

The Farmington Enterprise

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THE HILLS OF FARMINGTON.

That this section will eventually become one of the most popular suburban residence districts of Detroit is evidenced by what has taken place within the past ten years and what is now going on Detroit is surrounded on all sides by low, level land, scarcely broken by a knoll, which is being rapidly laid out in lots and blocks for business and residence purposes. Here have been erected thousands of homes which are occupied almost exclusively by families of men whose employment requires them to be at office or factory in the city at a comparatively early hour.
These districts have not and do not appeal to the business man or those of more leisurely hours of labor.
About fifteen miles to the north and northwest of Detroit the land surface is broken by a series of wooded hills and dales, which afford attractive sites for pretentious homes permitting of a wide expanse of terraced or sloping lawns. It is exactly the kind of country those who can afford a fine suburban residence have sought and are now seeking. A home situated on an easily accessible elevation which affords a view of surrounding woods and hills has a strong appeal to all and with particular force to those who are for a large part of the year shut in by high walls and artificial beauty of a city home.
The hills of Farmington are unsurpassed in natural beauty. They are easily accessible and an ideal distance from Detroit, the tops of high buildings, towers and lights of which are discernible from the higher points in this neighborhood.
There are now several fine homes in this locality, more are soon to be built and it is safe to predict that within a few years these hills will become conspicuously dotted with fine homes and beautifully kept lawns.

WHY GOVERNMENT BUILT ROADS ARE BEST.

"In what way can the national government build a better road than a state?" a correspondent asks.
"It can't. But it does! It can build no better road than any other central authority, but it can build a better road, as it builds better buildings and better public works, because the standards of a national government are usually higher and less warped by consideration of immediate expense than those of smaller appropriating bodies."
The United States government have for many years followed the variable policy of building anything to last for a long period of time. Its public buildings are not constructed to be replaced in ten or twenty years, but built to withstand the ravages of time for many hundreds of years. When the Panama Canal was constructed, money was not stinted; the canal was to be for all time, and so, built as well as engineering hearted effort was made in the skill could build it. No half-war. The best we had of money. When the United States government begins the building and maintenance of national highways, due regard to the future. Too it would build the same way—with many roads are built today only for the immediate present; built too light, so that traffic soon cuts them to pieces; built too crooked, so that they waste time while pandering to local prejudices against condemnation; built on economical grades, to save existing grades rather than construction money.
Building the finest and highest type of road engineering science understands, is one of the many reasons why good roads are enthusiasts with visions are working for the day when real national highways begin to produce good roads everywhere.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD IN OAKLAND COUNTY
(Continued from Page 1.)
ably connected with the Farmington station, for one of the Lapham

family was his neighbor and was also engaged in the work. Mr. Garner's son remembers at least a dozen instances where fugitives were kept for a time and then taken away by his father. About 1852 a slave girl about 12 years old was brought out to the Garner farm by Elder Foote from Detroit. She was given a home and remained with the family until her marriage when she was purchased by her benefactor with 40 acres of land and fifty dollars in money, just half the dowry he gave his own daughter.

Mrs. Eliza Leggett, a Quaker lady residing at Clintonville, Waterford township, also gave help and sympathy to these poor unfortunates. She often visited the Farmington Friends and may have been from them. She received these objects of her compassion. Mrs. Leggett was a woman whose life you will find in a thousand. Her keen intelligence, her strong sense of duty and her charming personality made her the peer of the best in the land. Indeed for years before she came to Michigan in 1852 she lived at Roslyn, L. I., a neighbor and intimate friend of the poet Bryant.

