

Personal

Mrs. Frances Halstead, Miss Lucille Halstead, and Gage and Lloyd Halstead were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lorenz of Plymouth, Sunday. Miss Ethel Lockwood of Alma, has returned home after spending two weeks with her sister, Mrs. Kenneth Loomis. Mrs. Percy of Big Rapids, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Roy Plunton, this week. Miss Ione Shepherd is spending the week with Miss Mamie Goul of Port Huron. They expect to leave Saturday for a week's auto trip in Northern Michigan. Mr. W. L. Frankfurth and Mrs. Grace Miller spent Sunday with the Doctor's parents at their cottage at Roundacre Park on Lake Erie. Miss Helen Westfall spent Monday with Mrs. Roy Schroeder. Mrs. Grace Miller was a dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Miller at Crooked Lake, Tuesday. Russell and Betty Pagel spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. William Baum, at Wixom. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walters and Mrs. Elizabeth Walters of Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. John Walters attended the Cox reunion at Brighton at the home of Harry Young. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Taylor spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fruit in Windsor. Howard Otis left Monday for Petoskey for an indefinite stay. Mr. and Mrs. John Lafferty of Saginaw, spent the latter part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bickling. Mrs. James Gilchrist of Sylvian Lake spent the latter part of last week with her son C. Bickling and family. Miss Alma Mae Bickling and Miss Janet Lafferty spent last Friday at Cedar point. The Garden Club met at Mrs. Emory Hatton's last Friday. Two papers were read, one on biennials, the other on flower arrangements, by Mrs. Karl Ritter. The club set the day for the flower show, September 8 and 9. Mrs. Andrew Salow who is in St. Joseph hospital, Pontiac, is getting along well. Mrs. Emory Hatton entertained six little folks in honor of the Harger twins second birthday. Mrs. W. C. Gice of Toledo, Ohio, spent the week end with Mrs. Roy Brown. Frances Brown spent Monday in Pontiac. Mrs. Martha Hatton and daughter Mary of Ypsilanti, spent the week end at the Hatton home on Shawnee avenue. Miss Evelyn Dawson of Tiffin, Ohio, is spending a few days with Mrs. Emory Hatton. Mrs. South of Batavia, Ohio, is

MID SUMMER Clearance Sale Continues Until Saturday All Prices Reduced. Special Bargains In: Underwear Women's Dresses Bathing Suits Rag Rugs Shoes Unbleached Cotton Overalls Kotex Sheets Men's Sox FRED L. Cook & Co. Fred L. Cook Adolph Nacker

Mid Summer SPECIAL! WE WILL CALL FOR AND DELIVER THE FOLLOWING THESE PRICES ARE CASH! LADIES' PLAIN DRESSES 50c LADIES' PLAIN COATS 50c MEN'S SUITS 50c MEN'S TOP COATS 50c MEN'S TROUSERS 25c Snedcor's Howell Cleaners and Dyers Phone 330 220 S. Michigan Howell

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ross called on M. Guy Fyfe in Redford Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. George Millian and son Alex of Norville were Sunday guests at the home of E. O. Hatton. Mrs. Eva Towner and granddaughter Patsy Ann of Flint, were Wednesday callers at the Charles Sullivan home. Glenn Greene and family were callers in Detroit Monday evening. Miss Catherine Sparks is ill with the flu. Mr. and Mrs. John Greene and Mr. and Mrs. G. Greene were Northville callers Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob of Detroit spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Barrons. Edgar Barrons spent last week with Jack Seivert at Warren, Michigan. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Nelson attended a progressive meeting at the Clark Hotel, St. Louis, Michigan. Mrs. L. R. Scarff and children of Ferndale visited with Mrs. David Bissett on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lane and Mrs. and Mrs. Harley Walters are enjoying a weeks outing in Northern Michigan on the Indian River. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scott and Mr. and Mrs. D. Bissett spent Sunday at Goodrich with Ezra Stafford. Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Schlosser who have been visiting C. N. Andrews returned to their home in Oklahoma City. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick of Oklahoma City spent several days last week at the Andrews, home. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Nelson attended the Gladioli show at Belle Isle Sunday afternoon. Valarie Walters is staying with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Walters. Miss Merlah Andrews spent ten days in North Adams. Mrs. Lester Harger, and daughters Marilyn and Eleanor, Ann and Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn of Flint, called Thursday at the S. D. Harger home. Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Andrews, Miss Merlah Andrews and Mr. and Mrs. Schlosser attended the Hartwell Green School reunion last Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Haschal of Redford, called on Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Harger Wednesday evening. S. D. Harger spoke at the Strathmoor M. E. Church Sunday evening. Mr. John Jacobs and sister Mable of Chatham, Ontario, called on Mrs. David Ross Sunday evening. Mrs. Rodah Roach of Milford called on Mrs. David Ross and Mrs. Grace Anglin, Thursday. Miss Mary Lee left Saturday to visit relatives in Saginaw.

