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OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND
SURGEON
GENERAL PRACTICE
 2830 Grand River Avenue
 Farmington
TELEPHONE 404

Licenses Should Show Changes in Address

Few persons can change their places of residence as a matter of routine, without notifying the post-office and certain commercial firms with which dealings or accounts are maintained. Relatively few licensed drivers of motor vehicles in the state have ever realized that the same law that requires that

they be licensed, also stipulates that any licensed operator or chauffeur who shall change his residence previous to the expiration of his or her license shall immediately return such license to the local examining board, or the department of State, whomever it shall be written on said license, the new address and the date of change. The law also states that failure to have such change of address recorded may be cause for the revocation or suspension of the license.

The department of state has been called on several occasions to furnish the correct home address of licensed operators in this state, when the appeal for aid in locating people was for the purpose of notifying friends or relatives who knew that the person sought was a licensed automobile driver in Michigan. In unsuccessful cases, failure to locate the missing person was attributable only to license addresses on the part of the operator to file his change of address with the department.

There are many instances in which badly injured persons have been identified only by the names on their driver's licenses, but when the address is wrong, delays in more complete identification are experienced, and in some cases it is impossible ever to trace the residence.

Harry F. Kelly, Secretary of State, advises that all licensed chauffeurs and operators check their home addresses on their licenses. It requires only a few moments to properly record the correct address and any subsequent change that may be made.



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ONE WHITE SHIRT
 By SIDNEY M. WILDHOLT
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TRUDGING dejectedly up Granchester's proud and radiant Main street Sherman Gridley peevishly and deliberately walked out of step with the strutting strains of band music flouting and about the gaudy decorations of Granchester's fiftieth anniversary celebration as a prosperous town.

The magnificent parade had already begun, to judge from the approaching music and the mob-lined sidewalks of waiting, expectant people. A municipal holiday had been declared for the big occasion.

Sherman Gridley plodded along, seeking a place where he could wait—observing while unobserved. For Sherman was to have marched in Granchester's longest and most stunning parade: was to have marched in the front rank of the Orisorecent fellowship, of which he was a proud member, and which was Granchester's select and secret lodge.

The fellowship decreed blue trousers (furnished), white shirts and blue caps (supplied with the trousers) as the official and effective costume for the grand celebration.

But that morning when Sherman's mother was industriously ironing his one white shirt in the kitchen, Sherman noted to think of it. The scene was too painful! But he forced himself, with a certain diabolical logic, to review in his mind the fateful events that had caused his absolute ruin.

Prowler, the family cat, had climbed with customary boldness right on top of the little table waiting for the one white shirt. Sherman had brought a bottle of ink to write a note—honestly, it was perfectly abysmal luck.

Seeing the attractive black fluid in the ink bottle, Prowler tipped it over with an exploring paw, dabbled in it, and, at Sherman's exclamation of anger and dismay, took fright and leaped directly across to the treading board.

Martial music did not lessen the ire Sherman cherished deep within him against Prowler, the cat. His other white shirts would not do, no, nothing but one white shirt, and that no longer white!

Sherman edged into the crowd to peek over myriad heads. In eager desire, he was going to feast his eyes on the immaculate array of Orisorecent fellows as their proud detachment came swinging along. It would serve to feed his wrathful yearning for vengeance on Prowler, and since the cat's unwary misdeed was retreating into the past, his mood needed to be kept to maintain its heat.

For as he stood there, wedged in among a sea of craning necks, Sherman became vaguely aware of the faint aroma of perfume, a delicate flower-like fragrance the promised two things: a girl and distinction.

It didn't take even Sherman's slight deductive powers long to locate the girl.

She stood, neatly prim in a brown tailored suit, scarcely two feet away from him, turning restlessly this way and that, trying now to look at the tops of those ahead and now over those behind her.

Her wide, dark eyes rested momentarily on Sherman, and he stared at ever so slight a frown. Frowning hardly an instant in their troubled survey, the eyes left Sherman to observe her, his otherwise rude stare unnoticed.

Waiting Sherman saw a hand wriggle through the crowd, down low, near her hand, the hand in which she held a brown-beaded purse. The hand maneuvered close to his experienced motions, reached the clasp and deftly opened the bag.

Forgetting the parade, the crowd and everything save that hand, Sherman plunged between two nosing housewives and clasped the wrist in a firm grip.

By rights, Sherman, the girl and center of a scolding uproar. But a particularly loud band going by effectively drowned any signs of a scuffle, and those nearest at hand, save two, thought that Sherman Gridley had clumsily stumbled.

One of the two who knew otherwise, the owner of the hand, slipped loose his imprisoned member with the agility of an eel and made rapidly away.

