

5 Cottages Burned In A Week In Lake Area

(Continued from page one)
but no one had been seen about the building. He was at a loss to understand how it could have started unless someone had broken into it and left a fire in the stove. The cottage is not supplied with electricity so a short circuit could not have started the blaze. Heat is supplied by an oil stove and a coal stove.

Several times last winter the cottage was broken into and Mr. Thompson expected to come out soon and board it up for the winter. He carried \$2,000 insurance. Stuart Loss \$16,000.

An early morning fire Wednesday destroyed the home of Dr. A. W. Stuart at Wolverine Lake and two adjoining cottages and the contents of all buildings.

All the furniture belonging to Dr. and Mrs. Stuart and all other clothing except the clothes they were wearing was burned. Both Dr. and Mrs. Stuart were away from home, Mrs. Stuart being at Detroit and Dr. Stuart having left at midnight for Saginaw Bay to hunt ducks.

The origin of the fire is unknown. Dr. Stuart had banked the furnace fire before leaving, covering it well with ashes. The blaze was first noticed about 4 a. m. by Mrs. Walters, who has a cottage near the Stuart home. By the time the alarm was given and the fire department had arrived, the two cottages flanking the house were to the ground.

Dr. Stuart's car was pushed from his garage (fell) in. The car was undamaged except for burns on the fenders and tires.

The loss is estimated at \$16,000, partially covered by insurance. Besides the furniture and clothing of Dr. and Mrs. Stuart a number of the wedding gifts received by the daughter, who was recently married, which had been stored in the house, were destroyed.

One of the cottages destroyed belonged to Dr. Stuart and the other one to L. E. Ling of Detroit. The cottage of Elmer Hohenkrin was badly scorched but did not catch fire.

C. M. Hunter, former chief, drove the fire truck.

Dr. and Mrs. Stuart are uncertain as to their plans for the immediate future. They have considered building a home in Wall Lake and will undoubtedly do so now. They spent Wednesday evening with the Mayze family.

Coupland House
Fire believed to have been caused by an overheated furnace destroyed the home of Ernest T. Coupland on the south shore of Union Lake Saturday morning. The house and contents were destroyed but the family escaped without injury. The loss was estimated at \$13,000, covered by \$7,000 insurance.

As telephone service was not available it was necessary to drive some distance to summon the West Bloomfield fire department.

Mr. Coupland and family have moved into Pontiac until they determine where they will rebuild.

NUMBER OF COTTAGES AT CARROLL LAKE ENTERED

Following a report by R. Cramer to Deputy W. E. Coe that his cottage at Carroll Lake had been broken into and a revolver and pair of opera glasses stolen, it was discovered that a number of cottages at this lake had been entered.

Mr. Cramer went to Detroit Monday morning about 10 o'clock and when he returned home about 9 he discovered his loss. Five other cottages were discovered to have been broken into but as the owners are not known the amount of the losses could not be checked. The articles stolen would indicate that the work was that of boys. The padlock was pried off the garage at the Cramer home and entry to the house was apparently made with a pass key.

Several cottages at Pleasant Lake have been entered in the past few weeks but no trace of the thieves has been found.

Peters Returned

Failing to receive regular reports from Lester Peters as required, Deputy W. E. Coe investigated and found that Peters had moved to Eaton Rapids. He went to Eaton Rapids on Wednesday and returned with Peters who was turned over to Probation Officers James Butler. Peters was arrested for stealing his uncle's automobile during the summer.

PLAN FOR HALLOWEEN AT NORTH FARMINGTON

The North Farmington School will give a Halloween program and box social at the schoolhouse on October 30th. Ladies are to bring the boxes and a prize will be given for the most attractive box. The men are asked to bring their pocketbooks. The proceeds will go for hot lunches for the school children.

Rev. Palmer Begins 5th Year As Pastor

The beginning of Rev. Elmer W. Palmer's fifth year as pastor of Farmington Baptist Church was celebrated by members of the Church last Sunday morning. Rev. and Mrs. Palmer were presented with a large basket of beautiful flowers. The attendance was unusually large. Growth of the church membership and rapid progress on the new Sunday School building were welcome reports on the anniversary of Rev. Palmer's pastorate.

