

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks and appreciation for the acts of kindness, messages of sympathy, and beautiful floral offerings received from our kind friends and neighbors during our recent bereavement in the loss of our beloved wife and mother. We especially thank Rev. Stubbs.

Albert E. Schwab Sr. and family
18-1c

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the Farmington fire department for their prompt action in extinguishing the fire at our home last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Seelye
18-1c

Beaver colonies average 12 members—the adults, the kits of the current year and the yearlings, born a year earlier. Two-year-olds leave or are driven from the lodges before the third litter is born.

BOB AND BEE, DEBTORS

By ALICE DUANE
(McClure Syndicate-WNU Service)

"TELL you how I hope I out, Bee," said Bob, teasingly. "You're bound to get better. They're bound to get better. We have some time, of course. So when on earth could we find a better time to get married than now?"

Bee hugged his arm affectionately as they walked along briskly in the cool spring dusk.

"Bob, you're a good deal of a poet," she said. "Honestly I'm tired of running down leads for new jobs, and trying to act cheerful when people ask me how things are coming along that I don't know what it would be swell to be married and to feel, anyway, that some body needed you."

"Well, that isn't why we are marrying!"

"No," she said, soberly. "We're married if we were both millionaires. If we both had the best jobs in the world. We are marrying because we love each other, aren't we?"

"Well, that's my idea," said Bob, with a contented chuckle.

So they were married.

"You can certainly look two of us for a great deal less than we spend now for our meals," said Bee. And, "We'll be a lot happier, too," said Bob.

"They want to live in a little suburban cottage. A little, old-fashioned house, rather, at the edge of a rather new suburb."

It still had a country look, with old blue shutters and a tumbled-down white picket fence, strawberry shrubs, and day lilies planted along the uneven flag walk to the front door.

"You see," Bob explained, "Uncle Robert gave it to me. He was born here, I guess. Always lived here for it. Though he hasn't lived here for years. Never married, you know, and has lived at third-rate hotels where his third-rate income would support him. Nice old boy, Uncle Robert, but not much of a money man."

"It's sweet," decided Bee.

It was the day before they were to be married, and they had driven out with a lot of their things.

"And when the furniture Aunt Beatrice gave me gets here, we can make it look quite lovely. There's a bigboy that'll go there, right beside that window. And a big dog for the dogs for that hearth. She didn't really give me the furniture, you know. Only when I told her yesterday we'd decided to be married she sent for it where she had it in storage ever since Uncle Watkins died and she went to boarding—old me I might as well use it; she'd want it all again."

"Well, of course, Uncle Robert hasn't exactly given me the house. He pays the taxes and the house is his. But he's going to leave it to me and he'll call it mine."

Bob looked around affectionately—at the little clumps of grass at ready green, at the swelling buds on the lilacs, at the little white and green shoots thrusting upward in the border of the path.

"Nice little place, what?"

"Lovely, just lovely," agreed Bee, and they hurried on with their unloading, putting to rights and planning.

That was in April. In May, with blues just coming into bloom, Aunt Beatrice came to visit him. Bee had invited her, and she had accepted, quite to Bee's surprise.

"I didn't think she'd come," said Bee to Bob, a little apologetically. "But she writes that she's so anxious to see her old things in place again that she will come for just a few days. I'm sorry, Bob; it seems wrong to let anything spoil or even interrupt our perfect life."

Bob looked up from his work at the edge of the vegetable garden.

"That's all right, Bee. I feel that way, too. Look here—"

And he handed a letter from a pocket.

"Here's one from Uncle Robert. Says he'll come for just a few days—be here tomorrow. Wants to see how the old place looks with some of us actually living here again."

Bee giggled.

And when Bee's Aunt Beatrice and Bob's Uncle Robert arrived they found two very happy young people waiting for them with a very warm welcome. Aunt Beatrice was a plump, pretty, comfortable, middle-aged woman, who wore pink gingham dresses in the morning. And, without seeming to push Bee aside, she took the charge of the kitchen. There wasn't a doubt about the fact that she could cook better than Bee. Robert praised her pies and cakes—and said to Bee, "You're a good one, too, the salads," said Bee, with relief. "It's silly, I suppose, for me to cook when you're here and can do it so much better."

