

Holiday Greetings

At this Season of the Year We Pause to Thank Our Patrons for Their Assistance in Our Business. We Wish You All a Merry Christmas and a New Year Replete With Good Fortune and Good Health.

Novi Supply Co.

Dealers in Feed, Grain, Seed, Coal

J. R. Walters — L. F. Gildemeister

Phones: Farmington 26; Northville 374-R

The Season's Greetings!

The Spirit of Christmas Emanates from the Fragrance of Every Petal and Pistil of the Beautiful Flowers Which it is Our Pleasure to Provide for Your Enjoyment. May 1937 Find You Happy and Prosperous.

Aldrich Nurseries

Clarence Aldrich, Prop. — 29215 Gd. River

All the news is not on the front page. Read the Enterprise advertisements.

A LEMON FOR IKE

By MABEL K. HAYES

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THE Pease twins were Isaac and Michael in the Bible, but Ike and Mike in every day life, and Sidsie Lemon had picked Mike for her. Mike was "settin' up" with Sidsie. Not the first girl he had "set" up, by any means, but that is neither here nor there. Every Saturday night saw him over on Blackberry Hill.

The twins were handsome, husky fellows with red cheeks and blue eyes; they were alike as two peas (no pun intended) except for the expression of their eyes. In Mike's lurked two laughing demons, while Ike's were grave and staid.

You remember that in those good old days, card playing was a deadly sin; while those who played for money—you know what happened to them.

Ike cared nothing for cards, or girls, either, for that matter; but Mike was different. There was something in the forbidden card appeal to his reckless, pleasure-loving soul, and a game of euchre in the back room of the village store was a wild event. Ike knew of his twin's depravity and time and time again threatened Mike with the dire results should he be discovered; but Mike just laughed at him.

On Saturday's the twins took turns going to the village for grain and household supplies, and on this particular Saturday that started Ike's education in a new direction, it was Mike's turn. It was a snappily cold day and he returned with blazing cheeks and sparkling eyes. Ike, waiting in the barn for the horse, saw that it was not wholly the weather that caused this blaze and sparkle and was not surprised when Mike said in an excited whisper, "Ike, there's a game on tonight. I'm going."

"No," said Ike, "you can't, it's Sidsie's night."

"I'm going," persisted Mike, "and she won't know, notin' about it, 'cause you'll go over and set up with 'er."

Ike shrank as though from a blow. "Ike, you're crazy! I won't do no such thing. I never kissed a girl in my life. I couldn't go over there and make love all night. I wouldn't know how." He turned away to hang up the harness as though the matter were settled.

"Now, Ike," pleaded Mike, "don't let that love-makin' worry you none. Sidsie'll do all that. All you got to do is follow her lead. If she should put up her face, I s'pose you could kiss it, couldn't you?" Ike blushed. "I s'pose I could, but I ain't a-goin' to."

For half an hour Mike beseeched. Then Mike played his highest trump by turning hurt eyes on Ike and saying, with tears in his voice, "Aw, Ike, you wouldn't go back on me, your own twin, would you?"

Ike settled it, of course. Ike could never do that, so after supper he started for Blackberry Hill, wishing the two miles were ten. His feet dragged; he bowed himself up with a hope—perhaps Sidsie would be sick; then his spirit sank—perhaps she wouldn't. He was trembling in every limb and wet with perspiration when all too soon he reached the Lemon farm and knocked on the back door. It was flung open and Sidsie pounced on him, dragging him into the warm kitchen. She began to unwind the matter around his neck.

"Why, Mike," she squealed, "what's the matter? You're all a ree-ekin' sweat!"

"Great guns," thought Ike, "what shall I say?"

"Oh, er—er, I hurried so to get here quick."

Sidsie dropped her eyes. "Oh, Mike, you do say the sweetest things!" She stood before him expectantly, and as he made no move, said shyly, "Well, ain't you goin' ter kiss me?"

Now Sidsie was a very pretty girl, with her rosy cheeks and bright eyes of perfect health. She wore a green velvet blouse, very becoming to her pink cheeks and big brown eyes, now lifted to Ike. For a moment Ike stood helpless, then slowly reached out a long arm, enfolded her tiny waist, and drew her close; gasping a bit, he closed his eyes and kissed her. He liked it. He drew off a little, stared at her, then repeated, "Huh! Anybody'd think you'd never kissed me before. Come on, let's go in the other room."

She led him through the kitchen into the cozy "settlin'" room where the fire burned on the old haircloth "sofy" drawn up before the blazing logs in the fireplace. Sidsie sank beside him and quite naturally Ike's arm slid around her shoulders.

