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Gutenberg Not First to Use Movable Type

The first book printed in Europe with movable type was the famous Gutenberg Bible. It was printed in 1450-55. Beside it, Doctor Vollbehri recently exhibited a Chinese book printed with movable type long before the Gutenberg Bible appeared, and indeed the Chinese printer Pl had so printed books 900 years before Gutenberg was born. In all that time the Chinese had been using movable type, publishing books of such beauty and perfection that they are today the admiration of all bibliophiles, and Europe knew nothing about it. Not even Marco Polo, who visited China in the middle of the Thirteenth century and became the guest of Kublai Khan, brought back to Europe the invention that was to electrify civilization. Within 25 years after the Gutenberg Bible came out, printing with movable type had spread into every civilized country in Europe. Fifty years later the French and Italians particularly had joined the Germans in the printing of books with great craftsmanship and typography have not been surpassed from that time to this.

How big the world was in that distant time! How wholly unlike it is, our world of today, in which the lines divide between this country and China, but as like as not there is in the oriental sky somewhere a western plane on a non-stop flight from London or Peking to the capitals of Asia. Imagine a Gutenberg in our time announcing a discovery 900 years old!

Too Proud

Senator Watson was discussing the immigration question. "It's one defect," he said, "is the servant question. It is reducing us to native American servants, and native American servants are too proud. A Fifth Avenue swell lost his English butler and engaged a handsome young New Englander in the man's place.

"You'll like it here," the swell said hospitably. "This is the address of my tailor. Go down there and order a dress suit."

"The new butler said nothing. He walked toward the door."

"Do you understand me?" said the swell. "Why don't you answer?"

"The new butler turned and gave him a fierce look."

"I never answer," he hissed, "unless I don't hear, and then I say 'Well?'—Detroit Free Press."

First American Jade

Within a year, it is expected, the first American jade in history will be on the market. It will come from a deposit in eastern Oregon, where Joseph Reusz, a German chemist living in Seattle, says he has found it in all shades of rich green. He is the Christian Science Monitor.

Some one has been there before him, several hundred years ago, Mr. Reusz believes, for on approaching the incline from an almost inaccessible quarter, he stumbled on a barrier shutting up the mouth of a cave. Removing the obstruction he found himself in a hillside cavern glistening with mica set in colorful walls. Examination of the walls showed that excavation had been carried on by means of a thin pick.

Raising Monkeys for Medical Uses Pays

Monks. France is raising monkeys for the medical market is now an established business on the French and Italian Riviera. In addition to Dr. Sergio Voronoff's model monkey farm near his chateau at Monte-Carlo, there are four other establishments breeding the special kind of African ape most highly valued by the medical profession.

An experimental farm was first opened at San Remo, Italy, and now there are monkey farms at Nice, Saint Raphael and Cress de Capoue. A full-grown animal sells from 3,000 to 5,000 francs and represents a good profit.



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There Are None So Blind

By DOROTHY WEST

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HE WATCHED the doctor's pudgy little figure retreating down the path, and with a sharp sigh, that was half a sob, he groped into the house.

Mrs. Arnold called to him. For the first time that summer her high, cheery voice annoyed him. He wanted suddenly to be left alone.

"That's you, Mr. Amos, ain't it? Doctor gone?"

"It's I, Mrs. Arnold," he said succinctly, "and Doctor Boardman's gone."

"Only," he told her unkindly, "leave me alone."

For a long time he stood quite still, and presently started up the stairs. He must go very slowly. His heart was very bad. He was very ill.

He had gained the landing, and now he began to wonder why he had taken that anguishing journey. But, of course, he had come for something. Something under layers of unwanted clothing at the bottom of his trunk.

He began to go stealthily. He was going to do something very clever. He was going to quit the fates. He was going to snap the cord they had begun to fuddle.

As he stood in his room by the window, looking down at the sea, it occurred to him he was rather a messy thing he was going to do in Mrs. Arnold's front bedroom. And then he decided, a little wearily, to go over the mountain of stairs again and end his life in the caress of the river. He walked, as one blindly walks in fog, whether they be of sea or soul.

And then, on the very last mass of huge rocks he came upon the old man staring out toward the horizon.

He could see only the back of the old man's head with its splendid shock of unevenly cut white hair.

"Good morning, little father," he said.

"And what a morning, son!"

The old man was staring at a screaming sea gull. "I suppose you are dying," he said.

"At the most I have six months to live."

"If only the gods had been as kind to me! My dark hour crowded in on me in just the briefest moment. Why, man, alive, you're blessed!"

Oddly, perhaps, he felt cheated. "Six months to blaze a beacon in the world!"

The old man said, with the first show of bitterness, "Six months can stretch to six eternities."

"I don't know what you mean," Amos said coldly.

The old man turned to him and smiled and there was pain and pity about his gentle mouth. When there is nothing but a black wall between you and the years to come, then you are truly done with life, and life holds nothing for you."

"But you—"

"Forty years ago—it might have been at this same hour—I stumbled blindly over these rocks, seeking a way out of life. I stood on the edge here, hating the world, hating God. I wanted to hurl myself defiantly out of existence. Only an hour before they had told me I could never paint again."

The old man's eyes stared wildly glazed with tears. "If you've known the feel of a brush in your hand—"

"My pen," Amos said simply. There was an eager flush on Amos' pale cheeks. There was an eager light in his dark eyes. "And what—what drew you back from that awful brink?"