"No," said Uncle Robert. "I always held that salads were a waste of time and appetite anyway. Sliced tomatoes—yes. And he forked out a generous platterful that Aunt Beatrice had pressed in with the pot roast and green corn and mashed potatoes. "But fancy salads, or just green leaves and oil?"

the vegetable garden from which Bee and Bob expected to supply much of their table later in the summer.

"And of course he knows more about it than I do," said Bob, one evening, smoking his pipe in the grape arbor with Bee as they watched Uncle Robert proudly showing off the even green rows of beans and carrots and peas to Aunt Beatrice. They'd been there a month—ten—the uncle and aunt.

"And you see it's his house—and her furniture—"

"There isn't much we can do, is there?"

"By the end of July the two younger people were feeling a bit crowded in the house. Uncle Robert was a cook us such delicious meals."

"It's darling of Aunt Beatrice to cook us such delicious meals," said Bee one evening, to Bob. "I don't think I'll be able to do it twice this week."

"Yeah," acquiesced Bob gloomily.

"But Uncle Robert likes it. It's like he's planning to live as many eggs plants next summer in the garden. Your aunt likes them. Slimy things."

Bee laughed. "Bob, do you suppose—"

"Sure," said Bob. "Sure thing."

"Well, what'll we do if they want the house—and the furniture—for themselves?"

"What'll we do? Give it to them. It's theirs. That job I start Monday. It's enough to keep us both going here—but if the old people take this place and we have to go to town, maybe you'll have to take that place you've been conspiring about. I get a couple of raises."

"Well," said Bob, with a smile. "I guess it runs in the family."

"And," added Bee, hugging Aunt Beatrice. "It's been a splendid tide-over letting us live here. We'll be getting on, though, now."

"Getting on," exclaimed Uncle Robert. "What's the matter with this place for two of us? It'll be more comfortable after we go."

"You go?" exclaimed Bob.

"Well, you see, Beatrice and I want to see the world. We've had a nice summer vacation here with you two youngsters, and we may come up for a week or two every summer—but we're going to live in a hotel in New York."

"Back there at the Briarcrest where I used to live, Bob. Suit you two to stay on here? I've got a little more to put than I need—and I'll do the thing for you. You see, it's had to been for you two, Beatrice and I wouldn't have known each other."

Aunt Beatrice smiled happily at her niece.

"No, that's a fact. And the furniture goes with the house. You two mustn't say anything about it. It's a little debt we owe you."

Nicknames of States

Traced to "Outdoors," Wildlife and the out-of-doors seems to have had a decided influence on the nicknaming of states which few apparently appreciate.

Several states are named for animals, some for birds, one or two for insects, and reptiles, a number for trees or flowers, and others for inorganic resources and even outdoor phenomena, according to a recent bulletin of the American Wildlife Institute.

Alabama, for example, is referred to as the "Lizard State" or as the "Yellowhammers State." The "Bear State" is Arkansas; Connecticut, the "Nutmeg State"; Florida, the "Land of Flowers," and Georgia, though named for King George II of England, is the "Burrard State."

The "Hawkeye State" is Iowa. Kansas we call the "Sunflower State" and Kentucky the "Bluegrass State." Louisiana is nicknamed the "Pelican State" and everyone knows Maine as the "Pine Tree State." Michigan and Minnesota took their sobriquets from the Wolverine and the gopher respectively, while Mississippi, which comes from the Algonquian words meaning "Fish River," goes to the eagle for her by-name. She is probably best known as the "Magnolia State."

The graceful antelope gave Nebraska her name and the sage brush of Nevada hers. Anyone who has frequented the marshes of New Jersey will appreciate the reason for her being nicknamed the "Morquillo State." North Carolina's pine trees provide the state with its name, the "Turpentine State."

