


## FIND HISTORIC NAMES IN LATEST PHONE DIRECTORY

A novel prize contest was recently held by the Franklin Society, one of America's oldest savings institutions, located in New York City. Prizes were offered through the publication, "The Franklin News," for the best group of twenty-five listings, taken from the current New York City telephone directory, of namesakes of famous Americans, dead more than fifty years.

The contest elicited the fact that

more than 250 such namesakes can be found in the New York telephone directory. The winning list included the names of George Washington, Andrew Jackson, John Adams, John B. Adams, Ulysses S. Grant, Benjamin Franklin, Nathan Hale, Alexander Hamilton, Henry Clay, Roger Williams, Jonathan Edwards, John Marshall, Patrick Henry, Horace Mann, Betsy Ross, Samuel Morse, John Paul Jones, Mary Lyon, Daniel Boone, Ralph W. Emerson, William C. Bryant, George Peabody, Peter Cooper, Robert E. Lee, and Daniel Webster.



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## BAXTER'S BROTHER

By P. M. GALLAGHER  
McClure Newspaper Syndicate  
WNU Service.

"I knew you were Baxter's brother the moment I saw you!" Leticia said, conscious of a suddenly rapid heart.

They were as alike as twins, of such high stature, so bronzed and blond.

Baxter had said, "Marshall is as indigenous to the West as cactus and ten-gallon hats. A typical hero out of one of those 'hair-pants and honeysuckle' yarns! God forbid that I ever stoop to write one!" But Marshall wasn't rustic!

He was hard and masculine and disturbingly suave and when he had risen to his feet as she had entered the drawing room, his heels clicking, his whole attitude one of me administration, she had experienced a brief traitorous moment of being glad that Baxter had had a mean headache and that Marshall was escorting her to the Italian ambassador's reception.

As Marshall helped Leticia into her wine-velvet evening wrap, their glances meeting and holding in the sick reflection of the brass en-crust mirror, she lowered her black curls that he might not see the excited sparkle in her gray eyes. It wasn't exactly to let Baxter's brother, whom he had never before met, think that his future sister-in-law was an utter fool. . . . which, indeed, she was beginning to suspect of herself.

Baxter's limousine, Marshall stretched his long legs out before him and sighed wearily. Leticia's lashes winked quickly. "I hope Baxter hasn't forced you to do something you'll mind . . . dreadfully!"

He turned and the shadow-lit eyes were melancholy.

"Baxter is the social lion in this family. . . . I hate it. I've lived on the ranch in Montana . . . so much . . . alone . . . I feel as silly in a dress suit as I would in tights. If you and I could chuck this reception . . . park down on the Speedway and talk . . . why? . . . I'd like that!"

Leticia's fingers tightened on her jeweled-studded purse. It hadn't occurred to her, recently, that there was anything in life but receptions and going . . . going! Before she had met Baxter . . . two years ago . . . she had spent many evenings at home, listening to the radio, reading the farm papers, Vandergrift's best sellers, being comely and snug, never knowing the utter fatigue that she experienced so often.

She had been so content from the passages in Baxter's books that he was an unusual man, with beautiful ideals and romance and color, and when she had met him she had fallen in love instantly; indeed, looking back, she was quite in love with him before she had even met him!

Suddenly the idea of a quiet evening on the Potomac's edge with no badinage in her ears, no basking in Baxter's reflected glory, no exuberant introductions of "Oh! my dear! Baxter Vandergrift's fiancée! Author of 'the best of the best' you know! Such a genius!" became very appealing.

Her eyes brightened. "Let's!" she said. "I'd . . . love it."

Marshall lifted a quizzical eyebrow.

"You mean . . . you'd actually enjoy an evening . . . like that?"

He was studying her face, the unbelievable eagerness of it.

"Gosh!" he said, with the alacrity of profound relief. "This . . . is . . . swell!"

The air smelt sweet of evergreen needles and early tulip chervil trees in blossom as they gazed across the slick mirror of the Potomac to the impressive buildings of the Army War college. Leticia's arm was linked in Marshall's and because he looked so terribly like Baxter and because her heart was still pulsing a little crazily, she thought, "It's like to feel like this but after all he is Baxter's brother and you're supposed to feel close."

