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PEANUT POLITICS AT LANSING.

Familiarity often breeds contempt. This fact is only too lamentably true when one gets an close perspective with the average Michigan legislator. That a great state like Michigan should be represented in its legislative halls by a class of peanut politicians whose mental calibre are of a 22 size is deplorable, but the fault lies entirely with the electors who are now getting a close-up view of the bunch called in special session at Lansing to take action upon reappointing the representative and senatorial districts of the state, as required by the constitution, which duty these "statemen" failed to perform at the regular session.

As a rule the citizens of the state select good material for boards of supervisors, but allow the politicians to pick out "useful" men as state senators and representatives. When the electors wake up to the fact that their interests are being betrayed by these small fry politicians there will be a fair chance of getting good results from them. The present legislature is no worse than some that have preceded it. The opportunity was presented for doing a good stroke of work, but petty politics got in its work and true to form the legislators, almost to a man, showed their assinine propensities. The constitution was scrapped and tossed into the legislative waste basket by these "statemen" whose only idea of public service is playing politics.

One commendable act of the house, however, was the selection of George Walsh as speaker. It placed him in a position where he was able to show the members up in their true light, which he did in fine shape on the floor of the house last week.

California Adopts Gay Christmas Berry

LOYAL to its own products, California has adopted the "Christmas berry" as its berry, and from some points of similarity it makes a very good substitute for the well-known holly of the eastern states.

The California holly—Christmas berry—is very similar to the regular holly in structure, but the tint of the leaves and of the berries approximates the colors afforded by the regular sort.

The leaves of the California holly are not of the form of holly leaves, but the berries easily suggest the regular species. To make the effect seem more real, some florists of coast cities mix the berries of the California holly with the pretty foliage of the live oak.

The shrubs of the California holly grow 4 to 25 feet tall, and the flowers appear in July and August, and the berries, which grow in large clusters similar to cherries, are ripe by Thanksgiving and remain on the trees some time; although they do not keep well after being plucked.

"Merry Christmas," the Big Policeman's Wish

THE big policeman standing in the middle of the road there where two streets cross isn't just a part of the street furniture. He is the hydrant and the bridge. But I had seen him there so many times a day, week in, week out, season in, season out, I had quite forgotten that he was human like myself, perhaps a little more so. He is perhaps a little happier. But I woke up on a Christmas day last year to his reality as a human being.

I was crossing the street with a very gloomy heart. Everything with my life seemed to have gone wrong and the crisis had been reached this Christmas day. My eyes were downcast at the dirty, slushy snow underfoot, and I gave a glance at no one. Then suddenly, out of the sky, out of the blue, came a ray of hope, a hopeful, "Merry Christmas." Yes, there was the big policeman merry Christmasing me, and as though he meant it, too. In my surprise, I gave it back with that "Merry Christmas, yourself."

And with that cheerful spoken word bursting automatically from my surprised lips the day changed. There it was, the day of hope. Not out of the New Testament, but out of today, this day of policeman and hydrant—and the Christmas spirit. On the opposite curb I met happiness face to face. In what form it came does not matter. That is my heart's secret. But it came! And this I know, it would not have come, or coming, I would not have surely missed it, had I not lifted my eyes to return the look of the policeman. My eyes had not had the surprised smile stayed with me until I reached that curb.

"OUR SUNDAY SERVICE AT HOME"

Conducted by the Ministers of Farmington for the Sick, Aged and Others Who are "Shut In"

REV. J. BOLLENS, Pastor Evangelical Church.

OPENING HYMN O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see Thee lie! Above the deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by; Yet in the dark street shineth the Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.

How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is given! So God imparts in human hearts The joy that comes from His heaven. Nor ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.

PRAYER—Almighty and eternal God, who hast gladdened us by the birth of Thy dearly beloved Son, we bring unto Thee praise and thanksgiving for Thy great mercy, and pray Thee to increase in us the joy that Thou hast caused to be preached at His birth.

Lord Jesus Christ, we thank Thee that Thou didst not despise to assume our flesh and blood, but has from all eternity inseparably united Thyself with us, reconciling us to the Father and turning His heart to us in mercy. Grant that through Thy incarnation we may be reassured for all time of God's eternal love. For this we would ever praise Thee with grateful hearts. Amen.

SCRIPTURE LESSON—And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord shone round about them; and they were afraid. And he said unto them: Fear not; for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Luke 2: 8-11.

SERMON— A CHRISTMAS JOURNEY "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass." Luke 2:15.

