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Farmington Drug Co.
STANLEY F. SMITH, Prescription Druggist
"Service With Courtesy"

Original Cut-Rate
Home of the Famous Chocolate Soda
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This DURABLE, LIVELY, PLAY BALL FREE!



with a large tube of
**Rexall MILK OF
MAGNESIA
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Both for **39¢**

The children will have a world of fun with this durable, live rubber, red white and blue play ball. Even grownups want one for swimming parties! You get it free with your tube of Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste—designed to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of decayed teeth. Act now!

Kiddies' Day

Walled Lake Amusement Park

Tuesday . . . August 16

The following merchants will give Walled Lake Amusement Park Kiddies' Day Tickets with purchases of 25c or more:

F. L. Cook & Co.	Farmington Dairy
Pauline's Grocery	Delos Hamlin Grocery
Nelson Sisters	Farmington Bakery
Sugar Bowl	Sieberting Tire Store
Lapham Oil Co.	Chamberlin Jewelry
Burnett Bros.	Farmington Bakery
E. C. Grace, Dry Goods	
Ben Myer's Barber Shop	
Earl Vivier's Service Station	
Chamberlain Sinclair Station	

Enterprise Want Ads Bring Results

154,000 Claims Paid 16th Successful Year

BY CITIZENS MUTUAL AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO. OF HOWELL

Five hundred agents and forty thousand policyholders account for this large volume of insurance.

More than \$8,000,000 have been paid in claims. In case of trouble the policyholder is cared for by us right here in Farmington. The company's management has had sixteen years of experience and has been very successful in settling complicated claims with less than one-half of 1% resulting in litigation.

Policyholders include members of the Supreme and Circuit Courts, Lawyers, bankers, business men and farmers in all parts of the State.

Rates are Reasonable. Insure today.

OLIN RUSSELL

REPRESENTATIVE

FORD SALES AND SERVICE

Phone 151 Farmington

WANT AD COLUMN

RATES: Cash, 15¢ cents per word minimum 35¢. Fifteen cents extra if closed. Classified ads to be in by Thursday noon. Phone 25-2.

BROKEN GLASS
(Including auto glass, all kinds)
Otis Boat Works will replace your broken glass; storm-doors and windows repaired; weather-stripping, cabinet work
30-1-c

X-PERT RADIO REPAIRING—building and installing; work guaranteed; prices right. Phone Farmington 79-F4. Call for PETE 27-1-c

FOR SALE—Baby Chicks, Barred Rocks, Reds, Leghorns, White Wyandottes, White Rocks, \$8.00 per hundred; Baby Ducks, 17c each; Custom hatching, \$2.50 per hundred eggs. Oakland Hills Poultry Farm, Orchard Lake Road, Phone 347-F-2. 28-1-f.

WASHING and ironing done expert and neatly. Called for and delivered. Phone Farmington 51-F11. 38-3-c

WANTED—Washings and ironing. Excellent work. Will do at my home. Call for and deliver. Mrs. Elmer White, 38706 Macomb Street. 40-1-p

HENS, live 15c lb. Broilers 16c lb. Hens, dressed, drawn, delivered, 17c lb. Broilers 19c lb. Dean Parker, Phone 320. 40-1-p

LOST—Boston Bull Terrier, White and Brindle, answers to name of Teddy. Reward, Call 31-5. Farmington. 40-1-p

FOR RENT—Semi Bungalow on Wilmarth Avenue. Inquire of Mrs. R. G. Hogle, 33709 Grand River. Telephone Farmington 77. 40-1-c

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. G. E. Grimme wishes to thank the telephone operator and the fire department of Farmington for their co-operation when her house was struck by lightning Tuesday night. 40-1-c

PLAN FOR WEST'S BIGGEST BRIDGE BRINGS CHANGES

Moving Important San Francisco
Submarine Telephone Cables,
First Step, Is Big Job

In order, to make way for the San Francisco-Oakland bridge, which is to be one of the world's largest bridges, it became necessary to remove from its path 12 submarine telephone cables carrying a large volume of conversations. This was the first step toward the construction of the new bridge, since the cables, which were strung at the bottom of San Francisco Harbor, are required for bridge borings. The telephone lines have been removed to a point about 1,000 feet north of where the bridge is to be located.