The other, who had wide, dark eyes and wavy wisps of brown hair emerging under the edges of her greasy little hat—she perceived at once what had occurred, with a discrimination that was amazing.

"Thank you," she murmured sincerely. "You saved me loads of trouble. The purse contained my ticket money—then, as the din of another band drew near, 'these awful parades'."

Sherman pulled his hat from his head to acknowledge her thanks. Out of the tail of one eye he glimpsed blue-trousered, white-shirted, blue-capped men marching by. "They are—tedious," he agreed.

"Terribly," she nodded intimately, but scarcely glanced at the street. "Those men think they're wonderful, I suppose." A little pettishly.

Sherman felt a trifle giddy. "I—I was to march myself," he confessed, but with a smile. "Yet I—I didn't!"

She turned to him with friendly interest. "Oh. Because you think they're awful, too?"

Another twinge of guilt made Sherman feel the truth.

"No," he denied. "It was because I didn't have a white shirt." And he actually grinned over the amusing episode of Prowler, the cat!

She laughed at his jest, but was still anxious about something. "I—I," she appealed to Sherman. "That eleven-five train—if I don't get it, I'm absolutely stuck in this terrible crowd!"

Sherman came abruptly to life. "I'll get you there," he volunteered. Taking her arm, which she did not resist, he led her away through the mob of townspeople, who were too intent on the celebration to resent.

Crossing the street was another matter. But Sherman seized upon a favorable opening, pushed through with his charge, and started valiantly across directly in front of an approaching contingent.

"Hey, there!" A blue-coated officer snapped into action.

Sherman beamed on him familiarly. "It's all right, Clarence," he called. "We'll be right out of your way!"

And the officer, returning Sherman's grin, waved a hand amiably. At the station, which scarcely a minute to spare, Sherman felt that he was losing her.

Vainly he strove to find some means of preventing her imminent escape.

"I must thank you again, Mr.—Gridley?" she smiled whimsically. "You are Sherman Gridley, aren't you?"

"Yes," embarrassed and amazed. "I must get to the city, but I'll be back tomorrow. I'm staying up at Poinsettia lodge on Maple mountain. Won't you come up some time?"

"You're Mabel Stanhope?" Sherman burst out excitedly. City visitors, in private lodges, had not occurred to be an event in Granchester town.

"How did you know?" Naively. "That's easy. The real puzzle is how you knew me," Sherman responded.

"You're the brave young man who rescued that little girl from drowning last week," she explained gravely. "Your picture—the name—your seat to hug a weakness for aiding damsels in distress!"

Escorting her to the train, Sherman was torn between eagerness and despair, but she extended a small gloved hand in parting.

"Do come up," she repeated with cordial emphasis. "Why not Friday?"

"We're going to—"

Sherman uttered an acceptance. "All due to one white shirt," he called, only half in earnest.

Catching his words she laughed gaily, appreciating the reference to his jesting reason for not parading; but she never knew quite the all of it, as she stood and waved goodbye, unless Sherman Gridley one day told her that he made straightaway for the nearest meat store and bought for Prowler, the cat, a small but choice chunk of juicy sirloin!

Old Boston Church Uses Same Clock Many Years

In 1750 Boston was practically an island, connected with the mainland on the south by a strip of land which came to its narrowest point at about the location of the present Dover street. At the northerly end of the town was Christ church on what was a clock, recalls Capt. Hollis Hansen in the Boston Transcript.

In the center of the town, on Cornhill, now Washington street, at the head of King (now State) street stood the old Brick church, a clock constructed by Benjamin Bagin, the Quaker clock-maker, about 1718; farther south on that portion of Washington street then known as Fishers street, stood the Old South church, known as Dr. Sewall's meeting house, without a clock, but with space provided for one, and, at the southerly end of the town, was the Hollis Street church, which later became a theater, also with a clock.

The latter church was organized in 1732 by some of the members of Dr. Sewall's society, probably because they lived so far from his church, and later it became known as "Reverend Byles Meeting-house."

Much has been written concerning these church clocks which appear to have gotten into politics at an early date and to have been the source of numerous petitions to the public authorities.

The present Old South church was erected in 1750 and on October 2, 1751, although it was then without a clock, a great bell weighing 1,000 pounds was hung by the tower of Capt. Timothy Cunningham.

From the church records it appears that this bell was cracked while ringing for a fire during the tempest on September 18, 1815, and in 1816 a new bell manufactured by Thomas Mears, of London, was installed.

Deprecate and Depreciate

To depreciate means to express regret or to plead against; depreciate means to lessen in price or estimation. The other day, a banker said: "I regret all this talk of a strike in the cotton trade; it only tends to depreciate the value of cotton shares."

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NECTAR MIXED TEA, 1/2 lb pkg 23c
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