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HENRY FORD HAS SPOKEN.

The suspense is over. Henry Ford has spoken and the world now knows just where he stands politically, at least so far as the 1924 presidential election is concerned.

Mr. Ford's success in the manufacturing world, his attitude toward labor, his pronouncements for a fair deal all around and his record of accomplishments along these lines have made for him a host of friends and naturally there came a clamoring for his entrance into the presidential race. No satisfactory answer was forthcoming from the auto wizard. The clamor grew to a roar. The "nuts" of every political shade gathered, conferred and resolved. Then something dropped. The wizard announced that he would support Calvin Coolidge for the presidency and told the people why. There was consternation among the "nuts" as they are now flocking to the Coxy standard, where they naturally belong.

It is not at all likely that Mr. Ford at any time thought of allowing his name to go before the public as a candidate for the presidency backed by the element that has been howling itself hoarse for him and bombarding his office for some declaration of his intention. When the declaration came it was what might be expected from a man of sound judgment, but a bitter disappointment to the visionaries. It is just possible that when Mr. Ford saw that among various other political freshets someone had wished Jim Holm on him he concluded it was high time to toss the whole crowd into the air and he must be given credit for making a good job of it.

There are throughout the country thousands of sensible people of every political leaning who have faith in Henry Ford and will be influenced by his advice. The faith of this element will be strengthened by the blow he has dealt the political "nuts" who have been attempting to make political capital out of his popularity.

"Coxy's Army" and the La-Follette camp will probably gain some new recruits.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

The greater happiness of the Christmas season is a direct result of the greater participation of more women in the spirit of Christ. For then weakness has a power over strength; and then the laughter in the eyes of little children seems a better thing than their own good; and then the dead routine in the lives of those around us looks out upon us through enigmistic eyes, and we understand better, we pity, we cease to condemn—we would even ameliorate, we would show that we are and understand better, we offer the dumb gift which mutely tells what our words could never tell; and then in our hearts, in our households, in our little world, there is Christmas joy and peace—each the highest happiness.—Stuart M. Fildes Shepperson in Pittsburgh Dispatch.



At Christmas time, I do not wish for costly gifts, or rare; Just bring a bit of mistletoe And place it in my hair— Of course I'd want the "follow-up" To be a salutation.

Try A Liner—They Will Satisfy.

"OUR SUNDAY SERVICE AT HOME"

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

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW YEAR

Rev. Anthony B. Beresford, D. D., Pastor of Universalist church.

OPENING HYMN

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The Year is dying in the night,
Ring out wild bells and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new
Ring happy bells across the snow
The Year is going, let him go
Ring out the false, ring in the true
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,

For those that here we see no more,
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithfulness coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But bring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The village slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right!

Ring in the common love of God,
Scripture—Pilate wrote the title and put on the cross, and the writing was Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews. This title then read many of the Jews for the place where Jesus was crucified was high to the city, and the writing was written in Hebrew, Greek and Latin. Then said the chief priest of the Jews to Pilate, "Write not the King of the Jews but that he said I am King of the Jews." Pilate answered, "What I have written I have written."—St. John, Chapter XIII.

PRAYER—Our Father in Heaven:

make us grateful for the gifts and lessons of the year that is going—its food, its safety, its peace, its opportunity and strength to work its large harvests upon the sun-swept fields of our favored land, its large harvests of truth and knowledge and right upon the spiritual fields of our souls. Will unflinching courage may we enter into the labor of the new year; will we for our fellow voyagers upon the goodly ship, the earth and with faith in the Pilot and in Thee may we with cheer and gladness journey forth into the wide-seas of the new days, months and years. May we look to Christ in all things. Amen.

