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UNHAPPY END OF OUR OWN SHERLOCK HOLMES
An article—one of many features in The American Weekly, the great weekly magazine, with the March 10 issue of The Detroit Sunday Times—will point out how America's personification of A. Conan Doyle's celebrated hero, like most of the criminals he brought to justice, made one mistake and ended his brilliant career with a tragic climax in a prison cell. Be sure to get the March 10 issue of The Detroit Sunday Times. 20-1p

FOR SALE—No. 1 potatoes; 90 cents per bushel. Ed Baker, 2803 Haggerty Highway. 20-2p

WANTED—House cleaning or housework, by day or week. 35c hour, or \$5.00 per week. Call Farmington 522-R1. 20320 Fremont. 20-1p

FOR RENT—Two apartments, newly decorated, now available. Fred L. Cook and Company. 20-1p

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WANTED—Girl for general housework by employed couple with one child. Either go home or stay nights. Reply Box 349, c/o Enterprise. 20-1c

THE GIFT

By WARREN SMITH
(Released by Associated Newspapers WNU Service.)

MARtha CARTER and her suite lived in the old house which stood at the corner of Peel and Earl streets.

It was one of a comfortable income and most excellent health it would seem as if the two women might have almost an ideal life together, but it was known by their friends and neighbors that they were secret enemies.

This enmity between the two sisters started when Martha was 17 and Augusta two years older.

That was the year Casper Hunter came home, inviolated from the Spanish-American war, and spent three months with his cousin Mrs. Bell.

Casper had been hit in the arm by a bullet which had incapacitated him for work but left him free to amuse himself in any way he could. He and his neighbors were his friends as well as neighbors and the young people saw much of each other.

When Casper had sufficiently recovered his health he went back to his home in a distant town, but he left two broken hearts behind him.

Mrs. Bell said that the reason he had not proposed to one of the Carters was that he had not been able to choose between them.

Other suitors came and went but nobody ever took the place of Casper Hunter in their affections. And so they remained unmarried.

As the years passed Martha grew stout and calm, with a passion for tattling.

She spent long hours with shutters in the window, watching the patterns in spowly white thread.

Sometimes she hummed softly to herself and sometimes she talked to her big yellow cat.

There was a perfect bore of contention between the sisters.

Augusta hated cats, Bingo especially, for sometimes in her remarks to Bingo Martha said things that she would not have dared to say directly to Augusta.

She could repeat recams of poetry in the morning, and she had a marvelous what cutting things can be got out of a mere poem by one who knows how to change a word here and there. That was Augusta's weapon of defense which she constantly hurled at Martha.

Augusta was thin and stern and austere with a fondness for wearing severe black.

Today the sisters were sitting together in their cozy living room, a bright fire burned in the grate.

Martha was tattling as usual and Augusta paced near the front window, was reading the "Dolls' House" for the tenth time.

"Bingo lay on a cushion before the fire. Silence reigned because the sisters were not speaking. Suddenly they were startled by a loud knocking at the back door.

Augusta hastened to answer the summons.

When she opened the back door she was surprised to find an expressman, on the step beside him stood a good-sized crate.

"The man touched his cap and held out an open book. 'Sign here, madam,' he said in a businesslike way.

Augusta took the book and pencil he offered and signed as directed.

The expressman shut the crate through the open door and turned and walked briskly away.

Augusta stood eyeing the crate and was just bending to get a closer look when she was startled by a high-pitched voice saying in a soothing voice:

"Oh, spare my tender blubber!" Augusta looked at the creature in confusion. "Let me call Let me call!" demanded a quite different voice, a man's voice this time. "You poor fish! Quibbling!"

Clinging to the bars of the huge cage which the crate contained, scurrying with wings and beak, was a large, gray bird with a wicked beak and watchful eyes.

Now Augusta had always longed for a parrot and this was a superb specimen of its kind. But upon the large cart attached she read her sister's name as well as hers. In fact Martha's name first.

"Martha! Martha!" she cried. And Martha came as fast as her thick legs would permit.

Together they knocked the crates off the crate and removed the gleaming wire cage.

A table was brought and the cage placed upon it. And when something very much, the two women sat down to look at their unexpected guest.

The parrot danced and capered on his perch; he hung wrong side up, he split out seeds, he laughed, screamed and sang.

They looked at each other in amazement. Nothing so odd or exciting had ever happened to the sisters and they found themselves highly diverted. They hung about the cage for hours while Polly went through her paces using first one voice and then the other, whistling, singing, cawing, even swearing at them.

They laughed more than they had ever laughed before, merry and forgetful of ill feelings.

The day Polly told Augusta she was his "bunkey-dory," she fell upon Martha's shoulder and laughed until she cried.

One rainy afternoon the door-bell rang. Visitors!

Augusta peeping past saw Mrs. Bell and a man that Martha had never seen before, little knew whom she was about to admit.

As a matter of fact she didn't know Casper Hunter until Mrs. Bell introduced him.

Though the sisters were thrown into confusion, they found that they had divined the poignancy of their early romance.

Casper was thin, bald, yellow, showing that he had lived so long in hot climates that his liver was not altogether healthy.

It was hard to realize that he had ever been young, blond, fresh-colored and enchanting.

The parrot went wild at sight of him.

"Hello, old top!" he shrieked. Casper thrust his finger into the cage and the bird pretended to bite him.

