

## Additional Locals

Miss Ida Steele is spending the week with friends at Ypsilanti.

Mrs. Mary Sprague and Miss Electa Chilson are visiting relatives at Northville this week.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Mark Bachelor on last Saturday evening, a nine pound baby girl.

Mrs. J. A. Miller and Mrs. T. H. McGee attended the matinee at the Garrick Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. John Graham will entertain the North Farmington auxiliary at supper Tuesday, July 21st.

Mrs. Frank Bolger and children, who had been visiting relatives in Rochester, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Ella See and little son of Detroit are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Green, this week.

Frank German of near Birmingham was a visitor at the home of his daughter and husband, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Miller.

Dr. J. A. Miller local agent for the Buick car, announces the sale of a model 25, 5 passenger car to Lyman Bush.

Samuel Lamb returned last week from a few weeks' visit with his sons, Frank of Central Lake, and Fred of Cadillac.

Mrs. Chas. Schuett and daughters Ethel and Edna were over from Detroit Sunday and spent the day with relatives here.

Little Jeannette Heberling of Detroit has been spending the past few days at the home of her aunt, Mrs. W. P. Payne.

Several Farmington friends of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holmes of Novi, enjoyed short calls from them Sunday, they were on their way home from Detroit.

Miss Laura Davis, of Knowlesville, N. Y., who had been visiting the past few weeks with her nephew and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Irish, returned home Tuesday.

Several localities already have while others are planning taking in the Windsor races this week and next, several being on hand for the opening. The races continue for a week.

Mrs. A. L. Brannack and son Jack of Pontiac, the Misses Mabel and Mary Redman of Highland Park and Mrs. Anson Schibhat and son Floyd of Detroit were entertained Saturday at Mrs. Frank Steele's.

John Lapham has purchased a corner residence lot on Grand River Avenue from Mrs. Sarah Chamberlin, and expects to build a modern and commodious home thereon in the near future.

J. J. Webster left Wednesday morning for St. Paul, Minn., where he will appear as a witness in a case to be tried before the circuit court, he expects to be absent from the city for several days.

M. B. Pierce and family are enjoying a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wilber at Orchard Lake. Mr. Wilber, Mr. Pierce and son Edgar drive to and from the lake each day in Mr. Wilber's car.

Frank Walters had a little hard luck with a load of cheese which he was delivering to the freight office Monday afternoon, the wagon became cramped, and finally tipped over. The wreckage was shortly righted, with only a small amount of damage.

Invitations have been issued for the formal opening of the Herman Czenkush cottage at Walled Lake one day the latter part of this month. Numerous guests from all over the county are expected to attend. The event will open in the afternoon and continue through the evening.

The house formerly owned by Fred M. Warner, and for the past nine years occupied by Perry Prendall has been purchased by Frank McDermott, who will take possession within a few days. Mr. Prendall has rented one of Frank White's house and expects to remove thereto next week.

The D. U. R. has sent for their tax schedule which has been forwarded to them, and the payment of which will add a considerable

sum to the village coffers. Other taxes are coming on nicely now, several of the heavier village taxpayers having made their payments, as well as numerous of the smaller ones.

## Danish Musical Club

The Epworth League Society of the M. E. Church has secured the Danish Musical Club for an engagement at the church on Wednesday evening, July 22nd. The admission price of 25c for adults and 15c for children, is low enough to insure a big attendance.

The company comes here highly recommended and is composed of Theodore Peterson and his two daughters, Misses Alvina and Gladys, and Miss Maude Heath, pianist. The program to be rendered includes instrumental quartettes, trios, duets, and vocal duets.

The League is considering itself fortunate in being enabled to secure the company for a Farmington engagement.

## Farmington Guild Meets.

The Farmington Guild met at the town hall last Monday evening, and after conducting the regular monthly business meeting, elected and initiated five new members.

The membership continues to grow and with the advent of colder weather, a busy and active campaign is to be mapped out and carried on.

Following the initiation, a social evening was enjoyed, games of various kinds being indulged in, and followed by light refreshments and music. The attendance was slightly curtailed by the inclemency of the weather, but a good time was enjoyed by all in attendance.