"What I Have Written I Have Written"

Pilate spoke more wisely than he knew. Jesus of Nazareth was the kingliest spirit that ever dwelt in the Holy Land; He is the kingliest spirit that ever trod our planet. In Him all that was best in the past found fulfillment—the Hebrew religious forms and spiritual conceptions of God, man and the world; the Greek language and culture; the Roman passion for social order and genius for world government. The human race

A PAINFUL EXPERIMENT

Having his Christmas joke, Harry Shoppes changed the record sign just a little, to more perfectly express his holiday sentiment. The reading had been, "Go Slow. School Ahead," but when Harry left it the wording read, "Go Slow. School Ahead."

Go Slow. School Ahead. But afterwards the teacher taught Harry that this was too much.—C. G. Hazard.

Order for Publication—Sale or Mortgage of Real Estate

STATE OF MICHIGAN
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 22nd day of December A. D. 1923.

Present: Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of MARTHA COX, Deceased.

George Ringler, administrator of said estate having filed in said Court a petition praying for license to sell at private sale the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described.

It is ordered, that the 21st 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; and all persons interested in said estate appear before said Court at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in said County.

ROSS STOCKWELL, Judge of Probate.

A true copy. Dan. A. McGaffey, Probate Register.

28dMcJJan

With Christmas Love Came Understanding

ELL, girls, I have made it up with Beatrice," Ann, the "hard-boiled" of the office, yanked off her coat and hat and placed them in the locker that ranged across the end of the room.

No one paid much attention to Ann usually. She was of such an explosive nature, and said such irresponsible things, that she was not taken seriously. But the head of the office and had been of long standing and had been commented upon so much by Ann that her announcement caused the other girls to look up questioningly.

"What's a fact," continued Ann, "and I am so ashamed," my treatment of her this long time.

"How did it come about?" asked Sadie, assistant to the department manager.

"Well," exclaimed Ann, "I will have to confess my beastly nature, before I can tell you how it happened. In a spirit of spite I sent Beatrice a Christmas present, which was a nice but good little box could ever have accepted as anything but an insult. It makes no difference what it was. Today noon I met her on the street and she stopped me to thank me for the present."

"It was not the present so much. Ann, that came by mail," said she. "What made me feel good was that you had been thinking of me. Then she took the box out of her hands and said, 'It was not any kind of a present that I wanted most from you, Ann, but your love and companionship and sympathy. I have been hungry for you, Ann, and you had to give it to me. You are just what I need. I give you my love for Christmas—will you give me yours?' And little Ann, the hard-boiled, cried right on the street. What do you think of that, girls?"

"The best of miracles is not past, it seems," commented one.

"And now do you know what?" This from Ann. The girls waited expectantly for further information from the earnest one.

"Well, I always thought Christmas was to get people to spend lots of money to send things to other people that they did not want," rattled off Ann.

"Now I have a new understanding. I will give my most loyal friend has asked me only for my love and she sure is going to get it."—C. F. Wadsworth.

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Ireland Hunts Wrens Day After Christmas

N IRELAND Boxing Day (the day after Christmas) is known as St. Stephen's day. On this day there is practiced an old custom that has come down through the ages and which is called "hunting the wrens." A crowd of grown boys with blackened faces and dressed in the most grotesque costumes seek out a wren, which is the smallest of all birds in Ireland, and carrying it with them go from house to house all over the particular part of the country, asking, or rather singing a request for a little help with the celebration which takes place in the village that evening. There are several verses which they use, the following being a sample of their kind:

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day, he was caught in the furze,
Although she is little her family is great,
So please try your pocket and give us a treat (trout).

Sing holly, sing ivy, sing ivy, sing holly,
Just draw to down melancholy,
And if you draw it out of the best I hope in Ireland the wren will rest.

And if you draw it of the small it will not agree with the wren boys at all.

And so much is the spirit of hospitality and good cheer, the evidence at Christmas time that they very seldom meet with a refusal and by evening the pile of small fiery pieces has grown into large enough proportions to warrant a big celebration toward which the young folk in the district make merry.—Katherine Edelman.

