

Couple Honored On Wedding Anniversary

(Continued from page one)
snow fall of that year and the splendid sleighing which lasted all winter long.

Under quite simple and very modest conditions this youthful farmer boy and his Oakland County belle began the adventures of housekeeping. It was ten years before Mr. Edison saw even the first glow of his incandescent lamp and a quarter of a century before Henry Ford heard the first explosion of his "long-lung" gas engine. Those were pioneer days indeed but many days none the less and fine days for the growth and maturing of sturdy elements of character and successful living.

And now friends far and near are rejoicing in the ripe fruitage of experience which is theirs in the mellow afternoon of the days of their pilgrimage, and that together they may enjoy the affectionate care of their family and the respect and love of many friends.

On Sunday at the close of the sermon the Methodist pastor, Dr. H. A. Lesson, called the venerable couple to the altar and to the accompanying of Lohengrin's wedding march, he presented them with a magnificent basket of gold chrysanthemums and autumn leaves and expressed the cordial good wishes of their church associates.

The three daughters acted as hostesses at the Andrews home on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Lesson poured tea and a very happy and memorable occasion was enjoyed by a goodly number of callers.

—A Friend.

EHRLICH STORE OFFERS DIAMONDS WITH PURCHASES

Redford Jewelry Store Announces An Unusual Sale To "Popularize" Gems

Declaring that the people of this territory have been most generous to the Ehrlich Jewelry Store, Harold N. Ehrlich, general manager, is announcing an Advance Christmas Sale which is unusual in the annals of modern merchandising methods.

"To show our appreciation and to demonstrate our wonderful values we are going to give a diamond ring free with each purchase of \$20 or more," Mr. Ehrlich says. "It will give many an



HAROLD EHRLICH

opportunity to own a diamond who have heretofore been unable to purchase one outright. Besides that, if in the future they want a larger stone they may trade the ring in on a larger one and receive \$10 for it," he added.

The sale in itself is a demonstration of the mighty buying power and the vast resources of the Ehrlich Jewelry Stores.

"We are very proud of our Redford store," Mr. Ehrlich said. "It has always been our policy to keep a step ahead of progress and to keep in tune with modern times, as well as give the people of the community the best jewelry values which can be obtained."

The second convulsion of the stock market justifies the belief that the great "multitude" lost. There is an enormous demand for parachutes by speculators whose hot-air engines stalled at high altitude. And a lot of growlums are suddenly taking an interest in bear stories. The situation is well illustrated by that old waglet:

"Alley met a bear,

The bear was bulgy—

The bulge was Alley."

—Exchange.

Do we respect the Law which is placed on our statute books for our protection or are we so selfish that we take it as an abridgment of our rights to be regulated for the good of the greatest number and obey only when an officer is apt to be in sight? It appears so, as the fatal accidents in the rural districts were 13.6 per cent more last year than in the cities—Detroit Automobile Club.

The See-Saw of Success

By LEETE STONE

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GLADYS VAIL, capable commercial stenographer, laid her pencil down neatly by her notebook and looked up in the middle of a trial dictation from Hoyle Jones, attorney.

"What's the matter?" he rapped out snarling. "Are you like the rest I've had—too slow for ordinary dictation?"

"I am—if that's ordinary dictation," she spoke quietly through her handkerchief, adding: "Have you ever had a secretary who was really satisfactory?"

"I did have—just one! A man! I promoted him. I'm capable of that!"

"With that," Gladys met Hoyle Jones' frown with a frank smile, "if you won't go slowly for a day or two while I pick up these new terms, there's no use my going on with this work."

"I may expect wages; I demand expert service," he shot back, arranging the letters on his desk with crisp precision.

Gladys rose, pulled her hat and jacket, and went on and walked to the door, saying over her shoulder:

"I'll leave my name and address in your applicant's file. Just on the chance you don't find anyone to fill your man's place."

Curt and cold as the interview had been, still Gladys smiled as she shot down to the street in the elevator. She liked the lawyer. Her intuition penetrated his hard shell and contemplated what she was sure lay underneath, a responsiveness that no woman had ever touched.

Dwindling dollars and a very empty stomach drove Gladys to a fifteen-cent lunch. What next? Everything was due, due.

Sitting on her high stool before a marble counter, she drew a letter from her shabby handbag as some would have drawn a jewel. Its creases were worn, fuzzy and thin from many an opening and folding. Nothing to brag about; only—

"Enclosing check for ten dollars. Your letters are full of color and human stuff about New York. I edit them a little and use them for a weekly column which always goes over big here."

This from a friend in newspaper work in the West. The little note gave Gladys a real mental boost whenever she fingered it.

As she slid from her stool, Hoyle Jones' answer to her question knocked sharply at her consciousness:

"A man—I promoted him. I'm capable of that!"

That was it! Promotion! A wave of realization rolled over her mind. She must seek work where lay the possibility of promotion. Then the idea leaped into focus. If she could write acceptable material for an out-town newspaper, why not try for a job on a New York paper?

Half an hour later Gladys stood beside the city editor of the Press, looking at his head bent over copy on his desk.

"I want a job writing stories for you. I've had experience."

Queer coincidence, this, thought the editor, looking up and studying Gladys' pretty face and frank confidence. That morning his feature writer, a woman, had left suddenly, and all day he had been telephoning about for some one who was willing to take her place.

"I'll give you an assignment and see what you can do," he spoke quickly. "Do me a feature story on the downtown night court and have it here first thing in the morning." He bent over his copy again.

That was Gladys' beginning. Two years took her up a trail of salary and responsibility increases to the top tilt of the see-saw of success in her work. She rose to writing an advice column under her own name that was published in many of the country over.

But she yearned for some one to share success with, and the image of Hoyle Jones, whose brusque words had pointed out the idea to her, was always with her.

So it was with a keen thrill that she read the signature of her first fan letter one morning:

"Dear Miss Vail: I have no problems except the welcome ones of work; but I read your corner every day. It is human and helpful. You often speak of real companionship as the ideal of marriage. I'm afraid I've missed a lot by devoting my life entirely to my profession. Anyway, thank you for your cheerful writing, and if you care to drop me a line or two for my collection of autographs—a hobby, you know—I'd appreciate it very much."

"Sincerely,

"HOYLE JONES."

That afternoon Gladys presented to the lawyer, at his office, the applicant's file card which she had insisted on leaving two years before.

Friendship, more—real companionship—developed as the weeks went by. One afternoon in his office they looked out of the open skyscraper window at the round, red smokestacks of stately ocean liners, wrapped snugly in their berths on the river.

"I'm sailing tonight for the Mediterranean," said Hoyle Jones, almost under his breath. "Marry me this afternoon, Gladys. We'll play and work together the rest of our lives."

Gladys turned from the window. "I'm capable of that!" she whispered with a little smile.

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