## Division of Labor.

While it takes 40 persons to make a washboard, 120 to make a shoe somewhere between fifty and sixty to construct a corset, a score or more to manufacture a single pair of shoes, and equal numbers to produce other simple articles in daily use, the task of proportioning to the worker a fair wage for his or her exertions is not so simple a matter as some would have us believe. But a fair division would be a much easier problem to solve were each worker placed on an equality in bargaining.

## Use for Lily Leaves.

A powder made from the leaves of water lilies is successful in making various fabrics waterproof. The inventor of the powder, noticing that water was not absorbed when it fell on the leaves, but slid off, conceived the idea that the same substance which made the lily leaf waterproof might be used in connection with fabrics. The powder from the leaves is mixed with water, and the process consists in immersing the fabric in this mixture.

## Bonstelle Stock Company

The Temperamental Jockey," which Miss Bonstelle will offer Garrick Theatre Detroit, patrons next week, has never been presented in this city. It was produced under the direction of David Belasco and for two weeks drew good sized audiences at the Belasco Theatre, New York, and later ran for five weeks at the Republic. However, the road tour was not a pronounced success. The piece is an adaptation from the French, by Leo Dietrichstein and was originally produced in this country in San Francisco by the author, supported by the Alcazar Stock Company.

The play is written in a delightful humor and the keynote might be given in the fact that the artist, the sculptor, the painter, the writer may live after his own life through his works and the people may enjoy and remember him. The story is that of an artist, with a shrew for a wife. In a moment of despondency he decides to take his life, but contact with the cold water changes his mental and physical desires—he swims, enjoys it and emerges from the water and goes to Hailford. Returning at the end of two weeks, he has no recollection of his funeral; another has been identified as him. His fame as an artist is made and he finds his wife untrue. He goes to Paris, selling his own works as those of a dead man. He finds fame and fortune and incidentally there comes into his life a girl who has been true and faithful, loving in silence and awaiting the edict of Father Time.

Gertrude Cline will be seen as the artist; Lynn Pratt has an interesting comedy part as the artist's friend, and Leonard Von Ottinger as the shrewish wife, as an admirable opportunity. Miss Bonstelle will assume the romantic role and the other members of the company will be offered interesting opportunities. There will be the usual stock matinees on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

## BURYING THE PAST

By WALTER JOSEPH DELANEY.

Hal Barrett of the mounted police of the Canadian Northwest sat on the sandy reach of the river above behind the small log cabin he had designated as "Mile Post 24" of the Bully Shoop district.

Beside him was a narrow burrowed hole in the dirt, and he himself had dug it. There were three emotions depicted on his bronzed handsome face, as he removed from the inside of his khaki coat an old worn wallet—recklessness, determination, despair.

"The old life lost, never to be regained," he said solemnly, as he drew from the wallet some letters, the last he had received from his home folks back in the states. "I am dead to all the old friends, so—there goes!"

He dropped the letters into the trench he had dug. They bore not the name he had resolved to adopt, but his own name, his true name, Gerald Pierce.

Then slowly he took from his breast a little packet. It was contained in tissue paper, and as he opened it the fading perfume of dead rose leaves swept his face, and the photograph upon which they lay, bearing the name "Beulah," smiled up at him. Only for a moment, however. His cheek flushed, then paled, his glance heightened then died down to the rugged endurance of secret pain.

"I have no right to hope!" he whispered blankly. "I failed miserably and abhor myself. Heaven send her a better man!"

He began pushing the sand over these mementoes of a past life and a past love, as if anxious to forever hide them from his sight. Then slowly, with a whimper smile, he built up the heaping dirt mounds, with the words: "Sacred to the memory of the man who couldn't make good!"

The past he had buried embraced three years of wild, adventurous roving. At his home village his reckless career had estranged him from a fond relative, his dead mother's brother. Then had come the worthless, wasted days of the far West. He had been the daring spirit of many a mushroom mining camp. He had caroused long



"I Take You—But You Pay Me!"

and deeply. Then Canada—and love, and he had seen a new light under the southern influence of Beulah.