The eye is not satisfied with seeing. The truth of this observation is confirmed by the experience of all ages; it admits only of one exception: there is one object and only one which can satisfy the eye of the mind, and that is the Lord Jesus Christ. We have proof of this in the 29th and 30th verses of this chapter.

Some of the Turks, it is said, put out their eyes as soon as they have seen Mahomet's tomb, because they would not defile them again by regarding any common object. Superstition teaches them to admire the grave of a wicked impostor. O let us Christians rather to behold a sight of the real glory; let us turn away our eyes from beholding vanity; let us fix them upon the adorable Jesus; let us say, with the admiring shepherds; let us now go to Bethlehem.

THE KINDLY STAR

THE little boy was afraid of the dark, but as he looked out through the low window upon the pines which Mr. Frost was making his pictures, he saw a bright star that was twinkling at him with a most friendly and assuring light. It shone through his tears and seemed to say that it would show through his tears and soothe his eyes, and stilling his sobs, the better to hear the carol singing that came from the street, he went away to slumber and a dream. The dream lady looked like his mother, all dressed in a robe that glistered and sparkled like snow, and she was speaking his name, and he was to take him so delightfully to some place where he would wake so early on Christmas morning he would find that his dream had come true.—Christopher G. Hazard.

A PRESENT FOR KITTY

"I'd like to give my kitty a radio," declared small Lucy. "What for?" inquired her father. "So she can enjoy all the cat-concerts over the world!" M. B. Thompson.

ALWAYS SOMEONE THERE

When a man tries to sneak a few gifts into the house it seems that the family is always congregated around the front door.

"OUR SUNDAY SERVICE AT HOME"

The first announcement of the birth of Christ is made to shepherds, poor, honest, industrious men, an encouraging circumstance for the poor of this world. An angel delivered the message; and a multitude of angels joined in the chorus, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." What deep humiliation to the Son of God being in a stable and laid in a manger. And yet behold the glory. A new star directs the wise men of the east to the honored spot, and a multitude of ministering spirits praise his birth.

Physically—with our bodies—we can not go to Bethlehem but spiritually we may all join the pilgrimage—for God is a spirit, and he that worships Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth. Therefore let us go to Bethlehem; the name signifies the house of bread; there in the contemplation of Jesus, may we find bread for our souls. At the manger, of Bethlehem we see Diety displayed. Man redeemed and Satan ruined. Here is the beginning of the world, the dawning of new day, the proclamation put forth: Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Let us go to Bethlehem and see the Christ who to the "Glory to God in the highest," is giving sight to the blind, making the lame walk, the lepers clean, the deaf hear, is raising the dead, and is preaching the gospel to the poor.

Let us go to Bethlehem; Let us like Mary, ponder these things in our hearts. No sooner did the shepherds hear of Him, than they ran to inquire after Him. Let us also say, "We like to see Jesus." And where shall we seek him, but in His house in His world? and if we seek Him earnestly, we shall find that there is still a Bethlehem, a house of bread. God will feed our souls with the bread which came down from heaven, and which endureth to eternal life. Worshipping, the Christ-child will secure a blessed and a Merry Christmas.

PRAYER—Lord Jesus, Thou Saviour of mankind, may we continually honor Thee and graciously serve Thee.

By remembering our kinship with all men. By cheering the downcast and adding sunshine to the depressed, God help us every one to spread the Blessing of Jesus,

In whose name we keep Christmas. Amen.

CLOSING HYMN

O Babe of Bethlehem's manger, O lowly shepherds King, O Holy Infant Stranger, Receive the love we bring. O Jesus Mighty Saviour, Turn the hearts of us Thy Servants, We seek Thy blessed favor, Through all eternity. Benediction: Grace and peace be multiplied unto you, through the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Puts a Halo on Another Head

By Christopher G. Hazard

Artist Finds New Place for Circle Because of a Service to Mankind

AND SPENCER has been at work again at his work with some anxiety. The hospital-ity of "the old" southern home had been a liberation of his paintings had been successful beyond his hopes, there had been congratulations, and flowers, and commissions. Quite overwhelmed with courtesies and attentions, charmed by the goodness and hearty and courteous and scenes new to him, the artist longed to linger, and was loth to leave the old city. But the northern train that he must take was almost there, the station was near, and his hosts had seemingly forgotten all about it, until they suddenly appeared with apologies and delivered him to the black coach-

man and the family coach. Fortunately, the train, burdened with its load of Christmas cheer, was late, also, so that when it moved on Spencer was among its passengers. The rather monotonous landscape country about the station, upon reflection, and he found himself reviewing the sights and excitement of his visit with pleasant amusement. Again he witnessed the bargaining of the old market, and you can't deny, "I ain't got but a few minutes left, but I've got to get it, I need yer ain't got it." He recalled the curious operations of the revived meeting that had so illustrated the picturesqueness of negro character almost forgotten by the sun that had there been so intensely sung:

