"I have a better plan than that," announced Fred.

"What's that?"

"Marry me—and find a little home for two here."

"It's not a bad plan," she agreed, "provided the home is far enough away to discourage too frequent visits from little folks who must express themselves."

Operator Goes "Up" During Hotel Fire

True to the traditions of the telephone service, Miss Anna Reilly, an operator for the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, volunteered for duty in an unusual emergency not long ago.

On vacation in New York City, Miss Reilly was awakened at 4 A. M. in her room high up in one of the city's big hotels by the smell of smoke. Instinctively she turned to the telephone and notified the operator of the hotel switchboard that there was a fire. A moment later she called again. "I'm a telephone operator," she said to the girl at the switchboard. "Do you need help?" "Indeed we do," came the reply. "Everybody in the hotel seems to be calling." "I'll be right up," said Miss Reilly.



MISS ANNA REILLY

On vacation in New York from her work as a telephone operator in Philadelphia, she helped the operators at the private switchboard handle a flood of calls resulting from a fire in the hotel where she was staying.

Hurriedly putting on slippers and a coat, Miss Reilly made her way to an elevator, where she found several excited guests waiting for a down-car. The hotel switchboard is on the top floor, and when the elevator came, she asked to be taken up. "Lady," said the elevator operator, "you don't want to go up. You want to go down!"

Up Miss Reilly went, just the same. Through smoke she made her way to the switchboard, and for three hours handled hundreds of calls from alarmed guests, assuring them that there was no danger from the fire, which was confined to a ventilating shaft in the building.

A few hours later she packed her bags and returned home to Philadelphia, carrying with her the thanks of the hotel's regular operators and praise from the management and many of the hotel's 2,000 guests.

CIGARETTE PRODUCTION

A 22 percent increase in the number of cigarettes produced in 1937 compared with 1935 is reported in preliminary figures of the current Biennial Census of Manufactures of the U. S. Census Bureau.

GLENN C. GILLESPIE, Attorney, Pontiac, Michigan.

OFFICIAL NOTICE OF SPECIAL MEETING OF QUALIFIED ELECTORS OF WEST FARMINGTON SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 4 FRACTIONAL OF THE TOWNSHIP OF FARMINGTON AND NOV. COUNTY OF OAKLAND STATE OF MICHIGAN.

NOTICE: That a special meeting of the qualified electors of said school district will be held at the school house in said district on the 31st day of August, 1938, at 7:00 P. M. for the purpose of submitting to the qualified electors of said district the following propositions:

1. Shall said school district borrow the sum of \$5,000 and issue its bonds therefor, for the purpose of erecting and furnishing a two room school house in said district, said bonds to mature and be payable on such date or dates, and bear such rate of interest per annum as the qualified electors of said district shall determine by their vote at said special meeting.

2. Shall the tax limitation provided in Sec. 2, Article X of the constitution, be increased for a period of 5 years from 1938 to 1942, 0.15 percent, but not more than 12 mills, or .012 percent, of the assessed valuation of the taxable property within the limits of the district, for the purpose of raising additional funds for the payment of principal and interest on bonds issued for the purpose of building and furnishing a two room school house in said district?

3. Shall the school district transport the 7th and 8th grade pupils to the Farmington City schools and pay \$15.00 tuition for each pupil? The polls of said special district meeting will be open from 4:00 o'clock P. M. until 8:00 P. M. on said day, August 1938.

Take Notice, that the Board of Education of said school district has estimated the expense of erecting and furnishing a two room school house to the present school house at the sum of \$14,500, of which it is proposed to pay \$1,000 by a grant from the U. S. government; \$5,000 in bonds to be issued by the district and \$2,750 by cash transferred from the general fund to a special building fund for said purpose.

This notice is given by order of the District Board of West Farmington School District No. 4, Fractional of the Township of Farmington and Nov. County of Oakland State of Michigan. Dated this 17th day of August, 1938.

Jay Burton, Director. Edward Baker, Moderator.

Glenn C. Gillespie, Attorney for District Board, Pontiac, Michigan. Aug. 25