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What Professor Wanted

By WINIFRED DUNBAR.

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"I don't know what can be the matter with me, Miss Johnson," said Professor Barry to his housekeeper as she handed him his morning coffee. "I think I must be growing old."

"Oh, come, professor, you old forty-five!" replied Miss Johnson, laughing. "What you want is to get married."

"Get married," repeated the professor absently, as though the idea had never occurred to him. "Why, who would want to marry an old fog like me?"

"Some might," retorted Miss Johnson, teasing her head.

Miss Johnson came every day to attend to the professor's needs. He was instructor in Latin at the college; Miss Elizabeth Johnson was the daughter of a fellow professor who had died impoverished. Miss Johnson might have been thirty-five.

"I never get married," mused the professor, as he wandered in the direction of the town. "I should want a wife with light brown hair, blue eyes, sunny, bless me!"

He blushed as he hurried along the street, for it had suddenly occurred to him that he was describing Miss Johnson.

"But I didn't mean anything. I assure you," he explained absently to himself.

"Please don't mention it," said a pleasant female voice in his ear, and the professor started in surprise, to see that he was looking into the face of a comely young woman who carried a baby.

"I assure you no harm has been done," she said. "So if you will kindly hold my little girl a minute, everything will come out all right. And she thrust a blinking bundle into his arms."

"Now I wonder what it was that I did," suggested the professor to himself, but there was no answer forthcoming.

"Hush, hush, baby," implored the professor, dandling the infant. "Go to sleep like a good boy. I mean girl. Mother will come by and by."

Apparently this prospect did not act as a soothing incentive, for the baby began to howl. A small boy jeered at him.

"Aw, take him home," suggested a rascal spectator. "Where did you get it?"

"He's stolen it," suggested another woman.

"Kidnaped," yelled another woman and promptly fainted.

"He's Black Dan, the thousand-dollar, child-stealer," somebody yelled, and those on the outskirts of the crowd set up a yell of rage and surged forward toward the victim.

Heppily at this juncture a policeman came pushing through the crowd.

"What's all this?" he demanded.

"Hey, there. What's the child in that?"

"It belongs to a woman," stammered Professor Barry. "I don't know her."

"He's stolen it," shrieked an irate lady as she broke her umbrella upon the professor's hat.

"Give me the child," said the policeman, taxing the screaming and frightened baby from the professor's arms.

"Certainly," said the professor cordially, divesting himself of his burden happily and turning to dodge out of the crowd.

"Hey, where are you going?" cried the policeman. "You're coming with me. It's going to be a cell for you."

"But a woman gave it to me!" pleaded Professor Barry dimly.

"Tell that to the judge. Are you coming quietly, or—"

Miss Johnson's appeared at the policeman's side.

"It's all right," she said, smiling. "Just a mistake, Frank. This is Professor Barry of whom I have often told you."

"When what's he doing with a strange baby, miss?" inquired the policeman dubiously.

"Why, you foolish man, it isn't a strange baby, it's your baby," said Miss Johnson, smiling. "Don't you know your own child?"

"My Beeslie?" exclaimed the policeman. "Where's my Polly and why isn't she here?"

As he looked round helplessly a young woman struggled through the crowd and snatched the child hastily from Miss Johnson's arms, kissing and murmuring over it.

"My baby," she cried. "I left her with the saleswoman, Frank, and she gave her to the wrong woman. That's God. I've found her."

"There you see the explanation," said Miss Johnson. "The woman couldn't resist taking her, and then she was afraid to restore her, so she gave her to Professor Barry because he looked absent-minded. Professor, Frank Hitchens is the son of my land-lady."

Professor Barry, too stupefied to answer, suffered himself to be led away through the dissolving crowd and half an hour later Miss Johnson deposited him at the door of his house.

"Now I guess you can take care of yourself, professor," she said, smiling. The professor's arms went up just as the baby's had done, and he caught Miss Johnson by the sleeve.

"No, I can't," he said. "I want somebody to take care of me for life. That's what is the matter with me. I want you, Miss Johnson—I mean Elizabeth. Will you?"

Miss Johnson signified that she would.

Local News

Arthur Geistler was on the sick list a couple of days this week.

Mrs. Charles Leach is suffering with heart trouble.

