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## Merry Christmas

A Thousand Cordial Wishes  
for you and yours

This Holiday Season are all  
summed up in that Good old-  
fashioned phrase

## Merry Christmas

## Delos Hamlin

Quality Meats

Phone 5 Farmington



To You and yours the  
Merriest Of  
Christmas  
Greetings

And best wishes for

A

## Happy New Year

## Burnett Bros.

Gasoline Station

Sinclair Products

Grand River At Cass

## The Season Of GLADNESS

At Christmas time there comes once more into the lives of all of us the Gladness and Exhilaration of our own eternal youth. And because we can think of nothing better, we are wishing that the Spirit of Christmas may greatly enrichen your present holidays and keep you young and happy throughout all the coming year.

## CURLY'S Electric Shop

G. H. Williams, Prop.

Phone 366 J.

Farmington

Not led by custom, but out of feeling we  
have for our patrons, we extend  
to you—one and all

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

—and we sincerely hope that old  
Santa will remember each and  
everyone of you

## Coe Auto Service

Carey Coe, Prop.

Phone 162

Farmington

## CEMETERY PLOTS: BOUGHT TO BURY TELEPHONE CABLE

Long New England Cable Route  
Makes Underground Crossing  
to Avoid City Airport

Down in Maine there is a cemetery in which not everything that's buried is dead. In fact, there is one thing that is very much alive, and that is a tape-measured telephone cable.

In order to avoid laying a new cable across an airport on the outskirts of Bangor, permission was obtained from the commissioners of a municipally owned cemetery to place the cable underground along one of the drives within the cemetery. To reach this drive, however, it was necessary to cross a cemetery lot on each side of it with the underground cable, and so the telephone company now owns these two lots under a perpetual-use agreement.

Part of "Backbone" Cable Route  
This cable is part of the new line between Brunswick and Bangor which was begun in 1929, and is an extension of the cable north from Boston. The new section across the Pine Tree State has been constructed at an outlay of \$1,500,000, and with its recent completion, serves as the easternmost terminus of the Bell System "backbone" cable network which now extends from Bangor, Me., westward to Kansas City, Mo. It provides practically storm-proof circuits linking eastern Maine and the Maritime Provinces of Canada with the rest of the country. Included in it are circuits from the receiving station for transatlantic radio telephone calls at Houlton, Me., and other wires to connect with the transatlantic telephone cable when that is put in operation.

Cable Withstands Northern Storms  
Progress in extending toll cables east and north from Boston has been rapid in recent years. In 1924 the cable from Boston to Newburyport was placed in service. In 1925 it was extended to Portsmouth, and in 1926 to Portland. In 1927 it was carried ten miles east of Portland, and in 1928 was extended to Brunswick. The following year it was further extended to Bath along the shore route, and now has reached Bangor. Maine is subject to severe snow and sleet, and hardly a winter has elapsed without considerable damage to open wire telephone lines. Telephone cable will withstand heavy storms, and the new line across Maine will prove a great boon to that section.

## Ellen Meets Peggy's Brother

By RUTH ARNOLD

ELLEN BURKE, sitting in her chair in the Pullman as the last train drew into the station at Philadelphia, tucked Peggy O'Connell's letter safely in her handbag. Ellen and Peggy had met on a shipboard going to Europe a few months before their respective parents, and had formed an enthusiastic friendship. This was helped along because Mr. and Mrs. Burke and Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell found each other congenial.

On the way home—for the Burkes and O'Connells had purposely returned to America by the same ship—Peggy had exacted a promise from Ellen to visit her as soon as she had unpacked her trunks. Ellen lived in a New York apartment. Peggy lived in a country house outside Philadelphia. And the two girls planned many good times in exchanged visits.

"As soon as you reach Broad street station," Peggy had written, "you telephone my brother John." And then she had given his telephone number, and his office address. "He'll be expecting you, and will pick you up at the station and bring you out home in his car. As I've told you, I'm sure you and he are going to be crazy about each other."

Ellen had heard much from Peggy. In their many talks together that summer, about her brother John. And it must be admitted that part of her excitement at again seeing Peggy was that she would meet this paragon of a brother.

Ellen knew something of Philadelphia. And when there was some delay in getting John's office telephone, she realized that she was only a few steps from his office.

"I'll just pop around and wait there," she thought. "It will save him trouble, and I'm early. I'd rather wait there than here."

