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Open Every Day and Evening. "Better Service." We Deliver.

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Bathing Caps and Shoes :—: Water Wings :—: Talcum and Face Creams :—: Sunburn Lotion :—: Fly Tox :—: Fly Sprays for farm stocks :—: Sprayers.

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Watch for the Big Sale sheet on Drugs, Stationery, Box and Bulk Candies, and the FREE Goods Offer.

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AMERICA'S AMAZING PROGRESS IN THE PAST HUNDRED YEARS

Material Progress Staggers the Imagination, but Real Wealth Is in the Character of the People Inherited From the Pilgrim Fathers.

By WALTER W. HEAD, President The American Bankers Association

One hundred years ago when Lafayette re-visited America, he found the United States a nation of little more than ten million people—less than one-tenth of the present number. The territory embraced less than 1,800,000 square miles instead of the present 3,700,000. Half was still a wilderness of unsettled plain, plateau and mountains.

Only one hundred years ago, the world was still agog over the recent passage of the "Savannah," an American sailing vessel equipped with paddle-wheels propelled by steam from New York to Liverpool in twenty-six days. Today we boast of a trans-Atlantic airplane crossing that required but few more hours than the "Savannah" required days.

One hundred years ago the total national wealth was less than a billion dollars, less than \$100 per capita; today the national wealth exceeds 200 billion dollars—an average of almost \$3,000 per capita. In 1821 there were ten savings banks, with \$635 deposits, with \$1,133,000 in deposits; today the national wealth exceeds 200 billion dollars—an average of almost \$3,000 per capita. In 1821 there were ten savings banks, with \$635 deposits, with \$1,133,000 in deposits; today the national wealth exceeds 200 billion dollars—an average of almost \$3,000 per capita.

One hundred years ago there were no railroads, no automobiles, no airplanes. There were no telephones, no telegraph lines, no cables. There was no gasoline, no kerosene.

There are those among us who regard the present as a period confronted with unprecedented problems, a period beset by perils heretofore unequaled. There are those who express doubt of our ability to make further progress—some even who profess to foresee the destruction and disintegration of our social, political and economic structure. In the light of achievements that have been wrought in the past by firm adherence to true principles, in the light of the tremendous resources of our country, our controls, what justification can men have today for expressing doubt of America's future?

America's Resources Today

We have today 110,000,000 people. Our total bank deposits aggregate approximately 40 billion dollars. Outstanding life insurance amounts to more than 70 billion dollars. Our 500 million acres of improved farmland are valued at 77 billion dollars. We have wealth untold in our forests, in our mines of iron and coal. We have more than 250,000 miles of railroad with which to transport our selves and our articles of commerce; we have more than 250,000 miles of commercial telegraph lines and 800,000 miles of telephone lines to afford communication; we have 20,000 daily and weekly newspapers to disseminate information and to bind our people.

The Eclipse

A mother-in-law is everything until five minutes after the honeymoon, and then she is snuffed out—London Answer.

Not Always Ocean

Scientific men generally believe that the bed of the Pacific ocean was once above water and inhabited by men.

Let There Be Fun

Fun gives you a forcible hug and shakes laughter out of you, whether you will or no—Garrick.

Defining Sin

Sin is a state of mind, not an outward act—Sewell.

Appropriated

Grandfather's Deserted Home

By JOHN ST. CLAIR

(Copyright, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

ELLIS, there is our home," said Dorothy Milford, with conviction, pointing to the old colonial building at the end of the village street.

"I wonder how much it would cost us, Ellis," whispered Dorothy, clinging to his arm.

Ellis Milford was a hard-working clerk in one of the big insurance offices of New York. He had been only a four-room flat in the busy city. But every Sunday they had gone forth from the metropolis dreaming of just such a place as this.

The house had been unoccupied for many years, and it was rumored that the owner resided in England. No, there had never been any effort to rent it. It would be hard to do so, anyway, because nobody wanted an old-fashioned house when you could get a brand new one on the installment plan. At which information Dorothy's heart beat high with secret joy.

"You see, Ellis, it is my English mood," she explained. "You know grandfather was an Englishman, and though I never saw him, I know I have inherited his taste for just such an old-fashioned home."

Dorothy's grandfather had settled in America and eventually disintegrated his son, Dorothy's father. Still, Dorothy always attributed all the English traits in her disposition to this semi-mythical being.

"Dorothy," exclaimed her husband, "let's go inside and have a look around. I saw one of the window shutters was nearly off its hinge, and I believe the window behind it is broken."

They entered. Ellis climbed through and, standing inside, swung Dorothy into the room. They wandered from room to room. It was true the interior was in poor condition. But still the house was habitable, and a little money lavishly judiciously would turn it into a very comfortable abode. And, the greatest find of all, in the attic there was old furniture, all sorts of odds and ends which would go far toward the furnishing of the less showy rooms, at least.

"Ellis," said Dorothy, in a tone which even three months of married life had taught him to attend to, "we must have this house."

"You ain't going to live there, are you?" inquired a village boy who watched them emerge through the front gate with ill-concealed interest.