"Mike," she said, "what do you s'pose I heard since you were here last week?" Ike shook his head and Sidsie leaned nearer. "I heard that you play cards and"—her voice sank to a horrified whisper—"for money." Her eyes questioned, and Ike, raising his right hand, said solemnly, "Sidsie, I swear that I never played a game of cards in my life, and since the truth is always convincing, Sidsie believed him.

and they've got you mixed up. Does like play cards?"

"He does not! I can swear to that, too."

"Well," sputtered Sidsie, "you needn't take my head off. Folks do get you mixed, though I don't see how they can; I never have any trouble telling you apart," and she laid her head on his shoulder with a low, satisfied laugh.

He began to feel nervous. He had read that love was blind, but he knew that Sidsie was sharp, and if she kept harping on the subject she might make a discovery. So he claved around mentally for a subject that might consume her entire attention and, considering that he knew nothing of women, his intuition was marvelous.

He drew her closer—closer, and whispered coaxingly, "Sidsie, when'll we be married?" Sidsie was startled; she gasped, blushed, then looked coy.

"Oh, Mike, I—I'm not quite ready. I've got my sheets and things, but I wanted to piece another quilt and fill a feather bed and a few pillows this spring. Still—if you want me very much, I could be ready by the first of May."

May! Right in planting time! How on earth would Mike take time to be married then? Still like flung caution to the winds and continued to plan with Sidsie until the wee small hours, gradually forgetting Mike and planning for himself.

At last he tore himself away. Sidsie, with a last long kiss, let him out into the chill, gray dawn. Ike did not feel the cold; his spirit soared; he walked with a springing tread, head lifted to the skies. Not until he was nearly home did the truth intrude itself. Sidsie was marrying Mike; it was for Mike he had planned; those kisses were for Mike. Slowly he entered the house and climbed to the chamber where his twin reposed in bed, but not in slumber.

"Well," said Mike.

"Yes," answered Ike, "I guess so. I've done the best I could for you, Mike. You and Sidsie are goin' ter be married first of May; you're goin' ter build near the Lemon's, so Sidsie can have her mother close by, and—"

"What?" thundered Mike. "Who started that marryin' business?"

"Why—why, Mike," faltered Ike, "Sidsie said she was all ready but a few things, and I thought—"

Mike started. "Rats! Any girl is always ready but a few things any time you ask 'em. I ain't a-goin' ter marry Sidsie Lemon. She's a nice girl, I like her, but I ain't never at her ter marry me."

"Well," sighed Ike, "you have now."

"Not by a long shot, I ain't," retorted Mike. "You ask her, and if you want her marry her, you can."

Ike stared long and hard at his twin; his face grew very red. "Mike, you mean that?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then, by gum, I will," said Ike. And he did. Not the first of May, for it took Mike some time to engineer his dismissal by Sidsie, but eventually Ike and Sidsie were married, and she does not know to this day that the first time she kissed Ike was not the first time, if you know what I mean.

Virginia Folk-Tunes Are

Not All From the Hills

Mountain music may often be folk-music, but all folk-music is by no means mountain music, explains Winston Wilkinson, the Virginia violinist who holds a fellowship in folk-music in the University of Virginia and who is engaged in making a collection of the folk-tunes of different sections of the state; says a bulletin from the university.

"The misconception that our folk-music is mountain music has been largely because of the efforts of Cecil J. Sharp, the noted English collector, and others who have confined their collecting activities to the mountainous districts." Wilkinson said in discussing his work.

"I have collected many beautiful folk-melodies in the mountains of Virginia, but they are also found in great quantity and in exceedingly fine quality in other sections of the state. Frequently they are sung by some of our most highly educated and cultured people. In the collection of folk-music I am making for the University of Virginia there are a large number of fine ballads, folk-songs and dance-songs which were sung to me by members of the university faculty."

"The collection also contains the beautiful song which inspired Robert Burns to write, 'My Luve's Like a Red, Red Rose.' Other ballads and songs in the collection have stories which may be found in the Gesta Romanorum, in Boccaccio's Decamerion, and in other famous collections of folk-tales and legends."

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Murray D. Van Wagoner, of Michigan, told American highway authorities of our country have come as far as they have in building the greatest highway system in the world.

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Van Wagoner pointed to an experiment in dividing four-lane highways with metal or bituminous raised strips that is now in progress on US-112 north of Pontiac, Mich. He expressed the belief that this experiment would show the way to dividing traffic at nominal cost.

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