Miss Helen Bradley has the chicken-pox.

The Amicus Club will meet next Tuesday with Mrs. Lee Williver.

Murray Moore was home from Lansing over the week-end.

Roberta and Dick Russell have recovered from the chicken pox and are back at school again.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bade went to Detroit to hear Kreisler Tuesday evening.

Group No. 2 of the Missionary Society met with Mrs. Pickett on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parsons spent Tuesday with Mrs. John Harlan.

Mrs. Elmer Weston entertained the Baptist Circle Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wadestorfer visited Mrs. John Hayes at Redford Monday.

Mrs. Marion Boise and Miss Edith Coliste were in Detroit Tuesday night to hear Kreisler.

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. church will meet with Mrs. Lewis Thayer next Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Hannah Light of Royal Oak, is spending the week with Thomas Lytle and family.

Clyde McDermott and Minnie Toomey spent the day Sunday with a cousin in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Melow visited Mrs. Anna Hof's in Detroit, Saturday.

John Melow, wife and daughter, Ruth, spent Sunday with Mr. Melow's sister, Mr. E. Rewald, at Plymouth.

A picture was scheduled at the Clarenceville schoolhouse entitled "The Raven," for Thursday of this week.

Fixtures have arrived for the Farmington State Bank and are now being installed. The opening is expected soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Brownridge, Mr. Nick Stevenson and brother, George, all of Detroit, spent Friday evening at David Ross'.

Several from the local Chapter O. E. S. attended initiatory work at Northville Chapter last Friday night.

Edward Weston of Lansing, spent the fore part of the week with his cousin, Elmer Weston, and family.

The feature picture at the community motion picture program on Tuesday evening at the Methodist church will be "Red Hot Dollars." A Charles Ray picture.

Mrs. J. Alderman, Mrs. Bradley's daughter, has returned to her home in Florida. She is much improved in health, having been ill a long time.

Mrs. Sam Lock called on Mrs. Tony Bah at Detroit Tuesday.

Mrs. Bah, who has been very ill at Ford hospital, has returned to her home and is gaining nicely.

The O. E. S. will give an old-fashioned dance in the Town Hall next Friday evening, January 20. Everyone come and have a good time.

Mrs. Fred Hitchcock of North Farmington, who was taken to a Pontiac hospital some time ago, is much improved in health and returned to her home Tuesday.

William J. Smith, who has been visiting the past five weeks among relatives in Pennsylvania, returned to his home at Clyde Seelye's Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Connor, Mr. C. A. Connor, Mrs. Connor and Mrs. W. A. Nelson of Detroit, visited Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Connor Saturday.

A project to incorporate Kenmore, a subdivision of Redford village, as a village was lost by the overwhelming vote of 463 to 31 at an election held in Redford township Tuesday.

Mrs. I. McArthur, Mrs. Harrison, Johnson, Mrs. Leon Green, Mrs. Dave Woodruff, Mrs. Sam Lock attended a group meeting of the Missionary Society at Martha Holmes church, Detroit, Tuesday.

Mrs. Livi Pankow is teaching the Pierson school while the teacher, Miss Baughman, is in quarantine. She having received word that her father, with whom she spent the holidays, had the small-pox.

Farmer's Fruit & Vegetable Store has made arrangements to serve its patrons with Elliott's better bread and baked goods and Elliott's special fresh roasted coffee. In Northville, these goods have become very popular and Mr. Elliott's trade is constantly increasing. Farmington people are urged to give them a trial.

DAIRY TALK

MAKING MILK IN NEBRASKA

Figures Obtained Probably Approximate Requirements in Other Sections of West.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Here is what it costs, in labor and feed, to produce 100 pounds of market milk in eastern Nebraska. Winter, six months—concentrates, 11.2 pounds; dry roughage, 95.3 pounds; silage and other succulent roughage, 63.6 pounds; bedding, 11.1 pounds; human labor, 2 hours; horse labor, 0.06 hour; hauling and grinding concentrates, \$0.018; pasture, \$0.108; total costs, except depreciation on cows, \$0.788; depreciation on cows, \$0.018.

Summer six months—Concentrates, 11.2 pounds; hauling and grinding concentrates, \$0.044; dry roughage, 61.2 pounds; silage and other succulent roughage, 29.3 pounds; pasture, \$0.653; human labor, 1.9 hours; horse labor, 0.08 hours; total costs except depreciation on cows, \$0.806; depreciation on cows, \$0.034.