So, carrying her small suitcase and matching hat box, Ellen walked the square or two to John O'Connell's office. She hesitatingly opened the door, labeled "John O'Connell, lawyer," then she entered the small waiting room. The room was full of girls, girls about her own age, girls younger and girls a good deal older.

"I'll just wait here until Mr. O'Connell is free," she said to an office boy, who grinned in answer.

Ellen wore, of course, sheer, light silk stockings. She wore gray suede slippers, trimmed with bands of mink skin. Her hat was of soft gray velvet, that was lovely above her fair hair and blue eyes. Her frock was of gray crepe de chine.

Just as she had taken in all her surroundings, a door marked "Private" opened, and a homely, thirty-year-old woman, dressed in blue serge, serviceable and plain, emerged.

Behind her came a young man. Ellen's heart skipped a beat. It was John—she knew from a photograph Peggy always carried with her.

"You can all go now," he said to the other waiting girls. "The position is filled."

The other girls went out of the room. Ellen flushed and half smiled at John.

"What are you waiting for?" he asked crisply. "Here, come in here a minute."

"But," stammered Ellen, "I'm—" She followed him into his office.

"I know, I know. But the job is filled. And just for your own good, let me tell you you'll never get the kind of job a nice girl like you wants if you dress in duds like these. Did you see that girl I hired? Plain and reliable. The kind of a woman a man likes to have around all day. Not ugly, but just not noticeable and sure to have her mind on something besides clothes. Now you—anybody'd know you were thinking more about your looks than your work—and that doesn't do in an office."

"Don't feel offended," said the young man. "I'm just trying to give a bit of advice."

"But you're so stupid," said Ellen, as the door marked "Private" closed. And she picked up her two pretty little gray bags and walked back to the station. There she boarded the next local train to Peggy's home and explained to Peggy, when she got there that she hadn't been able to get her brother on the telephone. So Peggy promptly telephoned her brother not to wait.

When Ellen and John met that evening, John's eyes were openly admiring. Ellen, in pink tulle, with bare arms and so he did not at first recall the vision of gray that had disturbed his office that afternoon.

It was not until the next day when she and Peggy had luncheon with him at a hotel that he recognized the again gray Ellen as his office visitor.

"Well, by jove," he said in the middle of a mouthful of grapefruit, and he flushed and stammered more than Ellen had done the day before. "Why—why—must you have the thought?"

Ellen, by this time was sure that John was all that Peggy had claimed for him—and more—smiled shyly.

"Well, what I thought then—doesn't matter—any more than what you did, does it?"

And then they both laughed and told Peggy the joke. And all three knew, though they said nothing of the knowledge, that Ellen and John would laugh all their lives together over their first meeting.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate. (WNU Service.)

## Eavesdropping on the Other Man

By ALLEN JOHN ADAMS

RODGER MANNING walked stealthily around to the back door, and sneaked in quietly—as if he were a burglar, instead of the owner. Opening the back door softly, he peered about and crept down the hall to the living room. His venture, for some time was two hours earlier than he had planned. He felt thrilled as he thought of the surprise it would give his bride of a week.

He grasped the handle of the living-room door and started to turn it slowly, but a strange voice from within the room stopped him. The words that he had heard seemed impossible; he doubted his own hearing. But there it was again—that low, masculine voice that radiated such assurance; now it was saying suggestively, "I knew you'd come back to me. You couldn't love anyone else that way, as long as we were together." And then silence . . . damnable silence!

It was unbelievable! Ruth! Of all the women in the world—untrue to him! Only this morning, she had clung to him tenderly, and she whispered that she had never loved anyone else. But there was the irrefutable evidence again coming to his ears—that low vibrant voice that sounded just as the perfect lover's should! Now, it was becoming more dramatic . . . and at times . . . a trifle amusing—as if they had their faces close together. He could think only of the lovely face that he had thought belonged to him.

It was more than he could stand. He felt very sick inside, as if he wanted to fall to the floor, and never rise again. He was aroused by the sound of that same insinuating voice, again thrusting itself into his suffering mind. Strain as he might, he could not hear his wife's voice. The torturing thought, that she seldom spoke above a whisper when he held her in his arms, seared his feverish brain. She must be in this other man's arms now, whispering endearing phrases to this new-old lover as she had to him.

He felt dazed and helpless. Who was so all-powerful as to come in and take his wife away from him? His blood seemed to go cold at the thought of the thing. It was maddening!

