

## The Holiday Season

By WINTON V. KENFIELD  
In the Farmington

THE world without is fast asleep  
The moon alone its light keeps  
O'er hill and dale of snowy white  
It faintly casts its silvery light.

A distant sleigh-bell's tinkling note  
From some white hillside far remote  
Comes floating o'er the peaceful dell  
As if to bid that all is well.

The world within a contrast lends  
As mirth and gaiety extends  
To careless hearts both young and old  
As they themselves in joy enroll.

Christmas trees in gay display  
Cast their colorful array  
Of tinted hues, and thus comprise  
The cynosure of babies' eyes.

Music, dancing, fill the room;  
Young folks have no time for gloom  
Gliding gracefully along,  
Filled with laughter, cheer and song.

Now and then, quite unaware,  
Amid the fun, a youthful pair  
Will pause beneath the mistletoe  
Hung about where lights are low.

Babies—young folks—old folks—all  
Heed the season's cheerful call—  
Herd that edgèd once again,  
"Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

## Christmas Mush Brought

Mary Elders a Fortune

LITTLE MARY ELDERS fairly drenched the holiday season. She still lived in an aristocratic neighborhood but her purse was nearly flat. It was quite a struggle to keep up the old house and pretend that she had the money as of old.

She could not afford to give presents to all the neighbors and yet she was too proud to accept their offerings and not give in return. She dragged out her chest of keepsakes and sorted them over, all the while wondering which she might take downtown and pawn out after Christmas. Then, perhaps, she would get another music pupil or two and redeem it.

At last she put the old chest away for there wasn't a thing in it she felt she could part with. Hoping against hope that something would turn up to give, she hurried down to the big, shadowy kitchen. Here she turned out several pans of mush to cool on the polished boards.

Suddenly Mary Elders had a bright thought. She knew positively that Bob Trevers hadn't tasted fried mush since he had been a small boy and long before he had met and married Alice Hopkins. Just then Mary remembered, too, that she had heard that Alice and Bob, Junior, had gone to Virginia for the holidays.

As a consequence, a half-hour later when Bob Trevers drove into the city next door, Mary Elders tilted across the yard with a heaping plate of golden fried mush which she carried proudly on an ancient tray, a fairly heinous.

"Merry Christmas and a mushy New Year," she called back to Bob as she hurried home. She remembered she had some other neighbors who had, perhaps, never tasted fried mush in years and who might relish a plate of it. Thus her Christmas obligations were filled and her friends had received something "different" from usual, indeed!

There the story should end but it didn't, for the next Christmas Mary Elders was at the head of her own mush factory. She didn't do the real work but her employees did as she directed. That delicious, nutty mush had made a hit with her friends, and in that short year had made Mary Elders a fortune.—L. B. Lyons.

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A  
Merry Christmas  
And  
Happy New Year  
To All

Victory  
Restaurant

GUS PAPPAS, Prop.

## The Christmas Candle

Was to Be Her Answer

"HAVE a merry Christmas, Joan. Lovely party!"

"Thanks. Same to you." Joan Nichols stood bidding her guests good night.

Gordon was last to go. "I haven't seen much of you tonight, Joan," he said, "and tomorrow—"

Her mother came up. "I hear you're going home for the holidays."

"Yes, Mrs. Nichols. Tomorrow morning."

Joan broke in. "How about another piece of the cake, Gordon?"

He followed her into the kitchen. "I say, Joan, I'm going to miss you terribly."

"Why, you'll be back right after the holidays."

"But, see here, Joan—leave that cake alone and come here. I—"

"Joan!" Mrs. Nichols was at the door. "The waxed paper is on the third shelf, dear." The moment had passed. Joan and Gordon returned to the living room.

"Merry Christmas, Mrs. Nichols!" He opened the door. "Come out here a minute," he whispered.

"Well?" Joan asked and shivered. It was snowing.

"Joan! You'll catch your death!"

"All right, mother. Good night, Gordon. See you when you get back."

"You bet."

He was gone. Joan began straitening up after the party. That holy was all asked, and the mistletoe—what fun it had been! Then it occurred to her that Gordon hadn't caught her under it. She was surprised that Gordon hadn't given her any Christmas present. Or said good-by more tenderly. Or promised to write.

Christmas morning was glorious, except that Joan was so lonely for Gordon. She bated herself for it, when he hadn't so much as sent her a card. She even decided not to see him when he returned. And then the package came. Inside lay a Christmas candle, red and green, and under it a note:

"Dear Joan: I couldn't get it out last night, but I had a ring in my pocket for the dearest girl in all the world. I love her so that I want to spend this and every other Christmas with her. I'm home for Christmas eve, but Christmas day I'll spend on the train, and that night if this candle is burning in her window I'll know her answer is 'yes.' Light it, Joan. I want you for my wife—Gordon."—Helen Galsford.

