

THREE DAUGHTERS OF MARTIN DUKE

By FANNIE HURST

EVERYONE agreed that although Martin Duke might have been unlucky in love, his wife was said to have died of alcoholism one year after the birth of Jeanne, fate had apparently attempted to take her by way of the untimely loss of body, mind, and spirit of his three daughters.

They were all blond, and of a certain quality of receding beauty that distinguished their father in his youth, but each and every one of them endowed with the stabilities as love of home and desire for family, which at first much seemed to be the test to their brilliant kind of youth.

Marian, the middle one of the trio, married first, when she was nineteen. Olga, the youngest, went next. And finally Jeanne, who had excited her prospective of eldest daughter by assuming a sort of maternalism over her father.

Jeanne's marriage to an important surgeon in a neighboring town, Martin to a promising engineer who was engaged on a piece of important bridge-building near the capital city of an adjoining state, and Olga to a New York stock broker, left Martin Duke to the somewhat vast solitude of the old stone house to which 25 years ago he had brought a famous beauty for a wife, and in which the three equally beautiful offspring had been born.

Of course the obvious happened. It was unthinkable that Martin should continue to live imprisoned with his memories in the huge and silent house. He was a slender, active man, gray, but by no means an elderly father to his daughters, and while his problems were not exactly those of an old man retired from business and bereft of interests, nevertheless rheumatism was upon him and you had to reckon in terms of a man well past his prime.

The difficulty here was that Martin protested almost too loudly of his youth. Crippled with a cerebral form of inflammation which knotted his knuckles, he nevertheless insisted in such activities as golf in damp weather, shoveling snow off the stoop, and walking, regardless of rain, down to the Chess club in the center of the town where he was known as a crack player.

Three girls did not marry out of such a home and away from such a father, without carrying with them a deep sense of the responsibility adjusting the life they had left behind. At least the three Duke girls did not. It was all very well and good for father to protest loudly that he was still "on the carpet" as he put it. Of course he was. That was not the point. The point was, that it looked bad before the community and doubtless was bad, for a man well along in his sixties, to be living alone in a vast old house, while each and every one of his daughters was well able to provide him an ample and luxurious home in her own.

It was the argument of public opinion that won. Probably his girls were right. Did not look well for him to remain on his own. Heaven knows it was not true that his daughters were negligent of him. On the contrary they were all too solicitous, but just the same, ways would wag. "There is a new-fangled old-age, just the same as there is a new-fangled youth," he kept protesting, however. "Men and women don't grow old as they used to. You can force me to break up the home, but don't think you are going to succeed in thrusting me into carpet slippers."

"Who wants to cast you into carpet slippers? Of course not, father. You can accompany Ed on his hospital rounds; or Leonard down to Wall street or go with Stacey to watch the bridge construction."

"Haven't the slightest intention of going any of those things. Don't need to tag onto anybody's interests. Have plenty of my own."

"Isn't he precious?" exclaimed the girls among themselves, unconsciously drenching him in the enormous patronage of youth. "Why it is all keep with him. Just as peppy about his appearance as a twenty year old. Too cunning for words."

"Don't speak of me as if I were a small boy or a small idiot," he complained once, against these references to himself. "You refer to me in the diminutive. You may think you are up-to-date, but you are much more old-fashioned in your attitude to old-age than I am."

Why shouldn't I feel like going out? "Your rheumatism—father! Ed's a doctor. He knows!"

"Ed may be a doctor, but he don't know as well as I know how my rheumatism feels. I'm going down town."

In Peoria, where Stacey was busy with his bridge construction, Marian reconcoiled the entire top floor of her beautiful home into a suite which she supplied with chess board, card tables, reading stands, chair lamps, fine deep lounges and a Morris chair especially constructed for her father's dimensions.

"Poppycock! I don't need all this upholstered luxury. Think I'm an old bird, don't you? I'll show you. I, I don't want to play solitaire. No, I don't need another reading lamp. I'm going down town to see what is doing."

It was the same in New York. The sweet solicitude of lovely Olga. Her eagerness to convert her entire apartment into a lounging den for her father. Concerns of one sort or another over his health. Admonitions against the approach of any personalities.

One day, with a shocking suddenness from which his daughters were not soon to recover, Martin took a train for the city where they were all sojourning. He was the father of a lifetime neighbor and set up housekeeping in the same vast stone house where he had reared his girls.