A Picked Personnel Was Used
The task of moving these cables required the service of 33 picked men working day and night for a period of three months. Extraordinary precautions were used in moving the lines, since they carry the speech, radio programs, stock quotations and news of a million bay people and of other millions along the Coast. They carry cables to the East, Europe and South America, and in order that there might be no interruptions to service, extra "stand-by" cables were provided for instant hook-up in case the regular lines were damaged in being moved.

A fleet of ten boats was used on this emergency job, and in addition to the picked crews working in three shifts, two deep sea divers, a life-boat, and a squad of seven former navy men, trained in code signaling, were employed to keep 24-hour contact with telephone headquarters in San Francisco.

"Detector" Locates Cables
The work of the divers bordered on the spectacular. One hundred feet under water, they directed the washing of years of accumulated mud from the cables with a powerful stream of water from a specially-bench hose, thus enabling the lines to be moved without injury. The hose was connected to a high pressure pump on a telephone barge, and it was found in some places that the mud was 15 feet deep over the cables.

The telephone cables buried in the mud were located by a specially-built electric "detector" which Each time the detector came near enough to a cable, the electric lines of force emanating from the cable cut through the windings of the "detector" and caused a "tapping" sound to be sent up the telephone wires to the barge where a man sat with earphones. He in turn signaled two men who were clearing the cables and when they took the anchor, a fourth man marked the spot on the map. The depth of the cable in the mud was also reported.

BETTY'S BILL

By CORONA REMINGTON

(By McGraw-Hill Newspapers Syndicate)
(WNU Service)

BIG Bill Collingsworth stood up the front steps of the Demos home with the air of a conqueror. He gave the door bell a sharp little punch and in a moment Betty herself had opened the door and stood before him, pink and radiant.

"I knew you were by the way you rang," she said, when they had exchanged the usual greetings. "You have good news, too."

"By this time they were walking slowly toward the living room, his arm flung lightly about her shoulder.

"I have," he answered standing stock still. "The greatest news that anyone ever had in this whole world. Get your things ready, we're going to be married soon."

"Bill!" she exclaimed, giving his hand a little squeeze. "Tell me, do I can't wait to hear. Let's sit down before I fall!"
"You know old John Tollman? Mean old devil, but he's got the kink all right. Well, he was in a street car accident not long ago and he's engaged me to take care of him and repair his car. May I can you believe it? We ought to be able to get married on the way."

"Bill Collingsworth, you're the greatest lawyer in this whole city full of 'em. I've always known it and now the world's beginning to find it out," said Betty, looking adoringly at her fiancé.

When old Tollman entered Bill Collingsworth's office the next day the young lawyer experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling as his swift glance took in the crabbled old face, the colorless lips, the diamond studpin and the heavy fur coat of his prospective client.

"Well, young man," he began, throwing off his coat and dropping swiftly into a chair. "I hear you're a smart chap and that the very thing I'm looking for. This is going to be a hard case, the company will contest it on the grounds that it was my fault, but I'm a good client. I'll do any and every lawyer tells me. He winked at young Collingsworth and continued, "and I got a bunch of witnesses who are willing to do the same," he ended laughing loudly and slapping his leg.

"I'm sorry," said Collingsworth rising, his face drawn and white, "but I'm afraid I'm not just the kind of an attorney you need. I don't believe I could handle your case."

"I guess I must have come to the wrong place," snickered Tollman, his jovial manner suddenly gone. "I reckon you ain't a lawyer at all but a Sunday school teacher."

With that he walked out, and a moment later a very sad young man left the office building and made his way to the Demos home.

"I'm proud of my Bill," said Betty after she had heard the story, "and what do you care? Something better may come along any day."

Disconsolately, he returned to his office. It poured all day and not client came near.

The whole week was a nightmare. It seemed as if every one had forgotten him.

After days of silence the jangling of the telephone at his elbow made him start suddenly.

"This is Harrison of the Railway and Light Company," said a heavy voice. "Could you come down to my office some time this afternoon?"

Collingsworth silently swallowed amazement and consulted a blank date book.

"Let's see," he said over the wire. "One o'clock . . . Two . . . I could see you for half an hour from three-thirty to four. Will this do?"

"Fine!" answered Harrison. "I'll expect you then. Goodbye."

"Now, what do you suppose he wants with me?" muttered Collingsworth after he had hung up.

But he could not solve the problem, and it was nearly four o'clock before he found out.

"Heard something about you the other day," said Harrison when greetings were over. "Somebody told me that you had refused the Tollman case because you didn't think he was using honest methods."

"I didn't say anything of the sort," answered Collingsworth hotly. "I simply refused the case without explanation. My reason for doing so are my own."

