

The Farmington Enterprise
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PITY THE POOR MILLIONAIRE
Hardly do we recover from the shock of one great calamity before another falls quickly on its heels.

The horrors of the great middle-west tornado was just beginning to give way to thoughts of birds and budding plants when lo! a cloud or somber despair appears in the east. By a cruel trick of fate fifty-one (count 'em) millionaires suddenly lose their golf ground and are left dejectedly wandering in knee pants along the hill-sides in quest of a place to slack their thirst and plant their tee.

Tea-hee, as a JEFF BOOSTER.

The real estate dealer has come in for much undeserved opprobrium during recent years. He has been spoken of as a schuytser because a few are crooked. He has been called a parasite merely because some men in the business really render little service to the public.

But rarely is he spoken of as a man who works day in and day out to build his community—to boost its stock and make it a more prosperous place in which to live.

Your true, conscientious real estate dealer is a man who furnishes a service to prospective buyers of property in the community, and a real and definite service to the community itself. He it is who points out the good features of the town to every prospective resident. He it is who broadcasts information on local farming to the benefit of every man owning a piece of land in the county.

When he goes about closing a deal he sells not only a lot with a house or business building located thereon. He also sells the community as a desirable place in which to live, as a city with a business future. And his work in this respects to the benefit of every local citizen regardless of business, calling, or affiliation.

FORD USED CAR PLAN

Much interest has centered during the last week in the announcement of the Ford used car plan. This interest has been evidenced by both the public and the automobile industry generally, for it is the first move made by any large automobile concern toward solution of the so-called used car problem.

Under the plan, which is supervised by the company, all authorized Ford dealers place a guarantee upon used Ford cars sold by them, thus insuring to the purchaser satisfactory mechanical operation of the cars under ordinary driving conditions.

Reports received during the week from branches throughout the country, it was said at the offices of the Ford Motor Company in Detroit, indicate two things—greater buyer confidence on the part of the public and a general feeling among Ford dealers that the plan is certain to promote customer satisfaction.

These reports, it was said, are not based upon expressions from Ford dealers alone. They also include public reaction toward the plan as reflected through the vast dealer organization which, because of its extensiveness, is an excellent barometer of automobile marketing conditions.

Another feature of the reports is the ready acceptance of the plan by the dealers themselves and their enthusiasm over it. They feel that the new arrangement, together with their own facilities for reconditioning cars when that is necessary, places them in position to afford much better service to people in the market for used Ford cars.

On the basis of the reports so far received the plan promises an effective solution for used car handling by Ford dealers and one in which the public will benefit.

"There's a man outside who wants something to eat."

"Give him bread and potatoes."

"But he seems to have seen better days."

"All right, give him a napkin too."

SO BIG



By
EDNA FERBER

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WNU Service

Chapter Six—Continued

Pervus drove into the Chicago market every other day. During July and August he sometimes did not have his clothes off for a week. Together he and Jan Street would load the wagon with the day's garnering. At four he would start on the tedious trip into town. The historic old Haymarket on West Randolph street had become the stand for market gardeners for miles around Chicago. Here they stationed their wagons in preparation for the next day's selling. The early comers got the advantageous stand. There was no regular allotment of spots. Pervus tried to reach the Haymarket by nine at night. Often had roads inside a detour necessary and he was late. That usually meant bad business next day. The men for the most part slept on their wagons, curled up on the wagon seat or stretched out on the racks. Their horses were stabled and fed in nearby sheds, with more actual comfort than the men themselves. One of the stalls in room for twenty-five cents in one of the ramshackle rooming houses that faced the street. But the rooms were small, stuffy, none too clean; the beds were more comfortable than the wagon seats. Pervus and Jan Street got twenty-five cents for half a barrel of tomatoes. You got twenty-five cents for a sack of potatoes. Onions brought twenty-five cents. Cabbages, if you weighed a hundred heads for two dollars, and they were five-pound heads. If you drove home with ten dollars in your pocket it represented a profit of six cents. No one did not pay out twenty-five cents for the mere privilege of sleeping in a bed.

