

CORRESPONDENCE

Base Line

Mrs. E. Simmons called on Mrs. Frank Ruen Saturday.

Mrs. Greer and family entertained company from Pontiac Sunday.

Mrs. A. T. Kice is spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. E. Simmons.

E. Simmons and family and Mrs. A. T. Rice were the guests of the former's mother, Mrs. J. M. Simmons, Thanksgiving.

Mrs. B. E. Dennis and Mrs. Harry Rear were Farmington callers Saturday.

Mrs. J. Greer and family entertained Thanksgiving. Harry Tucker and lady friend and Miss Lizzie Greer from Detroit, and Miss Clara Simmons.

Mrs. J. H. Campbell made a business trip to Detroit Monday.

Miss Lizzie Wick is working in Northville.

E. Sherman and family entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. Hopkins and baby, Ralph, a part of last week.

Harry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nichols of Birmingham, is very sick with scarlet fever. Mrs. Nichols was formerly Miss Flora Sherman of this place.

Harry Simmons was a Redford caller Sunday.

Miss Leua Hunt spent from Thursday until Sunday with relatives in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evert, Sr., entertained their children and families Thursday.

Conroy's Corners

Mrs. Harry Reynolds is very ill. Miss Lorraine Conroy returned home Friday after a week's visit with relatives at Wayne.

Miss Eldredge of Pontiac spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. A. Layaz and her sister, Mrs. Melow.

Mrs. Ed. Conroy is spending a few days at the home of her son, Don, at River Rouge.

Mr. and Mrs. Bower were Sunday visitors at A. Layaz's.

Mrs. Harry Bartlett and son, Floyd, spent Thanksgiving in Detroit.

The Mystic Workers of the East Farmington Cemetery association will hold their December meeting at the home of Mrs. Jane Holdershaw, at Stevens crossing on the D. U. R. on Friday, Dec. 13. Chicken pie dinner will be served at one o'clock. Dinner, 15c. Everybody cordially invited. Don't forget the time, place and date.

Mrs. Omer Conroy spent a couple of days the past week in Detroit.

Chas. Daus was a Sunday visitor with his sister, Mrs. Martin S. Greer.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Spaller spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Amos Otis.

Max and Will Sprenger were home Sunday, the former remaining on account of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lamb spent Thanksgiving with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Crau.

L. Sturman was a Sunday caller at G. V. Conroy's.

Frank Cone spent a few days the past week with relatives in this vicinity.

Redford

The regular monthly meeting of Woman's Union will be held Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 11, in the church parlors. Visitors welcome.

A china shower was tendered Miss Pearl Houghton Friday night in honor of her coming wedding by Miss Stella Smith. Geo. Smith, son of Volney Smith, is the fortunate young man in the case and the marriage is to take place in the near future.

Gust Layman, who was well known about here, died very sud-

dently on Thanksgiving day at the home of his sister in Pontiac.

He had been in Redford of that day to visit at the home of his sister, Mrs. Bert Westlake, and continued on to Pontiac to extend his visit. He had only been at the home of his sister a short time when he was heard to fall in the bath room and investigation disclosed his dead body. Heart disease was the cause.

The funeral was held in Redford and was in charge of R. B. Northrop, the Redford funeral director. The services were conducted by Rev. Evans, the Presbyterian pastor, and were attended by a large number of friends.

The board of county auditors last Monday appointed George W. Burt, Redford's able supervisor to the position of county superintendent of the poor for a three year term. Mr. Burt will accept and as his term begins on January 1st he will necessarily have to resign his position as supervisor previous to that time. The board will then be called upon to appoint his successor to serve until the spring election, when a new supervisor will be elected.

Mr. Burt has made a very enviable record as a supervisor as well as a man who has the welfare of the community at heart and this opportunity is but a just recognition of his ability and his integrity as well.

He will pass from a town officer to a county officer with the very best wishes of the whole community. The new position does not require his residence at the county seat and he will still remain a resident of Redford.

There was a full attendance at the meeting of the Pleasure club, which was held at the home of Mrs. C. E. Ramsey, last Monday night and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Burgess were present as guests.

The usual game of 500 was played and the first ladies' prize was taken by Mrs. C. A. Lahser, who won all the five games that were played. A number of ladies were obliged to decide on the consolation by lot and Mrs. Geo. Burgess was the lucky winner.

Several of the men were tied for the first place, but George Jenks' luck stood by him in the pinch and he captured the prize. A number of star players were in a hot contest for the booby and a cut of the cards was made to decide who should be declared the winner and the honor fell to Roy Burgess.

