

GET BUSY

The whole Fair Ground side of Grand River at Redford has been sold out and over 20 lots have already been disposed of on the new Oak Grove subdivision. Get in on this now if you want to make something. Over 20 new houses are now under construction in Redford. Forty more will probably be built before fall.

Does this mean anything to you? If so, see me at once.

C. E. RAMSEY

REDFORD

FARMINGTON

HIS HATED RIVAL

Dick was worried and puzzled, and not without cause. For three happy months his engagement to Marjorie glided along so smoothly as to set at naught the old saw about the course of true love. But now, even as he dressed with the utmost care to call upon the cause of his perplexity, he reviewed the situation with growing depression. It had gone on for nearly three weeks. At first there was nothing beyond a little absent-mindedness on Marjorie's part now and then; an air of meditating upon some problem unknown to him. Then she had begun to act strangely in regard to his calls. Why should she bite her lip and look confused when he mentioned the date of his next one and make excuses, saying she had "promised to attend to something else on that evening?" Mighty queer, that; especially when it happened repeatedly and when she had assured him so sweetly, at first, that nothing could ever, ever interfere with her wanting to see him and that she wanted him to come just as often as he could!

He proceeded to the next count, brushing his thick, brown hair with an intensity that threatened to destroy permanently the engaging crinkle. Twice, when he had come into the room, she had been reading something that looked like a letter and had whickered it guiltily out of sight, showing traces of embarrassment. Then things had got steadily worse; he raised, scowling as he admitted a most booming green tie. He had fallen so low as to call several times when he knew he was expected, on some pretext or other, and on each of the occasions things had happened—queer, unexplainable things! Once he had arrived very early, and Marjorie's younger sister, Nan, had met him in the hall and had looked dismayed, as well as surprised, he could have sworn. He wasn't sure whether he quite liked Nan, anyhow, with her keen, black eyes and bluff, ironical manner, though she always seemed cordial enough. She had run back swiftly to the library with a quick, "wait a minute!" and he had heard Marjorie say in a low, troubled voice, "Oh, of course, not tonight, now that he's

here; you'll telephone right away, won't you?" Then she had come to welcome him, apparently her frank, sweet self; but the memory of those first moments of confusion would not down.

Then had followed the worst and most mysterious circumstance of all. Only last week, arriving unexpectedly at Marjorie's, he had been admitted by an evidently new and stupid maid, who had left him standing in the hall while she disappeared into the living room. He began to remove his overcoat, just outside the library door, when through the thick panes he heard Marjorie's voice in earnest protest. "Philip," she was saying, in low, tense tones, "you must not speak to me in this way! I cannot deny, Philip, that your personality is a fascinating and brilliant one; that, perhaps, were I free again— But do not tempt me! I am bound in all honor to a good, true man, and— Just then her father bustled out from the living room, on the other side of the hall, and pulled him in to look over some summer cottage plans, before he went to Marjorie, explaining that the maid had called him, by mistake.

He had to go, of course; but while he listened to the old gentleman with one ear, the other had caught a half whisper, quick and anxious, across the hall. "Not that way! Go into the dining-room and wait a little while; Nan will help you!" Dick could not understand why he had lacked courage to demand an explanation then and there, especially when his demure fiancée had rallied him upon his reserve and his absent air. Matter enough, surely, to upset the most loyal and devoted man! And this Philip? Who was he? The only man he knew who owned that name was Phil Marquette, dark, sinister-looking, half French—the very man for intrigue; but he was sure his innocent Marjorie had never met that adventurous youth.

"Well, one thing is certain," Dick announced to the determined face in the glass. "This thing is going to be settled tonight! I'll make Marjorie tell me what it means, or I'll threaten a shake of his head finished the sentence, and he flung into his overcoat and out of the front door with an air of finality.

The placid Swedish maid, who by this time knew his status in the

family, smiled broadly as she let him in. "Mees Marjorie in de library," she volunteered. "I guess maybe you go right in." And she left him. He walked toward the doorway, but was halted abruptly by Marjorie's voice, raised in unmistakable distress and indignation. "I have given you no cause to presume in this way, Philip! Sir, if you attempt to kiss me again I shall call for help. Yes, I am expecting every moment one who has proved himself noble—one to whom my happiness is dear!" Ah, she was expecting him! Dick's chest expanded at the sweet confidence in her voice. He would prove to his persecuted darling that her faith was justified! He— Again her voice, close to the portieres, and heavy with apprehension, as she soliloquized: "Oh, why, why doesn't Arthur come? Why should he be late, tonight, in my hour of need?"