"That's all right, son, I understand," soothed the older man. "I just want to tell you that you've got a backbone and I like your business methods. Crookedness may get by for awhile, but honesty stands the test of time. Now, I've been enquiring about you and you seem to be a pretty smart young man. Mr. Eckel, our attorney for the past twenty years, is retiring the first of the year and going abroad to live. How'd you like to step into his shoes?"

Collingsworth gripped the arm of his chair and struggled to modify the ecstasy in his voice as he spoke.

"Frankly, I think I'd like it mighty well," he answered after a moment.

"That's the way for a man to talk; no beating around the bush. All right, you can come around the first of the week and we'll fix up the papers."

Collingsworth rose abruptly.

"I have an important engagement," he said blushing.

"All right, young man, you run along and tell her," laughed Harrison, clapping him on the back. "I had just such an engagement once myself."

IT WAS YES TODAY, NO TOMORROW

By FANNIE HURST

(By McGraw-Hill Newspapers Syndicate)
(WNU Service)

SHE was one of those girls in the class who, instead of being able to debate between her mind and her emotions the advisability, the pros and cons, the joys and pains of marriage.

That is, she had a business college degree, economic independence, and an earning capacity that exactly tied that of her on-and-off fiancé. On-and-off, because Merceda, who was twenty-six, was still a dilettante to reach a decisive state of mind about this idea of marriage with a thoroughly personable young lawyer, Frank Conway.

There were after all countless considerations which made it somewhat more complicated than the usual for a young woman like Merceda to settle the matter of her marriage. First, she had not only been earning her own living, and a good one, for over a period of six years, but there was every reason for her to believe that within the following six years her already well established earning power could double itself.

The point was that during the last years, she had been wearing one-hundred-dollar tailor-made suits, eighteen-dollar hats, correspondingly expensive lingerie and had taken on as a matter of course the habit of lunching at the town's smartest restaurants and had snappy, expensive business conferences over the dinner tables of the best hotels.

Three times a week a florist delivered a two-dollar bouquet, ordered by her, at her apartment door. She lived in a smart flat on the correct side of town, afforded a Filipino boy, who could prepare an inimitable dinner for two; threw away her silk stockings after the first ladder, and spent four weeks of every summer either at a smart Maine resort or on a flying trip to Paris, for purposes of refurbishing her well-furnished wardrobe.

There was every reason for a girl in Merceda's position to hesitate over the prospect of marriage to a boy like Frank; every reason except for one outstanding impediment to reason—she was in love with him. It was not difficult to understand why. He had the swift, clear, blond good looks that are so attractive when you encounter it in American youth; he was intelligent (without it, it is true, being brilliant), witty in a frank appealing way; clean, ambitious and head-over-heels in love with Merceda.

"The kind of young fellow out of whom you can make something," was Merceda's shrewd contemplation to herself. "He'll need pushing, and I can do that. He is the kind who can make good after he has a clever woman at his shoulder. I am that."

In a way she was right. There was rather more shyness than force to Frank Conway; rather more idealism than vigor. A woman like Merceda was precisely the right complement to his make-up.

The only thing harrowing in the entire situation, was the thoroughly understandable and yet none-the-less nerve-racking inability of Merceda to make up her mind, or of having made it up, to keep it made up.

After all, it was no small thing starting over in life with a young being nature like Frank. Because of the nature of her work, its uneven hours, its evening demands, the occasional need of an out-of-town trip, it was out of the question to enter into a practical arrangement whereby she could continue her activities afterward.

Marrying Frank meant creating home for him and all of the domestic appearances that go with it.

Not only did circumstances make this necessary, but by temperament Frank was the sort of man, call it old-fashioned if you will, who wanted his wife in the home. In a way it was darling of him; gave him a certain masterful aggressive quality that sometimes Merceda found herself fearing he lacked. It was appealing, all right, but just the same, the matter of making up her mind was none-the-less complicated. It meant two living on the income that he had been generously sufficient for an extravagant capable young business woman to live on alone. It meant that Frank, an outstandingly well-dressed young man, and Merceda, one of the most chic of the younger business women around town, must cut in half their expenditures.

Actually, it meant more than that. Housekeeping, even on the small, chic scale to which Merceda had been accustomed in her days with the Filipino cook was no inexpensive affair and once you had accustomed yourself to orchids three times a week, they were not, somehow, easy to forego, even in contemplation.

