

MOUSE TRAPS

BY CLAYTON RAND

"If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Emerson may have been preaching good business gospel when he spoke that classic, but for these more competitive times it is the bunk.

Such a man today would preach to himself, mice would build nests with his book and the path to his doorway would grow rank with weeds.

A man today with a better book, sermon, or mouse trap either advertises the fact by beating a path to his neighbor's door or he lives alone and dies forgotten in the wilderness.

The Farmington Enterprise

Fortunate Honesty

By ANN SAVILLE
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WNU Service.

ALTHOUGH customers seldom came into the store at night, it was part of Judd Baines' job to keep it open until nine. He often decided laconically, as he seated himself before the coal stove, that it was lucky for him he could spend so much time dreaming. And he enjoyed it, too, this dreaming of the day when he could get beyond the hill-country into the cities where there was laughter and music the same as you heard over the radio. Of course, it wasn't so pleasant when his dreams were inevitably grounded by a grim reality—money. At least five hundred dollars he would need to go "in style." Such an impossible amount that it was fortunate the store cash never exceeded fifty dollars.

He was thinking along these lines when a couple, typical of the hardy hill-folk, entered. Wizen, they were, and you noticed it all the more because their eyes were so bright.

The man spoke first. "Is that a courthouse hereabouts where we can get married?"

"Why, yes, there's a courthouse 'cross the way, but it's late tonight. You'll have to stay over until tomorrow morning."

The old man wiped his brow in fatigue. "We come a long way. Couldn't make it no earlier."

His bride-to-be wiped his hand consolingly. "One more day ain't much. We can stay up to Cousin Tillie's over night."

"Tain't the stayin' part that worries me," the prospective bridegroom said, then paused as his eyes roved about the store until they rested on a safe in the corner. He looked at it a while, then turned back to the clerk and studied him carefully.

Judd was becoming uncomfortable when the old man spoke. "Young feller," he said, "you 'pear honest to me. I want to put this money in the safe 'til mornin'. I don't trust Cousin Tillie's man a mite."

He took the purse from the woman and handed it to Judd. Judd took it, knowing perfectly well that he couldn't put it in the safe; that was beyond his domain.

The man was saying wistfully, "That's nine hundred of 'em in that. We saved quite a spell for that."

Judd muttered something unintelligible as the trusting pair made their way off. He was left standing with the nine hundred. Four hundred dollars more than he needed!

He looked at the clock on the wall. Its ticking was suddenly like a volley of rhythmic hammers. Eight-fifteen—thirty minutes until the city night train to the city rolled in. The train would take him to the city that had music and lights.

He stood there, a solitary figure, his imagination picturing the new scenes that were now within his reach. His eyes saw streets crowded with friendly people and shining with lights of brilliant hues. . . .

And all at once another sort of light came into his vision. Lights that had been soft and starry, lights that shone from the eyes of a wizen old lady—a bride-to-be. And still again appeared a different sort of light, proud and defiant, that had accompanied the words of the groom.

"We saved quite a spell for that." But something that had always threatened the cash register still persisted. It was now that the little hill-town had a heart; a great big heart that would shower the poor couple after he was far beyond apprehension.

The purse was still clutched tightly in his hand. He wished suddenly that the train might come at once, so that he need hesitate no longer.

Suddenly he whirled around. The door had opened and the old man was again entering. Judd dropped the purse into his pocket.

The old mountaineer leaned on the counter. "Jed thought I'd run back 'n ast ya to go 'long to the courthouse tomorrow," he said, then added confidentially, "I never liked Cousin Tillie's man nohow. He's got wicked eyes, not straight, like most fellas—like you're are."

Judd Baines' eyes fell, then lifted suddenly as a train whistled shrilly. The eight forty-five!

The engine had stopped and was patting impatiently at its inactivity. Judd stood fascinated until the panting began to quicken. Bells rang warningly, and then the panting became a steady purr.

Then, to the old man's astonishment, he laughed. A laugh that held a world of relief. He stretched his neck and ran his handkerchief around inside of his collar.

"What's matter—" His trusting friend wanted to know.

"That train," Judd mottoned in the direction of the station. "I'm just glad it wasn't early."

The old fellow's brow wrinkled in puzzlement. Then he, too, laughed in a bewildered manner. He had dismissed it as something he couldn't understand.

And he was right about that. But the next morning, when a happy old man opened a decrepit purse to pay for his marriage license, and nine hundred pennies rolled out, Judd Baines blinked at the pile of coppers and then understood many things. Among which was that honesty—even fortunate honesty—pays

Many Jobs Available Starret Reports

Major Howard Starret, State Re-employment Director, reports that workers are needed by the Detroit office of the National Reemployment Service, 318 East Jefferson Avenue.

The office has orders for certain types of work for which there are insufficient applicants by experienced, qualified, Wayne County persons, he said.

The list follows: machine molders, floor molders, bench molders, Potter and Johnson machine operators, shop foremen who know Dodge trucks, bus supervisory mechanics, watch repairmen, washing machine repairmen, tool grinders, both external and internal, tool inspectors, Landis setup threading machine men, automobile mechanics for every type of passenger

car and truck, steel molders, radiator repairmen.

Custom furniture upholsterers, tinners for gutter work, Cleveland automatic screw machine operators and setup men, boiler operators with license, tool layout men and estimator, die slinkers, die casters, foreman for die-casting, lacquer mixer and blender, cutter grinders, drop forge die slinkers and core makers.

The demand continues for domestic workers, first and second class cooks, waitresses and first class salespeople.

These jobs are open to Wayne County residents only. Major Starret said. There is no charge for the service.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Light and three sons spent the holiday season with Mrs. Light's sister and family in Chicago.

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