

FARMINGTON ACRES

Mrs. H. A. McIntyre

Mrs. H. A. McIntyre spent Thursday and Friday at the Delray Industrial Hospital with her mother, Mrs. Hollister, who is slowly recovering from an illness of several weeks.

Miss Amanda Markham and sister, Mrs. B. G. McIntyre, visited at the home of their brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Markham.

Mrs. George Taylor and daughter Patricia of Detroit, are spend-

ing several days with her sister, Mrs. Maurice Seebaldt. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hofmann entertained the latter's cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Bahat of Germany, over the week end.

Master Robert Eber was a week end guest of Mrs. Schulze on Cass avenue.

Misses Markham entertained their niece Helen Benette and friend John Mackay Saturday evening.

Mrs. Frank Hofmann was a Detroit caller Friday.

Miss Adams was a dinner guest

of Miss Victoria, Markham Monday.

Mrs. Fred Lee and son Fred Jr. of Redford, was a Sunday visitor at the home of her sister, Mrs. Maurice Seebaldt.

Mr. Marshner, who has been with his daughter during the winter months, returned to his home on Edwards avenue Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. McIntyre and children were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. August Masson in Ecorse. Together they visited Mrs. McIntyre's mother, Mrs. Hollister at the Delray Industrial Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hofmann were visitors of the former's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Anton in Ferndale Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Addison, son Junior and daughter Rose Marie were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Young and family.

Mrs. Robinson of Farmington was a caller on Mrs. H. A. McIntyre Friday.

Mrs. Koss and daughter Shirley spent the day, Monday, with Mrs. Harper in Detroit.

Mrs. H. A. McIntyre, daughter Glenna and Miss Amanda Markham, called on Mrs. Hollister and Mrs. DuMars of Detroit Tuesday.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the People of Farmington: School District No. 5 and School District No. 6.

At a recent school meeting in School District No. 6, I am sure there was some misunderstanding, the paper stated that a vote was taken on consolidation with District No. 5. The vote was taken on, shall School District No. 6 hold a meeting to vote on consolidation with School District No. 5. This was voted down, because the sentiment seems to be that District No. 5 has very little room for more children, on seventh and eighth grades would probably go to the Farmington School. Therefore, about ten per cent of our children would receive the benefit of the Farmington schools.

Another view of the situation is if District No. 5 should consolidate with other districts. It would mean that they would surely look into the future and build an adequate building which would mean a large expenditure for building and equipment. Should District No. 6 consolidate in this case, only a small percent of the children would receive the benefit of the Farmington School and it would cost far more than the proposition they turned down last fall.

As a resident of District No. 6, I would suggest that we build a school that will take care of our children for a few years to come. This district has had an increase of more than 20 per cent each year for the last seven years, and I believe in the next five to ten years, it will be one of the largest districts in the Township.

(Signed)
A resident of School District No. 6, Farmington.

TRY THIS

By EDNA PURDY WALSH

Protecting Shoes With Tire Patches

FOR the summer pump of thin soles and small heels the patches make excellent protectors for both heels and tips where the wear is first shown. If a small triangular piece of rubber patch is applied to the pointed tip of the sole the leather tip above will look neat more than double the time.

Satin-covered wooden heels and leather heels can be adequately protected from wearing over by cutting these tire patches to the shape of the heel and cementing onto the heel.

Some tire patches have a cement already on them which will adhere to leather and wood. If the patch does not stay on solidly, a cement made of



gutta percha in carbon bisulphide will unite the rubber and leather. The edges of both rubber and leather should first be roughed by a sharp glass edge, and after the cement has been applied they should be pressed and held together. A tool chest vise will serve as a press.

If the heel is of wood, a cement of gum rubber soaked in a small quantity of naphtha or gasoline is the best to use.

These thin rubber heels and toe protectors are very long wearing. While not as springy as ordinary rubber heels they do not change the shape of the heel.

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Derek Whitman's Blindness

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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WHEN Derek Whitman said goodbye to his fiancée on the eve of his departure with the Maymood Arctic expedition, he cupped Clarissa's pretty, piquant face in his two hands and looked long and lovingly at it, as if to carry with him into the cold and dark of those Polar weeks the memory of his beauty.

"Don't change, darling, one tiny speck before I come back," he ordered tenderly, then crushed her to his heart.