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CHRISTMAS CANDLES

It is a pleasant custom when the Christmas tree is lighted and its many candles fall to give all the needed cheer, to light a candle from its fire and give the taller candles on the shelf and on the table a share in the happy illumination.—C. G. Hazard.

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THE OPTIMIST'S VIEW

The optimist asserts that the shop ping rush would be much more uncomfortable if Christmas came on July 22.

IT TAKES COURAGE

The true diplomatist is one who can say "Just what I needed" while speculating on his chances at the exchange counter.

THE POSTMAN SETS THE PACE

There would be no merrier moment for all if every letter were delivered in distributing holiday cheer as the postman.

Providing the Cure

By ELLA SAUNDERS
(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

NOBODY had objected. That was almost as hard to bear as anything, for Carrie felt that the world was well lost for love's sake.

In her case the world was represented by her mother and father, and her brother Peter. And even Peter, who was always sneering at everything, and just as bored as he could be, had been silent.

Peter was most silent when Carrie announced that she was very nearly engaged to Michael, and that he was just as good as anybody else, and she wasn't going to bear a word against him.

Michael Slinkovitch was the son of an immigrant push-cart man, and they had met at the high school. He was studying to be a lawyer.

"Ask the young man to dinner Saturday night, Carrie," said father.

Carrie glanced at her father in amazement. Her father, the doctor, universally esteemed, universally feared, a type of that world Carrie was willing to lose, to have said that! His manner was so stern, so unbending, so insistent on good manners and decorum!

"All right," Carrie had flustered as she went out of the room.

And Peter, home from college, where he was a member of the most exclusive societies, had not even sneered!

No, it was this suspicious silence that was getting upon Carrie's nerves. However, she didn't care what daddy tricks the family was up to. She was sixteen now, and quite able to take care of herself.

At the same time, she felt that she was getting into a vicious circle. Her engagement to Michael was an engagement, though nothing had yet been said—practically acknowledged. She must push that point home. It was too late; the family had outwitted themselves.

For, of course, they were planning some stroke against her and her happiness, as they always did. They thought she couldn't be trusted.

Again she felt suspicious when Michael was received so cordially. Michael's clothes were certainly a little exaggerated, but his cuffs and collar were scrupulously clean, and he looked dandy. A splendid dinner had been prepared for him.

Carrie certainly felt a little uncomfortable at the noisy way in which Michael was being welcomed. But nobody seemed to notice it.

When he had finished he handed his plate to her mother.

"That soup's the stuff!" he said. "It's a little more if it's not depriving anybody else."

"Not in the least, Mr. Slinkovitch," responded Carrie's mother, reddening his plate from the tureen, which, in the old-fashioned style, was kept on the table.

Somehow Carrie felt more uncomfortable still when she saw Peter's absolutely expressionless face. But it was worse when the meat came on, for Michael took a great slice on his fork and nibbled it. And as for the peas—well, he spread them on his knife and thrust it down his throat.

And nobody seemed to notice. Carrie was just laughing at her. As if the way a man ate had anything to do with love. She wished her ears didn't feel so red. She wished Peter would say something.

When Michael took a potato in each hand and gnawed at each alternately, for the first time a dull resentment against him came into Carrie's heart. How stupid of him! Why hadn't he taken the trouble to learn to eat properly?

There was nothing the matter with the pudding, only Michael, when he had finished, scooped up the crumbs with his thumbs and fingers.

And then the finger-bowl. Why in the world did mother bring on the finger-bowl? Oh, horror! What was Michael doing?

Raising his finger-bowl to his lips, he drained the contents at a gulp, set it down, and looked inquiringly about him.

"Gee," he said, "that tasted just like water!"

And Peter said not a word.

How the remainder of the evening passed Carrie never knew. But when Michael was good mother came to the door, and found her weeping in her room.

"Honey, dear!" said mother.