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and long overcoat, which the owner drew about him modestly and subsided into a large easy chair. A second glance at the face, with its dark mustache, showed Dick the laughing eyes and square, boyish chin of—Nan! Marjorie collapsed again into helpless laughter, while Dick stared, with a slow grin of comprehension. Nan removed the mustache, and tenderly felt her upper lip.

"Philip, stage villain, at your service!" she announced, "and Madge is the persecuted heroine. Arthur isn't here tonight, but his other name is Louise Crawford. Our new melodrama is a strictly feminine affair, so don't you dare to tell the other boys. We've tried to rehearse here, in our big library, but what with people coming in—especially you, Dick!— Once we just managed to phone Louise as she was starting here in the motor in her brother's uniform; and once we smuggled her into the dining-room just in time!"

Marjorie sat up and wiped her eyes. "Oh, it was awful! But, Dick, indeed I'd no idea that anything you saw or heard could make you worry so, you blessed old stupid, or I'd have told you a weeny bit, to ease your mind! You'll forgive me, won't you?" Dick's manner indicated entire forgiveness, and Nan rose with dignity. "If you're going to be 'spongy,' she remarked with pretended primness, ill suiting her costume, "it's time for your hated rival to depart from the painful spectacle. Good night!"—New York Press.

MARRYING YOUNG.

The mayor of Boston and George Lee Burton, author of "Tackling Matrimony," seem to have reached the same conclusions in regard to the advisability of marrying young. "It's a great deal better," says the mayor, "for a young couple to struggle along together and have their little home and their little family than it is to live singly until the man has gathered a pile." And one of the characters of "Tackling Matrimony" declares, "It isn't marrying young that's foolish. It's marrying young and putting on old style." But both—quay and author—show that it is the kind of woman chosen which makes of the experiment a success or failure.

NEW ENGLAND GUM HUNTING

Fun in it as an Occasional Pastime, but Remunerative Insufficient for the Professional.

Not the least of the fun about the New Hampshire logging camps was the "gumming." You, of course, have to go on snowshoes, equipped with a long pole from six to nine feet long, with a galvanized square tin arranged on the end to form a cup, the edges being left very sharp to loosen the gum from the tree when it was beyond the reach of hands.

Much falls to the ground, but can be easily picked up from the show, says the Hartford Courant. The gum is found in globules, in trifts and seams of the spruce tree, and is a highly prized as well as highly priced product. The lumbermen have little time to gather it except Sundays, but there are now many "professional gummers."

In Boston this gum brings 20 cents an ounce, and the choice, white, clear specimens bring \$2 to \$2.50 a pound. Thus a good gummer on good territory can easily make from \$500 to \$800 in a few months, although it is hard work, and very often there are days so cold and stormy that he cannot work at all. So altogether the work is not alluring from a professional standpoint, but it is good sport for a while.

AGAINST THE EDITORIAL RULE

Reason Enough Why Misquot Editor Did Not Publish an "Original" Poem.

"That was a terrible slip of the pencil my stenographer made," said Senator Sorghum. "In the speech you recently had printed?" "Yes. I said I was guided by Vox Populi. She had it written 'Vox Pocketbook'!"—Washington Evening Star.

HALF-MAST HIGH.

One of the most universal of customs when a prominent man dies is the hoisting of flags on public buildings only part of the way up the flag-poles. This is known as "half-mast," but how many know what the custom means or how it originated?

To begin with this practice was a military one. Ever since flags were used in war it has been the custom to have the flag of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten it hauled its flag down far enough for the flag of the victors to be placed above it on the same pole. This was a token, not only of submission, but of respect. In like manner when a famous soldier died, flags were lowered not only to indicate respect to his memory, but to show that he had succumbed to the great conquerer of all, death—for whose flag space was metaphorically left at the top of the flag-staff.

GOING TOO FAR.

"That militant suffragette insists on going without food." "Yes," replied the bystander. "Her example is very unfortunate. Some of the monopolies are doing a great deal to persuade us to eat less. But I don't see what's to be gained by teaching the public to go without food altogether."

SECRET OF IT.

He—Their marriage seems to have turned out well, after all. She—Yes. You see, they both belong to several clubs and don't meet often enough to get tired of each other.

JUSTIFIED.

"The Compuqs declare they have a pedigree in their family." "Of course they have. You can tell that by merely looking at their dog."

CUTTING.

"Young man, we need brains in our business." "I know you do. That is why I'm looking for a job here."

MEAN.

"I understand she sings?" "Yes, but in spite of that she retains her popularity."—Detroit Free Press.

THE CAUSE.

"Baseball troubles always get too much of an airing." "That is because so many fans are interested."