Honest, told, decent companions, ambition to excel had come to him. Then one evil day, at a farmers' gathering, he had been tempted back to the racy cup. There had been a great broil and arrest. When he awoke in a prison cell he realized how false he had been to his sacred pledge to Beulah, never to touch strong drink again.

He had written her a tear-blurred note releasing her from all future interest in his unworthy self. Heart-broken, spiritless, he had dashed into the wilderness. To the farthest edge of civilization he had penetrated. He had changed his name. Morose, unsocial, he chummed with nobody, and kept away from drink because it had parted him from Beulah.

One day his fine face and athletic frame had struck the eye of an officer in the mounted police. The official made overtures to him, and the man who sought only to bury himself far from the maddening crowd, accepted the post at which his true courage would never fail or quail.

He made only one restriction: that he be placed at the remotest post in the service, and thus he came about the isolation at Mile Post 24.

"Here to live and die," he told himself and the forest solitude. "The sooner the bullet of some vicious desperado or revengeful Indian meets me, the better!"

So he had entombed his past and his identity. He returned from that solemn, sacrilegious ceremony to resume his duties, a dangerous man to trifle with.

The discipline of the post embraced a daily tour of a district 35 miles wide. That was one lonely task to guard. It was the next morning that he espied a figure tottering up the rugged mountain path. As it neared him he made out a wiry, tarret-faced half-breed.

"What is it?" he challenged as the man halted ten feet away from the cabin, and his gaze fell on the

vanced upon the visitor, felt over his clothing, found no weapons, and motioned him toward the cabin with the grudging words:

"Hungry, I suppose?"

"Yes—here," grinned the Indian. "Then I tell you something. It is Red Roger."

"What of him?" demanded Gerald, snurring up magically, for the name was that of a fugitive desperado long sought for and for whose capture a great reward was offered.

"I'll tell him," retorted Gerald indignantly. "What do you mean?"

"I take you—both you pay me."

"Yes, half the reward," agreed Gerald readily.

"We go on foot. He is sick, but you know him a bad man. Give me a pistol, too. Then, if we fight, I help."

Gerald left his visitor at his will. Then he went to his chest and selected an extra revolver. A sudden thought, a suspicion, a repugnance towards the treacherous class the half-breed represented, caused him to reject. Finally, however, he handed the weapon to his visitor. The eyes of the latter glowed as he placed it into his coat.

It was after an hour of rough piloting that the half-breed neared an old shack, moved open its door, and revealed a man lying on a heap of skins. He gave Gerald a push, and came a rapid, startling sensation. The half-breed had flung the revolver Gerald had given him directly into the lap of the recumbent man. Quick as a flash the outlaw, for, at once Gerald recognized him, leveled the revolver at his head.

"Hands up!" he ordered, and Gerald obeyed. "You know me. It is to see me crippled, dying, that you find the cursed mounted police have come here. It is this wretched half-breed I have bribed to snare you hither, that I may wipe out my hatred of those who have hunted me to this, with one sure shot!"

"Snap!"

"The weapon is empty—I saw to that," pronounced Gerald calmly, producing his weapon, and then with a yell the half-breed dashed for the door and away as he saw his scheme upset.

Within ten minutes the frantic, carrying outlaw was handcuffed and bodily carried by Gerald to the station. Within an hour, propped across the saddle, he was being borne toward Montreal.

There came to Gerald a temptation on that long, tiresome journey over the hills. The outlaw had a bottle of liquor in his pocket. To revive him, Gerald was forced to give him more than one draught. The smell of the liquor at times set his brain on fire, but he defied the diabolical temptation and reached Montreal.

He lay told Gerald there that he would be relieved of duty to proceed with the captive to Kingston, where he must be tried. Along the way nothing but praise for his success in finding the clever criminal who had outwitted the entire force for months greeted Gerald.

It was at Kingston that the newspapers made of him a hero. It was at Kingston that a letter awaited him, announcing that his uncle, dying, had left him nearly all of his fortune.

