

IN GOOD TIMES

Oh, yes! The sky is usually bright and things, generally, look rosy in good times.

But, too often, we forget that good times are not permanent. They are not like death and taxes - always with us.

In good times, it is well to look ahead and prepare for those times that may not be quite so good; to conserve our energies and our earnings to the end that, though times, generally, may not, in some future day, be good, no time will find us unprepared.

A savings account is the best of all guarantees against the times that are not so good. Start it now.

Peoples
State Bank of Farmington
The Bank Good Service is Building
Farmington, Michigan

MOVIES
TUESDAY — 7:30 P. M.
Douglas Fairbanks in
"WHEN THE CLOUDS ROLL BY"
Methodist Community Hall

Local News

Mrs. Charles Halsted is on the sick list this week.

Joseph Greer suffered a stroke of paralysis this week.

Miss Lydia Tapio spent the week-end with her sister in Detroit.

Alex Keith and son Steven, attended the Auto Show at Detroit Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Fry of Northville, spent Sunday at the Lapham Fry home.

Miss Marion Hood of Detroit, spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Heaney.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Hatten attended the Auto Show at Detroit Tuesday afternoon.

William Hart sold a Hupmobile sedan to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Staman this week.

Mrs. Nina Gees and Mrs. Emma Hiles were Northville callers the last of the week.

Marion Pangborn spent last week with her aunt, Mrs. Ralph Bailey at Royal Oak.

The O. E. S. will give an old time party at the town hall, Friday evening, February 15th.

Arlene Crowley of Redford, spent Wednesday night with Frances Teagan at Clarenceville.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hewitt of Detroit, were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Green.

Murray Moore and Marl Murray of Lansing, spent the week-end with Harry Moore and family.

Mrs. F. H. Orsborn of Detroit, spent last week, Thursday with Mrs. G. H. Riddle and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe DeVriendt and children are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Doyr Catherman.

Herman Voss returned from Harper hospital Thursday and is doing nicely after an operation.

Velma Teagan spent Saturday with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Teagan, in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter French and her mother, Mrs. John Band, spent Sunday with Ernest Drake and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deer of Novi, took dinner Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Charles Perry and family.

Evangeline Bradley of Detroit, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradley.

Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Beresford spent Monday in Pontiac, as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Branlock.

Miss Jessie Farmer, dietitian in a hospital at Utica, N. Y., visited her brother, Ernest and wife Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Frantz and Mrs. Matthews of Detroit, spent Sunday with Clyde McDermott and Minnie Toomey.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lee of Plymouth, were Saturday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Chilson.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Harger were in Pontiac Wednesday forenoon and in the afternoon they attended the Auto Show at Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Adams and son Harry, called on Mrs. Nauman and Mrs. William Herbst at Detroit Sunday afternoon.

Raymond, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cox, who has been very ill with pneumonia, is gaining and is able to sit up a short time each day.

Miss Frances Teagan accompanied the girls scouts of Redford and their captain, Miss Hobson, to Detroit Saturday, where they visited the Art museum.

Mrs. John Hess spent Friday and Saturday with her sister, Mrs. John Koch and family at Detroit. She also attended the funeral of a friend while there.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Harger expect to start for Chicago Friday, where they will visit her sister who will leave for the south shortly for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. Caroline Spaller and daughter Mrs. John Lockwood of Northville, Walter Spaller and family and Paul Spaller of Detroit, visited Mr. and Mrs. Sam Turner and family Sunday.

The new cashier of the Peoples State Bank, John Fitzpatrick and family will occupy the Charles Ely home this winter; and Mr. and Mrs. Ely will remain at Northville at the home of his son Carl.

A Case of Dual Personality

By EDWARD LEVINE
(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

"HOW long have you been living here, Mary?" asked Henderson.

"Why, nearly three years, dear—ever since our marriage," answered his wife. "You're not tired of it, are you?"

"No, indeed. It's the nicest home I've ever had," answered Henderson. He stooped and kissed the little girl who came toddling into the room, put on his hat and went down to the bank, where he was employed.

Henderson had been pumping his wife craftily for days. The fact was he had awakened one morning with utter ignorance of who she was, or anything that had happened to him. He remembered that he was employed in the bank; he knew his acquaintances—that was all. Three years before he had stood at Mary's side and pledged his vows to her. Before that nothing. How he came to be there—nothing. The past was a complete blank to him. And because he would not for the world hurt the little woman who loved and trusted him, he had been working very carefully and methodically to learn the truth. He had discovered his name from an old letter. And very mistily he was beginning to remember events of the three past years. But before then—oblivion!

Stark oblivion! That was what frightened him so. He was intelligent enough to know that it was a case of dual personality. He had discovered that he was considerably forgetful and absent-minded, so it was possible to hide the truth from his wife while making his investigations. And, most fortunately, the one thing that did pierce was a chronic memory of business matters at the bank.

