

CORRESPONDENCE

Redford

The new grandstand at the ball park is certainly a great advantage and is fully appreciated by the fans.

John Cort's new house is nearly completed and he expects to soon occupy it with his family.

The frame of E. J. Knowles new house is up and it will soon be ready for use.

Wm. Douglas was in Detroit this week to superintend the unloading of a new separator which he has purchased for his threshing outfit. It is a Port Huron Rusher, one of the best machines made, and is larger than the old one.

John Hawthorn is already preparing to spend the summer months at his cottage on the lake. John loves to fish and can tell as good a fish yarn as anyone and that is saying a good deal for Redford abounds in fish.

Mr. and Mrs. John Vrooman are already at the lake cottage.

Mrs. John Venus and Mrs. J. W. Hawthorn are planning to start for England next week on a visit for a few weeks. Mrs. Venus goes to visit her friends at her childhood home and Mrs. Hawthorn goes along for company and to see the country.

E. J. Knowles has taken the contract to build a house on Hartford avenue for Mr. Bookbinder of Detroit and will begin the work at once. This makes four houses that Mr. Knowles already has under way.

For some unknown reason when a farmer comes to town for fertilizer he always wants to get his load on at once and then litches his team in front of the store and does not seem to be in any further hurry. The odor is delightful, of course.

The D. U. R. should be asked to fill in the cracks through the village with gravel. In some portions of the village people are unable to drive on their lots from the street on account of the cracks. This is an obstruction that is not allowable by the state law.

A new addition of twenty boxes has been added to the Redford postoffice. What is to come before the year is over.

The Redford school is about to close the last pages of another volume of its history. Many who now live in Redford have resided here the greater portion of their lives and have themselves been characters in this school's great drama.

As the pupils, who are now about to complete another year's work search the old volumes of their interest the still earlier pages reveal quite early the names and ages of parents with their brothers and sisters. And in old, but well preserved, volumes, somewhat dimmed with the names of grandmothers.

Now it is the turn of the Hustlers to bring to the attention of the school board an enjoyable alumni ban.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Conroy entertained their nieces and nephews, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Ambler and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ives of Detroit, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bartlett and son, Floyd, were Sunday visitors at Rue Langbecker's in Farmington. August Lavaz, wife and son, Floyd, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Layaz's sister, Mrs. Will Meadow.

They gave them eight innings of first class ball and then to add spice to the show gave them a couple more innings of decidedly the opposite. They had the visitors down by a score of four to two until the balloon went up in the ninth. When it started all hands turned in and gave it a hearty send off, with the result that the city crew carried off the honors with a score of 6 to 4.

The boys promise not to do any more stunts like that and, of course, for the sake of their past record and future promise they are forgiven this time, but it must not happen again.

Next Saturday the Detroit lodge team No. 2 will see what they can do to Redford on the ball lot at Harris park. This is a strong team and the managers of the home bunch are preparing for a hot strife. If the weather is good there will be a big crowd out.

Loads of beautiful blooming plants are being set out at Grand Lawn and the place never looked better than it does just now. Many people visit the cemetery daily from the surrounding country and hundreds come out from the city every week.

The base ball boys looked very handsome in their new suits last Saturday. The report that they lost the game because they were afraid to get their new pants dirty is not true, at least the boys say so.

Rev. Loomis has a sore hand as evidence that he owns an automobile. Some of those cranky machines are harder to control than an ugly horse.

If Fred Crawford is alive he has succeeded very well in keeping out of sight of his friends for no one has seen or heard from him since he disappeared some weeks ago.

It is reported that Mr. Schlafli contemplates building a milk depot in Redford.

Base Line

Henry Ruen attended the funeral of his sister at Howell.

Mrs. A. T. Rice is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. J. Simmons, this week.

Mrs. H. E. German visited Mrs. Eliza Simmons Wednesday.

Mrs. Pitt Everett is just getting so she can use her arm which was broken last winter.

Lena Hunt closes her school this Friday with a picnic.

The Thayer school closes May 29.

Mrs. Jerome Hopkins and baby visited her parents over Saturday and Sunday.

Mac French was home over Sunday.

Ellen Sherman is feeling real well again.

Joe French is real poorly.

Conroy's Corners

Mr. and Mrs. Scheel of Detroit spent Saturday and Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Frank Shear.

Will Sprenger spent Sunday at the parental home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Conroy entertained their nieces and nephews, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Ambler and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ives of Detroit, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bartlett and son, Floyd, were Sunday visitors at Rue Langbecker's in Farmington.

August Lavaz, wife and son, Floyd, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Layaz's sister, Mrs. Will Meadow.

Mrs. Omer Conroy spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Starr Graham at North Farmington.

Fred Bide, who has been ill, is able to be out again.

Mrs. Carpenter of Troy spent a few days the past week with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Reynolds.

the button be in the shadow of its rays.

