

**TWO REXALL STORES—**  
**The Smith Pharmacy**  
 Open Every Day and Evening.  
 Phone 116. "Better Service."  
 We Deliver  
 Special Brick Ice Cream Daily—

**FREE!**  
**1 lb. Chocolates**  
 WITH EVERY \$1.00 PURCHASE  
**-- Saturday --**  
 "When You See a Blue Package—Think of Us."

**The Central Pharmacy**  
 ST. CLAIR SWITZER, Mgr.  
 Prescriptions a Specialty.  
 Open Every Day and Evening.  
 Phone 64. "Service with Courtesy."  
 We Deliver

**THE PIONEER MARKET**  
 Herman A. Schroeder, Proprietor  
**CHOICE MEATS**  
 Fresh Smoked Salted  
**EGGS BUTTER CHEESE**  
 Everything in OUR LINE at LOWER PRICES  
 Try our Roasted Coffee—BEST IN TOWN

Brown & White Leghorn Rocks, Reds & Anconas  
**The Livonia Poultry Farm and Hatchery**  
 Producers of Certified High Producing Stock  
**BABY CHICKS**  
 Orders placed at the  
**Farmington Mills**  
 will receive our Personal Attention!  
 Phone Farmington 38-F-12 Plymouth, Mich., R. F. D. No. 3

**CARD OF THANKS**  
 I wish to thank Rev. J. Bolten for his kind and comforting words in the hour of my deep sorrow. I also wish to thank those who sang at my mother's funeral.  
 Mrs. Friedrika Witt.

**LINER COLUMN.**  
 Dont forget L. O. T. M. baked food sale at Farmington Hardware store Saturday afternoon  
**FARMS WANTED**—We have buyers for Michigan farms. Give description and lowest cash price. "Warren MacRae Farm Agency, Logansport, Indiana." 19-1

**NOTICE**—Hot Cross Buns every Friday until Good Friday, Farmington Bakery. 19-1  
**FINE** Lot overlooking Walled Lake \$6000  
**FIVE** Rooms—and bath, 1 floor bungalow. One acre lot. Garage chicken house and newly fenced. Excellent condition. \$5,000—\$1000 down  
**FIVE** Room Bungalow (not completed) Lot 80x130. Has sewer water, sidewalks, electric lights and shade trees. Is in the Village. 1 block from Junction. \$2500—\$200 down  
**F. D. FLEMING**  
 Farmington Phone 169

**FOR SALE**—Third house west of Power house on Grand River avenue at Dean St. for \$3,500 with \$500 down or \$3,000 with \$1,000 down. Charles C. Reinhart, 17800 O'Mira ave., Detroit. Phone Hemlock 1133-R. 18-3  
**FOR RENT**—Modern five-room apartment, reasonable. Harley D. Warner. 18-2  
**FOR RENT**—Farm, 79 acres on Old Farmington and Switzer roads. Owner, Gusta Waack, call Garfield, 2923-F or 5077 Martindale, S., Detroit, Mich. 19-1  
**FOR SALE**—Beautiful home site property 20, 40 or 60 acres. See T. L. Irving, owner, 1-2 mile south and 1 mile west of Farmington. 17-4

**NOTICE**—Baked food sale by the L. O. T. M. Saturday, March 22 from 2 to 6 p. m. at the Farmington Hardware store. 19-1  
**FOR SALE**—Flock of laying hens White Rocks. Mrs. Charles Perry, phone 66-F-6, Farmington. 19-1  
**WANTED**—Man with extensive local acquaintance to introduce party handling financial proposition. Must have character and standing in community; no peddling, no canvassing; simple introductions desired. Liberal salary paid daily. Inquire care Farmington Enterprise. 19-1  
**WANTED**—Middle aged lady for night operator. Inquire at the Farmington Telephone office. Chief Operator. 19-1

**WALLED LAKE NEWS**  
 A speaker from the M. A. C. at Lansing talked to the farmers and high school children at the school house Friday afternoon, but did not stay to fill his engagement at the M. E. church Friday night.  
 Mrs. Frank Carpenter entertained the Embroidery club last Wednesday.  
 The home talent play the M. E. Sunday school has been giving, will be presented at Birmingham.  
 Cautions was held at Walled Lake Monday afternoon and nominated Frank Malcomb, supervisor; Lloyd Coe, treasurer; Earl Garner, clerk; Joe Long, highway overseer; Charles Rose, justice of peace.  
 The fire department was called out Saturday night to a cottage in Clute's subdivision, where it found a chimney burning out. No damage was done.  
 One hundred and ninety-eight tickets were sold at the Mothers and daughters banquet and everyone enjoyed the supper and program.  
 Ray Riley has rented his farm to Henry Moss. Mr. Riley and family will move into Dr. Bullard's house.  
 On account of so much going on last week, we did not attend the oyster supper served by the men of the M. E. church Friday night.

