

# REDFORD LOTS

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## C. E. RAMSEY

LOCAL AGENT FOR

Oak Grove, The Redford Improvement Co.'s, Hart Bros.,  
Fair Plains and Willmarth Subdivisions

REDFORD

and

FARMINGTON

### REAL "SWEET P"

"Great Caesar's spook!" Like the traditional hero of old romance, George suddenly rose to his full height, thereby upsetting a tabouret laden with smoking things which stood beside his Morris chair. His sister, on the other side of the table, looked up from her book with a deplorable lack of sympathy.

It is not raining rain tonight, it's raining cigarettes.

"Might help a fellow pick 'em up, instead of geyting him," he suggested, striking a neat balance between resentment and jest, as he dived under the table for his scattered possessions. She complied good-naturally, and chased a fugitive pipe from under her own chair. "Mind the tobacco jar on the rug," she cautioned. "Is it cracked? No? That's good. There, I guess we've got everything. And now tell me, Georgie, why the dramatic start? Is anything troubling you?"

"Skirts," said George laconically, sitting down again with a tentative Alice looked alarmed.

"Not a love affair, dear?" she exclaimed. "Oh, George, you haven't been faling in—"

"He waved his pipe with a pacifying gesture. "Calm yourself, little one; not so bad as that. It's this way: Remember those two Bancroft girls from Chicago we met at Cousin Ruth's dance last night? Chums of hers, you know, and she made me promise beforehand I'd try to help 'em have a good time."

"Laurette and Peggy? Yes, I know. Surely you're nothing to regret in that quarter! You devoted yourself to them like a perfect dear, strictly impartial, even in dancing, which isn't Peggy's strongest point."

"She is a bit solid, isn't she? But then, Laurette's sylphlike enough to make up. And pretty—say, ain't she a daisy? No, that's too commonplace; orchid's more like it, I guess—a pink-and-white orchid." He paused, gratified at his unusual flight of fancy. Alice replied amiably, though without special enthusiasm.

"She is pretty—and, yes, her delicate coloring does make her look daisylike, though she's really about

as plump as Peggy. And she dances beautifully. Peggy has lovely eyes, though—did you notice them?" "Why, yes in a way, though not specially. Brown, aren't they, and sort of soft and kind, and yet twinkly? Well, to get back to the story of mob life. Some one was praising up the good old customs at supper, and one of the girls proposed philopneas, so the whole crowd ate 'em, and both the Misses Bancroft caught yours truly. It just popped into my mind that I didn't attend to the matter today. Neither of 'em would choose anything; they just laughed and said they'd leave it to my judgment. And me a simple, unornamented architect!" He pulled gloomily at his pipe.

"Oh, well," Alice consoled him, "it's simple enough; flowers or candy—the usual thing, you know. Don't have to waste much psychology on that, buddy!"

He cheered up. "You're right, sis, as usual. Come right down to brass tacks, it's candy and flowers, of course, and it only remains to pick out the right kind for the lady. Flowers for Laurette, of course; you couldn't think of anything else in connection with her. Just the daintiest, most—er—ethereal flowers in the shop. Wish I had an orchid income, but I guess we'll have to let it go at a peck or so of sweet peas. Say, I'd like to know that girl better; talk about your uplift, sis—I bet having a dainty little argal like that around would make a difference in a fellow's life! 'Course I like a girl to have brains and fun, too, as well as goodness; but she's got the whole outfit, I guess."

"He roused himself with a little sigh from the mental contemplation of Laurette's delicate loveliness. Alice said nothing, but waited with a somewhat repressed air for him to finish.

"And five pounds of candy," for Peggy; that's easy, too. Not candid violet and that sort of stuffy rubics, but nice, rich chocolates, with nut fixings and gobs in 'em, you know. That'll make a hit, I know—oh, I've noticed the things—these plump, comfy, commonplace girls like 'em." He wagged his head sagaciously at Alice, who just then discovered that her shoe had needed retying. He rose and looked at his watch. "Plenty of time yet; I'm so glad I thought of it right after dinner. Now I'll chase right out

and take 'em round. Good night, if I don't see you when I come in." "I'll be up yet, I guess," she responded. "I must finish this book tonight." She added as he closed the door, "And I wouldn't miss his report for anything."

It was a little past eleven when George returned; but she was waiting with hot cocoa, and sisterly interest, as always.

"Well," she queried at the proper moment, "were the girls pleased?" "Yes—no—I don't know. Little sister, did it ever occur to you that it is a strange world?"

"Occasionally." "And that you can't always tell?" "Bernard Shaw says you never can."

"I got him there. Well, when I asked for the girls, Aunt Mary said Laurette was in the library, and that Peggy and Beth would be down in a moment, which just suited me. I marched in with the fair Laurette, and there was the lady Laurette, more like a flower than ever, in fluffy white stuff and pink ribbons. She gave a little girly squeal of delight, and said: 'Philopneas, I do believe! Which is mine? I can't wait!'"

"I put 'em on the table and said, 'Guess, just for fun, for I thought I knew what she'd go for. But, bless you, she had the paper and the lid off that candy box in a jiffy, and her mouth full, too! 'How did you know so well?' says she, smiling all over; 'just my favorites, and such a lot!' Of course, I was glad to make a hit, though I was surprised, and a bit sorry for good little Peggy."