But in the next moment when Marshall turned, saying, "You're divine, Leticia! I didn't know that there were any beautiful girls left who enjoyed just doing . . . nothing . . . especially with me!"

She had wondered if she could ever lift her eyes from the magnetism of his gaze. It made her feel a little as she had, years ago, when going under ether.

He, too, felt the strange current that surged through her, for he reached for her hand and held it tight between his own.

He said, "Leticia!" A single word, but so full of meaning it seemed to come from his heart, his lips not at all.

Then she was in his arms and he was kissing her, not a brother's kiss for his future sister-in-law, but one that swept her close to his heart . . . one to which she responded, hungrily. Never had Baxter kissed her like that . . . made her feel like this!

At last she said, wistfully, infinitely. "Marshall . . . I don't know why . . . I wanted you to . . . kiss me."

"Now can I explain why I love you, Leticia . . . knowing as little of you."

"But . . . Baxter!" she went on, moving from his embrace.

"I care for him, you know. I do." She repeated as if to reassure herself. "I understand," Marshall said. "I'm returning to Montana in the morning. . . . I don't like to leave after even if . . . you cared for me . . . and were willing."

The mellow cadence of an orchestra penetrated the deep stillness and gave to the night a path cut a silvery path from the Cornishman. It was close now, so close that Leticia could hear voices and distinguish the filmy dresses of the women against the lights and the black shadows of the men. She was thankful for a distraction at this strained moment and watched, with studied indifference, the vessel coming closer through the diaphanous mantle of night. But then . . . Then!

Leticia's face went suddenly white. She glanced swiftly at Marshall whose expression was as artlessly unconvulsed and surprised as her own.

"Leticia!" He spoke first. "I didn't know that Baxter was going on that yachting party. I swear I left him . . . with an ice-cream on his head. He may have improved and decided to . . ."

But Leticia was in control of herself, ignoring the invisible knife that pierced her heart.

"Please, Marshall! . . . don't try to . . . patch things up. That's Jeneva Kartopka . . . the Hungarian dancer . . . at the taffrail beside him. I had refused to believe . . . I . . . about them. But seeing . . . is different . . . isn't it, Marshall?"

The silence was fraught with meaning.

The very swishing of the water against the sea-wall seemed hushed, strained. Marshall reached for her hand and held it close above his heart. "If I could only make it up to you," he said, after a cogent pause, "in some way."

The brief contact of his fingers on her own sent Leticia's heart beating unreasonably. She tried to tell herself that it was because Marshall was so like Baxter. It just couldn't mean anything else. A girl didn't love one brother in the morning and the other in the evening.

"Please . . ." she whispered, drawing her hand away. It was almost impossible to remember the deep hurt that the night had brought her when Marshall was so close. "This hits . . . me . . . hard; Marshall. You see . . . I fell in love with Baxter through his novels first . . . even before I saw him. And when I met him and he was so handsome, and I knew how fine and sincere and real he was beneath his deceptively frivolous exterior because I had read him for years, why . . . I . . ."

And then, quite without realizing it, Marshall was crushing her in his arms and she was forgetting, beneath the fierceness of his kiss, that there ever had been anyone named Baxter Vandergrift in her life.

"Leticia! You're a lovely liar!" he began, offering no excuses. "You don't love Baxter! You love me darling! . . . Me, do you hear? Why! I . . . I wrote all of those books! I hate social life and Baxter loves it. I pay him a salary to go around keeping himself popular in my name. He's swell at that, Leticia . . . and he wouldn't be, at anything else, I'm afraid. A business arrangement . . . good for us both. It leaves me free to write my novels and to study and to live my own life on the ranch. And it makes him independent, economically. You'll love the ranch . . . and the West . . . Leticia!"

And Leticia, snuggling closer, knew that she would.

## New Finish Keeps Metal Immune to Oxidization

The century-old dismay of the housewife, no less than of the jeweler, has been the fact that silver when placed in contact with air, becomes oxidized—in other words, it tarnishes.