"Yes, we have rented this place from the first of next month," Dorothy answered.

"Well, I swear!" exclaimed the yokel.

"Dorothy," said Ellis reproachfully, "don't you know of his hearing?"

"Dip, Ellis, I mean it," declared Dorothy, almost crying. "My dear, we are going to have the rooms papered and the windows mended and move in by the first of next month. It seems to me that we have made a fine thing of it."

Dorothy's words proved prophetic, for on the first day of the month following a motorcade stopped in front of the old house and Dorothy superintended the disporting of the furniture.

"They'll turn us out!" said Ellis, when they were settled at their fireplace, gazing admiringly upon the new-papered walls.

"Not if we have the rent, my dear," said Dorothy.

Summer came on and soon the garden was ablaze with flowers. Ellis had appeared much less angry than Dorothy and her husband had anticipated. In fact, his first words were decidedly apologetic.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," he said, "and I don't know of course, what your title will show; but the fact is, there is reason to believe that this property is part of an estate which I have come over from London to handle on behalf of the heirs. It seems to have been forgotten, as the owner did not enumerate it in his will. You have your title-deeds?"

No, Ellis had no title-deeds. In fact, he was so equally embarrassed that he blurted out the history of the acquisition.

"Most extraordinary! Most extraordinary!" said the visitor. "What a tribute to the ancestral habits of your great nation your action is. Now, in my country, nobody would ever dream of taking a house he fancied."

"Perhaps your countrymen aren't so quick with the rent," said Dorothy, smiling.

"You see, we have four months' all ready for whoever the landlord is," replied the other.

"He was an even better character, old Mr. Samuel Lott," "What?" said Dorothy, rising and staring hard at the visitor. "Who's his granddaughter? Quick! Answer me!"

"Ah, there you have me," answered the Englishman. "We knew that we could trace back the ownership."

"Don't worry," answered Dorothy. "Here she is, Oh, Ellis, this was grandfather's house, after all, and it's mine. I feel it mine. And, Ellis—we've got four months' rent money in the bank, and all for ourselves to spend!"

The Vine

Love is quiet like the vine,
Queer and new like lilies
Among moon-faced flowers; a vine
All original, like these.

And it matters not a whit
What it sits on, I am told:
An old pillar will do for it,
Or a pillar cased in gold.

So it have, till it be grown,
Something for its trailing—good
Old love can climb round its own
Twisted honeysuckle wood.

—Hudson Evans, from "The Measure"

Legend of the Minotaur;

Beast Devoured Victims

About the best-known instance of the labyrinth in mythology is the story of the minotaur. According to this legend, a skillful workman, Daedalus, made for King Minos a labyrinth, in the center of which the minotaur, a horrible beast, was placed.

Those who entered this maze could not find their way out again and ultimately became the prey of the monster. Seven youths and seven maidens, it is said, were sent regularly by the Athenians as tribute to the minotaur until Theseus slew the beast and escaped out of the labyrinth by the help of the clever which Ariadne had given him.

The labyrinth is derived from certain terms applied to the mazes of old Greece, especially those of Thrace and the Aegean islands. These mazes were probably first worked by the Phoenician traders. The superstitious natives regarded the underground passages with fear and awe.

To the natural fear of darkness was added the tendency of the uneducated to cloak with mystery the power of superior knowledge, to obtain riches from the earth. These people believed that the god of riches of the lower world was also the god of death and keeper of the dead—Detroit News.

In the Glass

What do you suppose she sees in all the shop windows that interests her so much?

"Her own face."

Skates of Sheep Shanks

Until fifty years ago a pair of skates was within the reach of every Dutchman who, however poor, did not want to neglect his poverty. It meant only the strapping of two sheep shanks to his shoes and then he was ready for the winter's marketing or the hockey game.

Slaughter houses and butcher shops in Holland always prepared for the winter bone demand by stocking up heavily with the coveted shanks. The ingenious Hollanders who improved these shanks into the long, long ago, were soon imitated, and shortly afterward London, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg and all parts of the continent which went in for winter sports, were gliding over the ice on the bones of sheep.

With the introduction of the steel skate, however, the sheep shank was practically abolished. In some of the smaller villages of the Netherlands, however, and on rare occasions even in Amsterdam, the crude bone skate is seen—Detroit News.

Wanted to Be Nice

A Chicago man visiting London was invited to a ball where everybody except himself talked with an exceedingly broad accent. The accent was puzzling to his Chicago ears, but he did his best.

He danced with the wife of his host. The latter spoke with an especially broad accent; also she ran somewhat to flesh. When they had finished the round of the floor she was putting in a repressed and well-bred way.

"Shall we try another whirl?" inquired the Chicago man.

"Not now," she said; "I'm darned out."

"Oh, no," said the American, gallantly; "not darn stout—just nice and plump, ma'am."

Playing Safe

The day before she was to be married the old negro servant went to her mistress and handed her a life insurance policy.

"Why do you want me to keep it? I thought you were going to get married," said the mistress.