"Pretty soon Peggy and Beth came in, and I presented the sweet peas with the best grace I could, knowing, of course, she'd not pleased, if only to be polite; but I wasn't prepared—say, did you ever notice Peggy Bancroft's face when she's happy? Why, it lighted up like—"

"I noticed her eyes this time, all right, sis! There's something about 'em," he mused, sending a tender little smile, roused by Alice's discreet demands for more.

"Oh, she didn't say much, but somehow she let me know I'd chosen just the right thing; and it wasn't put on, either, for if ever a girl had truth and all that in her face—"

He pulled up embarrassed. "Candy? Yes, she took a bit now and then, but most of the time we talked, and she was the wisest, jolliest way of putting things; knows a heap, and knows how to rub it in. Laurette?"

A shadow of distrust crossed George's face. "She just sat there and ate—only! Don't say I didn't like to watch the way she was stowing the cargo. Just saying yes or no once in a while, with her mouth full! Pretty soon I stopped thinking of sweet peas in that quarter, and she began to remind me of a nice little pink-and-white—no, I won't say it! What are you laughing about? I suppose you'll say you know it all before."

She nodded. "I was at school with them both, you know, and of all the superficial, self-centered little pigs—I'm not afraid to say it—Laurette was the prince one! You'd only have thought I was catty if I'd told you before."

But Peggy—you can't beat her, George, for an all-round nice girl! Honey, sweet and smart as lightning, too, and she was always capturing prizes. No wonder she takes and listens well! If I had a sister, I'd choose a girl just like Peggy Bancroft. She's the 'sweet P' all right! Please make a note of that, George."

"What d'you know about that?" George's sheepish smile did not match his indignant growl. "Well, anyhow, I promised Beth I'll look in tomorrow night, and I might as well take along some more chocolates for Laurette, and—"

"Sweet peas for the sweet P," supplemented Alice, with a mischievous laugh.—C. R. S., in the New York Press.

#### TOO SMART FOR HIM.

The cook had just been arrested. In the scuffle he had lost his hat.

"Say, officer, lemme get me hat, will you?"

"Now ain't you smart? If you wait after your hat you'd not come back. No, sir! You wait here. I'll go after the hat."—Life.

#### NO HOPE FOR HIM.

The young woman store detective when proposed to was silent.

"Then you cannot be the sunshine of my life," said the young man in disappointed tones.

"How can I?" she answered. "I am a professional shadow."—Boston Evening Transcript.

#### POINT FOR BUDDING GENIUS

Inspiration to Be Attained From Frequent Doses of Epsom Salts. Says Physician.

A writer in the British Medical Journal makes this rather astonishing statement that poets may gain much inspiration, and stimulate their capacities generally, by taking occasional doses of Epsom salts.

As will be gathered from this writer's argument, poets are typical of a certain temperament which reacts, at times, unfortunately upon physical conditions—which many such persons try to offset with coffee, alcohol or drugs. In advising this substitution of Epsom salts, he says:

"There can be no doubt that the liver, which was regarded by the ancients as the seat of the passions, is readily disturbed by mental emotions. Anxiety as to the fate of a book, an article, or a paper, or as to the result of an experiment, may not only disturb the function of the liver—worry may, even indirectly cause organic disease."

"Byron is cited as an instance of the value of Epsom salts, which he says acted on him like champagne. "Dryden prepared himself for the visitation of the divine affluents by salts."

#### COLORS IN NATIONAL FLAGS

Red Predominates, Though Almost Every Other Hue Is to Be Seen in the Various Emblems.

Has it ever struck you which color is most often seen in the flags of the world? Probably it hasn't, because there are not many people who can recognize more than a dozen flags at the outside. Well, the most popular color is red, which is found in the standards of no fewer than nineteen countries out of twenty-five. Practically every one of the European states, together with Mexico, Venezuela, Chile and Cuba, boast the color red in their national flags.

Blue is found in the emblems of the United States, Russia, France, Great Britain, Holland, Ecuador, Sweden, Chile, Portugal, Venezuela and Cuba. Black is not at all popular, being found only in the cases of Germany, Belgium and China, while Germany is noticeable for having black and white together. Nine

countries boast of a flag partly yellow, viz.: Austria, Spain, Belgium, Brazil, Persia, Sweden, Egypt, China and Venezuela. To Ecuador belongs the distinction of having a standard nearer white than any other country.

Griggs—It is said that coal left exposed to the elements loses ten per cent. of its weight.

Briggs—I left some exposed once and there was a much greater loss than that.

#### PERFECT ANAGRAM.

It will be recalled that when Christ was brought before Pilate, the Roman governor (according to St. John's version of the story) asked him, "What is truth?"

In the Latin text of the Vulgate the question runs, "Quid est veritas?" Now, the answer is found in the question itself, without adding or subtracting a single letter. "Est vir qui adest," the rearrangement gives up: "It is the man who stands before you."—Youth's Companion.

#### GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.

"According to mythology, Atlas was the Titan who held the world on his shoulders."

"Yes."

"He must have felt rather important at the time."

"No doubt. Still, I dare say he didn't feel half as important as the major league baseball scout when he goes out to size up a bush league phenomenon."

#### LATER CELEBRITY.

"Pa, who was Benjamin Franklin?"

"He was one of the great men of this country, son. You've been in school long enough to know all about Ben Franklin."

"Pa."

"Well."

"Was he as great a man as Steamboat Bill?"

#### ONE ON TEACHER.

Teacher—Why, Jimmy, Jimmy! Have you forgot your pencils again?

What would you think of a soldier going to war without a gun?

Jimmy—I'd think he was an officer.

#### DEPENDS ON NEIGHBORHOOD.

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