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SOCIETY

The Famous Obb Necklace

By SALLIE E. ROSS

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Mr. and Mrs. Frank and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shotwell of Obbow Lake, were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Keith.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Turner left Wednesday evening to attend the funeral services of Mr. Turner's brother, Sam Turner at Chatham.

Mrs. John H. Johnson is confined to her bed this week.

Mrs. T. A. McGee spent Thursday in Pontiac with Mrs. A. McGee, who is spending the winter with her son, Clinton McGee.

Mrs. J. C. Clark of Detroit attended the Exchange Club dinner Wednesday.

Officers and members of the Trinity Shrine U. D. of White Shrine of Jerusalem will have a net back supper at 6:30 on Thursday January 26 at their hall in Northville.

A baby girl was born January 10 to Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Pratt.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Caswell of Clarkston spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Amy Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Caswell and Mrs. Amy Perry and family and Oscar Dahlen were Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. David Coynt of Detroit.

Miss G. A. Switzer entertained guests from Walkerton, Can., Sunday.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller Sunday, January 15.

Billy Russell, small son of Mr. and Mrs. Olin Russell is much improved this week.

Mrs. T. T. Crook of Orchard Lake road, northward of Orchard Wednesday, where she will stay three weeks.

Groupe Number Two of the W. H. M. S. will meet with Mrs. Arthur Lamb January 24 at 2 p. m.

Mrs. Hannah Waters and her son, Judd Waters and wife, visited Mrs. S. W. Fuller at the Frank Lee home on Farmington road, Saturday afternoon.

The new model 47 S Buick with wire wheels may be seen at the Buick Sales and Service on Grand River avenue. This model will be in Farmington for one week only.

Mr. and Mrs. Ortholo Miller of Redford were Wednesday dinner guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Miller.

Charles Spaller, Edward Quinn of Farmington and Edward Reinas of Plymouth, returned last Saturday from a week's hunting trip up north.

Mildred Garval of Detroit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Riddle.

C. H. Riddle spent several days this week at East Tawas on business.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Slocum entertained a Sunday evening dinner, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wilber and Miss Catherine Sprague.

Mrs. Edgar Pierce, Mrs. W. W. Slocum, Mrs. Harley Warner and Mrs. Howard Warner attended a luncheon and bridge party in Detroit on Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Shiell with son and daughter attended the morning and afternoon sessions at the Michigan State College where Frederick Shiell is a student.

Clyde Seeley, township highway commissioner attended the convention of road men held at Cleveland. We now expect that the roads will be better than ever.

Those on the sick list this week are, Adelbert Noble, Mrs. Emmet Houghton, Mrs. B. Gates, Mrs. C. L. Finney, Fred Jones, John Cross, Mrs. Jerome Johnson, Mrs. Harry Dabko, Harry Dabon, Ruby Drow, Wm. Seeley of Northville and Mrs. Groener of Novi, and Mrs. Lester Vincent.

Mrs. Kate Pettibone who has been ill, is now better.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Boyle were hosts to the members of Our Lady of Sorrows Church and friends at a party given at their home Wednesday for the benefit of the church. There was a very large attendance.

Carl Hogle on Wednesday attended the Convention of Lumber men held in Detroit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Phillips of Virginia Park Detroit, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Adams.

Mrs. Auten visited her mother who is ill.

Miss Ernestine Pierce spent the week end with friends in Detroit.

Sunday callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Pike were, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Mr. Walls and Miss Johnson, all of Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr Graham are the proud parents of a baby girl, born Wednesday, January 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Beaton and sons, Charles and Virgil, spent Sunday with friends in Flint.

Miss Christianity of Detroit spent the week end with Miss Carlisle and Miss Warner.

MARIE opened the front door to admit the dashing Mr. James. She frowned. Was it possible that her mistress could do this? This adventurous duplicity! Old Mrs. Meridian Craste was nearly as ugly and peculiar as her name. How, then, could she suppose that clever Robert James had no ulterior motive in courting her graces?

Indebted by the maid's stony glare, Mr. James patted her cheek in fatherly fashion. Marie was furious. "It is not wise, monsieur, to make love to two women in the same house."

"Oh," he replied nonchalantly, "this is very different. As a woman of the world you—"

The girl turned on her heel. "She has exacted her dues to follow."

The man hurried to keep pace beside her. "Marie, you know I love you, and I'll prove it tomorrow. Will you trust me and prepare to go away with me?"

Marie's mocking smile was followed by a deep frown, for Mrs. Craste was descending the stairs. Had she seen and heard all, or only enough to arouse her suspicion of Marie's loyalty?

Mrs. Craste chose to ignore the situation if, indeed, she was aware of its existence and the maid courted and retired.

Although she could produce no absolute proof, Marie was convinced that Robert James harbored an unclean plan to rob the old lady.

The woman's faith was proverbial; it was said that fully half her fortune was tied up in the famous Obb band.

A peculiar arrangement of perfect diamonds worn tightly about the throat.

That evening Marie was arranging Mrs. Craste's coiffure. "I wish my hair to look particularly lovely to-night, Marie. I am to attend a stude party with Mr. James. Perhaps I shall wear my necklace."

"But, madame," the maid protested, "the risk would be too great. You do not know these people well."

"They are friends of Mr. James," her tone implying that this distinction furnished sufficient recommendation, "and they are giving him a farewell party. He sails for Europe tomorrow, you know."

Marie nearly groaned. A farewell party to the Obb band was more in order, the maid thought. She had tried to warn Mrs. Craste of the danger.

Marie heard the doorbell ring. She became panic-stricken. She wondered how she could possibly save her foolish mistress from the result of her folly. She hurried to the door.

