

## HOLLYWOOD

Send News Items to  
Herbert L. Lindstrom

Mr. and Mrs. David Gibson are planning a family reunion during the holidays.

Harry Schonberger of Farmington road was appointed this week to the Sixth District Board of Education and will be president. Mr. Schonberger fills the position of George Schulkins.

Frank Schulkins, of the Ten-Mile road, has leased the Standard Oil service station at Farmington Junction for one year. Frank is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Schulkins and was formerly employed by the Fisher Body Corporation.

Mrs. Omer Conroy has been confined to her home this past week with a bad cold and a slight touch of the "flu."

## 6th DISTRICT SCHOOL NOTES

The plans for the Christmas celebration at the Wm. Grace and Noble Schools will be completed this week. The programs are to be held at each of the schools on Friday, December 21 at 1 p. m. The children have carried home invitations to the parents. It is impossible to hold the Christmas celebration in one school at night as was formerly done, due to the increase in number of pupils and the lack of facilities for any community entertainment. However, through the efforts of the teachers, they have arranged a fine program and a good time is in store for all who attend.

## "The Still, Small Voice"

Christmas season is hallowed by the small gift not by the princely gift, and the still, small voice remains the hope of the world.

## The Mistletoe Bough

Britanny is the place of origin of a great deal of the commercial mistletoe for the foreign markets.

## Spendthrifts in Sentiment

If there ever was a time when we could spendthrifts in sentiment it is at Christmas.

## A Day for Reverence

Christmas essentially is a day for reverence, for joyousness, for thought.

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CULTURE

In All Its Phases

## CHRISTMAS TREES?

IN REGARD to why Christmas trees came into use, the following explanation is given: It was the desire of the church to combat the heathen custom which prevailed at this season Christmas carols and Christmas plays were introduced and later "Christmas trees" or Christmas trees adorned with lights and gifts, the latter in commemoration of the gifts brought to the Christ Child by the "wise men." There is a diversity of opinion as to where the Christmas tree custom originated, it being credited to both Italy and Germany.

## A Fine Christmas Plant

The Solanum capense or what is better known by its old-fashioned name of Jerusalem cherry has become a very popular Christmas plant; and nearly all greenhouses grow a quantity of these for their Christmas trade.

## Gifts an Ancient Custom

The giving of gifts at Christmas probably originated in one of the Christ Child stories, that of the Three Wise Men who brought to the Holy Baby gifts of gold, frankincense and myrror.

## Till Christmas Comes Again

Though Christmas does come in the calendar but once a year, the gift made at this time exceeds its substantial cheer till Christmas comes again.

## Read About First Christmas

The natural way to turn the current of your thoughts to the desirable direction is to read the accounts of the First Christmas.

## Christmas Eve Bread

According to an old superstition, bread baked on Christmas eve will never become stale or moldy.

## His Gift to the Street

**Boys' Christmas Dinner**  
A GENTLEMAN was hurrying toward the big hotel on the corner, bending some to escape the bitter blast. A man approached, holding out a paper.

"Ah, Mr. Thurston, he said, 'I'm begging—'

"No, nothing," emphatically. "But this is very worthy. A Christmas dinner for the street boys—newsboys and all that, you know."

"And I repeat no," shortly. "I'm asked to give something at every corner of the street, No, no."

A few minutes later Mr. Thurston was seated at a table, ordering a generous dinner. A boy came in selling papers, and the man noticed the hungry look in the youngster's eyes as he glanced at the table.

"Sit down here with me, boy," he said. "I want company. Here, waiter," to the man behind, as the boy sat down, "bring this boy turkey with all the fixings. That's what you'd like?" to the boy.

"Yes, sir. Then as he began to fill up, 'I'm to have another turkey dinner tomorrow. A street boys' dinner. I gave ninety cents, all I had. I give what I can.'"

When too full to eat any more he rose. Mr. Thurston drey out a twenty-dollar bill and gave it to him.