What became of Jennie Brice?—the sensation is clearing up. The mysterious disappearance of Jennie Brice noted in our last issue is the sensation of the hour. Some stoutly claim that she was foully murdered while others think she disappeared of her own accord. The evidence in favor of the former theory is so startling that the state has ordered the arrest of her husband on the charge of murder in the first degree, and his trial will take place in the jurisdiction of Redford on Friday, the 13th day of December, 1912. The court will be constituted under the procedure of the literary department of the Y. P. S. of the Presbyterian church and will open promptly at 7:30 p. m. If you wish your sensorium pleasantly sensated do not fail to attend this trial. This will be the December number of the season's lecture and entertainment course. Secure a Jennie Brice button and you can enjoy this unique entertainment.

"I showed four deuces before the draw in a big jackpot I felt that my opportunity had driven up to the front door and beckoned to me.

"There appeared to be three strong hands out at this crisis in the game, and we had reached a point when one of my opponents had bet \$200 and I was reaching for my chips to give him a back hit, when a voice behind me said: "Up with your hands, gentlemen!"

"Now, I haven't any more curiosity than the average person, and I didn't turn my head to see what the disturbance was until I saw the others in the game hold up their hands like Mahometans greeting the rising sun. I permitted myself the indiscretion of taking my eyes off the game long enough to look around. What I saw was a stalwart looking young fellow with his face hidden by a handkerchief pointing a gun.

"Play this hand out," I said to the players. "I'm not going to let this interloper bust up a game of cards for me."

"You stick up your hands, you old villain, or you'll be twanging a harp in fifteen seconds," replied this holdup person.

"Being made peevish at my tough luck and this untimely interruption, I completely lost my sense of discretion. Did any of you fellows ever watch a bartender roll up a towel to swab off the bar. It's—"

"For heaven's sake, october," said one of the group in the hotel lobby, "don't keep us in suspense. What did this stick-up do?"

"If you'll let me tell the story I'll be over sooner," replied the colonel lustily. "Breaking in that way disturbs my line of thought. Somebody tell that waiter to do his duty. As I was saying, a bartender rolls up a towel like a butcher rolls up tripe until it is hard and unyielding. Take a wet towel and roll it tight and you have as handy a club as you'd wish. It is what these strong-arm men call a 'sap.' I saw a man hit with one, and I went down and out completely.

"When this hold-up delivered his ultimatum I noticed that the bartender had overlooked his towel laying on a chair at my right.

"It was soggy with water and was rolled up like a club. When I lost my temper I grabbed this towel and made a back-handed swipe at the bandit, which caught him on the chin and cuddled up under his ear. He fell as if he had been hit by a sledge hammer. I knew the way he fell that he was out for the count.

"Now we'll finish this hand," I said to the other players. "I'll call that \$200 and raise you \$300."

"This interruption has completely destroyed my taste for poker for the moment," said the man who had made the bet. "You take the pot, but show us what you've got just to restore confidence."

"I showed four deuces and was so mad that I couldn't speak. I took the pot.

"While we were disposing of the pot the hold-up stirred uneasily in his dreams and finally opened his eyes. I took his gun, which had fallen to the floor, and bade him get up.

"Was anybody hurt in the explosion?" asked the bandit, still too dazed to realize anything.

"Nobody's hurt, and if you will explain your untimely advent into this game we'll listen attentively," I said.

"When the bandit saw the implement that had been his undoing he was disgusted. Tears stood in his eyes.

JUST THE COLONEL AND THE BANDIT

By E. W. ALLISE.

"There is no analogy between poker and philanthropy," said Colonel Kirby of Butte to a group of old friends at the hotel, "yet I wanted to ask a favor of you. I'd like to meet him shortly after he has harvested the fruits of a full hand or has got away with a good bluff. Being a winner at poker makes a man haughty, forgiving and charitable."

"I was at Phillipsburg one night, and as usual I sought a little relaxation at poker. I was not at my best and for the moment I set down a flush, and if I bluffed somebody could call me with a pair of kings. I was feeling irritable at these setbacks, but was playing hard trying to get even on one good hand. When I picked up four deuces before the draw in a big jackpot I felt that my opportunity had driven up to the front door and beckoned to me.

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"Nobody's hurt, and if you will explain your untimely advent into this game we'll listen attentively," I said.

"When the bandit saw the implement that had been his undoing he was disgusted. Tears stood in his eyes.

"That's about the luck I could expect," said he. "I'm a hoodoo to myself and friends, and the sooner you gentlemen finish with me the better I'll like it."

"What was the reason for this rude entry into select society?" I demanded, severely.

"I'll tell you in a sentence," said the hold-up. "I made a little clean-up and had written the folks in Iowa that I was coming home. I went broke in the camp playing poker and I started out to make another stake quick. This is my first attempt at sticking up folks."

"There was something about the young fellow that was appealing, and that statement about the folks sort of got close to my heart. He told us some more about his folks back east, and I kept feeling sorrier and sorrier for him.

"Your name is Colonel Kirby, isn't it?" asked the bandit. "I remember seeing you once at Butte."

"I admitted that he had my name correctly.

"Then I want to retain you as my lawyer," said this amazing bandit. "I've got to have counsel, and I don't want to trust my case to a total stranger."

