

Merry Christmas

A wish that's old
Yet ever new,
We bring this Christmas-time
To each of you.
May you enjoy every moment of it and
find in 1938 your happiest year.

Pauline's Market

Cheerful Greetings

Just as we take pleasure in greeting and serving you throughout the year, so at this time of the year, we are happy to extend to you our good wishes for a joyous holiday season.

EARL VIVIER

Super-Shell Service Station

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Our Thoughts At Christmas

Go out to our friends to wish each of them knowledge to solve their problems, light for their pathway, prosperity to fill their material needs and heaps of good cheer.

ALDRICH NURSERIES

Clarence Aldrich, Prop.
29215 Grand River

Wishing You Glad Tidings

May the Angels who first brought Christmas songs into the world bring you much joy in this present Christmas and guard your steps for good in all days to come.

—and at this time I want to express my sincere thanks for your patronage.

Hugo Von Burg

VON BURG'S
Redford's Jewelry Store
REDFORD

Sally Versus Kate

By ETHEL I. STETSON
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WNU Service.

WHEN he was a young man Keene was poor, hard-working, shy. Now he was wealthy, getting gray, and unconsciously eager to take a big bite of enjoyment from life.

For the summer season he had taken a cottage in the country, and the promise of complete contentment came in the form of a cook. She was a country woman, but with unworldly skill in preparing dishes simple and delectable, such dishes as a man of humble beginnings years for.

Then he met Sally Boyd! She was walking in the woods between her father's estate and his own cottage. He met her often. She was young, audacious, alluring, and he fell in love with her. She spent 40 years of shyness from him—and she loved him. She was naughty and elish and was not at all the materialization of his dream woman, but the dream woman faded forever. Nothing held Keene to earth but the wholesome meals which his cook prepared for him. While he ate them he reflected: "Sally. I adore her. But she couldn't sew a button on a shirt. And she could no more cook a meal like this than—well, I don't need a wife who could."

But his mental processes would always be those of a man who had struggled hard to make a fortune. He would always like to feel that his wife resembled his mother-in-law, who was a cook and a domestic. Why, that woman in his kitchen was nearer to him, to his real nature, than was Sally! Sally lived on peaches and cream. She rode, danced, and played, day in and day out. It was rather a tragedy that they loved each other, since the fundamentals of their natures were so different.

She spent an hour or two with him daily. Often they swam or played, and sometimes they read, sitting under the trees, or talked. But then she must up and away to another engagement. Wouldn't she always be slipping off to play some where? Could he ever feel that she was permanent, his to hold?

"If you love me, why do you stay such a short time with me?" "Oh, social obligations, my dear, I'm burdened with troubles that you know nothing about."

"And what does it all amount to, Sally? At the end of the day what have you accomplished? Now there's my cook, for instance. At the end of the day she's done something, created."

"Oh, your cook, your cook! I tire of hearing about your cook."

"You don't tire of eating the cookies I bring for our picnics though, do you?"

"Sort of. Wish she'd make a different kind sometimes."

"I'll tell her to."

"You'll tell her. Do you see her? What is she like, this enchantress?"

"I've really scarcely seen her. I—why—she looks—she looks like a cook. I believe she has red hair."

One day he came to their meeting disturbed.

"Something gone wrong with the cook, I dare say," ventured Sally.

"Why, yes—yes. Some trouble between her and the maids, I believe. I'm afraid, I'm awfully afraid, she'll be leaving if there's more trouble."

"You care a hundred times more for her than you do for me. You aren't the kind of man for me, and I'm not the kind of girl for you, and we'd better not make any more plans for the future."

"My darling, you break my heart."

"But so do you break mine. Why, the very wedding cake must be made by Kate. You think more about that than you do about my gowns or where we shall go. I hate her! Unless you promise that you'll discharge her I won't marry you."

Oh, the man of level head, the practical man, the man of forty autumns! He promised, as Sally required. So when she had dashed away he walked home with a burden at his heart. More so as he was, dinner was most delicious. Kate had outdone herself. He sighed and rang.

"Send Kate to me, please."

