

CLARENCEVILLE Mrs. Fred Menke, Correspondent

Fred Jorgenson and family spent Sunday with S. Sorenson of Detroit. Mrs. A. Tabor and Mrs. Sara Kent Wilson spent the week end at Caro, Mich. Mrs. E. White and son Edward of Detroit spent Monday with her son, Wm. White.

Mrs. Helen Gray spent Wednesday in Detroit the guest of Mrs. Charles Stuckey.

Eber Lederworth and family of Detroit spent Sunday at the Wildard Campbell home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waack of Byron, Mich., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Speck.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rea of Freeland avenue were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Menke, Friday.

Mrs. Ace Crim and Mrs. O. Jensen spent Friday in Royal Oak the guests of Mrs. Darwin Wycoff.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Jensen and grandson Donald Rogers spent Sunday at the home of L. B. Fulkerson of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Rogers spent Sunday in Detroit the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Ives and Fank Shuttleworth.

Miss Cherryblossom, musical comedy, will be given at the Tri-Township Hall Thursday, May 26, by the High School Glee Club.

The High School orchestra will make its first appearance at the music memory contest concert May 20. They will also play for "Miss Cherryblossom."

The Blue Bird Club met at the home of Mrs. R. Preine of Five Points Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Charles Rogers won the first prize; Mrs. Krieng second prize, and Mrs. Cotter of Northville received the consolation prize.

About 35 friends from Detroit, Farmington, Clarenceville and Royal Oak very pleasantly surprised Charles Dumas at his home in Bungalow Hill Saturday.

The evening was spent playing games and dancing. A bountiful lunch was enjoyed.

A number of students attended the debate in Ann Arbor Friday, accompanied by Mr. A. A. Kaldor. About 20 went to Fernalde with Mr. Warner and Kaldor Saturday to the Junior High Field meet. Fred Ferris returned with a ribbon.

The quarterly conference will be held Monday, May 23 at the Clarenceville M. E. Church at 8 o'clock. All officers of the church and various church organizations also members of all interested are urged to attend as important church business will be taken up.

The first Mother and Daughter banquet given by the Edgewood Rebekah Lodge Sewing Circle

proved a success in every way. Mrs. Elizabeth Norris acted as toastmistress, Mrs. Lida Millens as chaplain, Mrs. Parmenter gave a toast to the daughters, Miss Jean Chamberlain, a toast to the mothers. Mrs. Norman Cook and daughter Vera gave a delightful piano duet, Mrs. L. Dowsett a solo and Mrs. Wallis and Mrs. Smith a vocal duet, also a solo by Patsy Collins. The Rev. Guillen gave a short talk about mothers which was greatly enjoyed by all.

Scientists now claim that the apes sing to each other. After listening in on some of the radio programs we are convinced that not all of them are hanging from a tree in the jungle either.

Remember, when you wash artificial silk or rayon underwear that it is much weaker when wet. Launder it very carefully in lukewarm water, with soapsuds, of neutral soap. Squeeze the garments—don't rub them—and rinse repeatedly until clean. Rough finger nails or rings tear artificial silk very easily. Never use clothespins when hanging these garments up. Just hang them carefully over a line. Iron with a medium-hot iron, never a very hot one.

Teacher—"If there were six sheep in a field and one jumped over the fence, how many would be left?"

Farmer Boy—"None."

Teacher—"Do you mean to say that if there were only one out of six sheep jumped the fence there wouldn't be any left?"

Farmer Boy—"Teacher, you may know arithmetic but you don't know sheep."

Barnyards Cleaned Up



Corn stalks in barnyards and feed lots as well as in fields are being cleaned up to get the last berry.

Making Love to Mademoiselle

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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CLARKE BIFFINGTON was doing about forty an hour on the stretch of road which runs from Quebec to Montreal.