Nathan Power, the chief operator on the "Underground" was born April 19, 1801 in Farmington, N. Y., and died Jan. 20, 1874 in Farmington, Mich. He was the son of Arthur Power, who made the first settlement in 1824 in Farmington, Mich., and because Nathan stayed in New York he looked after the family interests in the first land that was cleared in the new country was for Nathan and the first house was erected on his 80 acres of land. The son came to Michigan in 1824 and opened a school in the township and for several seasons he would work his farm in the summer and in the winter teach his village school. He was a member of the Whig party until slavery became a burning issue and then he voted anti-slavery until the republican party came into being. In 1854 he was sent to the state legislature where he introduced a bill for the burning issue and then he voted anti-slavery until the republican party came into being. In 1854 he was sent to the state legislature where he introduced a bill for the burning issue and then he voted anti-slavery until the republican party came into being.

"Uncle Nathan" was the friend of every boy and girl in the village and there was no end to his kind acts. If a poor fellow was out of the village, Uncle Nathan was sure to learn of her need and pretty soon you would see his oxen plodding along and a load would be left at her door. If a poor fellow was out of the village, Uncle Nathan was sure to learn of her need and pretty soon you would see his oxen plodding along and a load would be left at her door. If a poor fellow was out of the village, Uncle Nathan was sure to learn of her need and pretty soon you would see his oxen plodding along and a load would be left at her door.

The settlement had been known in its early years as Quakertown and this meeting house was their place of worship until the older generation had nearly passed away.

So few were left that Uncle Nathan remodeled the building for a dwelling but it was still used from time to time as a gathering place for the Friends from distant places, even within his remembrance. It was this old house that was the headquarters of the Underground railroad during for several years previous to the Civil war. The house was wood colored and the side of the gable was toward the road sloping very low in front and a box like porch gave entrance to each of the two rooms. The house retained some of their original features. A movable partition separated the one from the other, at least the upper half was movable so that the speaker could be heard, but the men in one room could not see the women in the other. This partition was painted a dark Venetian red, and the large beams and low ceilings gave a very cozy feeling to the interior. The two bedrooms which had been added in front and the dining room and kitchen in the rear, were even with the ground and two steps lowered to the original part of the building.

Elisha Roberts, another of the Underground operators was a brother-in-law of Ethan Lapham and lived many years just south of the Base Line. In the township of Livonia, Mich. he was identified with early settlers in Farmington. After he had purchased his land he had no money left for living expenses. He tried to collect a debt owing him by a man in New York, but was much chagrined to receive in return two barrels of cow bells. At

first he was inclined to give them away, thinking they were of no value, but he soon found that the settlers would gladly barter flour, corn meal, beans, or pork for them. He found that the cow bells were really just as valuable as the money would have been. He really could have profitably disposed of two barrels more. Mr. Roberts' son, John, owned the old homestead. George Roberts, a son, purchased in the early 70's a farm two miles west of the village on the Grand River road, where his father spent his last years. He lived to be nearly a hundred. Mr. Roberts was a tall, spare man with a merry twinkle in his eye and his keen sense of humor, alert mind, good nature and conversational ability made him always a very welcome visitor.

It was his custom to walk to the village on his birthday and call upon his numerous friends. One of them I remember very distinctly when he thus favored my husband, Dr. Avery. Not finding him at home he remained to chat with me and I tried my best to entertain the old gentleman until the doctor's return. I soon found that he was the one that was doing the entertaining. Among the subjects discussed was poetry and Mr. Roberts spoke fluently of his love for it and how easy it was for him to make "jingles." He said, "They tell me I don't make mistakes in putting too many feet about the time the fugitive slave law was passed, I was considerably stirred up and wrote a poem about what I thought. Do you think I could get anybody to print it even for pay?" No, they said they didn't dare. Finally a fellow, who had a small hand press set it up and I had a few copies struck off to pass among my friends.