**HISTORY OF THE UMBRELLA**  
 Came Originally From The East Where It Was Considered An Emblem of Royalty.  
 The umbrella came to us from the East, where it has been in use from time immemorial, and which was considered an emblem of royalty and dignity. Among the Greeks and Romans umbrellas were carried solely by women, and it was regarded as a sign of effeminacy for a man to carry it. It is not likely that the umbrellas used were of any use against a rainstorm, and they were designed solely as a protection against the sun.  
 The use of umbrellas became very popular in Italy and France in the sixteenth century, and they soon became an article of luxury and fashion. Dryden, an English poet of the seventeenth century, writes:  
 And like umbrellas with their feathers  
 Held up in all sorts of weather.

From this we must conclude that feathers and ribbons ornamented the article. Early in the eighteenth century it was the practice in England to keep umbrellas in the coffee-houses as a sort of protection to guests who were caught in an unexpected shower, but the use of individual umbrellas in the home was still a novelty. In 1723, Colonel Wolf, an English soldier, wrote from Paris: "The ease-loving French carry umbrellas with them wherever they go, and in color, material and ornamentation they are indicative of the rank and wealth of their owners. They are used as a protection from both sun and rain. I marvel that they have not yet been made popular in England. Slightly after this they came into general use in England."

**Why Rice Paper is Weak.**  
 The use of rice straw is quite widespread in the Far East, but when used as paper it makes poor paper. In order to ascertain the cause of its weakness and find a remedy, tests were made at the University of Grenoble on some rice straw from Indo-China. The straw was cut, washed and cleaned for one hour. Then it was cooked five hours with 13 per cent caustic soda at 5 degrees Baume concentration. The material was then delubed and washed and bleached. The paper obtained contained 20 per cent. Next, the pulp thus obtained was beaten carefully, sized and loaded with starch. Considerable trouble on the machine was experienced because of the weakness of the paper. The paper is, however, soft and agreeable to the touch and is of satisfactory whiteness. Rice straw pulp is extremely fine—the finest fiber used in paper making. The fibers are short, fine and delicate and there are no large fibers to form a solid framework. The weakness of the fibers is due to the thinness of their walls and the large number of breaks in them is due to bending. Owing to its weakness, rice straw is hardly suitable for wrapping papers, but it could be used for fine writing and printing papers—Paper Trade Journal.

**Why Pipe is Called Meerschmum.**  
 Meerschmum is a German word designating a soft white mineral found floating on the surface of the Black Sea. In appearance it is rather suggestive of a foam, whence arose the French name for the same substance, ecume de mer, and the popular supposition that it is sea foam. Most meerschmum is obtained from Asia Minor, chiefly from the island of Euboea, where it occurs in irregular nodular masses in alluvial deposits. It occurs also less plentifully in Greece, Euboea and Sidmos, and also exists in chemical composition as something in Utah, South Carolina, Pennsylvania in the United States. The principal use to which it is applied is the manufacture of a rare kind of pipe.

**Sunday is Luckiest Day**  
 The Russians regard Sunday as the luckiest day for a wedding, and the autumn, when the wind is in, as the most suitable season.