Here's a halo on his head, A halo on his head, But dere's one for me he sed, A crown of glory wen I'm dead, A halo on my Lawd, Dat's de kind ob his ter git, A halo on my Lawd, In a rain ob shine on's hour 'ter fit, A halo on my Lawd, And I kin feel his spoudin' now, A halo on my Lawd, A crown ob shining on my brow, Each time to Him I mek a vow, A halo on my Lawd.

As the train sped on the artist's reminiscences were interrupted by the voices of the conductor and one of the passengers. "But this train does not stop at Redfield," the conductor was saying, as he looked at the old man's ticket. "It must sure stop this time," answered the passenger; "I just got to see Jim here more before he goes. I only got the message this morning. I want to wish him a merry Christmas and a happy New Year where he's goin'."

The conductor hesitated, the passenger seemed to yield and he passed on, and the old man sat back in his seat, unaware of the atmosphere of sympathy around him. Shortly after the bell rope was pulled, the train drew to a halt, and kindly looks followed him down the aisle and on to the platform of the little station. The incident was barely finished and the train had attained but little headway when there was a sudden and terrible jolt, followed by a crash and the bumping of the cars over the ties, then stood an astringent silence, broken by the voice of the Pullman porter, crying out, "We's run through an open switch and we's wrecked, but me 'n' me, de train 's standin' on de ground." Excite, berage, care and dinar cars were off and broken, but the Pullmans remained on the track. "If we hadn't stopped at Redfield," said the conductor, "we'd 'a been going forty miles an hour and all 'a been up at de bottom of de embankment."



In the artist's studio today there is a picture of the Christmas Christ, with the halo that believing love has placed upon His head. And just below it another picture, with the halo of an old man pictured there because of his unconscious but real service of mankind.

RING OUT

Ring out Ring out we happy bells, Ring out the old, ring in the new, For Christ the child has come to us and we would have him stay; Make us a world that's new, all earth and sky with cheer. For we who have received the Christ would have his presence here. —F. H. Sweet. (© 1913, Western Newspaper Union.)

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

We ring the bells and we raise the strain, We hang up garlands everywhere, We bid the years twinkle fair, And feast and frolic—and then we go Back to the same old lives again. —Eugene Colledge.

His Christmas Spent at Club

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Lonesome Rich Man Finds Happiness in Playing Santa Claus

HE WAS SITTING alone in the deserted club, everyone seemed to have other things to do than to come to the club. They had talked, a number of them, the last time many had been there, of the busy days ahead, shopping, wrapping up Christmas parcels, helping their wives or their daughters or their grandchildren in the gay plans for Christmas.

Only he had no plans to make. He gave his employees, and a number of others with whom he came in contact, money at Christmas time. That fulfilled his Christmas duty. Other years he hadn't felt it so much as this year. The holidays seemed longer than ever before. His solitary condition saddened him. Well, he would go back to his suite. He would leave the club. Perhaps among his own books, his own things, he would not feel so lonely. He would not dine at the club; he would have some cheese and crackers and coffee at home. His excellent valet could always prepare a little supper for him.

Outside of the club his chauffeur and ar were waiting. He got in and sat down on the soft, gorgeous upholstered cushions, and the chauffeur closed the door, shutting out the clear, cold Christmas time air and the noise of the streets—the noise of many voices of many people going shopping, with the higher voices of children rising every once in awhile above the din.

His soul seemed to ache. He was alone. Rich, comfortable, luxurious, alone! No one wanted him, needed him, cared for him. He had everything which money could buy; he had enough money to buy everything he wanted. No, not everything! He wanted love and affection, he wanted to be a part of all this going on outside the luxurious confinement of his car and that he couldn't buy. Mix with the crowds? Yes, he could do that, but not as one of them. Only as a lonely man who had a fat bank account which didn't help in the slightest.

