

The Farmington Enterprise

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Editorials

Settled At Last

The Grand River trolley-track question is settled at last, for better or for worse. Whatever anyone may think of the outcome, it is probably better that the decision, if it had to be made, was arrived at by an outside authority rather than within the community, although there is abundant evidence that had the decision been left to Farmington, the car tracks would have stayed regardless of the promises of a broader, better highway to take their place.

However, "the die is cast" and so rail service passes away here as in many other places. All that we can do is to make the best of it. It would have been interesting, however, to have had the tracks remain and see how accurate would have been the predictions of State Highway officials that the rails and service would have lasted "only two or three years more anyway." It will be important also, to observe what will become of the prediction that "buses will run the morning after car service stops." Most interesting of all will it be to see how much better a road will be built as a consequence of removal of the tracks.

Having lost one thing much desired, Farmington will await with keenest attention during the next few months the unfolding of the remaining part of the program.

Once in a while a German finds himself "in Dutch."

Novelty In Northville

By three votes Harry German was elected mayor of Northville last spring, and by three votes he was suspended from that position Monday evening, the village council voting four to one against him. In all probability it would be worth driving more than eight or ten miles next Monday evening to be present at the hearing to determine whether the suspension will be final.

The provision in the Northville charter by which the council may suspend the mayor is a peculiar one, or at least the taking advantage of such a provision is most exceptional. The onlooker cannot but wonder why, if the charges be true that a "blind pig" was allowed to operate and that the mayor "played poker," the citizens who circulated the petition for the mayor's suspension did not aim their drive first at the chief of police, who is directly charged with enforcement of the law.

No one doubts, of course, that mayors who might desire to have certain activities and enterprises permitted in their communities can generally influence chiefs of police to "lay off," or that many, if not most instances of non-interference by police are in deference to the wishes of those "higher-up." Strictly speaking, however, it is the police chief's job before it is the mayor's to hold the lid down tight, and it is even within a chief's province and duty to arrest the mayor, if necessary, to enforce the law. That is a fantastic idea, it is true, of a chief of police arresting the village mayor—but not much more fantastic, after all, than that of a village council suspending the official who presides over them.

Women Start, Men Stop

In a downtown Detroit cafeteria, where good, wholesome food is served, and which is liberally patronized by business-men and women and a great many women shoppers, patrons recently discovered at the tables cards reading something like this:

"Often those to whom tobacco smoke is objectionable are forced to sit at tables with others who smoke. After serious consideration we have decided, out of courtesy to them and for the protection of our food, to ask our guests to refrain from smoking. PLEASE DO NOT SMOKE."

Not an unusual request, perhaps, for a restaurant patronized to a large extent by women. But—and here's the oddity. A not infrequent patron of the cafeteria tells us that the reason for the request is not the smoking done by the men at all! It is the fact that the management does not wish the place to become known as one where women smoke.

Long ago it was said that "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." But the men, in this one instance at least, find it works out differently. When the women start smoking the men have to stop!

Clara Leaves Page One

Daily newspaper headlines that scream across eight columns in bold black type two inches and upward in height are designed to catch the eye, and make one buy the paper because of what the "banner" says. The headline-writers become pretty clever at it, particularly those whose product appears on colored editions.

But a Detroit copy-desk man wrote, one the other day that surely must have worked just the opposite and probably made few sales: "Judge Bars Scandal In Clara Bow-Devot Trial." Then who cares any more? What a secretary might have taken from Clara is interesting but not absorbing—what she had to tell about Clara would have stayed on the front page and sold papers as long as it lasted.

The outcome of the trial will undoubtedly be reported later, two-thirds of the way down the column on page 33, back of the financial reports. Look for it there. That's where it belonged anyway.

Clipped From Other Publications

A Makeshift Crime Prevention Idea

(Dearborn Star)

It has been asserted that we need another constitutional amendment to keep deadly weapons out of the hands of criminals.

Those who favor such legislation do so because they believe it would curb crime and benefit society. Yet no proof is forthcoming to back their belief. The experience in New York—with its "model" Sullivan laws—and in the other great cities, has demonstrated that anti-gun laws serve only to keep weapons away from the law-abiding, to the advantage of the criminal.

Crime will be curbed when the people use their power to enforce fundamental laws, break up alliances between police, courts and the underworld, and revise and simplify the machinery of justice. Until that is done, all the prohibitory legislation or constitutional amendments in the world will be impotent.

Russian Liberalism

(Grand Rapids Chronicle)

The activities of organizations whose purpose it is to oppose the spread of Communism in the United States have always seemed to us a little far-fetched. It is no compliment to the collective intelligence of the citizens of this republic to assume that more than a negligible majority, recruited from the lunatic fringe, will ever be convinced by the very dubious arguments of the Soviet emissaries and adopt the theories that now prevail in Russia. The common sense of the average American is sufficient to let him see the fallacy of the Communist program, and Congressman Hamilton Fish and his like make themselves rather ridiculous with their incessant discovery of new Bolshevik plots, most of which sounds more like the melodramatic situations so dear to Edgar Wallace than real attempts at overturning the government.

