

## Wheeler Has Notable Record As Deputy

William A. Wheeler, candidate for sheriff on the Republican ticket, has been connected with the sheriff's office for 14 years, serving with distinction under Sheriff D. L. Oliver, Perry Green, Charles Gross, Jim Butler and Frank Schram.

Much of Mr. Wheeler's time has been devoted to law enforcement in Southern Oakland County, where he was chief deputy for many years. In fact, he has been directly connected with practically every big case in southern Oakland that has had the attention of the sheriff's office, and, incidentally, he is the only deputy sheriff to win a reward of \$500 for the capture of a criminal.

The fellow Wheeler took, singlehanded, was Frank Prosky who murdered a man named Radke in Troy township. It was during the regime of Sheriff Green, who undertook to run the murderer down. He followed him through New York and other eastern states, but without success. Finally, he returned home and instructed his deputies to be on the alert for Prosky. The reward was offered. Wheeler followed a clue that led him to a farm house west of Pontiac. Here he came up with his man, and without assistance, handcuffed him and delivered him into the hands of the sheriff.

Wheeler also arrested a man named Riley several years ago, wanted for the murder of John Chapp in an old farm house on 11-Mile road near John R. street. When Wheeler went to the home, Riley held him covered with a shotgun. Wheeler didn't flinch, but reasoned with the desperate man, until he handed over his gun and submitted to arrest.

Barbara Moon is visiting her cousins, Jean and Beth McKaig, at their summer home on Grosse Isle.

## Hopping A Ride Proves Distastrous to Young Lad

Hopping a ride proved a serious matter for Matthew Cairns, aged 8, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Cairns, Lakeway Drive. As a Farmington coal truck was about to enter the Cairns premises, late this afternoon, the boy sprang for it intending to get a ride. He missed and fell under the truck, a rear wheel passing over a foot. He was taken into the house and Dr. Holcomb called who found no broken bones, but a badly injured foot.

## Popular Couple Here United in Marriage

Miss Edith England, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George England, of this village, was united in marriage to Alfred Randall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Randall, of North Farmington, on July 26 at the Presbyterian Church in Toledo, O. They were attended by the bride's brother, Robert England, as groomsmen, and his wife, Mrs. Grace White-England, as matron of honor.

The bride is a graduate of Plymouth High School and is the first member of the 1927 class to be married. She was a member of the high school girls' basketball team until that sport was discontinued, and played with the M. E. Church team during the past season.

The groom is equally popular among the young people of the vicinity of Farmington, and their many friends join in wishing the best of happiness to both.

The young people have returned from their honeymoon and are already making their home on the Randall farm, north of Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Daines and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Daines motor'd to Detroit on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Daines expect to return to their home from the Lake on Labor Day.

## It Was "Blind Man's Luck"

By HELEN R. BARTON

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"YOU are making a mistake, my boy," said Stephen Brand to his nephew. "Money isn't everything. You can win and lose a whole lot of money but the sunsets and rainbows and beauties of nature can only do your soul good through the medium of your eyes. It is a mistake to risk possible blindness for money and the things it can buy."

The telephone shrilled and Dexter Brand went smiling to answer it, his fine old uncle's advice already slipping heedlessly away.

Dexter left the telephone, having promised to take Adele Merner to the theater that night and a night club afterward. It was because of Adele that Dexter was driving himself on to possible wealth. Adele with the corn-solar hair and the corn-dew eyes and the eager, greedy pursuit of everything that was new, expensive and interesting, Adele who inspired a fellow to tread the rosy clouds of high romance with her soft, tender, babyish little ways, so cleverly concealing the hard, brittle, calculating spirit underneath.

"Did you see a doctor, Dex?" asked Adele as she laughed down at the roadster that night on the way to the theater.

"Advised me to lay off—get away from my invention."

"Oh! But why? Is he afraid? Why did he advise that, Dex?"

"Oh, he mentioned possible blindness, later on."

"But Dexter—not before you've finished your invention?" asked Adele, a sharp little clip to her usually soft voice.

"Oh, no. I'll have that done. Don't worry. I only saw one specialist; no other might disagree entirely with him."