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## Ethel's Way of Having

a Very Happy Christmas

ETHEL BILLINGS looked out at the snow-covered city streets as she rode down to her work two days before Christmas. "How I wish I had a lot of money," she said to herself. "Just think of all the things I could do to make people happy! And this year I can't even buy a single gift."

Anxious to get rid of the gloomy thought, she tried to become interested in the morning paper. Soon an item caught her eye, a touching story of a family in distress. There were seven children, and the mother had been taken ill. All of the children were young, and the welfare association was sending out the call for some one to come and cook Christmas dinner for the family, mother the children, and give them all a real Christmas day. The association would furnish the food and toys.

Ethel thought hard for a moment. Here was a chance to do something; in fact a chance to make a whole family happy at Christmas and there was no money involved. Instantly her mind was made up; she would go out into this busy Christmas day and do everything she could for this family. Since she had no money to buy gifts and do things this year, this seemed like a real opportunity.

Ethel had always loved to cook and she found real joy in preparing dinner for the Parker family. The oldest of the children helped her, and by noon the family had won their way into her heart. It was a happy group that sat down to eat, for even Mrs. Parker had recovered so far as to be able to sit up in bed and eat some of the good things Ethel had prepared.

And the thought that some one had been kind enough to come and do this seemed to put new life and heart into the almost discouraged husband.

So Ethel found that Christmas will always provide work and means to make others happy and that an eager and willing heart always can serve.—Katherine Edelman.

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## Ash Yule Log Favored

The Yule log, which used to be laid across the broad hearth fires in olden time with much ceremony, was nearly always an ash log, because the legend says that it was before an ash fire that the Holy Babe was first washed and dressed by his mother.

## Present for Father

A purse for father at Christmas will be a gentle hint for him to keep it well filled all the year.

## Christmas Neckties

Seasonal thought: Christmas neckties are usually much brighter than remarks thereon.

## Christmas Night

MY DOOR is open wide tonight,  
The heart's fire is aglow,  
I seem to hear swift passing feet,  
The Christ-Child in the snow.

My door is open wide tonight,  
For stranger, kith or kin,  
I would not bar a single door  
Where love might enter in.

## The Christmas Pie

By MARY BLAIR  
In Rural New York

TOMMY'S mother made a pie,  
A Christmas pie she cooked,  
And Tommy thought that pie the best  
At which he ever looked.

It was of pumpkin yellow,  
And gingered for some pop,  
And Tommy thought that that big pie  
Was too good to be kept.

So he journeyed to the pantry,  
When quite alone that night,  
To see if he could not partake  
Of just a tiny bite.

He stuck one finger in it,  
To taste of just one nib,  
And then the other followed  
To get another lick.

But he heard his mother coming,  
And with a stifled cry,  
He turned to run but tripped and fell,  
Right in the pumpkin pie.

Arrived the Christmas dinner,  
A different pumpkin pie,  
But where was Tommy's portion?  
He had no pumpkin pie.

So listen all ye children,  
From this moral Tommy swerved,  
"If you would eat of Christmas pie,  
Just wait 'til it is served."

Sell and buy through Enterprise  
Liners.



With ever-increasing appreciation of your loyal support and friendship, the entire personnel of our institution wishes you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



## PEOPLES STATE BANK

of Farmington

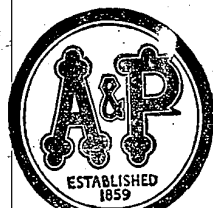
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Sugar 25 lbs \$1.39  
8 O'clock Coffee lb 29c  
Pastry Flour 5-lbs 29c  
Jell-O All Flavors pkg 7c

Cigarettes 5 Popular Brands ctn \$1.15  
P&G Soap Kirk's Flake or Crystal White 10 bars 36c  
Lard Pure Refined 2 lbs 23c  
Pet Milk or Carnation can 8c

## MONEY SAVERS

None Such Mince Meat pkg 12c  
Bokar Coffee lb 39c  
Nutley Oleo 2 lbs 25c  
Bread Grandmother's 15-lb Loaves each 8c  
Lifebuoy Soap 4 cakes 25c  
Cheese Wisconsin Full Cream lb 29c

## FINE QUALITY MEATS

Beef Roast Choice Chuck Cut lb 25c  
Pork Loin Roast Young Pig Pork lb 19c  
Round Steak Choice Beef lb 39c  
Smoked Hams Half Popular or Whole Brands lb 25c  
Leg of Lamb Genuine Spring lb 35c  
Bacon Sugar Cured, By the Piece lb 25c

Maxwell House  
Coffee  
pound  
39c

## FRESH FRUITS and VEGETABLES

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COMB HONEY 15-lb comb 19c  
CELERY Crisp, Tender 2 bunches 15c  
WINEAPPLES Washington 3 lbs 25c  
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## Butter

Fancy Creamery  
Print or Tub  
pound  
39c

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