He is in love with her husband, but extravagant to a degree that her stepdaughters regard as fanatical. It keeps Martin on the jump. He is hard put, as the girls put it, but only to gratify her love of splendor, and then nights, dancing and doing frivolities to keep in pace with youth.

"Death Drums" Roll in Honor of Indian Brave

The "Death Drums of the Seneca, in the heart of the region that once was the stronghold of the fiercest of eastern tribesmen.

Out of the dim past, out of the wis- doms, out of the primitive—before the coming of the white man—came the legend giving the name by which the unexplained phenomenon is known to this day. This episode, not as a legend, but as an actual event, separated by irregular intervals, only on calm days, at a time of air stagnation or in the dead of night, about this time of the year.

Once there was a Seneca brave, straight as an arrow, the great Agayenah, fierce in spirit, kind in peace, and gentle in the council fire. One day near Seneca Castle (now Geneva), whether the trail of a bear had, led him, Agayenah rested and took shelter from an approaching storm in a right- struck down tree and man alike, har- ling both into the water of Seneca lake. They floated out upon the surface and not until the sun went down did they disappear.

And since that time the "death drums" sound, as explained in the legend, so that the Seneca would never forget Agayenah, great in battle, and great in council. Some geologists, no believers in the supernatural, offer several theories in explanation of the reverberations. One is that the booming results from fault movements—such as the slipping of one rock mass over another. Others suggest that the sound results from the rise of bubbles of gas originating in the depths of the lake and bursting on reaching the top.

Old Seneca is a lake of eccentricities. It is credited with being the deepest body of water wholly within the United States, with the slight exception of Lake Michigan. Only four times in the history of the world has it frozen over. At 210 feet deep it maintains a uniform temperature of 7 degrees above freezing; frogs and vaporization are almost unknown.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Letters To The Editor MUST be signed with the name of the person writing the letter. An assumed name may also be used and the writer's real name will be published unless a request upon request, but no letter without the true name of the writer will be published. Please write on one side of paper only.

To The Editor: Farmington Enterprise, Farmington, Michigan.

Dear Sir: We, the undersigned individuals present at the July Township Board meeting, who came as witnesses, to secure information regarding the annual Township report of 8-31-32 which was not printed in any publication, and who came not to attack the Township Board or its members, do protest against the vitriolic article and false statements which appeared in the July 21st, 1932 issue of the Farmington Enterprise.

Mrs. W. H. McCullough did not violently attack Farmington township officials, or her neighbors, but as she stated when pre- facing her list of questions, she "came with no personal animosity toward any member of the Board and hoped no one would indulge in any personalities."

There were fourteen clear and concise questions regarding the report and township taxes put to members of the Board which they answered satisfactorily and with no apparent feeling of resentment.

The article which Mrs. McCullough read has been entirely misconstrued by the Enterprise and has been mis- quoted so as to arouse feeling among a certain class of people designated by the Enterprise as those "on dol furnished by the taxpayers" and antagonize them against her.

Mrs. McCullough did state that "the assessed valuation of Farmington Township as recently fixed by the Board of Review is in round figures \$8,841,000 which reserves of uncollected taxes for schools and township together with the \$32,000 due school districts which has been ordered respaid by a circuit judge total more than \$250,000; that is, the township has already assessed for school and township taxes \$250,000 which it actually did

not need to levy even with the lavish expenditures of the past few years. This means an unpaid levy of more than \$1 for every \$25 of valuation of your property." She then gave the results of people losing their homes for taxes.

We feel that it takes a great deal of courage as well as time to look up this matter and go before the Township Board in behalf of the taxpayer. We feel she should be commended for this act instead of being berated and misrepresented by the Enterprise.

- Ina Sturman
Martha Noble
W. M. Cable
I. S. Drake
Herman Grimmmer
Jacob Essig
Starr W. Graham
May Gamer
Albert (Gramer)
Laverna M. Adams
Royal G. Adams
Emil G. Adams
Minnie Bour
Chas. Manzel
Louis Manzel
Charles Noble
Joe Woodard
Joe Graham
Ellen Graham
Emmett Houghten
Melvin J. Woodruff
W. H. McCullough
Edwin T. Sturman

Detroit Man Drowned At Walled Lake Sunday

Drowning added another victim to its toll Saturday when George C. Brinker, 26, of 6337 Theodore Street, Detroit, died from exposure early Sunday morning after he had been rescued from Walled Lake.

Brinker was swimming in water above his head when he evidently grew tired and sank. He was res- cued a few minutes later and partially revived. Three hours after, however, he died of hemorrhage, brought on by shock and the water that he had swallowed.

