

Big Footprint
A dinosaur's footprint on exhibit at the American Museum of Natural History is 39 inches long and almost 3 feet across.

WANT AD COLUMN
RATES: Cash, 15 cents per word minimum 25c. Fifteen cents extra if charged. Copy must be in by Thursday noon. Phone 25-2.

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(Including auto glass, all kinds)
Otis Boat Works will replace your broken glass; storm-doors and windows repaired; weather-stripping, cabinet work.
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MODISTE—Hemstitching 6 cents a yard. Alterations made on dresses and coats. Coats reduced from \$3.00 to \$5.00. New dresses with style and individuality \$5.00 to \$10.00. Fur coats made all like new. Special prices on all fur work during August. Mrs. Lillian H. Jones, Tel. Red, 44163, 18445 Salem Ave. near Five Points 1 1/2 blocks south of Grand River, Detroit.

Aug. 6—Dec. 31

HOUSE FOR RENT—Six-room house, well-located, reasonable; garage for two cars. Inquire at Enterprise, Phone 25-J. 1-fp

HOUSE FOR SALE OR RENT—E. Oakland, Henry Pagel, Farmington. 7-3p

DANCE at Bond School January 8 given by P. T. A. Slater's orchestra. Admission 75c. Everyone welcome. 8-2-c

NEW YEAR'S EVE DANCE held at the Berg School, Ten Mile and Berg Road, Thursday, December 31. Music by Collins Orchestra. 8-1-p

THIS IS THE TIME of year when over-heated furnaces are liable to destroy your home and contents by fire. The Michigan Fire and Marine Insurance Co. of Detroit, is represented in this city thru its agent, Harry V. Moore. 8-1-p

FOR SALE—Miniature electric radio with electric self winding clock. New perfect tone. \$45.00 cash. Worth nearly double. Oakland Hills Poultry Farm, Orchard Lake road. Phone 347F2. 8-1-c

FOR RENT—Two rooms. Prices reasonable. Phone 98. 8-1-c

CARD OF THANKS
We wish to express our sincere appreciation and gratitude for the many acts of kindness, the beautiful flowers and sympathy given us following the death of our husband and father.
Elizabeth Ann Holcomb
Alice Elizabeth Holcomb
Drayton F. Holcomb.
8-1-c

NOTICE
I will be at the People's State Bank during banking hours on Saturday, December 19 and during the rest of the month for the collection of taxes.
L. C. Thayer, City Treasurer
7-2-c

LOST!
7 Keys on a chain key ring, between General Garage and Cass Avenue.
Finder please return to The Farmington Enterprise

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is a welcome gift if it is the The Farmington Enterprise

GROUPS ASKED TO INTERVENE IN BANKING CASE

Case Presents 12 Important Questions Regarding Bank Receivership, Eger Says

Interested parties in banks in receivership's hands have been invited by Paul G. Eger, assistant attorney-general, to intervene in the Michigan Supreme Court case of Reichert vs. the Farmers and Workingmen's Savings Bank of Jackson. Savings depositors, commercial depositors and other groups are asked by Eger to intervene in the case.

The case presents 12 important questions regarding bank receivership, among these:

Must the investments of the savings department of a State bank be held solely for the benefit of savings depositors?

Is the receivership justified in permitting a set-off of a savings deposit against a commercial obligation?

Can deposit in the bank be set-off against a stockholder's statutory liability?

"The case affects the rights of all parties to a bank receivership," said Eger, who will file a brief for Rudolph E. Reichert, banking commissioner. "The decision will control the distribution of millions of dollars among the persons. It is a case of the greatest importance, and it is our hope that attorneys representing savings depositors, commercial depositors and other groups will intervene, in order that no one's rights may be inadequately presented."

Unique Christmas Cards Sent Out By S. J. Heeney's

Christmas cards have been unusually beautiful this year, but probably none excels in uniqueness those sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Heeney and family of Farmington. A drawing of two children playing with their toys in front of a Christmas tree, before a window, was drawn by Howard Thayer, a neighbor. The figures of the two children, however, were left headless.