Miss Lydia Geyman of Detroit, formerly a resident of this vicinity, and a party of friends called in this vicinity Sunday.

Miss Scheel of Detroit and Mrs. Hess and two children of Redford spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shear.

WATER EXUDED FROM GRAIN

Wheat Fields Perspire Heavily, According to British Scientists—In the Heat of the Tropics.

When you are perspiring furiously in the dog days of this year, it may or may not console you to think that an ordinary field of wheat is giving off moisture quite as furiously.

Between the months of April and July, according to Prof. Sir James Dewar, a field of wheat transpires sufficient moisture to cover the surface of its ground to a depth of nine inches. Another interesting fact is that it requires three and one-half pounds of water to produce sixteen grains of corn.

These and other wonders of heat and moisture were discussed by Sir James in a lecture to young folk at the Royal Institution. He mentioned that the famous vine at Hampton Court, which has a leaf surface of 1,890 square inches, gave off in twelve hours two-fifths of a pond of water.

Speaking of the solar radiation in tropical places, Sir James said that in six hours about four-tenths of a square mile received heat equivalent to the combustion of 1,000 tons of coal; while an area of 1,300 square miles got in one year heat equivalent to one billion tons of coal—the whole estimated coal output of Europe and America—London Daily News.

FIVE CAFES FOR ONE DINNER

Man With Leisure, and Money, Takes His Time to Enjoy His Principal Meal.

An elderly man in evening dress entered a restaurant in Soho the other night. The waiter took his hat and coat, and in a moment brought him a dish of five oysters and poured out a glass of water.

The diner, who had not said a word, ate the oysters thoughtfully, emptied the glass, paid the waiter, and in five minutes had left.

"He's off to — for the soup," said the waiter. "He never has more than one course at any place. With the soup he will have half a bottle of white wine and some toast. Then he will go to a third place for the fish, and to a fourth for something from the grill. With this he will have half a bottle of burgundy. He never has any sweets or cheese, but finishes at a fifth restaurant, where he gets the best coffee."

"He told me one evening that he found out five restaurants in Soho each of which excelled in a certain dish. He says the little walk between each course helps his digestion. A dinner takes him about two hours."—London Mail.

EARLY PRACTICE

"I am looking for an honest man," said Diogenes.

"What do you want with him?" "Nothing at all. But a man must do something, and raising the voice of protest was about as easy and spectacular a job as I could pick out."

WORLDLINESS

"Bunbury claims to be a man of the world."

"Yes."

"Has he traveled much?" "No, but he once lived in New York for three months."

WANTED ON HIM

"Jack and I have parted forever."

"Good gracious! What does that mean?"

"Means I'll get a five-pound box of candy in about an hour."

PROBABLY PERHAPS

"He says he could tell me among a thousand, and in the dark."

"He is so familiar with the taste of your complexion, probably."

BOTH HARD TO DO

"Now, talk me the truth," remarked Mrs. Fussanather to her friend; "would you rather break in a new pair of shoes or a new cook?"

DID NOT LOOK LIKE WORK

German Servant Girl's Opinion of the Home Labors of Literary Man.

A young lady, lately and happily married, has a literary man for a husband, who does all his work at home.

It was very good work, and pays very well, and, as they are newly married, they are delighted with the opportunities for being almost constantly together.

Recently they got a new servant, a buxom German girl, who proved herself handy, and also seemed to take a deep interest in the young couple. Of course, she saw the husband in the house a good deal; but her mistress was not prepared for the following:

"Eggsauce me, Mrs. B—; but I like to say soundings to you."

"Well, Rena?"

"You won't be grieved by me already?"

"Why, what is it you wish to say?"

"Vell, you pay me \$2 a month."

"And I can't pay you any more," interposed the mistress decisively.

"It's not dot," responded the girl; "but I find I will be willin' to take 30 shillings till—till your husband gets work!"—London Tit-Bits.

EASY



The Suburbanite—What will be the outcome of the simple life? The City Man—A simple death.

THE ONE EXCEPTION

"You say that the bride was plainly nervous?"

"Yes."

"But she's been married three times before."

"That's true. Notwithstanding, she appeared to be as frightened as a young woman."

"Then in every respect it was just like a first wedding?"

"I should say so, with one exception."

"And what is that?"

"The bride's mother didn't weep. It seems she's got past crying when that daughter gets married."—Detroit Free Press.

TIRELESS REPETITION

"I'm going to quit attending the opera with Millbanks."

"What's the matter now?"

"When we issue from the theater and he sees a wilderness of taxicabs, limousines, touring cars and other vehicles, into which fine ladies are piling helter-skelter, he invariably strikes a pose and says, 'Tumultuous grandeur, crowds the blazing square.'"

PRACTICAL POLITICS

"People say you've been sheriff too long, Jim."

"I expect I have. They also say you oughter step down and let somebody else be postmaster."

"I admit I've been postmaster long enough."

"Well, after this term, 'spose we exchange places?"