One June day, a month or more after their marriage, Selma drove into Chicago with Pervus, an inconspicuous little figure in her bride's heavy puffed skirt on the seat of the vegetable wagon piled high with early garden stuff. It was, in a way, her wedding trip, for Selma had not been away from the farm since her marriage.

As they jogged along now she recalled fanciful plans that had been forming in her mind during the past few weeks. It had not taken her four weeks or days to discover that this great broad-shouldered man she had married was a kindly creature, frank and good, but lacking in the degree of initiative of spirit. She marveled, sometimes, at the memory of his boldness in bidding for her little box that evening of the raftle. It seemed incredible now. If it had been quietly referred to it, wading his head steadily and grinning the broadly complacent grin of the conquering hawk. But he was, after all, a dull fellow, and there was in Selma a dash of fire, of wholesome wickedness, of adventure, that he never quite understood. For her flashes of flame he had a mindless feeling of uselessness and pride.

In the number of all young brides, Selma started bravely out to make her husband over. He was handsome, strong, energetic, slow, conservative, honest. She would make him keen, daring, successful, buoyant. Now, bumping down the Halsted road, she sketched some of her plans in large slashing strokes.

"Pervus, let's run out to the house in October, before the frost sets in, and after the summer work is over. Then that west garden. We'll drain it."

"Yes, drain," Pervus muttered. "It's a good land. Drain and you have got to lay. Hard clay soil."

Selma had the answer to that. "I know it. You've got to use tile drainage. And—wait a minute—humus. I know what humus is. It's decayed vegetables. There's always a pile by the side of the barn; and you've been using it on the quick land. All the west garden isn't clay. Part of it's blackland. All it needs is draining and manure. With potato, too, and phosphoric acid."

Pervus laughed a great hearty laugh that Selma found surprisingly infuriating. "Well, well, well! School teacher is a farmer now, huh? I bet even Widow Pankratzberg don't know as much as my little farmer about"—he exploded again—"about this, now, about that—what kind of wife? Tell me, little Selma, from where did you learn all this about truck farming?"

"Out of a book," Selma said, almost snappishly. "I read it in Chicago last night. 'A book.' A book!" He slapped his knee. "A vegetable farmer out of a book."

"Why not! The man who wrote it knows more about the vegetable farming than anybody in all High Prairie. He knows about new ways. You're running the farm just by your father's ran."

"What was good enough for my father is good enough for me."

"It isn't!" cried Selma. "It isn't! The book says they learn it all right."

for cabbages, peas, and beans. It tells you how. It tells you how!" She was like a frantic little fly darting and pricking him to accelerate the stolid sluggishness of the slow plodding gait. Pervus stared straight ahead down the road between his horse's ears much as Klaus Pool had done so carelessly on Selma's first ride on the Halsted road. "Fine talk. Fine talk."

"It isn't talk. It's plans. You've got to plan."

"Fine talk. Fine talk."

"Oh!" Selma bent her knee with an impatient fling.

It was the nearest they had ever come to quarreling. It would seem that Pervus had the best of the argument, for when two years had passed the west garden was still a hazy city mass, and unprofitable; and the old house stared out shabby and paintless, at the dense willows by the roadside.

They slept that night in one of the twenty-five-cent rooming houses. Both Pervus slept. The woman lay awake, wept a little, perhaps. But in the morning Pervus might have noted (if he had been a man given to noting) that the fine jaw-line was set as determinedly as ever with an angle that spelled inevitably paint, drapery, house, porch, phosphoric acid, and a horse team.

She rose before four with Pervus, glad to be out of the stuffy little room with its spotted and seamy green wall paper, its creaking bed and chair. They had a cup of coffee and a slice of bread in the eating house on the first floor. Selma waited while he tended the horse. It was scarcely dawn when the trading began. Selma went out. It was a ridiculously haphazard and perilous method of distributing the food for whose fruition Pervus had toiled with aching back and tired arms. But she said nothing.