"Heck!" he grumbled, gliding the car deftly between a bus and a hayrick. "This is a healthy way of enjoying the scenery—all by one's lonesome in a place where everyone speaks French, and not the sort of French you learned in college either. What I would like—"

On an unexpected curve, the roadster swerved to the soft shoulder, sleeted, balanced, then turned over into a bit of meadow three feet lower than the built-up road. When Clarke woke to a real cognizance of his surroundings, he was lying on a very high, very comfortable bed. On the walls were strange pictures and about the room was unfamiliar furniture. An old woman in a black dress that reached to the floor stood measuring something out of a bottle into a spoon.

Febly, he recalled what had occurred and stared slightly.

At once the old woman came over and laid a wrinkled hand on his forehead. "Pauvre garcon!" she murmured. "Pauvre garcon!"

The following morning when Monsieur le docteur, who could speak broken English, arrived, Clarke was able to get a light on his present situation. He learned that his spill had given him, along with lesser injuries, a fractured thigh. That it had been thought the long ambulance ride to the hospital at Three Rivers would be too much for him.

The doctor praised Madame Vadna's as a nurse "superbe." Afterwards, Clarke lay thinking over his plight. Four hundred miles from home in what was, to all intents and purposes a foreign country. What should he do? Weakness made him homesick and his eyes filled with tears.

At that moment, the door opened gently. Hastily blinking back the tears, Clarke turned his head, expecting to see Madame Vadna, the nurse "superbe," who was, his instinct told him, the tall old lady in black. But it was not Madame Vadna.

The person who had come in was young and slender and beautiful. "Bon jour, mademoiselle!" said Clarke, wishing he could rise and bow.

She answered him in French and she had to repeat what she said not once but several times before he understood it. He sighed to think that between himself and this enchanting girl, whom he took to be one of Madame Vadna's several granddaughters, communication must be as tedious and limited as one-way traffic.

In the days that followed, he grew fond of the whole Vadna family, from the grandmother, who nursed him, down to the several small children. There were two other young girls besides the blue-eyed Marie, but it was Marie whom he came very nearly to worship.

Each day she visited him, and each day he sought to understand her better. Sometimes old Madame Vadna's joined them and all three got considerable fun out of his attempts at the language.

The weeks passed quickly. It was with mingled feelings that he took his first walk from the small green-shuttered house out to a bench in the sun. It was pleasant to smell the fragrance of cut hay, to look across the narrow strips of fenced fields stretching down to the river, to catch the gold gleam of a church dome towering above the village on the other side, knowing that many miles beyond lay the home to which he would be at last able to return.

But when he thought of Marie a strange ache troubled him. He knew that he had come to love her. He knew, also, that American men had married French girls and found happiness.

When he saw her coming toward him with a little smile on her face as if she cherished a secret joy, he fang any apprehension he might have felt to the wind.

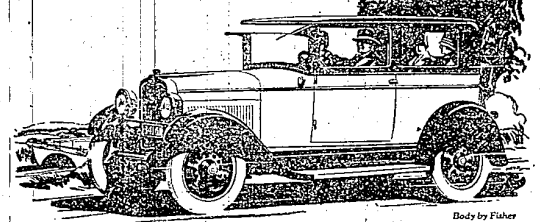
"Marie," he began, rising somewhat unsteadily to meet her, "vous etes la—la—plus—Oh, hang it, if I could only tell her I love her in good plain English!"

From beneath curling lashes Marie looked up at him oddly. "Why don't you try?" she asked in plain English. Clarke was too dazed to speak then. "What—why?" he stammered.

"Marie—" "Actually, I am Mary-Leonard," said the girl. "A native of beautiful old Stockbridge. I roomed with Berthe Vadna at the convent in Montreal and was visiting her when you had your accident. You took me for one of the family, and it seemed best to leave it that way and have the rest do so. The Vadnas would have felt continually shut out, if they knew we had so much in common. "Besides," she said, laughing, "you know the strictness of French chaperonage. They would never have felt quite pure of the discreetness of our conversation. And now, if you have forgiven me, just what"—and here she blushed adorably, "were you about to say?"

Renewed strength flowed into Clarke's veins, as he drew her to him. "Je t'aime!" he said tenderly. "My darling!"

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