How could Derek, snow-bound for months beyond communication with the outside world, know that Clarissa driving her roadster on an icy pavement had been sideswiped by a skidding truck, hurled against the cruel glass of her windshield, and severed indelibly with a dreadful triangle in the lower corner of her right cheek?

Clarissa faced his home-coming in an agony of spirit. Never would she marry him. She was determined on that point. Never, no matter what his protestations, would she feel that his willingness to do so was based on anything but pity; and she could not go through life bearing that burden.

He had written her the probable date of his sailing from St. John's and had taken it for granted she would meet him at the docking of his boat.

But she had no intention of ever seeing Derek again. And, to that end, she wrote him in turn a letter which would reach him at St. John's before he sailed. A definite admitting-of-no-argument letter.

"Dear Derek,
"The beauty you bestowed me with and loved me for is gone. An automobile accident. There's nothing to be said, and no generous plea on your part would ever make me change my mind. Don't try even to see me, Derek."

"CLARISSA."

On the afternoon of the day that his ship was due her doorbell rang.

"A caller!" thought Clarissa miserably. How could she chat about unimportant trifles?

Then, as she opened the door, her heart went to her throat. A taxi was driving away and here on her step stood a man—a broad-shouldered, browned person wearing dark glasses. Derek!

"Clarissa!" he said, then yearningly, holding out his arms. "These months in the dazzling snow fields—the look my sight!"

An hour later, he handed Clarissa the letter she had written to him. "I couldn't bear," he said, "to have somebody else reading your dear words. I saved it for you to tell me what was in it."

So Clarissa told him, and somehow, in the light of Derek's greater tragedy, her own calamity seemed less.

Likewise, the question of marriage between them could now be answered in but one way. The sooner Derek was hers to care for, to be eyes for, to comfort in the dark hours of the spirit which must at times be a blind man's lot, the better. Fortunately each had a small income which, combined, would provide them with a modest but sufficient living. And no doubt, in time, Derek would find in the occasional writing of a monograph or treatise on his explorations a method of adding to their means.

It was settled that they were to be married one week from the day he had come home.

A busy week for Clarissa. A happy week, and yet, against her will, there crept in an unwelcome little lump of a thought. Shouldn't Derek, being Derek, have uttered one tiny protest against this marriage?

Not that she could have needed him! A thousand times, no! On the contrary, Derek's blindness, bitter as it was for him and so a source of real grief to her, had come as a compensating solution of her own problem. Her hands, or the feel of it, could count for little now that it was forever lost to him.

Intuition, however, kept whispering that the old Derek would have stayed away from her last six marry him out of pity even as she had intended to stay away from him for exactly the same reason.

It was a solemn pair that stood in Clarissa's little sitting room on their wedding morning. The minister, who had known Clarissa since her childhood, married them.

Then Clarissa turned to her husband and lifted her lips. Then she drew back, paling. "Derek!" she breathed.

For Derek was taking off his dark glasses and looking straight and tenderly into her eyes.

"Yes, my darling, I can see! I was able to see even before I reached St. John's, although it was true enough that I did lose my sight temporarily through snow blindness. If you had examined your letter carefully you would have seen that it had been opened and read."

"I was still wearing those glasses and suddenly it occurred to me, that, by playing this little trick, I could still make you my wife, and once my wife—"

"Ah, darling, did you love me less when you thought me blind?"

And Clarissa could only go to his arms and stay there, while the old minister, who had been in Derek's confidence, smiled kindly upon them.

Theatrical Begining

The first dramatic performance ever given in America, occurred September 15, 1762, at Williamsburgh, Va.

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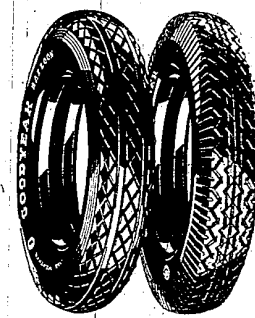
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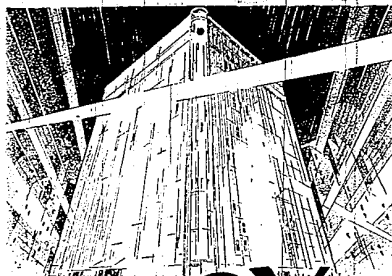
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