Miss Cecile and Miss Thelma Muscott, of Breckenridge, have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Osmus during the past week. Week end guests at the M. E. parsonage were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Miller and daughter Betty Doris and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schroeder of Detroit. Miss M. Kenburd of Chicago, was a guest of Mrs. Martha Schroeder last week. Miss Mary Dunlay of Detroit visited Miss Doris Schroeder last Wednesday and Thursday. Miss Viola Lamb left last week to take a year's Commercial Teacher's Course at Ypsilanti. Arthur Lamb was at Pontiac on Monday and Tuesday on business. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Vorge of Detroit were Saturday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lamb. Misses Anna and Gertrude Richardson, Mrs. Wm. Richardson and Miss Kathryn Richardson attended the Richardson Family picnic at Watkins Lake, Thursday. Mrs. George W. McConnell of Saginaw was a guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. McGee. Mr. McConnell drove to Saturday and Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Cloyes Steele and Miss Mary Kennedy spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frey of Toledo. Mrs. Andrew Salow is recovering at the St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital from a serious operation. Henry Trombley, of the Farmington Post Office, will start Monday on a two weeks vacation, during which time he will motor to New York with his mother and father, where they will meet his brother and sister who are returning from Europe, on the S. S. Leviathan. Mr. and Mrs. Cloyes Steele and Miss Mary Kennedy motored to Toledo, Ohio, and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Pray. George Barrons, 7 pound son, arrived Tuesday night, and is making his home with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Barrons on Oakland Avenue. George has a few other brothers.

