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GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

By NANCY RHODES

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THE last night, thought Irene, as she drew the stopper of her perfume bottle across her reddened lips, flicked it under her pinkened ears, and threaded it in and out among the brilliantined waves of her yellow hair. She stood as far back from her mirror as her small hotel bedroom would permit, and scanned her figure anxiously. There was no doubt that she had put on a pound or two during the past two weeks' vacation, and her brightly flowered chiffon made the most of that fact. Hastily she wriggled out of it. Her rose-colored georgette was better. An old rag, to be sure, but the most becoming frock she owned. And heaven knew she needed the moral and sartorial support of a becoming frock tonight!

Small shivers chased each other up and down her spine, as she fumbled with snaps. The last night and an ordeal lay ahead of her. What would Greg say or do when she told him? Her fingers blundered as she tied the rose georgette sash in place and stood back again from the mirror.

In the bright light that streamed from her western window, she noted that she did not look a day over twenty-eight. She could pass for twenty-five under the rose-tinted glow of a dim restaurant table. And in the moonlight . . . Irene hummed a little under her breath as she locked the door and started downstairs.

The little tune died in her throat almost as soon as she reached the lobby, for she saw Greg waiting for her behind the wheel of his roadster. A lump rose somewhere in the back of her throat. The last time, she thought again. The last night. Tomorrow at this time she would be on the train. The next day at this time, she would be home. Next week at this time . . .

Irene sighed and tripped past the rocking-chair brigade with a casual smile, a nod, and an inward shudder against the none too distant day when she, too, would sit on hotel piazzas and take bitter pleasure in gossip about younger and more attractive women.

Gregory settled her in the car silently. He, too, seemed preoccupied. A warm, heady sense of power stole over Irene as she glanced at his tanned young face now set in thoughtful and rather unhappy lines. She knew that she should feel ashamed and contrite, that her leaving could so deeply affect him, but the only emotion that swept her was a rush of triumph. In spite of everything, she was still attractive and desired.

The car sped along the dusty road, curving between green fields patched with brown-eyed susans and flecked with frogile Queen Anne's lace, and on into the heart of a deep pine woods where the fragrance of sweet fern hung heavily in the midsummer air. Straight ahead of them a red sun stood for a moment with three small fir trees silhouetted on its flaming face. A thousand insects shrilled in the meadows and robins called in sweet, lusty voices for rain.

"The last night," said Greg suddenly, slipping a hand over both of hers as the car swooped down a hill and headed into the sunset. "And,"—he hesitated a long minute—"there's something I must tell you."

A cold finger of fear touched the triumph in Irene's heart and the lump rose again in her throat. What had she done? She knew, of course, what he wanted to tell her. Every look and gesture he had made during the past week had already told her more plainly than words. And she in her insufferable vanity had led him on until the affair had got beyond her control. She thought uneasily of last night when they had stood close together in the moonlight at the edge of the silvery path that cut the ocean in two black and murmuring halves, and Greg had swept her abruptly into his arms and kissed her until she had strained away from him and had run up the path toward the brightly lighted hotel.

Tonight she must tell him the whole story before he had a chance to declare his love. Perhaps she could save his pride a little, if she spoke before he had committed himself in so many words.

In the dining room of the small country inn, where they had eaten so often during the past two weeks, they found a table in a dim corner and Greg ordered the dinner. Silently they faced each other across the table, both groping for the right opening note.

"The last night," said Greg again, softly, and Irene avoided his seeking eyes and the hand that he stretched across the table. How she hated hurting him, as she surely must when she told him! But it was the only way out.

"Let's drive down to the point," suggested Gregory, as they strolled out to the car. Already the eastern sky was luminous above that spot over the dark hills where the moon would soon show a yellow rim.

When they reached the point, Gregory lighted a cigarette and flicked out the match with great deliberation. I must tell him now thought Irene, before he has a chance to say anything.

She cleared her throat and opened her lips but no word came forth. O! If she could but drop out of his life silently. Always to remain a woman of mystery! But she had aroused him too deeply for that. She pictured him hunting for her, his blue eyes haunted, his tanned cheeks pale and drawn.

No! She must kill all hope. The surgeon's method — one clean, sweeping stroke that would end it all. Perhaps some day he would forget her and another woman would come into his life. Irene sighed. If one could but eat one's cake and still have the frosting!

"Irene!" breathed Greg at last. "Little girl," he began again, huskily, and she felt his arm tighten. Far out on the black water to the right the yellow flare of a beacon flamed and died, flamed and died. A string of small perfect jewels, even farther out in the blackness, showed a steamer heading toward Boston. At their feet small waves lapped the sand.

"Greg," began Irene, "there's something . . . I . . . must . . ."

"Irene," said Greg hoarsely. "Before I start I am going to ask you to try to forgive me. My dear, I had no right to lead you on. It all started lightly enough, but when I saw you were taking it seriously I should have told you. But somehow or other . . ." he gulped and paused.

