

The Farmington Enterprise
W. N. MILLER, Publisher.

Published Friday of each week
and entered at the Post Office at
Farmington, Oakland Co., Mich.,
as second class mail matter.
Subscription Price.
One year in the U. S. \$1.50

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1924.



SOME HOT SHOTS FROM MR. WOODRUFF.

Discussion of the question of compensation for ex-service men is bringing out some interesting facts. It is claimed that certain financial interests of the country are back of the scheme to have the United States cancel its claims for something over eleven billion dollars borrowed by European nations to carry on the war. These financiers, it is claimed, are actuated by selfish motives. They see in this cancellation the enhancement of their private claims against those nations.

M. T. Woodruff of Dearborn, in an article published in the Michigan Investor, hands these financiers some hot shots. He says:

Are the ex-service men who were conscripted in the World War entitled to an adjustment of the compensation admittedly smaller than that they would have received in civil life, and their more fortunate fellows did receive while they were risking life and health in war?

If the answer is "Yes," you are doing them an injustice, and the nation is doing them an injustice in referring to the added pay they have earned as a "bonus." If the answer is "No," why sneak around and say the United States cannot afford to pay a debt more honestly incurred than any other of the war?

The leaders of the anti-compensation crowd are whining at the additional burden of taxation. You say it will cost five billions, but do not show how. Estimates of the annual cost bring it below the one hundred million mark, but the figures mean little. If it is a just debt it should be paid.

From the same source as the opposition comes a clamor for forgiveness of the foreign debt owed this country, some eleven billions. Why? To save private creditors the possible loss? International finance has holding of a secondary importance which will be made "good as gold" if Uncle Sam releases his first lien. What would that do to the burden of taxation?

We have already settled on terms with England and are paying us a smaller rate of interest than we are paying on the money we loaned her, and she is paying us in our bonds bought at a discount, for which she is given par credit.

Why is it there is no financial paper in the land with the courage to stand out against the ungracious lengths to which the money lenders will go? The Morgans are praised for rehabilitating Austria, after robbing her. They paid eighty cents only for each dollar she obligated herself to pay, and put a rate of interest on the debt twice as large as the European market calls for.

Anthem Not Legally Recognized.
The Star Spangled Banner has never been legally recognized as the national anthem of the United States. Congress, as late as 1914, refused to declare it so by resolution. Its only official recognition occurred nearly a hundred years after it was written, when it was formally ordered to be played in the army and navy on occasions of ceremony. Its standing is undisputed in other lands, and whenever America is honored in music this air is played.

His Mistake.
A man who found early rising difficult bought an alarm clock. At six the next morning he was roused by a terrific knocking at his front door. When he opened it he was confronted by a policeman who exclaimed, sternly: "This won't do; you must not annoy the neighborhood. Take it inside. And he handed the new alarm clock to its owner.

It has been estimated that there are always 1,000 thunderstorms in progress in different parts of the world, and that their energy is equal to about 100,000,000 horse-power.

The Scrap Book

LAMP BURNING 600 YEARS

is in Chapel in England Which Was Built in the Thirteenth Century.

Baddesley Clinton is one of the beautiful, ancient monastic ruins of England. It possesses a private chapel, where with one or two short periods of interruption mass has been said ever since the days of the Reformation. But the Roman Catholic traditions of another century house the chronicles of which have just been published, are even more remarkable than those of Baddesley Clinton. At East Handed House, near Abington, there is a private chapel in the grounds which has stood there from the Thirteenth century. Here the Eyston family, who have, a private entrance from the library of the house, have worshipped century after century; and it is accepted as an historical fact that the lamp before the altar has never ceased to burn for 600 years. No Protestant service has ever been held there, and it was left quite intact by Cromwell's soldiers when they visited East Handed.

AGE IS HONORED IN KOREA

Youth Is Kept Back From Public Position—Men of Mature Years Are Treated With Respect.

In Korea or Chosen as it is now commonly called, youth does not hold the reins. Youth is kept back from public position and age and maturity are treated with profound reverence and respect. Men and women are complimented upon their venerable and aged appearance rather than upon their youth and beauty. In nearly all cases countries the laws of the land are made by the oldest people, and a young, ambitious man cannot be endured. It is only within a very few years that a man under sixty was considered sufficient age to be capable of making laws or judging them. A change, however, seems to be coming gradually and youth will eventually assume the reins, according to indications.