Then, he heard the man's voice; it was soft, persuasive; it seemed like a very intimate whisper, but he caught, "and we'll run away together, dear—tonight!"

Rodger Manning suddenly saw red; and the blood that had seemed chilled in his veins began to feel as if it were on fire. He reeled away from the door, staggering with blind rage that knew no bounds. The long-restrained temper had burst its leash, and his mind was filled with fiendish thoughts of revenge . . . action! . . . anything to destroy this soul-torturing vision!

He went into their bedroom and opened the right-hand top drawer of the dresser. Yes . . . it was still there, all right. He picked up the cold and dark-looking automatic, that now seemed like such a strange device to have out here. He was an even woman's! Turning it over in his hands, he stared at this black metal thing that could deal death so quickly.

He was in the stiffened daze of a man whose mind and eye has reached temporary insanity. Seeing his reflection in the mirror in front of him startled him. He saw a man with dilated eyes and slightly open mouth, who looked very pale and ghastly—a strange man, who'd a weapon of death in his hand, and prepared himself for murder.

He thought slowly . . . murder . . . death—meant separation from the only thing in this world he loved; he didn't want to live without her; he'd kill himself, too. But the man—the other man; as he thought of the one who had wrecked his dream of happiness, his jaw tightened fiercely; and the line that had been open, set in a hard line of determination. He would carry his plan through to its bitter end.

After the shots . . . people would come in . . . and they would find three bodies—all dead; and the gun that had spoken revenger's justice and death, would still be tightly gripped by his hand.

He examined the automatic very slowly, and carefully—like a man who had eternity. Yes . . . it was fully loaded, and in perfect order; so he moved the safety-catch and took a firmer grip. They say that, "Every man kills the thing he loves."

As he turned the knob of the living-room door, he heard a slight sound from within, but not a word. They must be in each other's arms now—to be so silent.

He put the gun in his coat pocket—with his finger on the trigger—and pointed it forward. In a moment . . . she would come from that pocket.

Quietly, he opened the door, and took two steps forward.

As in a dream, he heard his wife saying: "Oh, Rodger, dear, you've been hearing the most dramatic reading over the new radio that I've ever heard of. . . . Darling! . . . I'm just at a loss as to what to do!"

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate. (WNU Service.)

Royalty.

"We ought to get a new cook. The old one is impossible."

"I know. But who's gonna get her to abdicate?"

**Japanese Defense**  
Jajajaj is the Japanese art of self-defense without weapons. It depends for its effect largely upon the principle of making use of an opponent's strength and weight to disable or injure him and by applying pressure so that his movements will throw him out of balance, dislocate or break a joint, etc. It opposes knowledge and skill to strength and demands an expert knowledge of human anatomy.

Briefly Told

Until tomorrow becomes yesterday, you will be kind to the good fortune of the present.

Watch the Needle

Don't fear a hypodermic needle because you think it will break in the body. Needle fragments are sometimes broken in the arm as a result of hypodermic injections, but the ever-present sewing needle is the worst offender in accidents of this kind, declares Dr. Victor W. Eisenstein in Hygeia, the Health Magazine. Use care when you are sewing and have a regular place to keep the needle.

Marvelous Building

The great pyramid of Cheops contains 2,300,000 blocks of stone, each weighing on the average two and one-half tons.

THIS IS OUR

## First Christmas

Among You, Folks, But

We Sincerely Hope

It Will Be The

## Best Christmas

You Have Ever Enjoyed

We hope too, that we will have the opportunity of serving you often during the coming year, as we are serving hundreds of others at our conveniently-located, fully-equipped station—Grand River at Eight Mile Road.

## Ross L. Sparks

Successor to Carl F. Hunt

Standard Oil Products

Service With A Smile

H-E-8

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## Greetings! For Christmas and The Coming Year

May it bring to your vision happy views of rich promises, some of which may be filled each day. We appreciate your trade given us in 1931 and will feel fortunate if we can serve you in the New Year.

## Stuart Gilmour

Operating

## General Garage

Towing — Repairs — Battery Service

Phone 9185

Farmington

## OUR WISH

That the Yuletide has found you happy,  
will leave you glad,  
And the New Year bring you whatever  
your heart holds dearest

## Is Our Very Sincere Wish

## Ralph J. Auten

Painting and Decorating

Phone 133

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