The "Eckstein State" is North Dakota, the "Buckeye State," Ohio; Oregon, the "Beaver State," and South Carolina is familiarly known as the "Palmetto State." In South Dakota we have the "Coyote State," Utah the "Behive," Washington the "Evergreen," and Wisconsin, the "Badger State."

Natural phenomena and physical features have been used to describe some of the states. Thus in Arizona we have the "Sunset State," and in Illinois, the "Prairie State." Massachusetts is the "Bay State," and Missouri the "Iron Mountain State."

"Sunshine" designates New Mexico. In addition to the two names previously noted, Mississippi is also known as the "Bayou State." The "Line Star State" is so well known that it need not be said to be Texas. Vermont as the "Green Mountain State," so named in French.

"Vermont" by Samuel de Champlain, is equally well known.

Seniors Rehearse

(Continued from Page One)

persuades Howard to put her father up and she will see him.

But when the dignified and elegant Mr. Purcell arrives, Vic thinks he is the art model engaged to pose for a picture of a Russian Bolshevik. Only the agency has phoned that the fellow is erratic and does not want to pose as a Bolshevik; so Vic and Ed grab Mr. Purcell, gag him, strip him of most of his clothes, put a smock on him, and send him to the rock, and intimidate him with an explosion or two from Ed's laboratory—all so that Vic won't fall in his first commission for a picture.

The mistake is discovered, but Mr. Purcell departs in great fury and withdraws his offer to present a new science building to the college.

In the meantime, Howard's Aunt Maudie, who has put him through college and who will see him to Europe when he is graduated, arrives unexpectedly. She is put in Howard's room, learns of his failure to pass his zoology course, and decides to pose as a famous zoologist on the good side of the fence.

Beau and persuade him to "pass" Howard. Mrs. Purcell comes searching for her husband, who she thinks is being kept prisoner in the house in a kidnapping plot.

Anne Purcell aided by her chum, Vivian, Vic's girl, and by Vic, posing as a doctor, puts on a deathbed scene in order to get her father to sign a paper promising the college building.

Howard is allowed to graduate. But Vic's mustache comes off, and the deception is discovered. Howard has left with the paper however, to hand it to President Dixon. He decides he can't go through with the trick, and comes back to pack his things. He will pull out, leaving his girl, his disappointed aunt, and his diploma behind. From this point the plot works out to the satisfaction of everybody.

Lynn Holper, commerce instructor, is acting as business manager for the production. Charles Baker, arts and mechanical drawing teacher, is in charge of scenery construction.

Senior Prom to Have 14 Piece Orchestra

A 14-piece orchestra will furnish the music for the annual high school Senior Prom to be held Friday, March 29, in the new gymnasium. Clark Bunn's band, new to Farmington, has been engaged by the Seniors, who were able to procure a larger band with the money saved by the use of the gymnasium instead of a private hall.

Emphasizing the better quality of music, the Seniors invite everybody to attend. Tickets may be procured from any member of the senior class.

FARMINGTON LODGE NO. 151 F. & A. M.

Regular meetings at 7:30 p. m. on the second Monday of the month. Lodge room open every Monday night.

Worshipful Master is E. F. Alexander, James L. Hogle is secretary.

MURIEL DRAPER TO BE TOWN HALL GUEST FEB. 28

Muriel Draper, whose salons in Europe and America have been a rendezvous for such famous people as Gertrude Stein, Henry James, Eleanor Duse, John Sargent and many others, will be the Detroit Town Hall speaker in the Fisher Theater next Wednesday, Feb. 28, at 11 a. m. The woman whom Harper's Bazaar listed among the most interesting women on the radio and "one of the most brilliant conversationalists in the English-speaking world" will talk on "The Art of Conversation."

Mrs. Draper's autobiography, "Music at Midnight," a best-seller of several years ago, covered her career in Italy, London and America and excelled in the reporting of famous people whom she knew intimately.