The old man told him simply, "Life. It seemed to me I heard the heart beat of the world, and every moment grew more precious. I was," he ended simply, "converted."

"And with the years—there have been no regrets?"

"The little white church on the hill—I am its pastor. In that dark hour I heard the call and answered."

"And then began that struggle back to life. A struggle, truly. Blindly to feel my way back over those treacherous rocks—and one misstep the end. Death had driven me straight. Life put the reins in my hands. That was 40 years ago, sir, and I moved in unfamiliar darkness. I went back on my hands and knees—praying. I think, it must have taken me three hours."

Amos' eyes were black with unrelenting pity. He could only whisper, "Then you are happy?"

"Hardly that," smiled the old man, "for those who are blind cannot see."

Amos got to his feet. His eyes were wet with tears. "I have been blind," he said.

"And now—"

"I see."

"And there are few so blessed." He caught up the old man's hand to his lips. His voice was husky, "Good-by," he said, "and thank you."

For a moment the beauty of the old man's face was blinding.

"Go, my son, in peace."

Amos raced over the rocks like a boy.

He fairly smothered Mrs. Arnold. "Look here, Mrs. Arnold, I apologize."

"Sure, that's all right," she beamed. "And I won't do it. I won't get into a heap of paper—and, I say, a pot of coffee and a sandwich."

"You ain't been so eager in weeks."

"I'm a dying man, Mrs. Arnold, and I sly well know it. But while there's life, there's hope, and work to be done. You just stick around and watch me."

And he took the stairs two at a time.

POTASH DEPOSITS FOUND IN TEXAS

Enough to Supply America's Needs for 250 Years.

Austin, Texas.—Potash deposits large enough to supply America's needs for 250 years have been discovered in western Texas. Dr. B. E. Sedgwick and Dr. E. I. Schuch of the University of Texas have reported to the American Chemical society. "In the past the United States has depended on Germany for potash."

The search for the compound in this field was begun by J. A. Udden of the University of Texas. He suspected the presence of potash, because here, just as in Germany, there was once a "Germanian sea" which had been cut off from the rest of the ocean and has evaporated to dryness.

Udden found potash minerals in "well cuttings" in the area. His pioneering work was completed by the United States geological survey.

"These deposits will naturally be mined like coal," the two professors report. "The products—sulfates of potassium, sodium and magnesium—have a different market value from the chlorides."

"With an oil field within a few miles, and the fact that solar evaporation is very easily carried out in the dry and rarefied atmosphere of the Texas high plains, it is seen that the cost of production should be moderate."

"The industry will also be helped by the fact that the oil industry has developed the nearby city of Odessa so that power, supplies, labor, etc., may all be readily and cheaply obtained there."

The amount of potash in slight may be said to be that underlying a strip three miles wide by six miles long. Within the soluble layer this strip contains 23,000,000 tons of potassium oxide and in the polyhalite layers about 34,000,000 tons. At present the United States consumption is 250,000 tons of potassium oxide per annum. For this rate of consumption the foregoing will suffice for 250 years.

Alaskans Protest Use of Planes by Hunters

Anchorage, Alaska.—Alaskans are carrying hunters into the territories once comparatively safe for big game in Alaska, and guides, prospectors and homesteaders are protesting. The invasion, they say, threatens to wipe out moose, mountain sheep and mountain goat.

Guides characterize the past season as one of the most productive known to Alaskan hunters. But they say that commercialization of big game hunting by prospectors operating planes from the terminus of the railroad into the mountain ranges, already is depleting the supply of sheep and goats.

The protest by prospectors and homesteaders is raised because, they say, the invasion by air is reaching precincts where they take the supply of meat that enables them to subsist.

These residents assert that in almost any valley or on any mountain range, game once was plentiful and was killed only for meat. Now, they allege, tons upon tons of meat are left rot on the hills because the hunters will only to obtain heads as trophies.

British Adults Give Each Other New Toys

London.—Believe it or not, men and women of England gave each other toys for Christmas. The toys are vividly colored wooden figures of treacherous men and animals.

According to an art shop proprietor, the present desire for painted toy figures to be placed on the mantelpiece or desk is a result of the influence of Morris, Ruskin and Wilde, which has made itself felt in books, curtains and tapestries.

Go meet the growth of amateur photography among British women since the duchess of York gave the idea her approval, shopkeepers have brought out a new camera handling. It looks just like an ordinary handbag, but opens up into a full-size camera.

Perfect Bridge Hand

St. Louis.—A perfect bridge hand was held by Leo Carter. He had 13 spades. His original modest bid of one spade was increased to seven when his opponents bid up to seven clubs. The contract was doubled and redoubled. The hand scored 677 points.

Even Geisha Girls Have Press Agents

Tokyo.—The geisha girls of Japan are not at all frivolous lot. The vernacular newspapers have discovered that Miss Utako Hanazono, a star of the singing and dancing profession, owns a library of about 5,000 volumes. Miss Hanazono is known as the "scholar geisha" and is widely envied by her more or less unlearned sisters. She is said to possess a collection of writings on the geisha profession second to none in the empire.

She herself has written two books entitled "Sen Aponome" and "The Woman Cry," which have attained considerable circulation. Both are to defense of the geisha.

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