"Morning, Henderson. I see they're going to vote Jackson into the Hall of Fame," said one of his associates at the bank.

"Jackson?"

"Why, the famous novelist. You've read Jackson's books?"

"Never heard of him. I don't take any interest in literature," said Henderson as he took off his coat.

He could not endure literature; the newspaper, he always said, was enough for him.

"You're a queer cuss not to have heard of Jackson," replied his friend. "Why, he was the greatest popular writer when he died, five years ago."

"So he's dead, eh?"

"Yes. Disappeared. Body found in the woods six months later supposed to have been his. Though he was never absolutely identified. But Jackson's dead all right. Funny thing, he was born not far from here. Here's his picture in the paper. Looks something like you'd look, Henderson, if you let your hair grow long."

Henderson took the paper and gave a mechanical glance at it. And in that instant he knew.

He was Jackson, and everything came back with a rush, flooding his consciousness. Those years of popular novel-writing, his hatred of the slavery imposed upon him by the public demand, his resolution to be rid of a task that was becoming more and more difficult. The impossibility of writing any more of his foolish plots. His weariness of life. Then that night he wandered away into the woods, feeling that an unbearable crisis had come upon him.

And then—the sudden stark oblivion.

And a great flood of happiness welled up in his heart as he remembered that as Jackson he had been unmarried.

Thank God, he could keep Mary. He could go home with a quiet heart.

Even though he was harassed with debts, though Mary and he so longed to buy their little house and have their own home. Then the things they needed. . . .

"Does look like me," he admitted. "I wish I could make the money this guy must have made."

"Money?" exclaimed the other. "Say, did you read that? There's a hundred thousand dollars Jackson left, still lying in the bank unclaimed, because he left no relations."

"That so?" said Henderson.

He smiled as he went into the cashier's cage. For he knew that he must be altogether Henderson, the plodding bank clerk, or altogether Jackson, the harassed popular writer, selling his soul and hating it. And that left him no alternative.

Destitute.

Two tramps met at the local tavern at the end of a long and unsuccessful day's begging. Both were tired and hungry, and gazed with longing eyes at their empty glasses.

"Didn't you make anything, Bill?" inquired one. "What about that house I saw you looking at—the big one with the open window?"

"Didn't trouble to ask," was the reply. "I looked in at the window and saw two girls playing on one piano, so I guessed they was too poor for me to worry!"

Chasing the Turtle.

Farmer Geeshav's hired man was very slow, a toffee upon which the old gentleman was wont to commiserate. One afternoon the worthy agriculturist came in from the yard and began to rattle the pots and pans in the kitchen.

"What is it, paw?"

"The hired man—"

"Yes, yes. What's he up to?"

"He's chasing a turtle, paw. If he catches it, we'll have turtle soup for supper. I think he's gaining."

Remember Friends--

That a good diet for this cool weather is a good dish of hot soup—we have most all varieties at 10¢ per can.

We also have some nice Sweet Potatoes that will just suit your taste.

Some of those nice red Apples you will find ready for apple sauce and pies—So Remember!

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NOTICE!

We still have four Grand River Ave., unrestricted business lots in Brookdale Subdivision that can be bought for \$20 per foot with 10 per cent down, and three Grand River Ave. business lots in the Pickett Subdivision that can be bought for \$25 per foot with 10 per cent down.

These are the original Subdivision prices and terms and we believe their value will treble within three years. Already Frontage up-town and at the Junction is held at prices ranging from 19 to 20 times as much.

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Single Admission—50c - 25c

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REDFORD, 17702 N. Lahser Ave. PHONE 76

LOCAL NEWS

Howard Staman purchases the dwelling now being erected by F. D. Fleming on Brookdale Drive. The building is nearing completion and will make an attractive and well arranged home.

The baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. James Tolman, who has been ill the past three weeks, is improving.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Forest Green on Thursday, Jan. 17, a little daughter, Elaine Augusta. Mrs. Green is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Morris, and lives at Pleasant Lake. Mrs. Morris is caring for her.

Friday evening as Mrs. Willard Adams of the Junction, was leaving the house she slipped on the ice and fell, breaking her right arm just below the shoulder. Mrs. Dave Woodruff is caring for her and as far as can be determined at the present time, she is getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Gitzel spent Sunday (Mrs. Gitzel's birthday anniversary) with an aunt, Mrs. Hiram Meyers and husband at Birmingham. Mrs. Meyers is 76 years old and has been totally blind for about five years; her husband is 90 years of age, but is able to care for his wife.

B

Says Little Ampere: "Get rid of those sizzling, frying battery noises. A set of Willard Rechargeable B Batteries will cut them out."

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