She kept, therefore, to the house that first year, and the second. Pervus declared that his woman should never work in the fields as did many of the actual wives and daughters. Selma learned much that first year, and the second, but she said little. She kept the house in order—rough work, and endless—and she managed, miraculously, to keep her feet from being sore. She understood now Maude Pool's drab garments, harassed face, heavily veiled feet, never at rest. The idea of flowers in bowls was abandoned by her. Had it not been for Pervus's faithful tending, the flower beds themselves, planted with such hopes, would have perished for lack of care.

Selma came often to the house. He found there a tranquillity and peace never known in the Pool place, with its hubbub and clatter. In order to make her house attractive Selma had actually filled her precious little bank with the four hundred and ninety-seven dollars left her by her father. She still had one of the clear white diamonds. She kept it sewed in the hem of an old flannel petticoat. The can of white paint and the brush actually did materialize. For weeks it was dangerous to sit, lean, or stand upon any paintable thing in the "deep farmhouse" without adding a dash of white to the color. Selma could actually have tried her hand at the outside of the house with a quart can and a three-inch brush if Pervus hadn't intervened. She hoped dimly that the man she loved would be the bid- den paragon and the wisest of the chairs. Subscribed for a magazine called House and Garden. Together she and Pervus used to pore over this fascinating periodical. If Hilda Pringle ever overheard one of these conversations between the farm woman who would always be a girl and the farm boy who had never been quite a child, it would have raised a shiver in an "Og head" of horror. But Hilda Pringle never heard, and wouldn't have understood if it had.

In Selma was up daily at four. Dressing was a swift and unobtrusive affair. She was ready for Pervus and Jan when they came in from the farm. The house to clean, the chickens to tend, sewing, washing, ironing, cooking, she carried every vest of minimizing her steps, of lightening her labor. And she saw clearly how the little farm was mismanaged through lack of foresight, mismanagement, and—she feared it square by—through stupidity. She was fond of this great, kindly, wandering, stubborn boy who was her husband. But she saw him with amazing clearness through the mists of her love. There was something prophetic about the way she began to absorb knowledge of the farm work of vegetable culture, of marketing. Listening, seeing, she began to plan, to plan, to plan, to plan. The daily talk of the house and fields was of nothing else. About this little twenty-five-acre garden patch there was nothing of the majesty of the Iowa bluffs or Kansas grain farms, with their endless billows of wheat and corn, rye, alfalfa and barley rolling away to the horizon. Everything was done in Selma's way. Selma sensed that every inch of soil should have been made to yield to the utmost. Yet there lay the west garden, useless during most of the year; reliable neither in yield nor in its money to drain it; or enrich it; no study case for the purchase of profitable neighboring acreage. She did not know the term intensive farming, but she was what she meant.

"During that winter she was often hideously lonely. She never got over her hunger for companionship. Here she was, a gregarious and fun-loving creature, but in a snow-bound little prairie farmhouse with a husband who looked upon conversation as a convenience, not a pastime. She learned much that winter about the outer sorceries of farm life. She rarely saw the Pools; she rarely saw any one outside her own little house."

hold. The front room—the parlor—was usually bitterly cold, but sometimes she used to slip in there, a shawl over her shoulders, and sit at the frosty window to watch for a wagon to go by, or a chance pedestrian on the road. She did not pity herself, nor regret her step. She felt, physically, pretty well for a childbearing woman, and Pervus was tender, kindly, sympathetic, if not always understanding. She struggled gallantly to keep up the small decrees of existence. She loved the glow of Pervus's eyes when she appeared with a bright ribbon, a fresh collar, though he said nothing and perhaps she only fancied that he noticed. Once or twice she had waited the table and a half of slippery road to the Pools, and had sat in Maude's warm bright bustling kitchen for comfort. Where was adventure now? And where was life? And where the love of chance bred in her by her father?

The two years following Dirk's birth were always somewhat vague in Selma's mind, like a dream in which her

(Continued on page 3)

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 7th day of April, A. D. 1925.

Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM MAAS, deceased.

John Maas, executor of said estate having filed in said Court a petition praying for the examination and allowance of his final account, assignment of the residue of said estate and the discharge of said executor.

It is Ordered, that the 4th day of May A. D. 1925 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 public notice 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.

A true copy,
Dan A. McGaffey,
Probate Register April 10-24

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 3rd day of April A. D. 1925.

Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of LEOPOLD HUDSON, deceased.

Jesse Ziegler, administrator of said estate, having filed in said Court a petition praying that the time for the presentation of

claims against said estate be limited and that a time and place be appointed to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said deceased by and before said court.

It is Ordered, that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present claims against said estate.

It is further ordered, that the 17th day of August, 1925 at eight o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims against said deceased.

ROSS STOCKWELL,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy,
Dan A. McGaffey,
Probate Register April 10-24

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

Louis F. Salow, Plaintiff,

vs. No. 12123

Henry Courter, Mary Courter, his wife, Harmon Courter, Leah Clark and Horace G. Wixom, or their respective unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns.

At a session of said Court held in the Court House in the City of Pontiac, in said County and State, on the 30th day of March, A. D. 1925.

Present: The Hon. Glenn C. Gillespie, Circuit Judge.

In this cause it satisfactorily appearing by the sworn, Bill of Complaint filed herein that Henry Courter, Mary Courter, Harmon Courter, Leah Clark and Horace G. Wixom, their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns are necessary and proper parties defendant to the above entitled cause; and it further appearing by said Bill of Complaint duly sworn to that said Henry Courter and Horace G. Wixom are dead, but their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, if any, are unknown to plaintiff herein, that it is unknown to plaintiff whether or not Mary Courter, Harmon Courter and Leah Clark are living dead, or whether or not any of the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees or assigns or any of the above named defendants or any of them are living or dead, or if living, where they may reside, or if dead, who or where their respective heirs, devisees, legatees or assigns may be or reside, altho after diligent search and inquiry with reference thereto, plaintiff has been unable to ascertain the same; Therefore on motion of John D. Harger, attorney for plaintiff

IT IS ORDERED that the appearance of the said defendants, Henry Courter, Mary Courter, Harmon Courter, Leah Clark and Horace G. Wixom and their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees or assigns, each and every one of them be entered in this cause within three (3) months from the date of this order, and that in the event of their appearance or the appearance of any of them that they respectively cause their answer or answers to the Bill of Complaint in this cause to be filed, a copy thereof to be served upon the plaintiff's attorney within fifteen (15) days after service on them or such of them as shall have appeared respectively or on their respective attorneys of a copy of the said Bill of Complaint, and that in default thereof, the said bill be taken as confessed by the said defendants.

And it is further Ordered that within twenty (20) days the said plaintiff cause this order to be published in the Farmington Enterprise, a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said County, and that such publication be continued therein once each week and at least six successive weeks.

GLENN C. GILLESPIE,
Circuit Judge.

A true copy,
Leslie R. Middleton,
Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE

This action is brought for the purpose of quieting title to the following described parcel of land:

The West seventy-four (74) acres of the West one-half (1/2) of the Southeast Quarter (1/4) of Section nineteen (19), Town 1 North, Range 9 East, Township of Farmington, Oakland County, Michigan.

JOHN D. HARGER,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Business Address:
2038 Dime Bank Bldg.
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Farmington, Phone 160.

Phone Office Hours: 9 to 12 a.m.
Redford 349 1 to 3:30-7 to 8 p.m.
DR. E. J. CHAPUT, Dentist
Suite 208-209 Hawthorne Block
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Corner Lahser and Grand River
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Office—64 Main St.
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DETROIT UNITED LINES
Farmington Time Table.
(Eastern Standard Time)
(Effective September 24, 1923.)

Cars leave Farmington for Detroit at 6:08 a.m., 6:38 a.m., limited at 6:54 a.m., 7:48 a.m., 8:48 a.m., 9:48 a.m., 10:48 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. and 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., 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.

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