

**Equipment of Great Ships.**  
In the Majestic there are 49 boilers and 240 furnaces, while the Leviathan has 40 boilers and 230 furnaces. Each has more than 1,200 rooms in which more than 4,000 people can live in addition to crews of more than 1,000.

**Subsides and Coeds.**  
The former refers to a young girl just under the age of being introduced into society as a debutante. The latter refers to a female student at a college or university where both men and women are admitted.

## As You Enjoy Christmas

Look forward to the many more Christmas days ahead, and remember that if you would enjoy them, you must be healthy in every respect. And remember that with strained or distorted eye-sight, happiness even on holidays is impossible.

Look to your eyesight now—before it is too late. Let us fit you with **FUL-VUES**—the modern kind.

**W. B. Murray, O. D.**

Optometrist 22009 Grand River  
Redford

ADVERTISED GOODS ARE DEPENDABLE—  
AND VALUES ARE GREATER

## GREAT LAKES THEATRE

14830 Grand River, Detroit  
(Only 15 minutes from Farmington)

2250 Seats

THURS., DEC. 21  
**WARNER BAXTER** in  
**"PENTHOUSE"**

Fri., and Sat., Dec. 22-23  
**RICHARD DIX, ELIZABETH ALLEN and RALPH BELLAMY**  
a thrilling Aviation epic,  
**"ACE OF ACES"**

Also

**"KING OF THE WILD HORSES"**  
Romance of the Mounted Desert!

SUN., MON., DEC. 24-25  
Sunday and Christmas  
Day Continuous, 2 thru  
11:30 p. m.

**GALA HOLIDAY SHOW**

**WILLIAM BOBBY-BAFF**  
and  
**GOSSIP BOWERS**

Also

The World's Greatest  
Thrills and ZaZa Pitts  
Comedy

Matinees Every Day at  
2 p. m. during Christmas  
vacation

## Around the Home

By MARGARET BRUCE

WNU Service

### The First Gray Hair

Not long ago I went to a women's club luncheon, where I sat next to a charming fresh-cheeked woman with youthful eyes and a alert manner, from under whose chie sprang hat soft waves of snow-white hair could be seen. The usual banal compliment about the attractive combination of white hair and young face rose to my lips before I could halt it. But my companion showed an even row of white teeth that matched the hair, as she smiled her thanks.

"My hair began to turn before I was twenty-five," she told me. "I remember very well the morning when I saw the first gray hair and plucked it out as if it had been a venomous reptile. Like most young women I regarded it as the advance guard of old age, and it seemed to me I was doomed. I secretly began to study the advertisements of hair-dyes and had almost decided to try one of them when a friend pointed out to me, at a concert, a woman in front of us who dyed her hair. It was coarse, uneven, gummy, of several shades, and it resembled a cheap wig more than anything else.

"Then I went home and thought the thing out. I made up my mind that if my hair was going to turn, nothing could stop it, and that the more I dyed it the more I would have to. After all, I told myself, wouldn't it be better to have white hair early and get it over with than to ruin my hair for a few years and then have to have it whitened with genuine age? While my face was still young and clear-colored, the white hair could not make me look really old; in fact, it seemed to be becoming to many faces.

"So I let my hair turn as fast as it would, taking exquisite care of it and keeping up my complexion and my youthful carriage as much as I could. "And now what is happening to me? I have just passed my half-century mark—yes, fifty." (I registered my incredulity.) "But I cannot get gray with age—I am already white. Nobody tells me I am getting older, for nobody notices it. I am sliding easily past that awkward age of woman, when age begins to make its inroads upon her. I take beautiful care of my skin, and I keep my mind and body flexible by dancing and playing golf and tennis, and by keeping up with new ideas. This is what I call growing old gracefully."

(Copyright.)

Read the advertisements in your home town paper.

## Live Bird Adorned Their

### Kitchen Christmas Tree

"IT SEEMED," said Ansel Doane, "kind of mean to leave him there all by his lonesome."

"But good old love," scolded his wife, "what in the world will you do with him?"

Ansel peered anxiously between his fingers into the palm of a great, horny hand. Sitting there, confident, all in a lump of wetness, was a small bird. His eyes darted here and there, but he did not offer to struggle. "I'm a-goin' to warm him a bit, and let him get his bearings, and feed him, and then see what he wants to do."

Mrs. Doane pretended much scorn, but she went many times to look into the box with cotton her husband had fired. There the bird sat, resting, too tired to flutter out.

"It's Christmas Eve, ain't it?" asked Ansel. "It would be a pity if we couldn't help a little mite who doesn't ask nothing' but to live, and take care of itself when it can." He gave him a crumb of bread; softly he stroked the wet wing with his big finger. "I found him a settin' all hunched up on the church railing." The man was a freeloar on his neighbors. If we'd help a sailor in trouble . . . why not a wee thing like this? Birds," Ansel frowned, trying to arrange his thoughts, "are just as 'ortin' to the Lord, as humans, and likely just as important. I admire the spunky little things. I admire 'em a heap."