Not a great while afterward he appeared at my place one night the worst looking specimen of humanity I ever set eyes on. He was weebegone, dirty, and ragged, and wanted my help to get to Canada. Hereafter I have always been able to do something for these poor black fellows but I didn't have even the 76 cents to pay toll to Detroit, and my pocket was in just such condition I couldn't very well leave so I told him I could do nothing for him. The man looked so dejected I ransacked my brains to find something I might do to help him, and as a sort of joke I offered him one of my poems. He took it seriously enough, thanked me and went on his way and I thought no more about it. One day after the war was over I was walking along the street in Detroit when a spruce looking dandy stepped up to me and said, "How do you do Mr. Roberts?" I said, "You have the better of it," "Don't you remember who I am?" he said. "No I never saw you before that I know of." He said, "Don't you remember a colored man that came to your house a good many years ago and you gave him a paper with some verses on it?" "Yes," I said, "I do remember you, but surely you cannot be that poor chap." If you had given me the hundred dollars, he said, he would not have been as much help as that piece of paper was, for my friends over in Windsor had a good many copies printed just before the Queen's birthday and we then sold them for 25 cents a piece. They gave me a start and I have prospered ever since."

After the doctor came in and had greeted Mr. Roberts he said, "I suppose you have enjoyed sitting with my wife?" "Yes," the old man said with a twinkle in his eye. "I rather like to hear the girls living in Wisconsin I received a copy of the verses Mr. Roberts gave the slave."

GOING DOWN IN SHIPS.

Going down "sea in ships Is a glorious thing, The sea breeze over the rolling waves The sea birds wing; Oh, there's nothing more to my heart's desire Than a ship that plows Her way down through marching seas, With streaming bows; Would you hear the song of the viewless winds As they walk the sky? Come down to sea when the storm is in And the men stand by; Would you see the sun as it walked abroad On God's first day? Then come where dawn makes sea and sky A gold causeway. Oh, it's send the sails on the crisis—For the day dies far And up a windowless space of dusk Climbs the evening star. Now there's gulf on foaming gulf of stars That lean so clear To a realm beyond the hush of heaven Above bright and near. And that, any moment, the topmost sky May froth and swim With an incredible bivouac Of stars. O wide—down down, O mighty day And set of sun! O all you climbing stars of God, —Harry Kern in McClure's Magazine.

Never Did Pay

War doesn't pay and is now generally admitted. That Alexander the Great and Napoleon were victims of megalomania.

She Must Submit to Destiny

(By ELLA SAUNDERS
© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

WINIFRED's husband had gone to the city, after the usual breakfast wrangle. God, how much longer could she stand it! If it were not for little Charlie and May she would have left him long ago. But he was fond of the children, and for their sakes she resolved to bear with him.
Of course she knew she was to blame, too. They were so unused to each other, that was the trouble. And Aymer, her friend, the lawyer, had spoken of the possibility of a divorce. If she could catch him tripping, there would be alimony and freedom.
The postman left a letter. Winifred did not know the writing, but mechanically she opened it. She read without complete understanding—then suddenly she understood.
If she would go to a certain apartment, she would find another Mrs. Critchton.

The room seemed to swim round her. Yet it was joy, joy, no despair. If this were true—dear God, she would be free!
The children would not be home from school for three hours. There would be time to act immediately upon the letter. She put on her hat and coat and took the car into town.
Arrived at the apartment house, she went up a flight of stairs to Mrs. Woodward. Presently she was admitted to an apartment. On the door was "Mrs. Ethel Critchton." Still, that might be a mistake. It did not say "Mrs. James Critchton." She stared into the face of the pretty young woman who confronted her.
"Mrs. James Critchton?" she asked with emphasis. "Yes? Your husband is with the firm of Sears & Lordes, isn't he?"
Yes. That was all she wanted to know. How explain her presence? I am from Kent & Co. Some goods were ordered there—we wanted to know it was at right you were being on our books. Oh, thank you!"

The woman interrupted. "Say, if you're a detective you can call the same off. I'm through with Jim. He's got a house somewhere in Greenwood, isn't he? I'm leaving him. I don't stand for that sort of thing. Maybe you're her!"
The shrewd, keen eyes seemed to pierce right through her disguise. With an impatient murmur Winifred turned and fled. She heard the other woman's mocking laugh pursue her down the stairs.
Outside in the sunlight Winifred began to understand. So this woman thought she was Jim's wife—why, heavens, he must have married her! If she sued for divorce now it meant his arrest and imprisonment for bigamy!