It Was "Strictly Private"

By HELEN R. BARTON

AFTERWARD, Connie Mathews realized that there was absolutely nothing about the stranger to cause her to assume that he was the garage mechanic, except the various smudges of grease daubed picturesquely about his lean, tanned face. Still, when she has battled with a refinery filter for three hours and the promised-to-come-right-over-garage-mechanic is overdue two hours and you simply know that the train won't be over three seconds late, almost any creature might be excusable.

Anyhow, that was how it was. Connie made a lovely picture as she rushed forward to scold the supposed garage mechanic and ask him if there was a minimum chance of getting the filter started to make the ten-ten. And for only a split second did he pause before he started rolling up his sleeves in businesslike fashion, saying: "Here are your tools." Three minutes later his long, lanky length was stretched under the rebellious flyover. He kept giving Connie crisp, military orders and she found herself, surprisingly enough, obeying them promptly until he crawled out and, clamping down the hood, cranked the car and smiled warmly at Connie's amazed expression when the engine started chugging noisily.

Frankly grateful to him, Connie dug out a five-dollar bill and stuffing it hurriedly into his greasy fist, called: "I'll get the change next time I'm down—I'm too rushed now." And she drove madly down the hill and around the bend toward the railway station.

The girl, slim and stout for a long moment gazing after the cyclonic departure of the lovely girl and then his amused eyes traveled to the bill in his hand.

His short-cropped brown mustache and carefully cut hair gave him a military look, despite the priceful slouch by the shabby porch and leaning up against a pillar, stretched his long legs before him on the worn boards and started to fill an old briar pipe with tobacco. And it was thus that Connie found him when she drove up out of it.

"Did you find the train zone?" he asked quietly, and at his gentle tone the girl slumped down on the low stone steps, her hand to her eyes. For a while he sat slowly pulling on his pipe, his face serious and sober, and his eyes registering what his face was too well-schooled to show—keenest concern and sympathy. Finally it all came out in a flood of discontented, jerky sentences and he listened, first amazed and then incredulous.

The girl, it seemed, had heard a certain singer over the radio night after night and had become so enamored of his golden voice that, in the impulse of the moment, she had written him a glowing, enthusiastic letter.

He had answered her letter and boyishly thanked her for her interest and appreciation and it had been one of those letters that simply demand a reply, which she shortly wrote. Thus a great friendship had grown up and had lasted through two years, the man writing regularly and the girl answering—and hearing his wonderful voice night after night until she loved him.

Then had come the telegram. And at the last moment the hateful old flyover balked and everything had consequently gone wrong.

"Does it matter so very much?" he asked her gently, paying strict attention to the stuffing of tobacco into the shabby old briar.

"Oh, you can't understand! I never cared for anyone before. I've been a hermit up here, writing and reading and never thinking of anything else."

"Are you sure you'd like him?" he went on relentlessly.

"As if his physical appearance could out-balance his voice! And the wonderful idealism I found in his letters!" she said huskily.

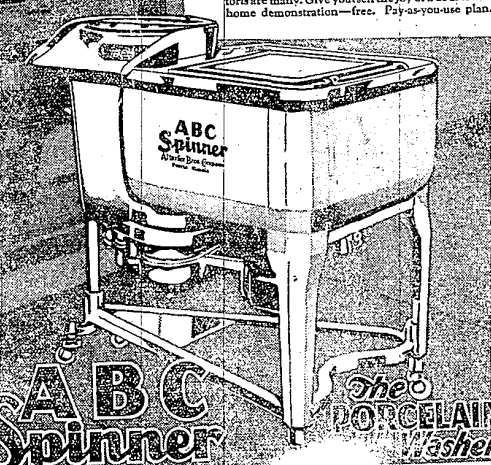
"Have you a picture of Jim?" went on the man interestedly.

"Only his radio photos. I sent them from the papers!" And she went in to get the bunch of clippings from a book, together with the telegram.

"Jim?" said the man, noncommittally. "What did he say in the telegram?"

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