

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

RETURN OF POLLY

By S. B. DINKELSPIEL.

Thomas had tasted of success. Verily, he had followed in it. His name became a household word.

"Thomas, the man who writes the adventures of Polly O'Han, or, as he is known at his club, Tommy, the Polly Man."

Once a week the National published a further experience of Polly. The Polly confetti became popular, and the Polly waltz set all toes prancing.

Polly, be it known, was a pretty Irish nursery maid, who pushed a gurgling go-cart in the park, and pushed it through the walls of impossibility and improbability in a most delightful manner.

She pushed it into a world of gold dollars, where she adapted herself easily to the most agreeable new state of affairs and set about to bring to her feet—in a thrilling series of adventures published every Friday—the sons of the wealthy of the land, even as she before had tied to her go-cart the park police and the paper picker, and the toy balloon man.

Finally Thomas decided to wed Polly in one of the many adventures, and announced that fact to the National editorial staff.

Whereupon the staff and Tommy and Miss Gihully, the stenographer, and her girl friend went out to fittingly celebrate the event.

Over the lobster Miss Gihully sang the Polly waltz song, and over the coffee Tommy sang some choice lines of his own—and to life into no further details of the supper, the following morning.

Mr. Thomas found himself in the throes of poison poisoning. To the doctor's surprise he lived.

Polly, on the other hand, after a few feeble clutches at life, passed away.

Try as he would, the Polly man could not raise sufficient enthusiasm in himself to even offer as a final supreme adventure "The Marriage of Polly."

And what happened then, you ask?

How shall I tell in my few pages of the years that turned Tommy to W. K. Thomas; then William K.

Thomas, Esq., and finally Old Man Thomas?

He lived, grew prosperous, and slightly bald. He gambled a bit, and drank a bit, and enjoyed the best cigars. He had written his life story before the Polly supper.

His adventures on 'change were as successful as Polly's adventures had been in the National.

And then the slump came.

At the age of fifty-five William Thomas lit a quarter cigar and remarked to the kind face that grinned at him in his mirror: "Tommy, my boy, do you realize you are broke? Boy, do you realize it?"

He had seen the startling condition impending for some time, the mind that had schemed so many adventures for his heroine could not now scare up an adventure to bring him in a dollar.

His credit was still good at the club. There he went each morning and breakfasted and lit a club cigar. Then he read his paper, and toward noon was invited, or, as it was all on the books, invited a fellow member to luncheon. A game of chess in the afternoon, a buffet supper; and after all, the day was not so long.

Then one evil morning he was invited into the office and received a suggestion that his account had been increasing rapidly for some time. Thomas thanked the office for reminding him, passed round club cigars, and then, in a cold perspiration, sought his rooms. All night he sat at his table, dozing and pulling at a cold cigar, seeking in the faces of the passers-by and the flickering lights a way out.

In the morning he bathed and changed his clothes. Discouraged, he passed down the street. A friend greeted him and took him into a hotel for a drink. They sat through the morning, chatting in the lobby. Two ladies entered.

"Alicia, my dear," said one, "you must see the colonial pendant dad has given me. I do think this revival of old fashions is so interesting."

Then they passed on and Thomas went home. He lay on his bed and pulled his mustache. He had come to the end of his tether.

He rose, opened his desk, and aimlessly ran through his papers. He picked up the revolver that lay there,

glared at it, laughed, and held it to his head.

Then he threw it back among the papers. Again he lay on his bed. The word of the lady in the lobby occurred to him—"this revival of old fashions is so interesting."

"Old fashions," muttered Thomas, sentimentally. "Old fashions—old friend—old friend—John Gleason—and Polly—Jove!" What had made him think of Polly? And so he mused and then sprang to his feet.

Why not? It could do no harm to try. Why not revive Polly—introduce her to the daughters of the women who had chuckled over her thirty years ago?

"Old fashions are so interesting!" It was sure to succeed. A man could not lose all his skill in thirty years. The National was still appearing Fridays.

Thomas plunged for his desk and pulled out a roll of paper, filled his pen—and then sank back and chewed his mustache. Should she be married—a widow—a divorcee? It was hard to choose. Should she still be young? Or should it be a tale of Polly's daughter?

An hour passed. Thomas had not written a word. Then an idea offered itself. He commenced to write. It was slow work. The lines did not sound clever when he re-read them. He scratched and rewrote and remodeled and finally became enthusiastic. The night was hot.

He set his bottle of Scotch within reach. His coat and collar were on the floor. A wet towel was bound about his head. And so he wrote, his blood in fire, his thoughts racing far ahead of his pen. He paused only to drink of the Scotch or moisten the towel.

His work swept him away—he was Tommy—the old Polly man again—he could feel the young blood coursing through his veins—and Polly—the Polly of old, was dashing through the pages an iridescent, irresistible bit of Irish humanity, adorably impish and lovable.

"I'm in love with her myself," swore Tommy, as he measured a drink.