The work of determining the cost of producing milk in this section covers two one-year periods. It was begun by the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture, in co-operation with the department of dairy husbandry of the University of Nebraska, in September, 1917, discontinued at the end of the first year, and resumed in September, 1919. The figures reported were based on actual records obtained by regular monthly visits of 24 hours each to eight farms for two years, and to 22 other farms for one year.

The requirements for keeping the average cow one year were: Concentrates, 1,529 pounds; hauling and grinding concentrates, \$0.001; dry roughage, 4,575 pounds; silage and other succulent roughage, 3,593 pounds; pasture, \$2.01; bedding, 340 pounds; human labor, 113.6 hours; horse labor, 3.2 hours; other costs except depreciation on cows, \$4.85; depreciation on cows, \$4.76.

During the first winter and summer the average incomes from milk were not sufficient to meet the average costs. In the second year the incomes were above the average costs in both seasons. The greater percentage of the year's income was received in the winter, but the feed, pasture and bedding costs exceeded the summer costs.



Feed for Dairy Cows Should Be Carefully Weighed.

by a greater percentage than the winter receipts exceeded the summer receipts.

Although the figures obtained show what was required to produce milk for the Omaha market under the system of dairy management found in the section studied, and probably approximate the requirements in similar localities, it is pointed out by the department that they, of course, do not apply to dairying in sections where different conditions and methods of management prevail.

Additional details of the record and work are contained in department Bulletin 872, "Unit Requirements for Producing Market Milk in Eastern Nebraska," recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. Copies of the bulletin may be had by addressing a request to the department at Washington, D. C.

MOLD REPORTED IN SILAGE

Trouble Occurs Only Where Air Is Present, Generally Caused by Lack of Water.

The usual number of complaints are coming in regarding the presence of mold in silage. Mold can grow only where air is present. Air generally gets in as the result of the silage being too dry when put into the silo. If water was added, not enough was used. Poor packing may cause the same trouble. Mold around the doors and against the wall is the result of poor conservation of the silo which allows air to enter. Nothing can be done now to remedy the condition. At the next filling time special care should be taken to see that the corn contains enough moisture and that it is well tramped. It is always safest to select moldy silage especially for horses and sheep, although for cattle there seems to be little danger.—C. H. Eckles, chief of the division of dairy husbandry, University Farm.

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PLEASURES OF YOUNG CHINA

Children Have Many Amusements Which Are Unknown to Youngsters of Other Countries.

The children of the Chinese village led a sheltered, happy existence with servants and young relatives to amuse them indoors or without, as the weather permitted, writes M. T. P., in Asia Magazine. They were liberally supplied by their indulgent grandmothers with pocket money in the form of handfuls of coppers, instead of the strings of cash that sufficed an earlier generation. From passing vendors they bought bows and arrows of brightly painted bamboo, whistling birds and theatrical figures of colored earthenware, inflated rubber toys and an endless variety of rice flour cakes, sesame seed confections, peanut taffy and millet candy. On festival days the choice was wider than ever with fluffy bunches of sugar wool (fine spun sirup) and brittle candy toys broken from molten taffy with all the glass blower's art, in the form of lanterns, birds and fish mounted on slender sticks. At early seasons there were huge fish made of bamboo frames, paper covered and realistically painted, which swam in a breeze with lacy grace, or kites similarly fashioned to represent birds and dragons which winged upward in fascinating flight.

Great Congo Rubber Forests. The great rubber forest of M'Boke, in the Congo country, thousands of square miles in extent, is really composed of two forests joined by an isthmus of wood. In the forest lies the Belgian fort of M'Boke. The fort is not used today as a fort (or was not when H. De Vere Stacpoole wrote his book, "The Pools of Silence," in 1910) only as a collecting place for rubber. Mr. Stacpoole says: "In the early days it was a very necessary entrenchment for the Belgians, as a tribe almost as warlike as the Zappo Zappo terrorized the district; but the people of this tribe have long been brought under the blue flag and the white star. They are now 'Siddlers,' and their savagery has, like a bean seed, been turned to good advantage by the government."