The British Laboratory of Chemical Research, which was able to fabricate steel that would not rust and make it commercially profitable all over the world, has discovered that by treating silver with the little known metal rhodium it will remain indefinitely tarnished without any impairment of its beauty.

The process, which is very simple, was demonstrated a short time ago in London before representatives of local guilds. A piece of copper metal was thoroughly cleaned in a bath of alkalis, washed in water, and then dipped for a few minutes in an electro-plating solution of rhodium. That was all.

Almost the entire world output of rhodium is from Canada, and until recently it was extremely limited. The opening of the precious metal refinery at Acton, a Middlesex suburb of London, has made sufficient supplies available to justify research into its commercial application. It is one of the six platinum metals, and its value is twice as much as that of platinum or gold. No acid attacks it. In color and form it is brilliantly white and hard.

The "rhodizing" process can be applied to other metals as well as silver, but it is particularly valuable to the silver trade in view of its decline since the great war. The possibilities in its use are considerable, for silver that has been treated will only require periodical washing with soap and water, and the rhodium finish is unaffected by heat, and does not chip or crack.

## CHURCHES

All notices for this column must be in the Enterprise office not later than Tuesday at noon.

Redford Gospel Tabernacle  
18000 Lasher Road

Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.  
Pentecostal prayer and praise service, 11:00 a. m.

Evangelistic service, 7:45 p. m.  
All are welcome regardless of circumstances.

100% Pentecost.

Clarenceville M. E. Church  
Rev. Guin, Pastor

Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.  
Church service, 11:15 a. m.  
Epworth League, 6:30 p. m.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church  
Rev. John J. Larkin, Pastor

Sunday masses at 7:00 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., and 12:00 p. m.  
Benediction after 10:30 mass.  
Daily masses at 7:30 a. m., and 8:00 a. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church  
Rev. Delmore Stubbs, Pastor

Morning Worship at 10:30. The preacher for the service will be Rev. John Tharvin, of Detroit.

Church school at 11:45. The bazaar for church attendance will be awarded.

Epworth League at 6:30. Carl Smith will be the leader.

The Mid-Year Institute will be held at Dexter, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, November 12, 13, and 14.

Salem Evangelical Church  
Rev. Carl H. Schultz, Pastor

Worship service at 10:30 a. m. Topic—"Peace and Its Blessedness."

The noticeable attendance increase last Sunday was certainly a great joy, not only to your pastor, but to those members who are faithfully in the service each week. Let us all remember that our presence in the worship services is more than a duty for our own spiritual welfare; our presence is a joy to God and to the other worshippers.

Sunday School 11:30 a. m.

First Baptist Church  
Gilbert A. Miles, Pastor

Morning Prayer Meeting 10:15.  
Morning Worship 10:30. The Pastor who has been giving a series of morning messages on the book of Colossians, will give the last of that series using as his theme, "Christian Fellowship."

Bible School 11:45.

R. Y. P. U. 6:30. The Minto E. Wilbur World Wide Guild, under the direction of Mrs. Miles, will hold their annual initiation service as the program. All members and friends are invited.

Evening Evangelistic Service at 7:30. Evangelist John G. Folland of Missouri will be the speaker at the Sunday evening service. Rev. Folland has held successful meetings in many states of the Union. There will be a good song service and special music.

Public Acts of '37 To Be Huge Books

Laws cost money; the more a legislature passes, the greater the cost to print the volumes of Public Acts at the end of each session. There are indications that copies of the 1937 Public Acts may break several records. Each of the 13,

500 volumes will contain approximately 1,000 pages, almost twice the size of the Public Acts of 1935. The 1937 book will include the four statutes passed at the special session of the legislature which followed the regular session immediately.

Paper for the 1935 volume cost the state \$2,435; printing and binding came to \$9,995. The books for years have sold within Michigan for \$15.00, postage paid. According to Leon D. Case, Secretary of State, the size of the 1937 volume may involve an increase in the customary price because of the greater costs of paper, binding and postage.

The books will be available about December 1.

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