

Holidays in Brazil

Come Thick and Fast
The man who covets numerous holidays should move to Brazil. According to a work issued by a trust company of New York, "Bank and Public Holidays Throughout the World," Brazil enjoys eleven public holidays, and augments this allowance by many unofficial holidays which are generally observed. Starting well off the mark on January 1, with New Year's day, there is an interval for work until the 6th, which is Epiphany. Follows a period of hard slogging until the 20th, when the state of Rio de Janeiro. Another state follows suit on the 23th, and still another on the 27th, which is the last holiday in January. Most months are like that in Brazil. In fact one or two months—such as April—are still more bountifully provided with holidays.

Welcome Stranger
A distinguished westerner, subject to severe attacks of indignation, was traveling with his wife. Late one night in a Pullman, he was seized with an attack. His wife slipped on a klumono and hurried to the washroom to prepare a mustard plaster. She rushed back hastily threw aside the curtains, opened his pajamas and applied the plaster securely before she discovered it wasn't her husband, but a strange man. She fled horrified to the right berth and told her husband, who went into such fits of laughter that his indignation was cured. If

they tried to tell on the plaster they would awaken the stranger. To avoid a difficult explanation they decided just to leave it on.
At 8 a. m. there was a terrific roar from the stranger's berth. "Torture," he howled, "who the b— put a porcupine in my bed!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Origin of the Clock
The first clock, according to Harry C. Brearly, was produced about 900 A. D. by Gerbert, the monk, who was the most accomplished scholar of the age. At that time the monks were the only people of learning to whom marking off of a day's time was significant. They used bells to mark off the various periods of the day, much as some churches do today. The sounding of the ancient bells was depended upon by all the people and that is why the word "clock" was taken from the French word "cloche," which means "bell." At the close of the thirteenth century a clock was set up in St. Paul's cathedral in London, and in 1581 Galileo, an Italian youth, discovered the principle of the pendulum.

Famous Knights Rare
In British history there are literally thousands of men who have been dubbed knights, but in history the number who stand out as really famous are few. Among those accorded real fame by Sir William Hall, author of "Knighthood," are: Drake, Sidney, Grandchild, Raleigh, Cromwell, and

Hawkins among the more ancient and Shakespeare among the moderns. In philosophy the famous ones listed in Bacon; in art, Leighton, Alma-Tadema and Orchardson. The stage claims Sir Henry Irving; music, Sir Arthur Sullivan; science, Sir William Crookes, and politics, Sir William Harcourt.

Early Electric Traction
The first electric motor was that made by Abbe Salvatore del Negro in Italy in 1830. Robert Davidson of Aberdeen began experimenting about 1838 with the electric motor as a means of traction and constructed a powerful engine carrying a battery of 40 cells. The beginning of modern electric traction dates from 1878 when the firm of Siemens & Halske put into operation the first electric railway at the industrial exposition in Berlin. The following year Thomas A. Edison operated his experimental line in Menlo Park, N. J.

Entitled to Honor
Every Memorial day Mrs. Emma Gooch goes out and puts a wreath on the grave of the late Emil Gooch. People go to noticing it and somebody asked Mrs. Gooch what war the late Emil had fought in. "He never fought in any war," the widow replied. "Then why do you put a wreath on his grave on Memorial day?" "Wasn't he my husband?" retorted Mrs. Gooch, and went up and laid her wreath on the grave of the "Heroic Dead."—Detroit Star-Examiner.

Tested Patrons' Hospitality
Stepping into a taxicab the other day, says the Paris Intransigent, a fare discovered a package of chocolate lying on the seat. Without hesitation he put it in his pocket, paid the chauffeur, adding a good pourboire, and was about to depart when the driver called out: "What about my chocolate?"
"Your chocolate?" queried the client, greatly taken aback. Then the chauffeur explained that he was testing the honesty of his fares, and of eleven whom he had carried that morning only two had informed him that a package of chocolate was lying on the seat. The two honest folk were a sergeant leaving for Morocco and a milliner's messenger girl. "Honest people are scarce," said the philosophic chauffeur.

Can't All Be Vegetarians
There is one very good reason why we cannot all be vegetarians, even if we would. In the first place there are not enough vegetables in the world to feed everybody, and in the second place there is not enough land on which to grow vegetables. Meat is concentrated vegetable food. Again, we must have leather, wool, feathers, flour, ivory, fur, kid, hides, hair, etc., and to get these usually means the death of the animals. So, we put our coverings outside, and their flesh inside. Vegetarianism is good enough for poets, artists and preachers, but the strenuous, virile, fighting, aggressive man requires meat.—Benny.