However, if the anti-Communists are somewhat silly, the friends of Communism are fully a match for them in thinking up idiotic movements. For instance, recently in New York there was held a "conference for progressive labor action" to demand recognition for the soviet regime "because the downfall of soviet Russia would be a blow to every form of liberalism throughout the world."

Evidently the idea is that Russia under the soviets is supposed to encourage liberalism, an idea that is sufficiently startling. As the Chicago Tribune recently pointed out, "as a friend of liberalism the bolshevik regime has abolished free speech and the free press, persecuted dissent systematically, fastens propaganda on the schools in the guise of education, organizes forced labor, confiscates ruthlessly, permeates all Russian society with the fear of the secret police, the spy, the dungeon and the firing squad."

Better At The Tail Than At The Head

(Los Angeles Times)

Drivers zoom up streets into collision. They rush down inclines at breakneck speed to be sidined off to the hospital. They snort up grades to keep up their momentum and crash down again like the king in the nursery rhyme—and for no other purpose.

Every intersection is a potential shambles and in many homes is a vacant chair. The sportsman calls it a bad break; but the coroner pronounces it bad brakes.

Hurry is a lazy way of driving. It takes effort to throw out the clutch and on the brakes. So men gamble with death at blind intersections and take chances that would make the hair stand on end at Agua Caliente.

Almost all trouble can be reduced to the common denominator of hurry. Sideswiping is Death's favorite amusement on the big road. Horrors happen on the straightaways because an open stretch invites fool minds. It is better to be tail of a funeral procession than its head in

the hearse three days after. What's the hurry? Is the hoosegow homey? Is the hospital inviting? Is the mausoleum attractive?

Anonymous Letters

(Detroit Free Press)

All newspapers get anonymous letters, lots of them. Occasionally a writer fails to affix his name because of innocent timidity or because of ignorance. But mostly the anonymous communication is an indication of cowardice. The person mailing it is afraid to stand back of the contents. Sometimes this is because he dares not go on record publicly with respect to the things he discusses, and will not trust the invariable rule that a signature given to a newspaper in confidence never is given out. Sometimes, and more frequently, his communication is abusive or is of a character that would make him liable to attentions from the postal authorities if his identity were known. Occasionally there is unconscious humor in unsigned mis-sives. We recollect, for example, one in which its writer criticized the object of his attack for not coming into the open.

Regardless of the character of their contents, and regardless of the apparent mental state and attitude of those writing them, all anonymous letters suffer a common fate. They go into the waste basket. Indeed, they are seldom read, if the editor sees in advance that they are unsigned. It is entirely bootless to mail unsigned communications to any paper.

Those who have something to say that is worth saying, and have the courage of their convictions, should sign their names; others should not waste their time.

Scrambled Slogans

(Birmingham Eccentric)

Here is a nice parlor game. Have written on slips of paper certain advertising slogans. On another set of slips write the names of the various advertisers concerned. Mix each set in a hat or other receptacle and draw one slip from each and compare. Here are some of the results reported by a contemporary:

"Eventually, Why Not Now?"—National Funeral Directors' Association.

"Good to the Last Drop."—Haviland China.

"Has the Strength of Gibraltar."—Brookfield Butter.

"Hams What Ham."—Famous-Lasky Players.

"The Danger Line."—Pennsylvania Railroad.

"The Flavor Lasts."—Squibb's Tasteless Castor Oil.

Nearby and Yonder....

by T. T. MAXEY

Dead Letters

THE receipt of unbelievably large numbers of letters addressed to individuals and concerns which could not be located at the address given and could not be returned to the writers because no return address was given, led the Post Office department, as far back as 1825, to establish a dead-letter office in Washington for the purpose of working out a proper disposition of such mail. Incidentally, the large amount of money found in unclaimed letters likewise led to the establishment of our present postal money order system in 1894.

But the flood of undeliverable letters continued to increase at an alarming rate and the establishment of the parcels post made matters worse so that several branch offices had to be opened.

Undeliverable letters are opened and destroyed unless they contain something of value or information making their return to the writers possible. Those containing anything of obvious value are held for one year awaiting claim, after which time, if unclaimed, the contents become government property. Letters carrying name and address of sender are returned. Undeliverable parcels are held for a time and finally disposed of at public auction.

During a recent year, the postmaster general reported the disposition of 24,000,000 undeliverable letters; 3,952,074 being delivered, 19,510,020 destroyed, 80,027 filed awaiting claim, 244,077 "under treatment" and 835,570 unclaimed parcels, of which 151,408 were delivered, 65,582 destroyed and the balance to be finally disposed of at auction.

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