No In Debt.
He—You look so fresh this morning.
She—That gives you no privilege to get that way.

Japs Work Backwards.
The Japanese in many ways of doing things that are strange to western eyes and western ideas. For instance their saws cut when pulled toward them instead of when pushed. Nearly all cutting tools are reversed. They tack their hammers into the walls. When our clock strikes one their strike eleven. Their blacksmiths work sitting down and when they want to rest they stand up. There is, however, a logical reason for each of these seemingly queer habits. Pulling the saw prevents buckling. When are you in a hurry—when you put your horse in the stall or when you take him out? Against the answer of the man who was questioned about the horse. As to the clock, it seems that the Japanese prefer to know how many hours are left in the day rather than how many have passed. And the blacksmith who sits down works with his feet as well as his hands—literally, he has four hands, and he rests all of these when he gets up.

Common Rushes.
Green rushes, long and thick, standing up above the edge of the ditch, told the hour of the year, as distinctly as the shadow on the dial the hour of the day. Green and thick and supple to the touch, they felt like summer, soft and elastic, as if full of life, mere rushes though they were. On the fingers they left a green scent; rushes have a separate scent of green, so, too, have ferns very different to that of grass or leaves. Rising from brown sheaths, the tall stems, enlarged a little in the middle like classical columns, and heavy with their sap and freshness, leaned against the heaven's spray. From the earth they had drawn its moisture, and made the ditch dry; some of the sweetness of the air had entered into their fibers, and the rushes—the common rushes—were full of beautiful summer—Richard Jefferies.

Poor Consolidation.
Scene: A Scottish railway station. Excited woman—Porter, porter! I've lost my luggage!
Porter (calmly)—Oh, well, m'm, then y'll no be needing a porter.

Couldn't Dodge Them.
Tom: Hear you can't meet your creditors, Jack?
Jack—Can't meet 'em! The trouble is I can't dodge 'em.

THE LUBBER

I've never been a sailor, and I've never been to sea—
It's queer now certain things I love should bring such dreams to me!
The reeking o' a hawser; the marking o' the tide;
And a ship like [an eagle] with her wings flung wide.
The breeze—[the sail] hoists;
The smell o' ropes and tar;
The thought o' bells to sound the hour;
The steering by a star.

I never see a ship come in weary of wind and foam—
But I would be aboard her decks, and be laughing to be home!
I never watch a ship sail for some far, foreign place—
But I'd be in her bows to feel the wind against my face.

Folks think that I'm a plodding man, and wedded to my ways—
They'll sail away and leave the way I spend my holidays.
A-hanging 'round the jetties and the wharves below the town,
A-watching and a-wondering 'til the sun goes down.

The rattle o' the winches; the lifting o' the chain;
The shouting o' the sailor men that face the sea again.
Port light—and starboard light;
The brave boats' about;
But I'm in the harbor,
And the ship is waiting.

—Carol Haynes, In Adventure Magazine.

ZODIACAL LIGHT IS MYSTERY

No One Quite Knows What Causes "The False Dawn" in Autumn.
In the latter part of October those who chance to be up before the sun have an opportunity of seeing one of the most beautiful sights in the heavens, the zodiacal light.

This is a great cone-shaped beam of pearly radiance, stretching up from that part of the horizon where the sun will rise. On very clear mornings it will be as bright as the Milky Way, that immense zone of tiny stars which we see spanning the heavens on dark winter nights.

There is a mystery attached to this pearly light. No one quite knows what it really is, despite the fact that it has been studied for centuries.

Some think that it is the remnant of that part of the nebula from which the sun and planets and comets did, indeed, the whole solar system was evolved. Others are convinced that it is caused by the sun's shining on the immense mass of meteoric matter which surrounds it.

One of the earliest names of the zodiacal light, given because, in autumn, it is visible about two hours before sunrise, was "The False Dawn." In the spring the phenomenon may be seen after sunset, stretching away up from the western horizon toward the Pleiades or Seven Sisters.