Just Reasonably Honest

By JACK WOODFORD

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

PRESIDENT CHAMBERS of the Acme Sales Corporation looked up to posterity as his secretary entered and announced an unknown caller.
"He says his name is Frank Stevens," announced the secretary, "and that the matter about which he wishes to see you is of the utmost importance."
"Of the utmost importance—to him—no doubt," grumbled the president. "Tell him that we're all filled up and not hiring a soul for any department."

The youth gulped, and, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the perspiration from his face.
"Go back and tell your boss that I do not wish to ask him for employment; I must see him on a matter that is important to him."

The secretary presently emerged to crook his finger at the determined young man.
"Well," snapped Chambers irritably, and when the young man did not succumb to the reply, "sit" down, at once. "State your business and be quick about it," grumbled Chambers.

Leaning over suddenly the youth shot his words at the older man as though they were bullets.
"Sir, I love your daughter; I've come to ask you for her hand in marriage." Chambers glared ferociously at the petitioner.

"Did she stand you to me?"
"Heavens, no!" declaimed the youth; "in fact, she warned me that if I ever came to you you would in all probability throw me out on my neck; nevertheless, I love her, and I'm going to marry her, with or without your consent."

"I suppose," the executive remarked sarcastically, "that you are the champion long-distance teardropper of Manhattan; or perhaps you are the thirty-second cousin of an insolvent duke; my dear daughter seems to have a penchant for surrounding herself with men whom I wouldn't allow to sweep out my office."

"Indeed," smiled Frank; "well, you're wide of your mark this time. I am one of the variety described in novels as 'poor but honest'; that is, reasonably honest, of course. At present I am unemployed; in a rash moment I thrashed my last employer within an inch of his life when I came upon him forcing his attentions on his stenographer. So you see, I am not only out of a job but out of references."

"Quite fortunate," remarked Chambers sarcastically, "that my daughter should have taken a fancy to you right at this time—would clarify your position greatly, would it not, to marry an heiress at present?"
"Look here," almost shouted the youth, rising and towering over the president, "what do you take me for? I'm not looking for help from anyone; if I marry your daughter you can cut her off with a dime for all I care. I'm man enough to see that she behaves herself and lives on whatever income I provide for her."

"Well, I must admit," drawled the president, "that you're the nearest thing to a real he-man that I ever saw her take up with. Tell you what I'll do: You say you are a salesman; all right, I'll give you the toughest territory I've got. You go out into it and see if you can make good. If you can really deliver the goods, I may—mind you, I may—I may—give my consent to the match; but I'm going to watch you very closely—don't forget that!"
"Fine," agreed the youth. "I'll give you my word of honor not to see your daughter again until I've made good, in your estimation; and if I never make good, I'll promise to never see your daughter again."

In six months Frank Stevens was back in the ornate office; this time with no signs of diffidence or trepidation. Chambers rose to stride half way across the floor and shake hands.
"By George! Frankie, you're a whirlwind! The sales manager tells me you've turned in more business than our star salesman has turned in from southern Illinois! You can have your pick of anything on this chart now!" He indicated a map, stuck with sundry colored pins, representing the potentialities of the Acme Sales Corporation. "Furthermore, I want you to come right out to the house tonight for dinner—you have my full permission to marry my frivolous daughter."

Frank Stevens hung his head.
"Mr. Chambers, I've got an admission to make. I never met your daughter in my life. I was desperate for a job the day I came here. I really did whip my boss for wanting his stenographer—I was afraid I'd have an awful time getting another job. You see, I married the stenographer, and I had to have work. On the spur of the moment, when your secretary told me you were not hiring anyone, I thought of the subterfuge of pretending that I was a suitor for your daughter's hand—I hope you'll forgive me—I'll work like the devil for you if you'll overlook that rather unorthodox bit of stratagem, and take me on record for the last six months."

Mr. Chambers chuckled and placed his arm about the boy's shoulder.
"My boy, I haven't any daughter. I've got a couple of rascally boys sons—I wish to goodness they had one tenth of your wit and spunk between them. Forgive you? Well, I should hope so—I got more fun out of it than you did."