**Bread Has Individuality**  
 It is only in the villages that bread has individuality; and it takes a great kind of individuality to make a world

**Found Letters in His Desk**  
 By ELLA SAUNDERS  
 (© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Winnie Mearns stood staring at the bundle of letters, feeling that it couldn't be real. Love-letters in her husband's desk!  
 She had only gone to his desk to get a pen, but then she had seen the bundle of letters and she had looked at just one of them. And this was her reward.  
 Love-letters of a passionate nature, addressed to a devoted lover by a woman she knew very well—Maud Rensley. Maud, one of her best friends!  
 The Mearns had only been married three years. Charlie Mearns was a lawyer, shrewd, practical, hard-headed—the last person one would have dreamed of doing such a thing.  
 And Maud Rensley—why, only six months before she had had an entanglement with an absolutely worthless man, and had been so glad to escape from him. And now—entangled with her husband!  
 "Why! It was impossible!" Only an hour before Charlie had kissed her at the door of their little house, and had smiled perfectly devoted. And all the time he had been carrying on with the Rensley woman.  
 A ring at the telephone interrupted her gloomy meditations. It was Maud. "Old Charlie says he had anything for me?" There was agitation in her voice. Winnie wondered whether she was referring to the letters that her husband had left in his desk, so bravely. "Yes. Oh—well. I'll be round this evening to get you both."  
 "You never enter my house again," thought Winnie, as she hung up the receiver.

Of course there was only one thing to do. She was going home to her mother. She would not deign to enter into explanations with Charlie. She would just disappear, leave him to find out who she had gone. A divorce? Of course—at least, she would never live with him again. She felt a heroine. Her horror disappeared in a blaze of anger. She began to pack.  
 One can get a quantity of things into a suitcase. Winnie packed hers tight, satisfied herself that she had got everything in she wanted, and said good-bye to the house forever, about half an hour before Charlie was due to return.

It was more than a mile to the station and the suitcase was heavy. When at last Winnie reached it her husband's train was just coming in. She slipped into the waiting room, and from there saw Charlie walk by, holding his head in the air as if his perky weighed lighter than a feather on him. How difficult it was not to run out to him!

But he was gone, and then—Winnie discovered that she had left her purse behind.  
 And there was only one thing to do. She must go back and get it.  
 Lining her suitcase, she started off. After all, it would be easy to slip into the house, take the purse, and slip out again, especially if she could get there before Charlie. And she couldn't face him.

Running along quick cuts and detours, she reached the house before her husband found her purse, and was just going to slip out when she heard Charlie's voice in the hall.  
 And that awful Maud Rensley!  
 For a few moments Winnie was tempted to make some physical assault upon the creature who was defiling her doorstep. Why—shouldn't she have a wife, cover-upstairs in billiard, while Charlie and that creature. . . . What were they saying?  
 "Charles, I don't know how I can thank you enough."  
 "Oh, that's all right. They're in my desk. I meant to bring them to you this morning, but I was late."  
 "Did he give up every one of the letters?"

"Every one, Maud. I had a tough fight at first, but I pointed out to the fellow that his attempt to trade upon the fact that you had been engaged to him was blackmail, and that we should prosecute unless he handed over all the letters, which he did. You're well rid of the fellow."  
 "Charles, I feel that my life's my own again. You're done wonderfully, getting them back. I can hardly keep from kissing you."  
 "Well, if Winnie were here, as witness—"  
 "Oh, kiss her Charlie!" cried Winnie, running down the stairs, with a bounding face. "And give her one from me!"

**Penalty of Success**  
 Former Governor Preuss was talking in Minneapolis about success.  
 "At the shore," he said, "they don't consider the season a successful one unless, down to the smallest boarding house or cottages, they're all as crowded as Wave Villa."  
 "The mistress of Wave Villa said to her husband one afternoon on his return from the fish market:  
 "I've rented the coal bin, George."  
 The rest of the season you'll have to sleep in the chicken house!"—Detroit Free Press.

**The Sign of Food**  
 Diner—But this menu is in French. Waiter—Quite so, sir, but the prices are in English, and that's all most of our customers read.—Pearson's Weekly (London).

**YOUR MONEY**  
 does not  
 Take a Vacation  
 but YOU can  
 if  
 You Start a Bank Account

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 Farmington, Michigan

**PROFITABLE STORE LIGHTING**  
 Storekeepers sometimes wonder why they are not doing more business.  
 The reason, in some cases—perhaps most—is that competing stores are better lighted and therefore more attractive to buyers.  
 Everybody prefers to deal in a brightly lighted store—you do yourself. Nobody likes to buy in a poorly lighted store.  
 If you are not doing the amount of business that you consider you have a right to expect, ask us to inspect your lighting. Perhaps the reason why is there. No charge is made for this service.

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