All night he wrote, and then, when the sun awoke the flies on the window screen, the old man dropped his pen and sobbed and fell asleep on his arms.

He awoke hours later. The sun was setting.

He rubbed his eyes and looked about him. Then he remembered Polly. He stepped into the bathroom and plunged his head and arms in cold water. Then he turned to his desk and picked up the bunch of papers.

The first page was blank. Thomas yawned and crumpled it and threw it in the basket. The next was blank also. And the third, and the fourth.

All the mass of papers were not touched by a pen. In a frenzy he sprang to his feet. A few pages lay on the floor. Not a word was written upon them.

The man snarled and trampled them. Then his eyes fell on the whisky flask.

He lifted it—it was empty. He understood then.

It had all been a nightmare—a drunken fantasy. He had not written a word. He buried his head in his arm and his hand touched the pistol.

Slowly he drew it out and set it before him. He lit a cigar. The blue smoke curled to the ceiling.

Then he held the thing to his head and pulled the trigger.

The National on Friday showed a handsome photograph of William Thomas, Esq.

He lamented his death—his fall—his debaucheries.

Finally it announced that the following week would be published a story by him, found by his housekeeper, good soul, while he was drunk.

She had taken it to her room to preserve it. The public owed her a vote of thanks.

It was a tale of Polly—Polly whom our mothers had read of thirty years ago—a tale of Polly's return.—Houston Post.

QUITE A JOCKER.

"Dikks is a facious chap."

"Yes?"

"He refers to the stock exchange as one of our best known watering places."

VERY MUCH SO.

"So Mayme is going to marry a man in the upper circles."

"Yes, I understand he is an aviator."

WORLD BEHIND THE SCENES

Aristocratic Line of Demarcation Among the Unseen People Who Belong to Things Theatrical.

To the outsider the term "stage hands" is applied to everyone who works behind the footlights except the players; but there is quite an aristocratic line of demarcation. There is the stage carpenter, who builds scenery; there is the property man and the assistant property man, who make and shape all kinds of things out of papier mache for properties and look after the furniture and decorations of the stage; there are the flymen, who manipulate the ropes at the top of the theater, hoisting and lowering machinery, and also raising and dropping the curtain.

The natural habitat of these flymen is on platforms up in the flies, many feet above the stage, and when not otherwise employed they have the disconcerting habit of audibly gossiping and playing cards. There are the electrician and his assistants, whose business it is to operate the lights. The humblest of the regular staff is the "grip." This man handles scenery and does general utility work about the stage. When exigency demands the force is added to from the roustabouts who usually infest the stage entrance, eking out a miserable existence through casual jobs and "sponging" upon the members of the regular staff.—The Strand.

Doek Foremen, Not Appropriately Glad for Ocean Voyage, Would Have Enjoyed Venting Rage.

Years ago, just after "Fingy" Connors had first cinched success, he decided to go abroad. He called the foremen of his nine Buffalo docks to New York, clothed them amid wild outcries in conventional evening clothes, and began to pour wine for them at the Waldorf. Nothing more humorous—or more pathetic—has ever been seen than these nine two-fisted man-eaters, their thick muscles bulging through the thin, black cloth, their enormous hands superheated in the white gloves "Fingy" insisted upon their wearing, sitting in the dining-room at the Waldorf, and religiously trying to blow the

foam out of each beaker of wine. Their necks were like the stems of redwood trees, and their embarrassed and unhappy eyes glanced piteously around a decorously staring room. "Fingy" was in his element. He loaded his nine dock tigers in taxicabs and took them to the pier to prolong the fare-taking they forgot to take leave. So that the ship sailed with them. And "Fingy," outraged by the fares he had to pay, refused to buy other clothes for them. So the nine, clad in evening clothes, fuming with rage, stalked the decks during the round trip, waiting—hoping—that some one would smile.

MEASLES.

Measles, which is causing anxiety to the authorities and pain to the students of Osborne college, is an ailment that has been sadly misjudged. For centuries—it is mentioned in Arabian writings as early as the tenth century—it was regarded (and treated) as a variety of smallpox, and when that fallacy was discovered it was generally confounded with scarlet fever. No race of the earth is immune from measles, for though some countries enjoy long periods of immunity the introduction of a single case is enough to cause an outbreak. In 1848, for instance, three-quarters of the population of the Faroe islands were infected from one case, and an even severer outbreak occurred in Fiji in 1875.—London Chronicle.

SILENCED.

"If see the women are going to wear mediæval costumes in that suffragette parade," remarked Mr. Wombat, pleasantly. "What are you going to wear, my dear?"

"My mediæval hat," said Mrs. Wombat, significantly.

And there were no further remarks.—Kansas City Journal.

BOSS, BUT—

"But you are boys in your own house, aren't you?"

"You bet I am."

"Well, then, if she ain't doin' like you want her to do call her down good and hard."

"I would, but the last time I went to work with a black eye and a swollen lip everyone gave me the bootery."