What was he talking about? She taking what seriously? Puzzled, Irene turned to him.

"My dear," he continued. "I am a married man. I can never be more than a friend to you. You must put me out of your mind. You will forget in time and look back and even be able to laugh a little . . ."

Irene sat like a pillar of salt at his side. Words failed her. Her breath whistled in her nostrils. She take him seriously, indeed! She opened her mouth to make a scathing retort and a strange squeaking noise came forth to confound her.

"Don't take it so hard, dear," said Greg, patting her on the shoulder. "Some day there will be another man . . . one worthy of you. . . ."

After the dinner dishes had been stacked the next night and put away in the pantry out of sight, Irene settled herself in the living-room with a magazine.

"You tired?" asked her husband, looking up from his evening paper. "Vacation didn't do you much good, did it? Perhaps next year I can get away and go with you. Not much fun going away alone, eh?"

"Not much," muttered Irene, burying her nose deep in the magazine.

Precious Salt Cellar Is to Go in Milan Exhibit

As token of friendship for Italy, Austria temporarily will part with one of its most precious art possessions, the famous salt cellar, made by Benvenuto Cellini, the greatest Italian goldsmith of the Renaissance period. This table decoration, executed in pure gold, will form part of the exhibition of ancient Italian goldsmith works at Milan, to which many museums throughout the world are contributing, notes a Vienna United Press correspondent.

This work of Cellini is an elaborate center piece, crowned by mythological figures, cast in gold, and decorated with enamel. Cellini considered it his masterpiece, and in his diary described how enchanted Cardinal Prince Ippolito d'Este, who had ordered it, was when he saw the waxen model in 1539.

Despite his great wealth, this prince was unable to have it executed in gold. Cellini had to wait another two years before he found a "Maccenas" in the French King Francis I, for whom he cast it in gold in Paris.

"It is a hundred times more divine than I had thought," the king is reported as declaring. Cellini vividly described how, clad in a shining silvery armor, holding a basket with the thousand "good guilders," he had received from the king, on his arm, with a dagger in one and a sword in the other hand, he went home from the royal castle to his hostelry.

The precautions were well justified; on his way home he was attacked by four robbers, whom he put to flight.

Twenty years later the Italian masterpiece was forgotten by Francis' successor, and save for the intervention of the Chancellor de Gonnert, who was a connoisseur, it would have been converted into gold coins together with other parts of the royal treasury.

Charles IX of France gave it to Duke Ferdinand of Tyrol, who had been his best man at the French king's marriage with Princess Elizabeth of Austria. The collections of the Tyrolian duke, who was a Hapsburg prince, subsequently were incorporated into the Imperial Museum of Art in Vienna.

Tasks on Railroad Technique

That nature imposes mighty tasks on railroad technique in Switzerland is evident from the fact that for every 100 kilometers of Swiss Federal Railroads tracks there are 15.64 kilometers of tunnels and galleries. In Austria the percentage is only 1.49 kilometers and in Germany it is still less, i. e. 0.42 of a kilometer.

SECRETARY OF STATE LEON CASE DISCUSSES PLANS

The next secretary of state for Michigan will be Senator Leon D. Case of Watervliet. Senator Case first became well known when he served as mayor of Watervliet in its early history as a fifth class city. He made a fine record there and was called upon frequently to go about the state to tell the story of the new city organization. As mayor he was also a member of the Berrien County board of supervisors. This body is a training field for many a man who later becomes prominent in the public life of the state.

Mr. Case has been publisher of the Watervliet Record for many years and as such he has come to know men and policies in a large way.

Editor Case was elected to the state senate in 1912 and served one term. He was again chosen by the voters of his district in 1932 and was reelected in 1934. As senator he proved to be a natural leader and the last term he served he was president pro tem of the senate. He has been active in much legislative work and served as a member of the Crime Commission.

Last September Mr. Case ran for the nomination for lieutenant governor on the Democratic ticket but lost to Leon Nowicki of Detroit. The convention which followed nominated him for secretary of state and in the election he won over Orville E. Atwood the Republican incumbent.

In an interview last week Senator Case discussed for the weekly readers of Michigan the plans he was making for his new department.

First of all he stated that motorists may be sure that they will have until February 1 in which to obtain their new licenses. Secretary Atwood had already made this promise and Mr. Case assured us that it would be carried out religiously.

"I do not know much about the office nor the people running it," he said further, "therefore I do not wish to make a lot of rash statements about what I will do. I have heard some complaint about the time it takes to secure a chauffers' licenses and I hope to hasten that operation if possible as well as the time involved in securing transfers of title. I will certainly make a study of what other states are doing in this regard and if I can secure any hints from them I will put them into operation.

"It may be of course that the volume of business in Michigan is such that the matter cannot be hastened at all but I will do my best.

"I fully realize how anxious people are to secure the renewal of their operator's licenses and if I can hurry this up at all I will surely do so.

"The office is a big one as well as very important to the people of Michigan and I hope and plan to give them the best service possible."