Later in the evening when the small tree was set up in the corner, the new visitor, being warmed and fed, stepped from his box and flew over to it. There on a branch-tip he rocked and gave a few cheerful chirps. "There, what did I tell you?" cried the delighted Ansel. "He's a right smart little feller. And he's wishin' us Merry Christmas or I'm a slanner!"

"Maybe he is," agreed Mrs. Doane. "Kind of cute, having a real bird in a tree to your own kitchen!"—Maybelle Martin.

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## Long Airplane Trip Got

### Him Home for Christmas

AS I peered through the lighted window into the living room, I saw dad and mother sitting by the fire. They looked pretty lonely, I thought, and I wondered if they were thinking of me—wondering how their son was faring in far-off South America.

I was doubly glad now that I had made such a special effort to come for Christmas. I felt more than repaid for the long, hard journey. Gazing the old, joyful signal of earlier years, I tapped lightly on the door. Mother and Dad rushed to meet me.

"Roger," the two of them cried, speaking in one breath. "How—how did you get here? You were in Brazil when you last wrote."

"Well, I was there a few days ago, when I mailed that Christmas letter. But at six I dropped it in the box. I got such a longing to see you both. And I thought you'd like to see me, too," I added, placing an arm around mother's shoulder.

"Why—why—it's just heaven to have you here, Roger. But tell us how you made it?"

"I found that by taking a plane I could get here on Christmas Eve, so I came. I've only got two days to stay, but we'll make the most of them."

"You bet we will!" Dad interrupted, as he placed another log upon the hearth. "We're going to have one wonderful Christmas. Mother and myself will go the limit to show our appreciation of the long trip you made to spend Christmas with two old folks like us."—Katherine Edelman.

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## NEAR CHRISTMAS



"Did your wife give you particular fits because you came home at three o'clock the other morning?"  
"No, she didn't say a word. It's too near Christmas."

## Deserves Remembrance

Remember the Christmas day to keep it wholly, by remembering that the name of the New York editor who wrote the famous editorial, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus," was Church. He has long since passed to his reward. His tombstone should be buried in holly wreaths every Christmas.

## Yuletide

Christmas, of all seasons, is the one most dedicated to forgetting ourselves for the sake of children—Woman's Home Companion.

## London Likes Pudding

Twelve hundred tons of plum pudding are consumed in London at Christmas.

## In Token ==

## == of Chanks

It is with much gratitude that we look back upon the friendship of our patrons during the year just closing, and in a spirit of thankfulness, we extend to each and every one a hearty greeting and best wishes for a Merry, Merry Christmas. May your New Year, too, be the happiest you have ever experienced.

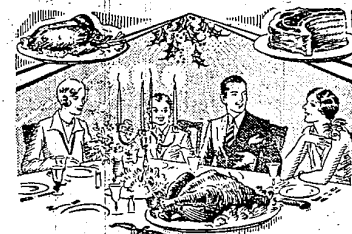
## NICK BOS

Hemlock Florist

Phone Redford 1675

Hemlock Stop

## For Your Christmas Dinner



## The Very Finest!

Here you'll find the choicest variety of fresh poultry, fresh meats, and smoked meats. Never before have you been offered such high quality meats at such fair prices. Remember—QUALITY!

Here's wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

—HENRY PAULINE



## Swift's Premium Skinned Hams

Parboiling is absolutely unnecessary with these hams. Half or Whole—Plain wrap or in gift boxes.

POUND

17c

BUTT END, 22c

CENTER CUTS, 29c

## Pork Roasts

Fresh Picnics, 1b. 8c

Boston Butts, 1b. 11c

PORK LOINS, Rib End . . . . .12c

PORK LOINS, Loin end . . . . .15c

Brookfield Sausage, 1b. 18c

Excellent for Trimmings

STRICTLY FRESH  
**MICHIGAN**  
ROLL

**Butter**  
**17c**

This butter is absolutely fresh and positively is NOT semi-storage Butter

Brookfield  
Butter, 20c

MILD  
**Michigan**  
**Cheese, 15c**

AGED  
**Wisconsin**  
**DAISY**  
**Cheese, 20c**

**Henry Pauline**

PHONE 122

"YOU KNOW THE PLACE"

## A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

The clouds are passing. The year 1933 really promises better things for all and there are visible, tangible reasons why this CHRISTMAS should be happy and the New Year merry.

We thank you heartily for your patronage and pledge you again the best possible merchandise—plus the same high degree of service.

**Farmington Mills**

PHONE 26