STATIONERY SUE By DOROTHY DOUGLAS TOM JACKS didn't suspect, when he got into the subway that morning, that he was stepping into the presence of the only girl who could one day tear his heart to shreds if she said "Yes" instead of "No". There were plenty of seats because it was just past the rush hour, so Tom sat down beside a perfect paragon in a delicate mauve costume. Apparently she was a business girl, for she was reading over a batch of letters with business headings. And from the swift if definite glances Tom was able to get at them, he knew them to be letters. To crane his neck a bit and was rewarded with a trifle more information. The firm name to whom the letters were addressed was "Sue Wentworth, Inc." Arriving at his office he looked up the telephone book and found therein the name he sought. And after it was one word—"Stationery." "Joy!" was Tom's mental exclamation. "This is why I start in to buy stationery." Hereafter he had left this line of office supplies to the two girls who purchased typewriter ribbons, carbon paper, pencils, blotters, etc., not so happy. He went outside to a public telephone booth and called up Sue Wentworth, Inc. A delightful voice, crisp, but pleasant, answered the call. "This is Tom Jacks, Inc., said Tom. "I want to know how soon I can get some office supplies." "Well," the calling days are Tuesday and Friday, when I bring my samples for selection." "But I'm in a desperate hurry—not a sheet of letter paper in the office," Tom said, and in his mind's eye saw his well-stocked shelves; "is there no way I can get my order in?" "Certainly, if you care to send some one along to my office—I can put your order straight through then." "Since it's most urgent, I'll just pop along now," said Tom. And Mr. Wentworth smiled it was only because she had so very many urgent orders—strangely enough mostly from mass-pull buyers. Tom might have known her office would look like that. It was apple green enamel with black furniture, and there were flowers about—flowers at which Tom gazed dazedly because he had a hunch from the variety of them they were brought by a lot of stupid men who perhaps came in when they didn't need stationery any more than they wanted a glass of warm milk. Sue was placing her samples of letter paper and her big albums of envelopes before him and he started a random selection. "I'll have some of that mauve paper, with monograms put on," he said. "My girls are both in need of some private stationery. And I want a dozen typewriter ribbons, some bill-headers and a few thousand envelopes. I don't remember all we need, but I'll go through the stock and come along again with the order." "I'll come along on my next calling day—it will save you troubling to come here," suggested Sue sweetly. She had been taking down his orders in a most efficient way with apparently no attention for the personal side of the situation. "No—I wouldn't have you carry these great albums about like that. I can come here very easily—no trouble at all." "I must say, all the men are very nice to me in that way, but I can assure you I am quite used to it—carrying my samples, I mean." She smiled more or less coquettishly at Tom. "You see, I'm a business woman, pure and simple and expect to do these things." "You are no doubt pure and businesslike, but you're not simple—not a bit of it," said the latest of Sue's admirers. And with that sort of personal note he thought it best to go back to his own office and break the news about the new stationery to the girls. "But Mr. Jacks, we're completely stocked up—you ordered everything from pens to paper clips last month," expostulated Miss Smith. "Ah, ha!" laughed Tom; "but that was way last month. Anyway, I've decided that distinctive stationery in business is a great asset. From now on Jacks, Inc., will reveal in the finest that's to be had." And Tom Jacks, Inc., certainly did blossom forth in some pretty fine specimens of the stationer's art and printing. His associates began to suspect that Tom was acquiring temperament and hoped for the best. But Tom wasn't acquiring a scrap more temperament than he had ever possessed, which wasn't much; but he most certainly was bent on acquiring something that was far greater than anything else in the world—a happy beginning to a love affair. And Sp—well, she just sat tight and knew that things were happening rather as she wished them to, but never, even on their golden wedding anniversary would she tell him that she had purposely not reading her letters in the subway—hoping—well, just hoping for the very thing that happened.