A plate was made with the "headless children" and was printed in a bright shade of green, on the front of a book-shaped folder. Snapshots of the two children were cut out in head profiles, and these head-photos pasted in their proper places on the shoulders, so that the two figures in front of the Christmas tree became the two Heeney children. A touch of red ink made the flame on a candle hanging within the wreath at the window, completed the ensemble. Inside the folder was a rhymed greeting from the four members of the family.

Orion Review Observes Golden Anniversary

The Orion Review published its Golden Anniversary edition December 18, marking the completion of 50 years of continuous existence in Orion. It was founded December 24, 1881. The edition of December 18 was the 2600th issue to be published.

John A. Neal, the founder, was its owner and publisher until his death in 1925. His son, George H. Neal, is its present publisher.

DANCES ARE PLANNED
Charles L. Collins, well-known musician and music-teacher of this section, will sponsor a series of dances at the Berg school, Berg and Ten-Mile roads, during this winter. The first will be a New Year's Eve party next Thursday evening, with snappy music and a good time promised for all.

Church Group Visits Children's Hospital

The Central Woodward Christian Church unit of the Hi-Tri, of which Barbara Moon is secretary, visited the Crippled Children's Convalescent Hospital Sunday to distribute scrap-books among the children. Afterwards the members were Miss Moon's supper guests. In the evening they all attended song service at Central Woodward Church, which was furnished by Highland Park high school chorus of one hundred twenty-five voices.

Meets Every Wednesday
8 Mile Rd. at Grand River
Clarenceville Lodge No. 427

The Oddfellows of Clarenceville wish all mankind Yuletide greetings.



HEADS or HEARTS at Christmas
by Robert Stead

FREDA DANE turned from Freda Hanson's home in a brown study. For two years he had been a caller at Freda's, and for most of that time he had been trying to find the answer to one question. Should he ask her to marry him?

Freda was attractive, and Harvey was quite sure he was in love with her. He suspected, too, that she returned his regard. But Harvey had prided himself that his head ruled his heart. When he left the farmhouse of his boyhood to make his way in the city he had laid down one rule for himself: never to act on emotion; always to act on reason. And at twenty-eight he was assistant manager of his company. The rule seemed to work.

Now Freda had been reared in luxury. Harvey's salary would be little more than spending money for her. Leaving emotions out of the argument, would good sense dictate that he should marry her?

As he pondered this problem bells pealed out, and he remembered it was Christmas eve. Of course! He had given Freda some trinket, and a little package from her mother in his overcoat pocket. It was the season of gifts—

"Please, sir, will you give me a dime?"

Harvey looked down at a ragged urchin—a girl—perhaps not more than ten years old. Harvey's intelligence told him that to give money to beggars encouraged delinquency. But something more than intelligence seemed to prompt him now. He stopped and spoke with her.

"What would you do with a dime?" he asked.

"When I found that out, I was mad, and rightly, too. That night when he came I wouldn't see him, and sent word to him that he could go to his house for all of me."

"To my amazement, he did! Then I realized how much I loved him, but I was afraid he would never come back. At last I decided to send him a note. I told him how sorry I was, and begged his forgiveness. It was quite a bit after Christmas, but we still had mistletoe, so I hung sprays of it in every likely corner and doorway all over the house, and waited."

"Before long he came, and I found that the mistletoe had been an inspiration. He told me then that I wasn't to blame at all, and that he had only gone to Clark's to tell her that there could never be anything between them."

Granny leaned forward in her chair. "Do you know who the boy was?" she asked.

"Grandfather?"

"Yes, indeed. We were married soon after that, but I always found it paid to give in when I was most sure I was right."

The doorman peeped through the house, and Jean, smoothing her hair



"It Was When I Was Young—Young as You Are, Jean"

as she went, ran down to open the door. Granny, from the front window, looked down on a familiar roadster and smiled.

After a long time, hearing the front door close and the roar of a motor, she descended the stairs. At their foot Jean clasped her.