One day he met Beulah face to face upon the street. He could not help it—Gerald broke down utterly, to blurt out his wretched story. There was real penitence in his humid eyes and only sorrow and love in those of Beulah.

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Work for Science to Do.

If we science teachers wish to avert a humiliating catastrophe, there is but one thing to do: go to work and develop an efficient industrial science in the schools. This is the only thing that will satisfy the present demand of the public and convert the schools of a mechanized age into educational institutions that will turn out pupils competent to understand and to cope with this age of machines. For machines are one of the products of science, and if they have caused misery and slavery among workmen and have reduced human beings to machines, it is because they have been owned and manipulated by men who did not possess the scientific spirit. Machines are bound to master and to control men who try to manage them with words or with the ideals of the past machineless age. Only men with the true scientific spirit are able to understand the real meaning of machines and to use their power for the uplift of humanity. Only men with the sacred faith can ever hope to master and to control them permanently.—Prof. C. R. Mann, in Science.

How Many Diseases Are "Cured?"

"What is a cure?" asks the editor of the Lancet, in reproving doctors for the loose way in which they use the word. "Nothing ever gets completely well" is an aphorism of a great medical philosopher.

Only when the cause of a disease condition has been removed, its effects neutralized and the organism protected against its activities in the future, have we the right to speak of the "cure" of the patient. It is the editor's opinion. Immunity conferred by such a cure, he says, may be only temporary. "Where a disease process is only limited or shut off, but further spread prevented, while the causal agent remains, there should be a speak of arrest, but not of cure. Where grave organic damage has occurred and function has been restored by vigorous activities we should speak of the result as one of repair or compensation."—Chepman, London.

## THE UNDISCOVERED

By GLADYS HALL.

"Every man," stated Blake convincingly, "every normal human man has had some romance in his life, at some time or other, of some kind."

A mild grunt from the three men met this statement, and each gazed into the grate with a curious softened expression.

"Some of us," vouchsafed Ford a bit grimly, "have something more than mere romance, which always seems somewhat intangible to me—moonlight and summer nights, and the frivolity of things."

"Yes, but we men forget easily," interrupted Davis, checking himself, promised to be a valuable discourse on the philosophy of romance as interpreted by Ford—"It's the women who feel the iron in their souls, and who live on and love on, and die with the wonder of it undiscovered."

"Quite true," remarked Deming, who had hitherto been silent and abstracted; "and I will tell you of just such a case."

Somehow all present felt that something was forthcoming.

"Dogs," he continued quietly and with an odd depth to his voice, "we've been good pals, all of us, and I alone have been reticent and secretive—now I'm going to show my hand."

"When I was twenty-five I was rather unlike most men at the same age. My life had been, and was, composed of outdoor sports, and getting ahead in my father's business—making good the name he had left me."

"Women to me simply did not exist. Just about then came my one serious illness—typhoid—and I was treated by a nurse and a specialist, and vile treatment, and all that, and finally a tedious convalescence, brightened only by the unobtrusive but untiring attentions of my housekeeper."

"One day when I was learning the use of my limbs again, I was sauntering about the house, and in the library I chanced upon a book left there. Presumably the housekeeper had been reading it."

"The book contained some closely written sheets of paper, and how I came to read something not for my eyes I shall never know, but read them I did. It is that letter that makes the love of a woman forever impossible for me. I carry it with me always," his hand rose tentatively to his breast pocket. "That letter," he resumed, "held bare a woman's soul—the very quintessence of womanhood—all the fierce tenderness, the sublime unselfishness, the glorious self-sacrifice of the love of a woman for the undeserving man. As I read I knew that the writer of that letter was the one woman in the world for me."

"And I felt, for the first time in my egotistical, self-sufficient career, a strange doubt, a curious abasement. 'The following week I was to depart south further to recuperate, and you may believe my departure was a reluctant one.'

"In the interval my housekeeper was slightly indisposed with what eventually developed into typhoid, and she must have felt some slight alarm at my assiduous attentions and delightful affability. I was positively amorous with my floral donations."