And yet couldn't it help? Suddenly he had an inspiration. He called through the speaking tube to his chauffeur, "If you will, I would like to get out here and walk the rest of the way home." The chauffeur was surprised, but he was too well-trained to show surprise. He got out before a large store where in the window was a decorated Christmas tree. He went inside the store. No longer did he feel so lonely. He, too, had a purpose in mind. He was a part of all of this now.

Rings, candies, red colored paper, ribbons, small toys, decorations, oh, how much he bought. His arms were filled with bundles just as were the arms of others. It was such fun to carry bundles, too. He had a never known before the joy of overworked arms.

Home he went, carrying his beloved purchases with him. And then he summoned the janitor to the janitor to his lonely suite, which now seemed filled with the Christmas cheer. He talked it all over with him, the plans for the tree, for his own Santa Claus suit.

And the children begged Santa Claus to stay for dinner. "Outward thing for him to be doing! But he stayed, and for the first time, almost since he had been a child himself, he had a Christmas with a real Christmas. A Christmas filled with love which had driven the loneliness out!

What a big-hearted fellow old Santa Claus is. He must have been a pardsboy. (© 1913, Western Newspaper Union.)

How Four Old Maids Have Real Christmas

They were a family of old maids—four sisters. But they were the jolliest, nicest old maids I ever knew. I always wore it, and now I know it. What do you think they did for Christmas? Did they have a tree for themselves and exchange costly presents with each other, and then eat a turkey with dressing and pie, alone in their charming white dining room? Not a bit of it. They knew what Christmas was meant for, and they acted on the knowing. Their friends tell me they have done it every year, but since I'm only a new acquaintance, comparatively, I couldn't know that.

They invite in a dozen children who wouldn't ordinarily have a Christmas tree at all and give their presents to them. And then those twelve, poor little nates sit down at the table in the old maids' charming white dining room, and the old maids themselves serve them with turkey and all the fixings. And they don't do it for charity either. They do it because they love children, and making them happy is to them a treat. You see, from their cradles, these four old maid sisters were blessed with the Christmas spirit, a spirit that lasts all the year around, which is genuine.

But why should I call them "old maids"? That term is in such disrespect. They are four angels! And knowing that, I am going to try my best, some time when I can get an ounce, and ask one of them, the one I happen to be in love with, to "take me." Perhaps if I make the proposal within the Christmas season I shall remember what a Christmas meant, and take me. Don't laugh at my audacity. Anything may happen at Christmas time! For Christmas is a magical time. Even a child can tell you that.—Ethel Cook Elliot.

THAT MONEY QUESTION Unfortunately, those who have the most Christmas spirit to make other happy are shy of funds; and probably if they had the funds, they'd be shy of the spirit. The reason lots of folks have piles of money is because they are careful about spending it.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

December 4, 1923. Meeting called to order by President Wilber.

Trustees present: Bicking, Russell, Warner and Johnson. Trustees absent: Lamb and Cook.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Moved by Russell and supported by Warner that we purchase remainder of 6-inch and 8-inch pipe of Mr. Cooleas at the purchase price of the 1923 contract. Carried. All yeas.

Moved by Warner and supported by Bicking that bills be paid as read and clerk instructed to draw orders for same. Carried. All yeas.

Detroit Lead Pipe Works... \$17.21 Mich. Fire & Marine Ins. Co. 45.30 Ford Sales & Service 13.08 Lee Hardware Co. 8.25 Farmington Hdq Co. 53.70 J. W. Lathrup 61.25 Geo. I. Cook 1.50 Chas. Walling 10.80 W. A. Arnold 75.00 Sam Lock 13.50 E. O. Hatton, Treas. 25.00 Farmington Lumber & Coal Co. 23.80 William Ringel 61.60 Park Garage 6.90 Detroit Edison Co. 414.77

Moved by Warner and supported by Russell that we adjourn. Carried.

HARRISON JOHNSON Acting Clerk.

Order for Publication—General STATE OF MICHIGAN

In the Probate Court for the County of Oakland

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the third day of December A. D. 1923. Present: Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of FRED M. WARNER, Deceased. Howard M. Warner, Harley D. Warner and the American National Bank, Executors of said estate having filed in said Court their final account and petition for the examination and allowance thereof, assignment of the residue of said estate, discharge of said executors and the appointment of trustees;

It is ordered, that the 7th day of January A. D. 1924 at eight o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition;

It is further ordered, that publication thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Farmington Enterprise a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

ROSS STOCKWELL, Judge of Probate. Dan A. McGaffey, Probate Register. TDe21