Cave Woman Was Boss.
Old-fashioned ideas as to man's supremacy in the days when the earth was young have had a rude jolt, according to an eminent statement of ancient manners and customs. It is declared that women, in the days of our cave-dwelling ancestors, was regarded as of the more important sex. Men held a secondary position, relegated for the sake of the food and skins provided. Women ruled, and were the masters of the earliest arts and sciences. It was the woman's ingenuity which devised snares for animals and made plans for storing food against times of scarcity. Women taught ways of making clothing from skins of animals, and by the efforts of their brains improved the lot of all the human race. Woman's cunning and wit were the outcome of her lack of physical strength, which obliged her to resort to strategy rather than force. On the whole, the prehistoric woman apparently held the same position and ruled man in the same manner that he does today. Man possibly thought he was boss, but so long as he didn't know any better, what difference did it make.

Just a Dividing Line.
Mr. and Mrs. Jenkinson had obtained a small apartment, and Mr. Jenkinson was hanging the pictures. There was a certain bit which he decided must go up, but which was too small to suspend from the raft. He thereupon got a substantial nail and hammered it into the wall. There came a knock at the door.

"It's our neighbor," said the wife. "Your hammering has disturbed him." When the door was opened Mr. Jenkinson immediately began to apologize.

"Oh, that's all right," said the neighbor, cheerily. "I only came to ask if I might hang a picture on the other end of the wall."

QUEER

Your wife seems to have a mind of her own. Yes, and although she changes it often it never seems to leave her possession.

Dawning of Hope.
A well-known man was addressing the inmates of a lunatic asylum, says the Tatler, and after he had been speaking to them for perhaps three quarters of an hour one of the inmates got up and walked out of the hall. The speaker said to the superintendent that he hoped he had not hurt anyone's feelings.

Why He Wore One Whisker
By JAMES BLACK

OLD STOCKWELL, with whiskers on one side of his face and the other clean-shaven, was so familiar a sight in Bournville that nobody took much notice of him.

"Him? Oh, that's Cy Stockwell," they would explain to strangers. "But what does he want to wear one whisker for?"

"Why, old Cy's just plain unfortunate. He was a strong partisan, and before the election last time he 'served' he'd wear one whisker if the candidate wasn't elected, and keep on wearing it till he was."

"Don't they make fun of him?" "Well, they gazed him some, but folks have kind of got used to him. You can get used to anything, if you try."

That was all very well, but, as is generally known, Bournville has developed amazingly since the various manufacturing companies came here, attracted by the free sites that were being offered them. And Bournville now is very different from what it was when his msa last ran for president.

Cy Stockwell—he was only about sixty—went home to his wife and two daughters utterly disconsolate. "Had a talk with old Scroggins today," he announced. "He says I'm one of his most valuable men, but he's going to close out the job I'm holding. He wants me to go out on the road at an increase of a thousand."

"Oh, how lovely, dad," exclaimed Laura, who was engaged to the assistant editor of the Bournville Owl—Young Hope.

"But I've got to shave off my whisker or he'll have to fire me. He says they wouldn't understand it on the road."

"For goodness sake get rid of it, pa!" interrupted his wife. "Sakes alive, what a martyrdom my life's been all these years, having a husband with one whisker! Ah! you got any consideration for your family?"

"Martha, I'm a church man," answered Cy, "and when I make a vow I make it. I vowed to shave off this whisker or to wear the other until my man is elected president."

His wife sighed. It was no use trying to make Cy run counter to his conscience. Cy was taken ill in consequence of his agitation, and had to go to bed.

"It's awful," sobbed Laura to young Hope. "Father will lose his job, and he'll never get another with only one whisker."

"What did he exactly swear?" demanded her lover. "I hereby pledge myself to wear a single whisker if Mr. — is not elected president tomorrow, and furthermore never to shave that whisker or to grow another until such time as he is elected president," answered Laura.

"We'll have to elect him," said young Hope. "Oh, don't be funny about it," Laura sobbed. "I hate you. There! Take that!"

And into young Hope's face flashed his diamond solitaire. "And I've got a mind of my own, too," sobbed Laura, "and I'll never make up with you so long as father wears one whisker."

Young Hope went away in a melancholy frame of mind. But the following day Cy, lying under his bed, began fingering his whisker, in the presence of his wife, was astounded by Hope's bursting into his sick room.

"Hoony!" yelled Hope. "Your man's elected president!"

The Enterprise One Year \$1.50

Subscribe Now!

Better Class of Job Printing Turned Out at this Shop

Try Us