A flaming anger overcame her. That woman—and married to him! Married! The world swam round her. "Steady, Ma'am!"
The workman-like caught her. Slowly Winifred pulled herself together. She felt, crushed into the ground, utterly humiliated. She must flee. She could never see Jim again.
She took the car home. The children arrived five minutes later—Charlie and May. They had been quarreling and May was in tears.
"He punched me!"
It was all like a dreadful dream. Winifred could not reconcile herself to the belief that this was real. Her husband—a bigamist—and the other woman was leaving him because of her! It was an atrocity.

"Aw, mummy, teacher says father's got to sign our report cards."
"Say, mom, do you think father will buy us the roller skates?"
"Tangled up! Tangled in a skein! The other woman was leaving him. Winifred extracted that out of the confusion. Leaving him.
A step on the porch. Jim was coming in. She stood still in terror. The other woman was leaving him. Suppose, for the children's sake, she forgot—forgot that letter, that visit, everything that had taken place that morning!

He came in, carrying two pairs of skates. Screams of delight greeted him. He turned to Winifred. "Hello, old girl!" he said.
And then she knew her hour was past, she must submit to duty. The woman was leaving him, at any rate—leaving him! She must bide fast to that!

Very Simple

Once, when there was a war on between Chile and Peru, a war correspondent said to a military attaché: "Colonel, nobody wears uniforms in this war and the consequence is that I can't tell one side from the other."
"Ha," said the attaché, "can't you?"
Well, it's quite simple, my friend. If you see a man running towards the front, it means he's running toward Chile he's a Chilean."

An Eye for Business

Ten-year-old Mary had a game called "Old Mother Hubbard." Mary was of Livonia, Mich. The last-mentioned on the lawn was her dog and all the tota of the neighborhood were encouraged to bring the poor dog a bone.
"But the dog can't possibly eat the bones, Mary," explained Mary cheerfully. "I sell the bones to the junkman."

STATE OF MICHIGAN
In the Circuit Court for the County of Oakland.

JN CHANCERY
Emma D. Conroy, Omer M. Conroy, George V. Conroy and Dan M. Conroy, Plaintiffs
vs.
No. 11398
Timothy Allen, the unknown wife of Timothy Allen, Absolom Barnum, Christine Barnum, Joseph Weber and Lydia L. Weber, his wife, William Lyon and Angeline Lyon, his wife, Hiram Kelley and Eleanor Kelley, his wife, Thomas J. Barnum and George W. Barnum, Lamborn E. Barnum, Thomas A. Ladd, Delos Davis, the unknown wife of Delos Davis, Stephen Hyde, Frances Canfield, or the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns of each and every of them, Farmers and Mechanics Bank of Michigan, or its successors or assigns or its unknown stockholders or creditors and all unknown persons who are or may be entitled to claim under them, or any of them, Lottie Canfield, John A. Canfield, Frederick C. Canfield and Nella Canfield, now Nella C. Durrant, Defendants.

At a session of said Court held at the Court House in the City of Pontiac, County of Oakland, State of Michigan, on the 6th day of May A. D. 1924.
Present: Hon. Frank L. Covert, Circuit Judge.
On reading and filing the Bill of Complaint duly filed in said cause, and the affidavit of Clinton McGee, from which it satisfactorily appears to the Court that the defendants above named, or their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, successors and assigns, are necessary and proper parties in the above entitled cause; and
It is further appearing to the Court that the Company known as the Farmers and Mechanics Bank of Michigan is unknown, and that its stockholders, creditors and assigns cannot be ascertained, after diligent search and inquiry; and
It further appearing that after diligent search, inquiry and investigation it cannot be ascertained, and it is not known whether the persons named in the said Bill of Complaint as defendants, or any of them, are living or dead, or where he, she or they may reside if living, except Lottie Canfield, John A. Canfield, Frederick C. Canfield and Nella Canfield, now Nella C. Durrant, or whether the right, title, interest, claim, lien or possible right has been by them, or any of them, assigned to any person, or persons, and if dead whether he, she or they have personal representatives or heirs living, or where they or some or any of them may reside, except as aforesaid, or whether such title, interest, claim, lien or possible right has been disposed of by Will; and further, that the present whereabouts of such persons, their heirs-at-law, personal representative, legatees and assigns are unknown, and the Post Office addresses of none of them can be ascertained, nor can it be ascertained whether any of them are minors or incompetents;