"Oh, darling, it worked, it worked," she chanted. "He's coming over to dinner tomorrow, and he—he mentioned something about bringing a ring. And, oh, Granny," she whispered, burying her head in her grandmother's hair, "Ted must have had the Christmas spirit already, for we got along just fine without the mistletoe!"

(Copyright, Western Newspaper Union)

"Christ's Mass"
The word "Christmas" is a contraction of "Christ's Mass."

Grandmother's Yuletide Advice
by Helen Galsford

JOAN slammed the front door behind her and rushed upstairs. Granny, busily darning in her rocker, looked up with a start. It wasn't like Joan to rush in like that, without even a word of greeting. And at Christmas time, too!

She laid her darning aside and with slow, careful steps climbed the stairs. At Joan's door she paused and knocked.

"Who is it?"

"Just Granny, dear. May I come in?"

"Why, of course," Joan opened the door. "What's the matter, Granny?"

"That's just what I want to know. You and Ted had a fight?"

Joan looked up in wonder at her grandmother's understanding. "Yes," she admitted, "and, oh, Granny, I'm so miserable! What do you suppose he said?"

"Now, now, I don't want to hear, and you shouldn't be bringing back all that was said, looking for grievances. All I want to know is who, really and truly, was in the wrong."

"Really and truly, he was, Granny."

"Then you should apologize."

"I? But Ted was the one at fault!"

"Of course, dear. That is just the reason. Now, if you were in the wrong, you might possibly force him to humor you, but if he is in the wrong he will naturally never want to give in."

She took off her glasses and wiped them thoughtfully. "And then—how lucky it's Christmas time—hang up some mistletoe."

"Well—maybe. If you're sure it will work."

"Let me tell you a story, child. Sit down." Granny settled herself and rocked lightly back and forth. "It was when I was young—young as you are, Joan—that I fell in love. My people were not so well off as the boy's were, although they were gentlemen on both sides. His parents had picked out a wife for him, years before—the daughter of friends of the family—and were determined that they should marry."

"I met him at church socials every now and then, and on picnics, and after a time he began calling on me. Although I didn't know it, whenever he came to see me, he told his folks he was going to see this other girl."

"I would buy a toy for my little brother for Christmas." It was a glib answer, probably untrue. But Harvey had become interested.

"Have you no father, or mother, to buy things for Christmas?"

"No, sir. We live with our aunt, and she has been sick."

A plausible story. Still—

A vacant seat had been taken. Harvey signalled it. "Get in, little girl, and tell me where you live."

She looked at him a moment, surprised. Then, her child instinct satisfied, she obeyed. They stopped in one of the poorer parts of the city. Here, in a single room, Harvey found a sick woman and a boy of four or five.

It did not take him long to act. As he gave his orders at a next-by restaurant anyone could see he had thrown intelligence to the winds.

When a hot meal for three had been sent to the sick room Harvey found a telephone booth. Fortunately Miss Hanson had not retired.

"Freda, I need you—on a job," he said. Then he told her of his adventure. "They need clothing, cleaning up, care—and Christmas," he concluded, "and I need a woman to show me how."

"I'll be there with my car in twenty minutes," she answered.

Then began the greatest Christmas eve Harvey Dane had experienced.

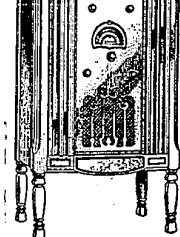


"Please, Sir, Will You Give Me a Dime?"

With Freda at his side he plunged through the city, buying groceries, medicine, children's toys; telephoning a doctor; arranging for a motherly soul to take charge. When, long after midnight, they placed their gifts beside the sleeping children, they somehow felt very close to each other.

"The woman will be all right," the

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At The YULETIDE We Are Reminded

of the kindnesses shown us back through the year and of the new friends and old friends. As we do so this Christmas our hearts are filled with gratitude and we are made to believe that 1931 has been good to us. Thus feeling and in the great spirit that fills our hearts and minds at this season we extend

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