AGITATING AN OLD PRODUCT

"Yep," said the Chautauqua man who had struck the right side of the oil boom, "I'm goin' to send my darter to Boston to learn culture and refinement."

"And how about your son?" asked the visitor.

"Him? Oh, I'll send him to Cleveland to learn oil refinement."

EXCEPTION

"One advantage it has over a horse is that an automobile never is frightened."

"I don't know about that. Its wheels generally look tired."

EVEN

Gunman—Hal! hal! I fooled ye all right. This here gun ain't loaded.

"Don't mention it, old top. I that I'll give you is stage money."

Life.

GOOD MAN HAS NO STOMACH

Theory on Which Some African Tribes Justify the Practice of Ordeal by Poison.

How much we may learn from the unsophisticated savage. From inquiries that have been made among certain African tribes it seems that the practice of ordeal by poison is actually based upon sound reasoning and undoubted fact. Good men, say these enlightened aborigines, have no stomachs. Only bad men have stomachs, and the spirit of evil dwells in the stomach. That is unquestionably true. We have observed it for ourselves. Now if a man without a stomach—and therefore good—swallows poison it cannot do him any harm; but if he has a stomach—and is therefore bad—the poison will kill him. What can be more clear or better in accord with common knowledge. There are various persons of our acquaintance who ought to be subjected to the ordeal by poison. We feel certain that they are bad and therefore have stomachs and would die. On the other hand, the good man of conscious rectitude with no abdominal abiding place for the spirit of evil could face the test without a qualm.—Sidney G. P. Coryn.

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES

Cosmo Hamilton's Story Illustrates the Attitude of Some Eugenists Toward Divorce.

Cosmo Hamilton, the English writer, was talking in New York about eugenics.

"The eugenist," he said, "is no foe to properly regulated divorce. Some eugenists even think that the reasons for divorce need not be given."

"Such eugenists are like the old Roman who invented the phrase 'where the shoe pinches.'"

"This old Roman was reproached by his friends for divorcing his wife. They could see no fault in her, they said. They asked hotly what he wanted to go and divorce her for."

"The old Roman, by way of answer, smiled and took off his shoe."

"Look at it," he said, holding it up and turning it about. It seems a good shoe, doesn't it? You can't find anything wrong with it, can you? And yet—"

"The old Roman here frowned impressively."

"And yet," he said, "none of you can tell where it pinches me."

NO TROY WEIGHT.

One of the ladies in fancy dress was, though fair enough, a trifle stout, and we will not say that she did not look well out of the thirties. And there spoke to her a reporter:

"May I ask what character you represent?"

"Helen of Troy," she answered. "What did you think it was?"

"Well," he murmured, unglancingly enough, as weights and measures confused his brain and he gazed on her ample proportions, "I thought you might be Helen of Aroisopolis!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

SO IT GOES.

"I call this ingratitude."

"How now?"

"As you know, I have supported Senator Hamfitt ardently for eighteen years; fought for him, yelled for him, and spent my money in his behalf."

"What about it?"

"He has been defeated now, yet he refuses to resign and let me be senator for about fifteen days."

IMMATERIAL, ANYWAY.

Mrs. Goodsole—What does your husband think of these militant suffragists?

Mrs. Vick-Spenn—He doesn't know what he thinks. I haven't told him yet.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Beggar—Will you please, sir, give me ten cents for a night's lodging?

Philanthropist—I'll give you five cents if you raise the other five—Life.

SHE'LL EVEN IT UP.

Knicker—A judge has ruled that a woman shouldn't spend more on clothes than on rent.

Mrs. Knicker—Well, then, we shall have to pay a bigger rent.

COULDN'T KEEP HER.

"We had to let that new maid go."

"Why?"

"She insisted on having the same nights out that my wife wanted."

Detroit Free Press.

Detroit United Lines

Farmington Time Table

Cars leave Farmington Junction for Detroit at 5:20 a. m., 6:38 a. m., and hourly to 9:38 p. m.; 10:35 p. m. Those cars, except first morning car, leave Farmington six minutes earlier.

Cars leave Farmington Junction for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 5:15 a. m., 5:45 a. m., and hourly to 10:45 p. m.; 12:00 p. m.

First car leaves Farmington Junction for Northville at 5:45 a. m.; Farmington at 5:50 a. m., and thereafter cars leave Farmington for Northville at 6:50 a. m., and hourly thereafter until 10:50 p. m.; also 12:05 a. m.

Cars connect at Northville with those for Plymouth and Wayne over the D. J. & C. Hourly limited service to Ann Arbor.

JOHN E. WEDOW

Auctioneer

Bell Phone, Farmington 40L2

Independent Phone, Walled Lake, 58x-1L-1L

Lake, 58x-1L-1L

Lake, 58x-1L-1L

Lake, 58x-1L-1L

J. E. PHELPS

AUCTIONEER

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington

Phone 15, Farmington