FRESHENING BREEZES

Sometimes we shudder as to what will happen if the time ever comes when there is nothing more to investigate.

The most we can hope for is a long Indian summer so that the coal miners can enjoy their vacation.

Science has discovered that persons of high intelligence are poor automobile drivers. Probably the reason why we refuse to allow friend wife to drive through the traffic zones.

Maybe it was eternal discussion, not internal combustion, that destroyed the Shenandoah.

Six years ago a Detroit janitor bought a small farm just outside the city limits for \$3,700. Last week he sold it for \$60,000, but so far we haven't heard of any rush from Florida setting in.

A little Lapeer girl started out the other day to peddle salad and became lost. A number of Michigan politicians are experiencing the same fate.

Col. Mitchell seems to appear in the same role, when as kids we caught the teacher in a mistake—it didn't get us to the head of the class.

How truthful the admonition: "Invest your money where you can see all of it in a single afternoon." Real communities are built of such capital.

What has become of that pair of silk hose the peddler said was guaranteed to wear six months? One thing that can be said in favor of the Chinese—they don't shoot anybody but themselves.

SUZANNE COMING TO NEW DETROIT

What will no doubt prove to be the outstanding musical comedy event of the season in Detroit, will be the engagement of John Cort's latest musical comedy success, "Suzanne," which will be seen at the New Detroit Opera House next week, beginning Sunday evening. Following the Detroit engagement the piece will be taken to Chicago for an indefinite run and then to Mr. Cort's New York theatre as a permanent Broadway attraction. The importance of this statement is the fact that it will be seen at the New Detroit at its very best—with the original metropolitan cast and all of the features that are already famous.

The cast is headed by Ernest Glendinning, star of fourteen recent successes; Doris Eaton, Ziegfeld Follies beauty and film star, has an important role, as does Irma Marwick, prima donna of many recent musical hits. Wayne and Warren, vaudeville headliners and recently seen in Detroit with Constance Binney in "The Sweet Little Devil," also have considerable to do with the merriment of the piece. Theodore Babcock, Zeffie Tilbury, John Sheehan, Edgar Gardner, Jack Raffael, Sue Tevis and Charles Henderson make up the balance of the musical cast.

Of course there is a large and snappy Broadway chorus, said to be several degrees above "pep," but probably the most interesting feature is the personal appearance of Ray Miller and his complete Brunswick orchestra. Mr. Miller not only conducts the performance, but he and his band will entertain between the acts.

In an effort to bring things back to normal, Mr. Cort has reduced the scale of prices for the Detroit engagement to \$2.50 top for the evening performances, 50c to \$2 for the Saturday matinee and for the mid-week, Wednesday matinee, the prices will be 50c to \$1.50. In sending in mail orders, address them to Manager New Detroit, enclose check or money order and do not forget to add 10 per cent to the above prices mentioned, for tax.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT, ETC.

In accordance with the U. S. postal laws, Act August 24, 1912, the following statement is published as of date, October 1, 1925.

Name of Publication—The Farmington Enterprise.

Editor and Publisher—W. N. Miller.

The Owners are—W. N. Miller and N. A. Miller.

That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are:

E. E. Brown, Northville, Mich. (Signed) W. N. Miller, Publisher.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 3rd day of October, 1925. Edgar Pierce, Notary Public. My commission expires Feb. 22, 1928.

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.
If a car is suitable only for a mechanic who can rebuild it, or for some one who expects only a few months' rough usage on a camping trip, it must be sold on that basis. Each car must be sold for just what it is.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.
This is possible because tremendous reserve mileage has been built into every Studebaker, which is impossible to exhaust in years.

3 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.
The public can deal in confidence and safety only with the dealer whose policy is "one price only—the same price to all." For, so will cars on this basis, every one of them must be honestly priced to begin with.

4 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used.
It is assumed, of course, that the car has not been damaged by collision or other accident in the meantime.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

WIXOM & WALLBANK

The Studebaker Corporation of America takes pride and pleasure in announcing that the above Pledge is being carried out by

Wixom & Wallbank

Telephone 155

FARMINGTON, MICH.

THE Pledge speaks for itself. It is a formal declaration of the fair and square attitude of Studebaker dealers toward the public. It is an assurance of honest dealing in a line of merchandising

which in some times and places has fallen into ill repute. It is an assertion of confidence in the reserve mileage built into the sturdy "one-profit" Studebaker automobiles.