In America she has been, among other things, Mary Garden's consultant at the Chicago Opera, an interior decorator, a journalist, a lecturer, and perhaps the only living woman ever to have achieved a successful New York salon.

To Enlarge Farmington Telephone Capacity

To meet sustained growth in telephone service demand in Farmington, the Michigan Bell Telephone Company is planning to expand its central office equipment here.

J. R. McLachlan, of Plymouth, manager for the company in this area, said the new central office equipment, including a fourth section of switchboard, will provide capacity for more than 430 additional telephones. There are now approximately 955 telephones served by the company in the Farmington exchange.

The Western Electric Company, manufacturing and supply division of the Bell system, will install the new equipment. Installation is expected to start about March 11 and to be completed early in April. The project calls for the expenditure of \$5,500.

Poisoning of Sparrows Declared Unlawful

Small boys of Michigan are warned that poisoning of sparrows is strictly illegal in this state. Where bounties on English sparrows are offered by city and county agencies, conservation officers will be on watch for their killing by unlawful means. H. R. Sayre, chief of the law enforcement division, said today.

Desirable resident winter birds like cardinals, juncos, blue jays, and chickadees, and even phalaropes, might be victims of poisoned grain scattered for English sparrows, it was pointed out.

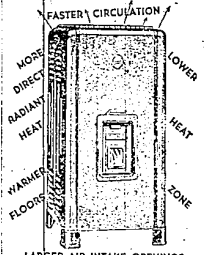
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COAL ON CREDIT—Three to twelve months to pay. No down payment for 45 days. Call Redford 5233-W. 18995 Woodbine avenue, near Grand River. Detroit Coal Company. 44c

WANTED—Couple desire a small furnished apartment in or near Farmington. Address P. O. Box 524, Farmington. 18-1c

FOR SALE—Pontiac Coupe, 1936, Cigas, A-1 mechanically. New tires, heater and radio. First \$250.00 takes it. 3310, Thomas St. 18-1c

45,000 WOMEN WHO HAVE THE WANDERLUST
 Jeff Davis, "International King of the Hoboes," and philosopher, explains in an article in *The American Weekly*, the great weekly magazine with the February 25 issue of *The Detroit Sunday Times*, how disheartened, unscrupulous "trampers" and "bums" are making life difficult for decent, law-abiding, industrious men and women who have the wanderlust. Be sure to get Sunday's Detroit Times. 18-1c

WANTED—Woman, middle-aged, for general housework and laundry. Go home nights. References. 3 in family. \$8.00 per week. Not land. 21608 Niblon. 18-1c

DANCING SCHOOL—Dancing taught by appointment by the Dancing Balleys, formerly on the stage and exhibiting for the leading ballrooms of the country. Teachers of fancy, ballroom and tap dancing. It will be worth your while to give us an interview. Located at 132 Randolph street, Northville. Phone 35-5. 46-1c

FOR SALE—Eggs, fresh, wholesale or retail. Poultry, live or dressed. 31203 Farmington Cut-off. Call Farmington 685-RJ. 84c

WE PAY CASH for your paper, rags and old iron and metals. 400 a hundred lbs. on paper. \$1.00 a hundred lbs. on rags. Phone 186-W. Northville Waste Materials Company. S. Elser, prop. 455 E. Cady, Northville. 164c

FOUR ROOMS AND BATH—Built on your lot. Double construction. Insulated. Priced as low as \$2400. New title, etc. F. H. A. place. Lot 10. Home—decrease. P. R. DeLuca, Real Estate. 27728 Grand River. 685-RJ. 16-3p

HOUSE FOR SALE—7 rooms, bath, steam heat, garage. Close to school. Inquire 3313 Thomas street. 18-3p

WANTED—Day work at house cleaning of general housework. 25c an hour or \$2.00 per day. Miss Esther Lawrence. Call Farmington 689-RA. 18-1c

FOR RENT—Small 3-room house for rent, partly furnished. Available March 1. Clarencville. Call 547-J2. 18-1c

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