"Well, what did you girls think of my gift?" Casper asked.

"Your gift!" exclaimed Augusta. Casper laughed.

"I brought the gold fellow from South America. I couldn't keep him any longer, because I move around so much and I wouldn't sell him. I wrote to my cousin here, asking her to take him and she refused. She suggested I send him to you. She said you, Augusta, had always wanted a parrot."

"I have," Augusta admitted. "It was very kind of you, Casper. I'm sure Martha and I both appreciate Polly. We find him very amusing."

"He knows a lot of naughty words," said Martha.

"I never taught him a thing. If he knows naughty words he's picked them up on his own hook. You'll find you'll have to be very careful what you say before him."

"Oh, we are," said Augusta, putting an arm about Martha.

"Sweethearts!" Oh, my!" snickered Polly sentimentally.

Augusta colored.

Casper stayed a fortnight. He couldn't be persuaded to stay longer, because he was by nature very restless.

The sisters were almost glad to see the last of him.

"It was awfully kind of him to give us Polly," Martha said.

"Yes, indeed, dear. I rather think Polly is the best part of the whole affair," returned Augusta.

Chinese Distrust Dealers Who 'Merchandise' Goods

The Chinese are apparently the world's wariest buyers. A merchant who dresses up his establishment with the showcases and equipment arouses their distrust; they reason that he must have jacked up prices to pay for his extravagance. If a product to which they have become accustomed is changed in any way (even for the better), they will stop buying it.

The first shipments of white Belgian clay came from a German export house. When the Belgians heard that the Chinese were buying their clay, they decided to do without the middleman and send it direct.

But the Chinese were not except they said it was packed in the wrong kind of boxes, came from the wrong place, and was obviously an imitation with which the foreigner was trying to cheat them.

Everything is of value in China. Handbills and religious tracts end up as writing paper and envelopes; metal signs are converted into small stovepipes; broken cans are flattened to make roofing material. In the stores all packing cases go to the clerks by long-established right.

If a manufacturer, thinking to economize, sends his goods in cardboard, he soon finds that he has made a mistake. Even though his product be superior to rival merchandise which is packed in wood, the outraged clerks will shove his goods into a corner of the shop.

Experienced manufacturers don't send samples of their products to Chinese distributors. Such samples are always sold at reduced rates—until the supply gives out, thus soothing the demand for the regular line.

There are two rules in dealing with the Chinese which wise foreigners observe: (1) never cause a man to "lose face"; (2) don't "break a Chinaman's rice bowl." If a servant is handed out in front of his employer, he has lost face and is upset to the point where he might commit murder. The same applies in business. Exporters have learned that the only way to face a Chinese executive is to "promote" him to some meaningless position, whereupon he gets the big and retires with a saved face. To "break the rice bowl" means to destroy the means of a man's livelihood. It's all right to beat him down and get the better of him in a deal, but he mustn't be run out of business.

SOUTH FARMINGTON TOWNSHIP NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Fend of Gill Road entertained fourteen guests for dinner and evening of cards, Friday.

Mrs. Harry Brough of Base Line Road has returned home from the Highland Park Hospital, where she underwent several trays and remains very ill at this time.

Mrs. and Mrs. Joseph Palmer of Dearborn, Mr. and Mrs. John Theuner and Mr. and Mrs. Rex Wood of Detroit, former of Farmington, and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. McIntyre of Farmington, attended the party given by the V. F. W. Auxiliary in their hall on East Jefferson in Detroit, Saturday evening.

Howard, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Lord, is recovering from a serious case of scarlet fever at the home of his parents on Gill Road.

Mrs. Emma Damon is suffering from a severe cold at her home on Edwards avenue.

Miss Thelma Graham and Arnold Miller of Farmington were Sunday evening callers of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Irving on Nine Mile Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mowery, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mowery, Jr., of Parker avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd of Pontiac visited relatives in Flint, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bantfield and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thornton and children, were Sunday night supper guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. McIntyre.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McNeal and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Young of Detroit were dinner guests of their

mother, Mrs. Emma Damon, Monday. Mrs. Joseph Graham of Nine Mile Road, received word Tuesday that Mr. George Heliker of Fourteen Mile Road was very ill again.

Mrs. Hugh Mowery Jr., is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, in Pontiac.

Mrs. John Warner of Nine Mile Road was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Tullford on Grand River Cut-off when they attended the Garden Club Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Max Hulett on Shilwansee avenue.

Mrs. Jerry Froot of a Detroit caller Friday. Mrs. Harry Thornton, son, Harry

and daughter, Susan, Miss Virginia Seebald, and Mrs. Eckler of Clarensville, called on Mrs. Derrick, also of Clarensville.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Froot spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy in Highland Park.

Mrs. Mitchell of Oakland avenue attended a birthday party Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. George on Brighton Road in honor of Mrs. Satterfield and Mrs. Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence and daughter, Rita, of Karli avenue, spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred DuCharme, Monday.

Mrs. R. P. Robinson is ill at her home on Orchard street.

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HERE!

AL Traffic
Mrs. Bell came in to see Polly.
"He's probably 70 years old," she said. The sisters started against. "And worth several hundred dol-

lars." Traffic regulations for aviators are now necessary, due to the fact that flying in clouds has become commonplace.