"The young lady waiting in the reception room," announced Biggs, Dexter's friend and helper, a few days later. "She said something about an ad."

Rubbing his aching eyes nervously with his thin hands, Dexter gazed upon the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

"You wanted a secretary who understood mechanical business enough to take notes, and I feel qualified, because you see my father was an inventor."

The voice was low and sweet; in perfect keeping with her beauty, Dexter decided, and he flushed as he said: "I'm sure you'll do. But the salary is small, and you'll have to live here with my uncle and me. I work all hours, you know."

"That will be quite all right; I'm familiar with the erratic hours of inventors," she said, smiling, and Dexter forgot his eyes for the first time in many weeks.

In the spluttering light of an acetylene torch, the grotesque figure of a man in a green hood stood feverishly at a work bench. At his side, a girl with curling copper hair working equally fast at a note book.

The telephone rang and Sheila Burns went reluctantly to answer it. "For you, Mr. Brand, Miss Merner."

"Sorry," said Dexter into the receiver. "It's impossible, Adele. Oh, he sensible, for he's not asked. It won't be more than a day more."

Then a sharp gasp as a pain, a moment of doubt and then: "Find a lamp, will you, Miss Burns—the lights seem to have left us. What's My God?" And that was how Dexter Brand found himself suddenly stopped, just as success and fame seemed within his reach.

Adele went abroad the next week, after she had ascertained definitely from Sheila Burns that Dexter might be blind a lifetime and that he had most certainly not finished the invention that was to make him rich and famous.

"I guess you were right, uncle," remarked Dexter one morning. "I should have stopped to store up a few memories with my eyes. Now I've lost the eyes and the possible money, too! And even the woman I loved turned me down."

"I used to think that Sheila liked me a little," he went on, "but even she seems to have forgotten us."

"Oh, no. I haven't. I've just been busy," remarked Sheila who had just come in. "I've been down to register your patent and see a specialist."

"Why?" demanded the blind man. "Surely not for money? You alone knew how little I had!"

"No. Can't you understand that one does things for other reasons?"

"Yes, I know that, now. But even if you did—like me a lot, I may never be able to ask you."

"That's true; because I wouldn't marry you if you were well. And I'm pretty certain that you won't be very long—not if this German specialist is right."

"You mean that you care enough for me to—marry me—now?" asked Dexter softly.

"If you don't ask me pretty soon your chance will be gone!"

"Come here, you darling," he said, half under his breath, and when she stood before him, he rose unsteadily, and gathered her hungrily into his arms, murmuring incoherent terms of endearment.

A long time later, after Sheila had gone, he told his amazing luck to his delighted uncle, adding, "Blind man's luck, eh?"

## Is THIRTY the Love? Deadline?

Angelo Patit was born in Europe but came to this country young. For twenty years he has been a public school teacher in New York City with so much success that he is now principal of one of the city's largest public schools. He has written many books and for a great many years has contributed a daily article on the care and teaching of children.

Angelo Patit views the American scene through different eyes. He has a cosmopolitan attitude, an intelligent pose which has won for him, via his newspaper and magazine articles, a powerful and enthusiastic following. He is one of the greatest forces in education and good citizenship that exists today. He is married and with his wife conducts an advisory council for parents with particularly tedious problems relating to children.

By ANGELO PATIT

One cannot fall in love after thirty? Or there that tick of the clock? Is there then no grace for the day after? Or the year? Did Old Time set a mark at that place? Tilt his glass with finality? Or is it not the pleasant notion of a happy man who, having found his treasure early, believes his good fortune to be the law of life?

It cannot be that one loses all changes of love and loving because he has lived a short thirty of the seventy-eight years allotted him. What has true love ever had to do with time? Love is limitless, timeless. It is a quality of the spirit as intangible as sunlight and air—and as evident. It has always defied the gestures of time and of locomotion. It is as elusive, as mysterious, as powerful as the Spirit of God, which indeed it is. How else explain its eternal power over men and women?