Kate came. She was a sober, youngish woman. She wore a large cap over what appeared to be mops of red hair, wisps of which straggled out here and there.

"Now for it!"

"Kate, I—I sent for you because—because, well—"

He couldn't swing it. He just couldn't. "Nice eyes," Sally had guessed. Yes, they were nice eyes!

"I sent for you because I want to increase your salary. You deserve it. And I want you to stay with me indefinitely. Do you think you can and will?"

"I think I can, sir. And I—I very much want to, sir."

Then Kate, minus wig, cap and apron was Sally, and Sally was in his arms.

"You've never known the 'Kate' side of me, Robert, but I'm sure you'll like it. You see, I was tired of being a butterfly, even before I met you, and that's why I learned to cook and went masquerading this summer. And Robert, if you had discharged Kate I should have hated you."

Mace, Symbol of Power, Is Used in Many Lands

The mace, a symbol of government authority, has an ancient origin. One in Washington has been in existence since the organization of the federal government in 1789. It was provided for by a resolution adopted by the house during the first congress on April 14 of that year. It has served as a symbol of authority of the sergeant-at-arms, who is charged with the duty of preserving order on the floor of the house, states a writer in the Indianapolis News.

The magistrates of the old Roman republic, proceeding on foot from one place to another, set up their little courts to administer justice. Each was attended by a small body of men known as lictors, who preserved order, made arrests and inflicted punishment. Each lictor carried with him a bunch of rods fastened together by thongs, with an axe bound on the outside. The rods were for scourging and the axe for beheading.

In conquering Britain, the Romans brought with them the fasces, or rods, as an emblem of authority, which, like other Roman customs, remained with the British people and were introduced into American institutions.

The mace in use in the English house of commons was made in 1649 by Thomas Maundy, chief maker of maces in the time of Oliver Cromwell. The mace of the Cromwell period, however, bore no royal symbols. These were restored after his time.

Cromwell himself perpetrated the most flagrant offense of legislative authority when he pointed to the golden mace then in use and shouted:

"Take away that bauble!"

In a few instances the mace has been used in the United States to quiet some angered member of the house of representatives. According to records, its authority has never been ignored.

A number of states, including South Carolina, have maces used on state occasions.

Most Animals "Talk"; Rabbits, Hares Scream

A rabbit is usually a very silent creature, but the poor thing can "talk" when trapped or caught by a stoat. It screams terribly, and so does the hare, states a writer in London Answers Magazine.

Most land animals have a voice of some sort. Even the South American sloth, which never seems more than half alive, can make sounds. Of all large, warm-blooded animals it is said that there is only one that

has no vocal cords and is quite incapable of anything but sign language. This is the giraffe.

Elephants trumpet, camels squeal, seals bark, stags at mating-time roar, and the noise made by a hedgehog must be heard to be believed.

Natives of the Southern Soudan say that a species of python can give a sort of whistling cry, but this has never been established by naturalists.

Frogs can croak or bleat, but among lizards there are only a very few that have any power of making sound. One common in Malaya produces a loud ticking noise.

Fish, too, are dumb, though some species can make audible sounds when taken out of the water. The catfish croaks and one of the eels makes a similar sound.

E. R. Buck, farmer of Franklin Grove, Ill., has rigged up a "mass-hopper catcher" attached to the front of his car, which he drives through the fields, later grinding his catch into chicken feed.

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Season's Greetings

Another Christmas—another occasion when we can express publicly and pertinently the good will we feel toward everyone. We wish you all the brightest of Holiday Seasons.

CLARK COAL CO.



May each milepost on your journey through 1938 direct you on to greater happiness, until finally you reach the goal you most desire. We thank you, too, for the patronage you have given us in the year just ending.

DELOS HAMLIN

Phone 5

All the news is not on the front page Read the Enterprise advertisements.

Joyous Holiday Greeting

May "Santa's pack of toys" be for you in reality a fulsome pack of future joys—may this holiday season be not only happy in itself, during every moment, but the beginning of a period of greater happiness for you and yours.

Warner Dairy Co.