

REDFORD REALTY

MY HOBBY

Having bought and sold more real estate in Redford than any and all other concerns combined I feel confident that I can better supply the wants of investors than any one else.

My home is in Redford and my whole interest is centered in the town. Being the only real estate man thus situated it naturally follows that I am better posted than an agent or a salesman who only uses Redford property as a side line or a "pick-up."

As Redford agent for the valuable subdivision property owned by L. F. Knowles of Detroit including the beautiful Oak Grove plat on the south side of Grand River, the Redford Improvement Co. and the Hart Bros. subdivisions, known as the old fair ground, and the plat in the eastern part of the village, opposite the little three-cornered grove, known as the Willmarth Place subdivision, I am authorized by the owner to sell these lots to Redford people at the lowest price possible and to make the terms of payment just as easy as the buyers ask for. Anyone can buy a lot of me and make some money on the advance. I will personally guarantee that no contract for a lot purchased through me will be declared void for non payment in case of sickness or other misfortune. Consider these advantages and deal with the man who is here to protect your interests.

I also have a number of other pieces of property, including some houses, that are, in my opinion, genuine bargains. My office is now in the telephone building. Call and see me.

C. E. RAMSEY

REDFORD

FARMINGTON

LADY PEGGY'S RUSE

What Man Was There Ever Who Really Could Understand Woman?

By LYULPH LUMLEY.

In gloomy depths, in radiant lights, irritably restless, serenely happy, each by turn, but nothing for forty consecutive seconds. This was the condition of Arthur Deering, independent idler, sometime altruist, in his elaborately decorated and somewhat extravagantly furnished rooms.

He was oppressed and haunted by presence from which there was no escaping—the overwhelming, invisible presence of Peggy.

The things which gave off a reminiscent whiff of the Peggy perfume, the unsuspected and use which gave up the Peggy photograph—if you touched the right spring.

Of course, sooner or later, Peggy must "show." He hoped she would understand, but when he tried to recall her ability to grasp anything but the unrealities of a superficial existence he could not.

Peggy had experience. She had married a man of the world before he was twenty, and, rounded a good deal of the globe with this worldly man before his restless enthusiasm for the sea was ended in a fatal tragedy in the quiet Solent-waters. Married life for Peggy had lasted little more than a year.

Arthur sat for a long time trying to find the right road, but always wandering down a wrong turning. Then he rose, left his rooms, determined to grasp Fate as it came, and Fate sent him Peggy rolling up in a motor.

A white-gloved hand was waved to him as the car drew up. A rippling voice called out:

"Arthur! exactly who I want; come in and drive with me."

Arthur got in. For a moment he felt the Peggy atmosphere closing in upon him.

"Well, Peggy," he said, "what's the plot?"

"I was coming to drag you out. I want your advice—the very best."

Arthur tried to judge her tone. It sounded light—and careless.

"No, I'm not buying any more motors. I don't believe you give honest advice, Arthur. I believe you take commissions, yet I'm going to trust you again, where there's no chance of dishonesty, I hope."

Before he left his rooms Arthur had taken up the photograph across which was dashed the name of Eric. This was the moment at which he remembered slipping it into his pocket.

"I promise to be honest," he said. "It's about a letter," she went on, settling herself deeper against the cushions, "a girl's letter. Her name—no, I don't think I ought to tell you her name. She's an old friend. That ought to be enough."

"My girl, Arthur, wants the advice of some one who lives in the world. Her own world has four walls and a small paddock where she keeps chickens." Arthur felt his pulse beat quicker.

"For one of those foolish reasons which it's no use wise people preaching against, this girl has been losing her heart—the heart of a child you would say, Arthur, if you knew her."

"Now there's the man. She's afraid that he isn't quite the right sort of man, and of course that's one of the reasons why she loves him. There are things about him which have reached even the four walls. We won't say they've shocked the hens in the orchard."

Arthur sat up suddenly beside her. He was not sure what she meant, what she knew, or how far his own thoughts had worked themselves into her words.

"Lady Brenen," he began, but she put a hand on his sleeve and raised her eyebrows with an impatient little air of surprise.

"My dear boy, your turn hasn't come yet; you mustn't speak while you're being spoken to. Now what am I to say to her—I, only a woman! What advice ought I to give her, and I don't want to advise as a woman would. What do you think about the man, Arthur, what do you think she ought to do about this man, who might or might not be all her day-dreams would make him?"

"I think, Peggy, the man would make a fresh start; leave everything behind him; and forge ahead in a new way. You see, he'd have to; couldn't help himself."

"Is that what you would do your-

self, or what you would tell another man he ought to do?"

"It's simply what any right kind of man could and would do."

Arthur's countenance bore a solid air of conviction. He could say resolutely what he felt almost heroically.

"I see," she said, after a moment. "All men think alike about that sort of thing. After all, I need not have consulted you, Arthur. I might have inquired of one of the footmen or the more worldly moralist who drives the car."

Arthur's cheek turned a shade pale.

"Peggy, there was a reason?" he asked in a tone that carried a suggestion of grievance.

"I don't know one."

"Peggy, what is the use of discussing—"

"Disguising what?"