That was all. There was infinite comfort in the touch of mother's hands. And nobody said a word, not even Peter.

But was it necessary?

His wife's job.

A shifless specimen of humanity came down town one morning, and joining a group on a corner, announced that he was going to leave town—said he could not live in it any longer. Some one asked him what was the matter.

"Well," he said, "the town is all right; but it's the hardest place in the world for a woman to get work in."—Everybody's Magazine.

Not Fooled.

Hobby—Well, dear, I suppose you were right about there being burials in the house last night.

Wife—Why?

Hobby—Because the money I had in my pocket is gone.

Wife—Well, why didn't you get up and about the burglar?

Hobby—If I had, I'd have been a widower this morning.—Pittsburgh Courier-Journal.

That Mask Which Grew on Mr. Philetus' Face

PHILETUS SOLEMNOLLY could not understand why the children did not like him. He gave them good advice. He patted them upon their heads. He expressed the hope that they would be successful in life as he had been. He promised them rewards if they would behave themselves as he wanted them to. Yet they came to his school unwillingly and went home from it gloding. They were respectful, but unsmiling.

It was with hope, but not without difficulty, that a friend persuaded Philetus to officiate at Santa Claus on the Christmas festival and to assume the traditional garb of the part. Philetus did not see much use in such fanciful doings, but yielded to solicitation and appeared upon the occasion with as much grace as a feeling of foolishness would allow. His spare form was now round, his sober garments had become gay, and the jolly mask that had been adjusted to his long face gave him quite a new expression.

As the joy among the children progressed and the spirit of fun and frolic mounted high Philetus began to experience a change of heart. That his amusement he began having a good time himself and to feel like a real Saint Nicholas. For this reason, perhaps, he overestimated himself to such an extent that his mask fell off and it was revealed to the surprised audience that it had been contradicting the face of Mr. Solemnolity.

This was really the best feature of the evening, and it proved to have a permanence about it, for, from that time the Philetus phiz shortened, and broadened, and fattened, and colored up, until it came to look a good deal like the face of that old ditty who is always young and kindly.

So the mask that fell off left its imprint and stayed on, and Philetus, able to be merry, became the familiar figure of the children—Christopher G. Hazard.

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THE THREE "F'S"

U HIGHLY interesting thing about Christmas is the way you feel. Not badly feeling, but heart-felling.

And the heart-felling should be one of fun, faith and frolic. Fun for as many as you can reach.

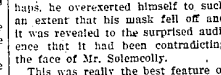
Faith in the fun of giving. Frolic with the nearest and dearest.

A Christmas filled with these three "F's" will shed sparks of happiness on many a day to come.

There is too much running about to find pleasure when the greatest joy can be found on our own thresholds. If we are determined to seek it—Katherine B. Thomas.

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GOOD IDEA



"He—Don't you think it would be a good idea to hang up some mistletoe? She—Christmas is several weeks away."

"He—Yes, but we could be practicing."

HER CHRISTMAS TRIP

The family were going away for Christmas to their old home in the beautiful country which they loved so much. They hadn't gone back at Christmas time for ever and ever so long.

They said, at first, they would give their faithful, wonderful cook a check and a holiday, and then they asked her if she would like the Christmas trip as her Christmas present.

Would she indeed? Just because she was no longer a child it didn't mean that she couldn't enjoy as a child!

She went and she loved it all—even the over-crowded trains, the hurrying masses of people in the jammed stations—for wasn't her Christmas trip?

She, too, was a part of the great holiday travel!—M. G. Bonner.

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SPEAKING OF FUEL

A Christmas gift for the man with the average domestic supply of coal: A manly fling glass, a pair of tweezers and the framed motto, "Keep the home fires burning."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

Put the Christmas spirit into your politics and keep the partisan spirit out of your Christmas.

THOSE SLIPPERS

Grandfather is pretty sure it will be a pair of slippers. All that remains to be decided is how many pairs.