"We'll talk that over after a while," I replied. "In the mean time I want to finish this game. If you'll give me your parole you can sit beside me until I'm done."

"He gave me his word that he wouldn't run away, and the poker game was resumed.

"If any of you gentlemen object to my client's presence I'll tie him outside," I said apologetically to the other players. "I don't want to force his presence on you, but being his attorney I feel that I must look out for his interests."

"He's all right so long as you have his gun," said one man. "I don't object to him in the least."

"Well from that moment my luck changed, and within half an hour two good pots put me \$500 winner. Previous to that I had been a heavy loser. I grew lenient and jocular.

"How do you expect to pay a lawyer?" I asked of my client during a lull in the play. "According to your own statement you are without funds."

"I don't know," said the bandit. "Only you looked like a good sport, and I thought you'd let me pay you when I earned the money."

"I've got a little scheme," I said. "My fee will be \$200. You take this \$50 of which I am winner and chase over to the faro bank game and try to get a stake. A client without funds is an abomination."

"The hold-up was quick to grasp the opportunity. He took the fifty and disappeared like a pigeon keeping a date.

"You're easy," said one of the players. "That stick-up will keep on running with your fifty."

"I don't think so," I replied, and, anyway, it was your fifty."

"An hour later the bandit, who said his name was Steve Carroll, came into the room and threw down \$200 in bills.

"I could have busted the bank," he said, "only I didn't want to take a chance of losing your money. I've got the fee, and that's all I wanted."

"I looked at the young fellow admiringly.

"You are honest," I said. "I think we'll try your case right here. Hold up your right hand and swear that you'll never play cards for money as long as you live."

"He held up his hand and repeated the oath after me, solemnly.

"Now promise me that you will go home to your folks as soon as you can," I said.

"He did this with growing wonder in his eyes.

"Now take this \$500 and hit the trail," I said. "When you get home and have an honest job write me, and I'll call the fee paid."

"With tears in his eyes the young fellow downed my hand. He would have done a lot more things to show his gratitude, but I pushed him out of the room. I didn't know what my companions would say, so I was in a hurry.

"When he had gone I said to the other players:

"If any of you have any objections to the manner of settling the case speak out right now."

"Colonel," said the man who had led the \$200 to me, "if you want to run for judge you'll get a solid vote in Phillipsburg. You have a way of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb that appeals to me. Whose deal is it?"—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Advertisement for McCall's Patent Sewing Machine, highlighting its quality and availability.

Advertisement for John E. Wedow, Auctioneer, located at Bell Phone, Farmington 40L2.

Advertisement for Skerritt-Lyon Granite Co., offering monuments of quality.

Advertisement for Pontiac, Mich. and Plymouth, Mich. locations.

Advertisement for Gasoline Engines, featuring water-cooled models.

Advertisement for Don B. Button, located three miles north of Farmington.

Advertisement for FITS, offering a \$2.50 treatment for various ailments.

Advertisement for Dr. Wm. Sadler, author of 'The Cause and Cure of Colds,' discussing the benefits of his medicine.

Advertisement for The New Hotel Hermitage, located on Congress and Bates Sts.

Advertisement for FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR, used for treating coughs and wheezy conditions.

Choice Meats

Having purchased the market of Schroeder & Newcombe I extend a cordial invitation to everybody to call when needing any

Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal or Lamb

I shall also make a specialty of fresh

HOME MADE SAUSAGE, and PURE RENDERED LARD

Courteous treatment and a square deal to all.

H. A. Schroeder

Joshua Hill, H. P. Messenger, President, F. L. Perry, Cashier.

Oakland County Saving's Bank, Pontiac, Mich.

Capital, \$50,000, Surplus and Profits, \$10,000

4 per cent interest paid on Savings Accounts and Certificates of Deposits.

Monetary Loan on First Real Estate Mortgages.

Farmington Postoffice, MAIL SERVICE.

M. B. Pierce, Postmaster. Mails arrive at 8:05 a. m. and 5:05 p. m.

Depart at 7:50 a. m. and 3:50 p. m. Rural Route No. 1—Wall Sprague.

Rural Route No. 2—Clyde Adams. Rural Route No. 3—Lyman Sprague.

Rural carriers leave the P. O. at 8:30 a. m. M. B. PIERCE, P. M.

Advertisement for E. B. CAVELL, VETERINARY SURGEON, graduate of Ontario College.

Advertisement for DETROIT BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, located at 65 West Grand River Avenue.

Advertisement for The Pontiac Savings Bank, with capital of \$100,000.

Advertisement for Dr. Wm. Sadler's 'The Cause and Cure of Colds,' emphasizing its effectiveness.

Advertisement for Croupy Coughs and Wheezy Colds, featuring FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR.

Advertisement for FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR, stating it stops the cough and heals the lungs.

Small advertisement for 'How's This?' and 'See Cook & Co. for all kinds of winter goods.'