"The girl you spoke of—"

"You have only got to take her case."

Arthur felt his self-control ebbing, his sense of injury rising; he was being forced to a climax. His tone of voice became rather dramatic.

"Peggy, I understand. The girl—"

But before he got further Peggy leant quickly forward. He saw her snatch something from a rack full of letters and papers. It was a photograph. Arthur found himself staring at a face he had never seen before. He did not catch the expression which came over Peggy's features as she watched the blank surprise grow in his. When he looked up she was smiling.

"You haven't fallen in love with her?" she asked, glancing at the photograph critically.

"But Peggy, I thought—"

"I know," she broke in, laughingly, "you thought she'd be much more like innocence; but she gets her gowns from a worldly dressmaker, and I suppose we shall always appear to men a good deal as our frocks make us seem. But the heart of a child is there, Arthur. Is the man to take it out and spoil it? After all, I'll still take your advice; I still want it."

But no sense of relief came over Arthur. Manlike, perhaps it was disappointment that plucked him. Also, he was perplexed. If so young a man can look grim, he looked

grimly at Lady Brenen.

"And I still think the same," he said. "The man has a right to change his life if he can, and begin things over again, when he's sure of himself, when he knows he has got it in him to succeed."

The motor stopped before a tall house which was Lady Brenen's. Breaking into a laugh, she turned to Arthur.

"How absurd we've both been, but thank you, Arthur. I shall write and give her my advice—my second-hand advice."

The stood for a moment on the pavement. Then Lady Brenen held out her hand. "Shall I meet you for luncheon?"

For an imperceptible moment Arthur hesitated before he answered.

"Yes—rather—of course," he said with a clumsy effort.

With a smiling nod Lady Brenen turned and ran up the steps of her house. She went up straight to her own room. In her hand she still held the photograph at which Arthur had stared in dismay.

She moved towards a writing table on which there stood one empty oval frame. With slow fingers she slipped the portrait into its place.

It had been a simple ruse. Other girlish faces stared out of frames about the room. She might have chosen any one of them equally well. She had no photograph of Eric. Yet it was to Eric that she had sat down and written.

With springless tread Arthur Deering mounted the stairs and entered the room, which he had made a shrine to memories of Peggy.

His new hopes and ideals had gone from him. He had ceased to believe in himself; he could no longer argue for the cause of love on the plea that infatuation was dead. Peggy claimed him still.

She would never understand. There was no course for him now but to take the step which could end in happiness for neither, the step of duty toward the desolation of regret.

He drew the limp photograph from his pocket. Without daring to glance at it he tore it into fragments and threw them upon the fire.

Then, solemnly believing that he had no further joy in life, Arthur went out to wait for Peggy.

But Peggy never came.

WITHOUT "HELP" OF LAWYERS

People's Courts in Germany and Kansas From Which Legal Technicalities Are Barred.

Germany has a system of people's courts from which lawyers are barred. The object is to insure prompt and cheap justice for the poorer elements of the community. The procedure in these courts is businesslike and free from technicalities and red tape.

New Kansas has followed the example of Germany and established by law a system of lawyerless courts. City or county commissioners are empowered to appoint a judge for a debtor's court from which lawyers are excluded. The plaintiff must tell his own story, as must the defendant.

There are to be no technical pleas, and no legal jargon. The judge may call witnesses, examine them in his own way, or otherwise investigate the case. A few such laws and experiments as this may cause the average lawyer to take some interest in law reform, in the movement for efficiency, sanity, and simplicity in our courts of justice, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Business men, too, will take notice and ask why they, though not poor, should pay for delays, meaningless technicalities, verbiage and professional tricks, whether ethical or low. Law reform is waiting for the ax and Kansas has made a beginning.

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"Mr. Conductor," he called out in yawning accents, "could I speak to you a moment?"

"Certainly," answered the conductor, moving down the aisle, "what is it?"

"Do you really mean to say," returned the passenger in a voice that was almost a sigh, "that we have caught up to that cow again?"

RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, BUT—

Dr. Talcott Williams, the very successful head of Columbia's school for journalism, said the other day in New York:

"Newspapers should never steal from one another. If a paper copies a news item, an anecdote, or an editorial, it should give suitable credit always."

"Right, eminently right, at least in spirit, was that young Nolls Chuck editor, who copied in his paper a poem beginning 'Full fathoms five thy father lies,' and at the poem's end put these words of credit: 'William Shakespeare in the New Orleans States.'"

FOR CAMPERS.

Take a card of the largest size horse blanket pins. Ordinary blankets, doubled lengthwise, and pinned at the foot and up the side make as comfortable a sleeping bag as one could desire.

CAUGHT.

The Foolish One—Just wait! She'll catch her husband firing some day.

The Wise One—That's how she did catch him!—Puck.

SOUNDS LIKE MONEY.

"Here is a poem entitled, 'The Ballad of a Best Seller.'"

"How does it go?"

"It has a jingling sound."

FRIENDLY TIP.

"I wish I knew of some way to make myself solid with you."

"You can easily do that by not being so solid with yourself."

NO DECEPTION.

"Miss Jane looks daggers."

"Yes, and she's as sharp as she looks."