"Give this as my contribution toward the dinner," he said.—Frank H. Sweet, (© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)



A NORTHWESTERN gale swept dry snow around the corner where old Joe sold papers. Shoppers in heavy wraps hurried past, arms loaded with bundles. Children skipped in anticipatory happiness. Old Joe pulled his worn sack coat about him and fastened it tighter with a piece of wire. His hands in dirty outing mittens were cold. He knocked the backs of them together gingerly and stamped his feet feebly on the icy walk.

"Paper! Evening Journal! Paper!" he droned monotonously. Mentally he figured his gain. Enough for a fifteen cent bed and sandwiches, maybe. But, tomorrow's being Christmas, nobody'd buy papers, he wanted to get enough to buy a little something, to his old face took on a foolish and shamed grin—maybe to make him happy and help him to forget just what an old beggar he was. Then, he wouldn't have to eat so much either, he reasoned. That's what he was. Never been much else—for years.

"Well, hello, Santa Claus!" a young man's voice hailed merrily.

Old Joe turned. "Paper?"

A laughing, well-dressed couple faced him. "Why, Jack!" the girl mischievously remonstrated.

"How are you, Uncle George?" her irreverent companion queried.

Old Joe grinned sheepishly behind his beard. "Wanna paper?" he asked.

"I say, Fran!" the youth exclaimed, "Here's our Christmas!" He drew her farther away and whispered. They returned. "Hey! How'd you like to come to our house for Christmas?"

They talked some time before they convinced old Joe that they meant it. Too cold to be proud, he even submitted to the bath and hair cut that Jack paid for. In a suit too small for Jack's father, Joe came shushed into the kitchen and ate.

"You see, Fran's my sister," explained Jack. "The folks went off on their Christmas spree and left us home. We told 'em, we'd do something rare for our celebration."

Jack and Frances had eaten down town. It was late. Joe was given some blankets and put on a cot in the corner of Jack's long room.

In the night Joe awakened suddenly. Painfully, he raised and listened. "Hey you—Uncle George? Gosh, I'm sick!"

"Wh—Whar'd Ye Git Thist?" He demanded.

Jack moaned. Old Joe turned the light on as he was told and called Frances. She waited, "I can't come! I'm sick. I've been trying to tell some one."

The next morning, the doctor on his second call, turned to an old man with a neatly trimmed beard and a clean suit. "They're all right now, with the nurse here. It was something they ate last night."

Jack was better. He smiled faintly. "Well, the joke was on us, wasn't it, Uncle George? You did us the favor by getting the joke here and running errands in the night. Before you go, step in the closet there and get my case."

Joe popped rheumatically out of the closet, wide-eyed, carrying not a case but an old enlargement. "Wh—Whar'd ye git thist?" he demanded, hands trembling.

"Oh, that's why we call you Uncle George. You see, it's a habit we have to—er—sort of tease Dad. That's his brother, George. He ran away when he was young. Nobody's heard of him since. Dad says he was smart and sure to make his mark some where. One of these days, he says, Uncle George will drive up in a Rolls-Royce with enough hundred-dollar bills to paper our house. Dad's actually proud of him. We are, rather, too. But we call—different fellows 'Uncle George' to make Dad—well, you see—" Jack stopped in embarrassment.

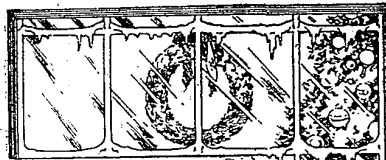
Old Joe nodded. "Wall, I gotta be sold!"

"Wall! There's some money in my case. I want to pay you."

"Naw, jest come down an' buy papers of me et you wanna help. I'm a gonna start savin' up to buy a stand."

Outside Joe's trembling hands opened an almost empty purse, and pulled out the small original of the enlargement upstairs—tear contradicted the sheepish grin. "Wall, it's a good thing the fellers took to callin' me Joe, lately, stead of George," he told himself.

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Peep In On  
Christmas

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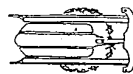
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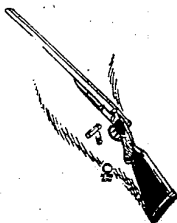
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