"Well, as I say, I went south, and had been gone nearly a month when I was called home by a telegram, saying that my housekeeper had contracted typhoid and had died. As she seemed to have no one to make the necessary arrangements, would I come at once and attend to things myself?"

Deming paused, and selected a fresh cigar with punctilious care. "I arrived home," he resumed, "and found that the old doctor had done everything, and that the funeral was that night. I disliked death as being morbid, and therefore an undesirable morbid in my thoroughly well-balanced makeup."

"However, I decided to go in and pay my last respects to one who had served me well. She looked quiet and quite at peace. Around her throat was a strand of gold chain with a medallion attached. Careless hands had laid it wrong side up, and I bent over her and turned it over."

The clear glowed fiercely red for an instant, then Deming said very low:

"My picture was in it, and underneath the name and the date in her handwriting."

"That's all, boys. All night I sat gazing at that woman who had lived in my house for seven years, on whom I had bestowed some brief snapshots of conversation or an occasional appreciative gift; this woman I loved too late, whom I might never touch—who would have thought that she had lived and loved and suffered, and by God's mercy I should too. Next morning—they took her away."

A long, vibrant silence followed. Then the boys departed quietly.

## Redford Items From the Record

Mr. Humbert is quite rapidly recovering from his serious illness.

Mrs. Northrup took a party of ladies to Walled Lake Friday for the afternoon.

The storm of the first of the week raised havoc with the telephone service.

Several of our local lovers of horses skipped to Canada this week—the Windsor races, you know.

Chissus Bros. have been working on the basement walls of the new Dallavo bungalow this week.

Asa Lyon, the Plymouth monument dealer, was in Redford Tuesday on business.

Another new house is being built back in the grove on Oak Grove subdivision.

The new brick residence built by Herman Groth on Redford Gardens appears to be nearly completed.

Postmaster Tom McGee was at the ball game in Redford last Saturday. If you don't believe it ask him.

You can forget to eat your dinner or even to kiss your wife, but by no means forget to vote for water.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorn, with Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff for guests, spent Friday of last week at their cottage at Walled Lake.

Last Thursday evening quite a number of the O. E. S. ladies attended a chapter meeting at Dearborn.

The Redford Bridge Company sold two bridges last week, one in Springwells and another at Northville.

Mrs. Chas. Knowles is recovering as rapidly as could be expected. She underwent at Harper Hospital last week.

The Misses Duboise gave a reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Techmeier Monday evening. A pleasant time was spent.

The long stretch of new cement sidewalk on the A. L. Lamphere subdivision adds materially to the appearance of that section of the village.

The M. B. Burrows crew of sidewalk builders have built stretches of walk on South Laber Ave., South Hartford Ave. and on Grand River Avenue.

The effort to get water at the school house has not been successful as yet. After going down nearly two hundred feet a start has been made in another spot.

It is reported that the D. U. R. will settle for the damage to the Frank Walfram touring car that was recently smashed at the Fourth Gate Crossing.

Insufficient sidetrack facilities in the D. U. R. yards are seriously hampering the receipt and unloading of carloads of building material. Many cars are held on the Pere Marquette siding at Greenfield for days because there is no room for them in the Redford yards.

Mrs. L. E. Davison and Mrs. L. J. Davidson left last week for a prolonged visit to Angola and Antwerp, N. Y. Mrs. L. J. Davidson has a twin brother living at Antwerp, whom she has not seen for some years. A big time is promised upon her arrival. She also has a daughter living at Angola, where she will visit for a while.

We don't want to alarm anybody unduly. But the fact is that probably a good portion of the citizens of Redford are drinking little worms and dead toads. Every little while some one cleans out a well and brings to view a horrible mess. This condition will always be with us until we get water—from some source besides shallow wells.

J. A. Price, editor of the Farmington Enterprise, was the most enthusiastic fan among the Farmington visitors at last Saturday's ball game. However, even his voice grew weaker as the game progressed, and along about the seventh period he was obliged to give up the job and was soon down town watching the street car tracks for a west bound car.