Other servants admit Mr. James. With other trembling fingers, she fastened the clasp of the Obb necklace, as directed, and held open a wrap.

The telephone extension rang. Mrs. Craste seemed amused at the message. "Some crank," she told Marie. "Said that an attempt would be made to rob me this evening. How quaint!"

Mrs. Craste discovered that the fortune that had been strung around her unlucky neck was gone.

But there were three additional men in the room, each menacingly pointing pistols at the terrified women.

"Get out a call" from your home, Mrs. Craste, and we will not let a bit too soon. Some one in your room has the famous Obb band. Nobody move!"

Mrs. Meridian Craste indifferently reread over the anonymous note. Robert James had mysteriously disappeared. She smiled. "You are quite wrong, gentlemen. I did not wear the Obb band this evening."

Mrs. Craste found Marie impatiently awaiting her return.

Nervously, the girl removed her mistress's garments and loosened her hair.

"What is the trouble, Marie?" "The Obb necklace—it is gone!"

"The Obb necklace? Oh, yes, Marie was it not you who fastigated that mysterious telephone message?"

"If he my brother had, madame."

"And, of course, it was you who notified the detectives?"

She merely nodded.

"The Obb band has caused you much concern, has it not, Marie? Well, do not worry about it further. In the morning telephone my jeweler and have him make me up another. The pattern, I believe, is in his possession."

"That, madame, the cost."

"The cost, Marie, is exactly \$50. Marie looked her surprise.

"You think me a fool, Marie. Well, perhaps I am one. But what is one to do when one is old and still retains the young woman's interest? Alas, I have never outgrown the desire for flattery and attention—and don't ever dare breathe it to a soul—adventure! Seven times have such necklaces been stolen from me, preceded by experiences which have amused and interested me! Only once has the thief had the questionable taste to return the worthless gain, together with his compliments. Is it all not worth the few dollars expended?"

"Yes, madame, but where is the famous Obb band?"

"The famous Obb band, Marie, is a myth!"

An awed maid tucked the covers under her mistress' chin and turned off the electric switch.

"Marie?"

"Yes, madame?"

"Do you know, I almost believe that it would be worth half my worldly goods to see Mr. James' face when he examines the Obb band more closely."

JAPAN TO HONOR GRANT'S MEMORY COMING SUMMER

Will Celebrate Visit Fifty Years Ago of Famous General and Former President.

Tokyo.—On August 23, next year, a memorial commemorating the visit to Japan of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant will be unveiled in Ueno park by the man who acted as chairman of the Grant reception committee just half a century ago. The memorial, which will probably take the form of a fountain and an inscribed shaft of stone, will be erected between the two trees planted in Ueno park by General Grant and his wife, close to the equestrian statue of Prince Komatsu, the first president of the Japanese Red Cross.

It will be exactly half a century on that day, August 23, since the great American soldier and Mrs. Grant were feted at Ueno by the late Emperor Meiji and his consort.

A great banquet, attended by the emperor and empress, was held after which General Grant and his wife planted two trees, an hinoki and a flowering gloriolara. At that time the ceremonial planting of trees was something reserved solely for the emperor, and the breaking of all the precedents to permit an alien commoner—even though he had been President of the United States—tremendously impressed the Japanese people.

The two trees, enclosed within a simple fence and marked with a wooden board, are thriving well, the hinoki planted by the general having now a height of 36 feet and a girth of 3 feet, while the gloriolara has shot up from a 2-foot sapling to a tree of 31 feet.

It was Viscount Shibusawa, then without a title but the first president of the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce, who headed the reception committee for the united wards of Tokyo on the day of the Grant reception. Still hale and hearty and with a vivid recollection of the day he received General Grant in his palace, the viscount will unveil the memorial next August. He will be one of the very few survivors of the event of 1878.

Rewritten "Hamlet" Applauded in Dresden

Dresden.—Gerhart Hauptmann's adaptation of "Hamlet" to what he believes to be in accord with the original Shakespearean text had a successful premiere at the Dresden National theater recently.

Hauptmann has attempted to rewrite "Hamlet" without materially altering the play's dramatic business.

While it is generally admitted certain changes enhance the dramatic development, many foresee a controversy with the adherents of the Shakespearean traditions.

The revised version is an attempt to approach the lost Shakespearean text, which is believed to have differed greatly from the text handed down. In the cemetery scene Hamlet, not Laertes' first jumps into Ophelia's grave; "To be or not to be" begins with "To be or not to be" is placed in the early part of the fifth instead of the third act. The fourth act has been completely rewritten.

French People Lovers of Sport in Variety

Paris.—France is a country with no national sport. A sporting newspaper recently held an inquiry to determine just what sport came first in the hearts of the French people. The replies were so varied and so many sports were presented for consideration that the paper gave up and decided that the French, while the most sporting people in the world, had no one diversion typically French and attracting all the people as baseball does in America.

Football and bicycle racing seemed to have the greatest number of adherents. Since Lacoste and his competitors have brought world tennis honors to France tennis has become more and more popular, but still cannot be said to be a sport of the people.

Capt. Kidd Loot Found, Jersey Man Believes

Wildwood, N. J.—The parchment map which Charles L. Zaberer hid in a safe deposit box at his bank may or may not be the map to the treasure cache of "Captain Kidd."

Zaberer's map already has brought to light a flintlock blunderbuss and a vivid Spanish dagger thrust within a hooded helmet of iron such as a follower of Cortez might have worn. Zaberer dug them from a sand dune at Wildwood Gables.

Word of the discovery spread. "Gosh," Zaberer said, "I got early in to get the baby in his bottle and locked out the window. There were three fellows sitting on the doorstep waiting for me to start out digging and figuring on cutting themselves in on my treasure 'I might find'."

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