"You see, we have four months' all ready for whoever the landlord is," replied the other.

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Satirical Club

The Martinus Scribblers club was founded in London the early part of the eighteenth century by Pope, Swift and other great writers of the day, for the purpose of satirizing all poor literary productions.

America's Early Years

The story of the first years of American history was first told by Peter Martyr, in "The New World." Martyr was an Italian historian who went to Spain in 1487, and entered the service of Queen Isabella.

A Bit Mixed

Old English woman (to caller)—"Parson, 'e be always askin' for money for 'is new 'eatin' apparatus. Why don't 'e say 'right out 'as 'ow 'e wants 'is new set of 'teeth?'"—Boston Transcript.

Their Glory Departed

Years ago the totem pole represented a highly developed and perfect art of the Alaskan Indians. Now they are frequently cut up for sidewalk material or used as firewood.

Is It That Late?

Father (calling down the stairs)—"Ethel, why don't you take that young man round to the back of the house so that he can see the sunrise?"

She Can Do It

A man may have his price, but it takes a woman to make him feel like a bargain-counter romantic—Boston Transcript.

Perfected Steel

A French engineer claims that a steel, which he discovered, will not split or change its shape under any degree of heat.

Bible for the Blind

The King James Version of the Bible has been completed in the revised Braille Bible for the use of the blind.

Front Families

Barbara (to father reading newspaper)—"Well, has any one been born that we know?"—Pearsall's.

Accept the Present

Who knows whether the gods will add tomorrow to the present hour?—Horace.

PAY VILLAGE TAXES.

Having received the village tax roll for 1924, taxes are now due. Pay at Peoples State Bank of Farmington, during office hours.

Geo. C. Gildemeister, Treasurer

LINER COLUMN.

NOTICE—I have bought Herman Goers' Threshing Outfit; also have a new Greengrass separator. I am ready to start work right off. Fred L. Page. 37-1

FOR SALE—Currants and gooseberries. Can be picked on shares! Mrs. Jessie Power, North Farmington, telephone 45-F-12. 37-1

FOR RENT—Large furnished front room. Inquire Mrs. Clarence Bell, phone 11. 37-1

WANTED—To hire some one with implements to cut and stack 15 or 20 acres of hay. Apply to Geo. Simmons, 1 1/2 miles west and about 1 1/2 mile south of Farmington. 37-1

FOR SALE—New grain binder in A-1 condition, only cut 15 acres \$160.00 takes 12 hours. Chas. C. Wedow, Wall Lake Village. 37-1

FOR SALE—Ford Coupe, used one year and in first-class condition. Cheap for cash. Mrs. C. F. Smith, Farmington. 37-1

TO EXCHANGE—Residence property in Detroit, near Lake St. Clair, to exchange for farm near Farmington. Must have trees, and live stream. Mrs. W. R. Brown, 263 So. Ashland avenue, Detroit. 36-2

FOR SALE—McCormick grain binder. Has cut about 200 acres of grain. Will sell cheap. Inquire L. C. Harger, phone 6. 35-2

FOR SALE—Four room house and garage in Clarencville, near Carl Waack. Electric lights and water. Small down payment. Balance like rent. Key at Mr. Waack's house. Charles C. Reinhardt, telephone Hemlock 1133-B, 17300 Oak Ave., Detroit. 36-3

FOR RENT—House on South Lyon road, screened in, running water, J. W. Lathrup. 35-4f

FOR SALE—Sand, gravel, filling dirt and cement blocks. Mrs. Jess Gales, 2 miles west of Farmington. Phone 66-F-11. 45-4

FOR SALE—Modern seven room house, large attic garage, shrubbery. Lot 120X187. Located second house on Tuck Road South near Farmington Junction. Good bargain. Key on premises. Write J. Stoddart, 1539 Broadway Detroit. 34-4f

FOR RENT—Four room house. Inquire Carl Waack, Clarencville. 34-4f

FOR RENT—Three room house on Shawneese. Modern. \$20 per month.

If you have 5 or 10 acres with or without buildings and near Farmington that you wish to sell, See us. We have buyers waiting.

F. D. FLEHING
Phone 1625 at D. U. R. Station

NOTICE—Pay water bills when received, at the Farmington State Bank N. H. Power, Village clerk.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Maple Ave. In first class condition. O. Soldan, phone 80-J-3 Farmington. 24-4f

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Quality of shingles. Each shingle is sawed from selected cedar logs—not from forest waste; all parallel widths—no wedge shapes; thoroughly seasoned—not baked to death in dry kilns. Better shingles are not to be found in any market.

Quality of stain. Each shingle is thoroughly stained by a special factory process. Pure pigments are ground twice in pure linseed oil and carried deep in the fibre of the wood with creosote oil. The result is preservation of wood as well as soft-toned colors that do not fade or wash out in streaks.

They cost less than staining on the job.

Ask for quotation on "Creo-Dipt" Stained Shingles for side walls as well as roof. Come in and choose your colors from our attractive stock, or phone and we will call with samples.

Save Paint and Repair Bills

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