When asked about changes in the office personnel, Mr. Case said, "I do not know any of the people there and it will take some time to make up my mind as to what I will do in the process of making changes which of course are always taking place in an office of this size. One thing you can depend upon, I will take my time and study the entire matter before any wholesale changes are made. I will not under any circumstances do anything to interrupt the service the people of Michigan have been getting. That must come first and changes for political expediency will be the last to be considered."

Certainly in entering upon his new duties the senator is anxious to serve the people of the state first and last.

MARJORIE MORRIS WINS 4-H HONORS

Marjorie Morris, youngest member of the 4-H club of the West Farmington district, was the winner of the highest honors in the county on food preparation. With five other girls she attended the 4-H club achievement banquet for girls and boys at Pontiac Saturday. The club, which is led by Mrs. Fraser Wadenstorer, is taking up sewing for the winter season.

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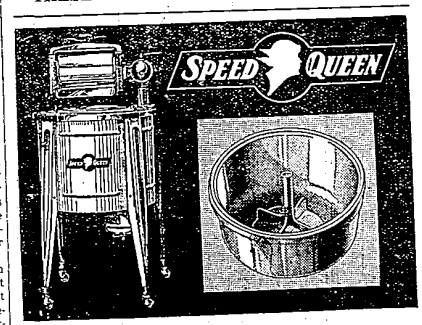

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1730

STATE OF MICHIGAN, THE PROBATE COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF OAKLAND.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 19th day of November A.D. 1936

Present, Hon. Dan A. McGaffey, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Stephen H. Tredway, Deceased.

Myrtle E. Tredway having filed a petition praying that an instrument filed in said Court be admitted to Probate as the last will and testament of said deceased, and that administration of said estate be granted to Myrtle E. Tredway, the executrix named in the will or to some other suitable person

It is Ordered, That the 21st day of December A.D. 1936, at 9 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, at said Probate Office, is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy hereof, for three successive weeks, previous to said day of hearing, in the Farmington Enterprise a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

DAN A. McGAFFEY
Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Leah Koch
Deputy Register of Probate.
Nov. 26-Dec. 10

1728

PELTON & McGEE, Attorneys, Peoples State Bank Bldg., Pontiac, Michigan.

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE

Defaults having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by William H. Tendler and Dorothy A. Tendler, his wife, of the City of Ferndale, Oakland County, Michigan, to HOME OWNERS' LOAN CORPORATION, a Corporation organized under the laws of the United States of America, dated October 22nd, 1935, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Oakland County, Michigan, on November 28 1935, in Liber 722 of Mortgages, on Pages 5-8, and said mortgagee having elected under the terms of said mortgage to declare the entire principal and accrued interest thereon due, which election it does hereby exercise, pursuant to which default is claimed to be due and unpaid on said mortgage at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of Seventy Six Hundred Thirty Four and 86/100 Dollars ($7634.86) and no suit or proceeding at law or in equity having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof;

NOW, THEREFORE, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and pursuant to the Statutes of the State of Michigan in such case made and provided, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on Tuesday, February 23rd, 1937 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Eastern Standard Time at the Easterly entrance to the Court House in the City of Pontiac, County of Oakland, Michigan (that being the place of holding Circuit Court in said County) said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale at public auction to the highest bidder of the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due as aforesaid, and any sum or sums which may be paid by the undersigned at or before said sale for taxes and/or insurance on said premises, and all other sums paid by the undersigned, with interest thereon, pursuant to law and to the terms of said mortgage, and all legal costs, charges and expenses, including an attorney's fee, which premises are described as follows:

That certain piece or parcel of land situated in the City of Ferndale, County of Oakland, Michigan, more particularly described as:

Lot number Fifteen (15) of Road Subdivision of South 8 acres of North 28 acres, of East half of Southeast quarter of Section 33, Town 1 North, Range 11 East, Village of Ferndale, according to the plat thereof recorded in Liber 37, page 34, Plats.

DATED: November 24th 1936

HOME OWNERS' LOAN CORPORATION
Mortgagee.

PELTON & McGEE
Attorneys for Mortgagee
Business Address: Peoples State Bank Bldg.
Pontiac, Michigan.
Nov. 26-Feb. 18

1737

STATE OF MICHIGAN, IN THE PROBATE COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF OAKLAND.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 24th day of November A.D. 1936.

Present, Hon. Dan A. McGaffey, Judge of Probate.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF William Rae Brown, Deceased.

May Marshall Brown Davey (formerly May Marshall Brown) and Union Guardian Trust Company, Trustees of said estate, having filed in said Court their first annual account for the period from September 17, 1935 to September 17, 1936, and petition praying for the examination and allowance thereof; and petition praying for the allowance of Trustees' Fees.

It is Ordered, that the 28th day of December A.D. 1936 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition;

It is Further Ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Farmington Enterprise a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

DAN A. McGAFFEY
Judge of Probate.

(A true Copy.)
Leah Koch
Deputy Register of Probate.
Nov. 26-Dec. 10