TRAIN—2 O'CLOCK By ELIZABETH B. LUDLOW "THANK the Lord!" Bill had said, grabbing his friend, Anthony Harcourt by the arm. "Listen, fella, you've simply got to meet my girl. It's her first visit to New York. Take her to the Ritz. I'll meet you there at five. I'm in a deuce of a rush!" "But, I say, I—" Tony Harcourt had begun hopelessly. "Oh, yes," Bill had stopped long enough to shout back at him. "Train—two o'clock. Grand Central. Medium height, slim, dark hair, adorable nose." That was how it happened that Tony Harcourt was trying to meet every train o'clock train arriving at the Grand Central terminal. He didn't know where she was coming from and, worst of all, he had forgotten her name, although he had heard Bill mention it several times. He had met two trains where almost everybody had been met by friends or seemed to know exactly where they were going. Not every one, though. Tony approached three brunettes who had seemed a bit undecided, but each one had frozen him with a glance almost before he could make his carefully prepared speech—"I beg your pardon, but was Bill Felton to have met you?" As Tony approached the third train, he was invariably muttering, "Darned old fool. Why couldn't he do his own dirty work? I give up. This task requires superhuman powers." But he noticed that, as he was rather tardy in approaching his third train, most of the passengers had left. Those that remained were chatting with friends who had met them—all except one, a slim, dark girl of medium height with an adorable nose. "Of course," thought Tony Harcourt with a leaping of his pulses, "that is all the description that girl would need. I've been wasting time." She was looking about in a puzzled, hurt, almost frightened way, and he approached her with his carefully prepared speech—"I beg your pardon, but was Mr. Bill—" "Oh, yes," cried the girl, relief and joy in her lovely eyes raised to his. "Did Bill send you? I was just about to appeal to the Traveler's Aid. New York is rather overwhelming when you've never been here before, isn't it?" "It certainly is," agreed Tony, holding close the small globe that he had given him. "I'm awfully sorry to be late but, Bill gave me the sketchiest description and directions. I've been trying to meet all the two o'clock trains." Suddenly he realized that they were still standing looking at each other and that he still held her hand. The realization came to her at the same time and she colored and withdrew it. Then both laughed. "You darling, you darling—oh, don't Bill's luck," said Tony to himself, but aloud he said, "The program is on at the Ritz where Bill will join us at five." "Oh, grand!" exclaimed Bill's girl happily. "I wouldn't be just thinking of something nice like that. But we have lots of time, haven't we? Do you know what I'd like to do first? I'd like to drive around Central Park. The train was so hot and dusty, and I've always wanted to see Central Park." "Central Park it shall be," said Tony. He would have driven her to Alaska if she had asked him to. When finally established in his car and while he tumbled his high car traffic, he said, "Now, I can see why Bill mentioned the nose. Of course, that was really the only description needed." She brought her shining eyes back from their excited and delighted scrutiny of New York to laugh up at him. "I know," she said. "I've often thought of wearing a mask, but—imagine Bill really noticing my nose!" "I can," he told her. "I was planning to have a cast made of it and erected here in Central Park. Gee, I'm glad Bill couldn't get out to meet you." "So am I," she said softly. And he thought, "Is she feeling it, too? Gosh, I can't stand Bill's having her. Anyhow, I'll have three hours of her that I'll never forget!" He drew up in the shade of a tree that stood guard over a small pond. "Do you know," he said, "I don't even know your name." "Nancy," she said. And he loved her because she only told him her first name, as though that was all that mattered between her and him. She had taken off her hat and the breeze blew her soft, dark curls. She was so—so—everything he had always dreamed a girl should be. His time with her was so short! "Nancy," he said suddenly, "Let's really talk. Tell me—what books do you like? Do you believe in God? How many eggs do you like for breakfast?" It was six-thirty when they reached the Ritz. Tony stopped at the entrance. "Nancy! Oh, Nancy, why are you engaged to Bill Felton?" he asked tensely, gripping her arm. "Bill Felton!" exclaimed Nancy, her eyes wide. "Engaged! Why, there's some mistake. I'm Bill Felton's sister!" Garden Covers 70 Acres Windsor castle in England has gardens covering 70 acres, of which 23 are devoted to vegetables. There is one flower border which is 200 yards long and 15 feet wide on each side of a grass walk.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN To avoid embarrassment and questioning of users of the Public Library, a box will be placed in the small Hall for all late and delinquent books. I trust that some of the lost books will find their way back. M. KENNEDY The Township Board of Farmington has asked the Public Library to keep an account of books taken by patrons of the Township for the next six months. I request the patrons to co-operate with the rules of the library by returning all books, as promptly as possible. M. KENNEDY CARD OF THANKS We wish to extend our thanks to our friends and neighbors, to Reverend Johnson, Reverend Dunlavy, and to the telephone operators for their many kindnesses during our recent bereavement. Mrs. John G. Smith and family, Mrs. J. C. Gravin and family. 42-1-c (Political Announcement) G. Dewey Kimball REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF OAKLAND COUNTY. A lifetime resident of Oakland County, now living in Birmingham, Alabama. Mr. Kimball is vitally interested in giving the people of the county an efficient administration as Governor. His many friends expected this of him when they endorsed and elected him to the office two years ago. Their confidence has not been shaken. His administration has stood the test of time. He has proven himself to be the right man for the office. Reward him for his straightforward, conscientious effort. Vote for G. Dewey Kimball for Governor.

Notable Point of View A pessimist is a man whose notes are coming down. An optimist is a man whose notes have been renewed. Shoe and Leather Reporter.