On motion of Belton and McGee, attorneys for plaintiffs:
IT IS ORDERED that the appearance of each and all of the foregoing defendants be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this Order and in case of their appearance, or the appearance of any of them, that they cause their answer to the Bill of Complaint to be filed, and that they be served upon the attorneys for plaintiffs within fifteen days after service upon them, or their attorneys, of a copy of said Bill, and in default thereof that said Bill be taken as confessed by the said defendants who shall fail to comply with the requirements of this Order.
IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that the said plaintiffs cause the Order to be published within forty days in the Farmington Enterprise, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said County, once in each week for six weeks in succession, or that plaintiffs cause a copy of this Order to be personally served upon each of said defendants herein, at least twenty days before the time prescribed for his, her or their appearance.
FRANK L. COVERT, Circuit Judge.
Countersigned: EDWARD G. ROCKWELL, Deputy Clerk.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that this suit, in which the preceding Order was made, involves and is brought to quiet the title to the following described lands, situate in the Township of Farmington, Oakland County, Michigan, more particularly described as follows:
The East half of the Southwest quarter of section 23, Town 1 North, Range 9 East, excepting one acre in the Southwest corner as conveyed to Omer M. Conroy and wife by deed dated September 14, 1907 and recorded April 16, 1908 in Liber 226 of Deeds, page 453, Oakland County Register of Deeds Office.
Also the South one-fourth of the East half of the Northwest quarter of Section 23, Town 1 North, Range 9 East, Michigan.
PELTON & MCGEE, Attorneys for Plaintiffs
First National Bank Bldg., Pontiac, Michigan.

Painting and Paper Hanging

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Physician and Surgeon.
Office Hours
11:00-12:00 2:00-4:00
Evenings Except Sun. and Wed. 7:30-8:00
Farmington, Phone 160.

Phone Office Hours: 9 to 12 a.m. Redford 349. 1 to 5:30-7 to 8 p.m.
DR. E. J. CHAPUT, Dentist
Suite 208-209 Hawthorne Block
Redford, Michigan
Corner Lahser and Grand River
Opposite Peoples State Bank

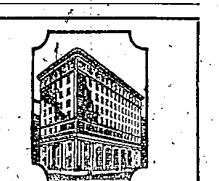
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DETROIT UNITED LINES.
Farmington Time Table.
(Eastern Standard Time)
(Effective September 24, 1923)
Cars leave Farmington for Detroit at 6:03 a.m., 6:38 a.m., limited at 6:54 a.m., 7:48 a.m., 8:48 a.m., 9:48 a.m., and hourly to 3:48 p.m., 4:48 p.m., 5:48 p.m., then hourly to 8:48 p.m., also 9:53 p.m., 10:53 p.m., (to Junction only) 11:48 p.m., (to 1:03 a.m.)
Cars leave Farmington for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 5:40 a.m., 6:40 a.m., 7:10 a.m., 7:55 a.m., and hourly to 10:55 p.m., also 6:10 p.m. and 12:20 a.m.
First car leaves Farmington for Northville at 6:05 a.m., 7:00 a.m., hourly to 11:00 p.m., also 6:15 p.m. and 12:22 a.m.
Cars connect at Northville with those for Plymouth and Wayne over the D. J. & C. Hourly limited service to Ann Arbor.