Coroner C. Dewey Kimball in- vestigated the drowning and re- ported that death was due to ex- posure and the other causes men- tioned.

Brinker is survived by his mother, Mrs. George Brinker, a brother Lewis, and a sister, Mrs. James Cope.

Send in your news items.

SEEKS RE-ELECTION



HARRY J. MERRITT Harry J. Merritt, of Royal Oak, announcing his candidacy for the office of Circuit Court Commissioner at the primary September 13 says:

"I desire to thank my many friends for their loyal interest in my campaign as evidenced by the signatures to my petitions. I have conducted the office honestly and fairly regardless of color or creed and will continue to do so if re-elected. Your vote is solicited and will be appreciated. I am a Republican."

REGISTRATION NOTICE FOR GENERAL PRIMARY ELECTION

TUESDAY, SEPT. 13th, 1932 To the Qualified Electors of the Township of Farmington County of Oakland, State of Michigan.

Notice is hereby given that in conformity with the Michigan Election Law, if the undersigned Township Clerk, will on any day, except Sunday and a legal holiday the day of any regular or special election or primary election, receive for registration the name of any legal voter in said town- ship not already registered who may Apply to Me Personally for such registration. Provided, how- ever, that I can receive no names for registration during the time intervening between the Second Saturday before any regular,

special, or official primary election and the day of such election.

Notice is hereby given that I will be at 20380 Pearl Street WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24 1932 The 20th Day Preceding Said Election From 8 o'clock a. m. until 8 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of Reviewing the Registration and Registering such of the qualified electors in said Town- ship as Shall Properly Apply therefor.

In any township or city in which the clerk does not maintain regular daily office hours, the township board or legislative body of such township or city may require that the clerk of such township or city shall be at his office or other designate place for the purpose of receiving ap- plications for registration, on such other days as it shall designate prior to the last day of registration, not exceeding five days

Notice is hereby further given that I will be at 20380 Pearl Street Monday, August 22, 1932, from 8 o'clock a. m. to 8 o'clock p. m.; Tuesday, August 23, 1932, from 8 o'clock a. m. to 8 o'clock p. m.; Wednesday, August 24, 1932, from 8 o'clock a. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. and from 8 o'clock a. m. until 8 o'clock p. m. on SATURDAY, SEPT. 3rd, 1932

—LAST DAY For General Registration by Personal Application For Said Election.

There will be a deputy clerk at the Police Booth at Farmington Junction August 19 and 20, 1932, from 8 a. m. to 1 p. m. and 2 to 8 p. m. and a deputy clerk at the Bond School, Orchard Lake and 13-Mile Road August 22, 23, and 24, 1932 from 8 a. m. to 1 p. m., and 2 to 8 p. m.

The name of no person but an ACTUAL Resident of the precinct at the time of said registration, and entitled under the Constitution, if remaining under the Consti- tution, to vote at the next election, shall be entered in the registration book.

Dated: July 12, A. D. 1932. WILLIARD CAMPBELL, Township Clerk

"Anything" and "Nothing" This is the difference in the use of aught and naught: Aught means anything; naught means nothing, also the name of the character represented by the zero. For example: Naught had aught he could call his own—Naught was heard, save the wind in the trees.

What's the Verdict of ROVING EYES? YOUR home expresses YOU! Do floors, furniture and woodwork gleam with unmarred beauty, or are they scarred and shabby? Are rooms drab or do they glow with happy sunshine of color? What a transformation can be made at a cost of only a dollar or so by use of WaterSpar Quick Drying Varnish Enamel. Farmington E. O. Hatton FARMINGTON HARDWARE CO. D. L. Dickerson Phone 3

Hoosier Cold Pack Large Granite Kettle with rack. Will hold seven one quart jars at a time. Rack to lift out. A BIG VALUE AT \$1.59 Wire Canning Racks Made to use in your wash boiler. Well made of heavy wire 45c Kill the Flies now FLY RIBBONS, 2 for .50c FLY PAPER, Double Sheets .50c FLY SWATTERS, wire .50c FLY SWATTERS, rubber, fibre .3 for 25c FLY SPRAY, .39c 59c 98c TIN SPRAYERS, .10c 20c Some More OF THOSE SWELL ALL ENAMELED Drip Coffee Pots To sell at \$1.00 A big value Electric Fans Westinghouse Fans \$6.45 Eskimo Oscillating Fans \$10 Binder Twine Pit 50 lb Bale \$3.60