Recently there were two weddings to my circle of friends. One pair were little more than children—a scant twenty-one numbered the rule of their years. The other two were both gray-haired. More than fifty years had passed over their heads, yet the lorelight in their eyes was just as bright, the spring in their steps the lift in their voices were just as buoyant, just as blithe as that which animated those of youth.

Indeed a second spring seems to have come to them. The man, an artist, turns out better work than ever he has done before and the woman lives and works in the tireless energy of youth with the added power of experience.

I never hear about lovers without remembering the Brownings, those most perfect of all lovers. The story of their great love is enough to quicken the heart and moisten the eyes of the darkest of mortals.

Elizabeth Barrett was a poetess frail of body, an invalid confined to her room for the greater part of her life. Shielded from all outside contacts by a devoted family, she was guarded by a jealous father who had sworn death to lovers, she lived in seclusion and loneliness until she was thirty-nine years old. Then, if happened, this thing, some folks say cannot happen after one is thirty.

Miss Barrett wrote a poem and Robert Browning read it. His heart responded to its message as one songbird responds to the love call of another. He wrote his love letter and she was not slow to answer. Within two years these two eloped to Italy where they lived in complete happiness until death claimed the frail Elizabeth.

She was forty and Browning was thirty-four the day they ran away to be secretly married in the parish church. Where was Old Time then? Ah, no. Love is timeless. It is the divine quality that merges self into selflessness, seeks another's good, another's joy.

What the chamber of the heart is swept and garnished true love comes and stays. It never asks what o'clock it is.

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## Strange Burial Rites in "Darkest Africa"

A strangely weird ceremony is performed by the Katsimba (African) tribe on the occasion of the last great phase of human experience. The body of the dead tribesman is placed in a wooden coffin elaborately ornamented with brass nails. (These are a great luxury, only obtainable at a high price from traders.) The coffin is carried to the place of burial amid the beat of tom-toms and the wild chants of the villagers who follow, bringing with them guns and drums.

A huge circle is formed around the coffin; the headmen chant in low, monotonous tones which are responded to by soborous refrains from the deceased's relatives and friends. With a huge pyre crackling in the fast-gathering dusk and the sparks flying upward the scene is not easily forgotten. Another evil spirit has been called to its reward, the natives say. Truly fitting, and yet how sad, is this philosophy of these Darkest Africans.

—Exchange.

## Bird Fancies

The cuckoo has been credited with the habit of sucking bird eggs and producing a clear voice; the swift was said to liberate during the winter season beneath the waters of a lake or pool; while the harlequin goose was supposed to originate from shipwrecked sailors—once water recording the fact that he had actually witnessed barnacles detach themselves from the face of a rock, and then transform themselves into miniature geese.

## Hours of Extra Leisure for every housewife

Science shows the new way to easy cooking and better meals at less cost

1 P.M. Prepare your dinner for the Buckeye Whole Meal Cooker

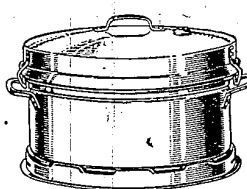
2 P.M. Resting

3 P.M. Shopping

4 P.M. Waiting

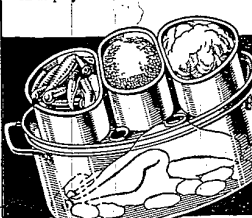
5 P.M. Bridge Club

6 P.M. Serve a wonderfully cooked meal



Put your whole dinner in the Buckeye Whole Meal Cooker at one o'clock, leave it cooking on low flame, come home at six and serve a delicious meal. No hurrying or worrying. Cannot scorch or burn. Most healthful cooking method known to science. Retains all mineral salts and valuable juices containing vitamins. Saves one-third gas bill and makes inexpensive cuts of meat as tender and tasty as the costliest.

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## Vote For Albert W. Willson County Treasurer



Republican Ticket

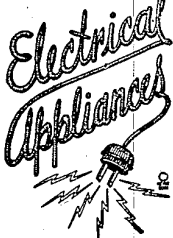
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## Earl Gordon

Candidate for renomination

## Coroner

Republican Ticket

PRIMARIES—SEPT. 4, 1928

Your support will be appreciated.