And so, off again, on again; up again, down again, went Merceda's spirits. Yes, today, no tomorrow.

"We can't make the grade, Frank," today, "we will try it together, darling," tomorrow. It was hard on Merceda, it was hard on Frank, who even in the moments of his exasperation, realized how authentic was her dilemma.

"You have simply got to make up your mind, darling, that you can't be two things, in this particular situation at least, at the same time."

"I know that, darling, and I don't want to be two things. I want to be your wife."

After that, life would be the perfect dream of romance that it can manage to be for two people who are in love. Then along would come an evening something like this:

"I am frightened, dearest! What if I disappoint you and turn into one of those messy domestic wives whose interests don't reach out beyond their new electric refrigerators. I am in a class fine by instinct, Frank. I am expensive, an orchidaceous hot-house plant that needs a very special kind of soil. You can't keep me happy, darling. Let me go."

"Of course, I am not fit to pay your orchid bills even if I could afford it, Frank. We both know that the only fact is that you love me. That's got to be enough to cover the multitude of my shortcomings."

"Let me go, Frank!"
"Why, of course, if you feel that way, Merceda, I will let you go if it kills me."

And then the next day the usual overtures of telephones and tears from Merceda, her forgiveness and tenderness from Frank.

But slowly, surely, there was wearing against the nerves of the two of them, the strain of the situation.

"Marry me today, Marc, and let's end this awful uncertainty."

"It's no use, Frank, let's try it apart for a month."

Strangely, on one of these outbursts, they both decided quite seriously, to experiment on this last. There were tears, grim dejection, experimental fervor.

"Promise me, Frank, if I decide I can live apart from you permanently, after the month, you will understand."

"I will, Merceda, if it kills me."

"And the same applies to you, Frank. If you find that life can go on without me, by the end of the month, you are to be frank and I will understand. Don't let me hear from you for the thirty days, and at the end of that time I will call you up."

Curiously, and because of the strain of the months that had gone before, this pact was kept between them, and the experimental days became the experimental weeks, and the experimental weeks lengthened into the month.

It was six days before the termination of the month that a restless, harassed, love-sick young man, yearning for word from Merceda, met up through a mutual friend, with a young woman from Mobile, Ala., named Lily by Leed. She was an agile, red-haired girl, fresh from the laurels of considerable local dramatic triumph in Alabama, who, having captured the enormous interest of the dean of New York theatrical producers, was about to be featured in a forthcoming musical production.

They met, these two, Frank Conway and Lily Leed, and five days later, he was asking her to go down to the city hall and marry him, and she was replying by throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him soundly and roundly, against the lips.

"You are sure you aren't making a mistake, sweetheart," he asked her. "You have so much to lose—your career—your future."

"Ah, guess she ain't making a mistake honey," she said in a southern lisp that was adorable to him, "but you can't have everything in this life and I want you more than anything I can think of. Come on, honey, let's be hurry. Life is short."

"Makeup" on Rug Simply
Came Off When Washed

In the last seven years a tremendous vogue for Samarcand rugs has arisen in England. Their bold, intricate designs and rich, strange colors fit well into a modern room.

Following the fashionable trend, a lady bought herself a very fine violet Samarcand, writes Henri Rickard, the Cincinnati Enquirer. She had heard that these rugs are apt to be "doped" so she asked for a written guarantee that this one had not been chemically treated—that it, actually, faded to make it look antique. She got the guarantee. Some months later it was cleaned. And when it returned, behold! the mauve and turquoise rug which had gone away came back a red and white one.

The bland person who had supplied the lady with the rug was not helpful. He merely murmured that madame had imagined the original mauverness. Women were fanciful creatures. He could not give madame back her money, but he would exchange this rug for another. This seemed a small ray of hope, but the lady thought it best to take the advice of a famous expert on carpets, whose opinion has often been sought by the South Kensington museum and the Metropolitan museum, of New York.

He was a short, fat, little gentleman who took one look at her rug, another at the guarantee—and told her that the guarantee was worthless, because the rug had not been chemically treated. It had been most artfully "doped" in fact, it had simply been "made up" by an artist and when its face was washed its natural complexion was revealed.

At Brown's
A grocer in a small town tells this one about a friendly competitor.

During a busy hour another grocer stopped in his store. The telephone rang and no one rushed to answer it. Mr. Brown, the competitor, took it on himself to help his friend.

"Have you any fresh pineapple today," asked a customer.

"No, we haven't, but you can get nice ones at Brown's grocery."