

The Farmington Enterprise

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Editorials

Clipped From Other Publications

War Doesn't Work

(Emporia, Kan. Gazette)

As the world is becoming more and more industrialized, peace is becoming more inevitable. War doesn't pay. Either wars must stop or industrial civilization must disintegrate. The world cannot survive as it is organized today with war a worm in its vitals. The preparation for war costs too much. War is entirely destructive and the aftermath of war is worse than war.

These reflections arise upon reading about an embassy of business men from Canada, to the Orient. They want to sell a half dozen million bushels of wheat to China. It is now proposed to call together a half a dozen of the powerful war lords of China and make them understand that the country and its people would be better off if the Chinese armies were turned into industrial units carrying on public works. They will be told that if this is done and a semblance of peace is attained Great Britain and the United States will be ready to endorse a substantial loan to China which would enable that country to open up its far provinces with good roads and railroads, and so prevent famines. Famines occur in the Orient, not because there is not enough food, but because it cannot be distributed; that is, because there are no roads.

But before this loan is agreed to China must turn her armies into industrial units returning to the ideals of peace.

Million Dollar Legal Fees

(Mt. Clemens Leader)

The million dollar fee in a lawsuit is something that always jabs the attention of the ordinary citizen. It seems rather high. It makes one wonder just how great a man's legal attainments must be to make such a fee proper. It probably leads a number of young men to night law school.

A few days ago it was announced that fees "of a least \$1,000, 000" for their services in 14 years of litigation about oil patents were being asked by ex-Senator James A. Reed and Charles W. German of Kansas City, lawyers.

Sometime before that there was another equally large fee up for discussion in the newspapers. Farther back in the past there have been other such fees. They are not unheard of, although of course the average lawyer dreams hungrily of them but never gets them.

The man in the street, probably is moved by such news items to remark, peevishly, "No lawyer on earth is worth that much money." But the interesting point is that that complaint is justified. Some lawyers are worth every cent of a million dollars for their work and in certain involved cases, and that is one of the most illuminating bits of evidence concerning our legal system that you could ever ask for.

Legal procedure has grown extraordinarily complicated during the last few generations. It isn't anybody's fault, and the remedy, if there is one—isn't on the horizon just at its moment. That cumbersome edifice called, The Law gets new accretions from each generation. It is filled with mazes and hidden passageways. It has more subtleties than an oriental system of philosophy.

As a result, the ordinary man, when he bumps his head into it is lost. What seems a fairly clear problem in everyday life grows devious and baffling when it gets into court; and what is actually complicated to begin with takes on the proportions of an in-

soluble puzzle, devised by implish gods to plague helpless mortals, when it becomes a legal question. This is not the fault of the present-day lawyers. They did not invent the system. It existed before they tried their first cases, and sometimes it seems beyond human influence. Most lawyers, probably would give a good deal to see the system simplified.

Nevertheless the system is a drag on our economic and social life. The mere fact that our method of settling disputes between man and man has grown so complicated that a lawyer can honestly earn \$1,000.00 for his part in such a settlement is ample proof that we need a rather thorough revision of the whole procedure.

Peoples' Origins

(Royal Oak Tribune)

Many of our people, in considering the character of their neighbors are greatly influenced by the origins of such persons. They remark that such and such a person can not be expected to accomplish much, because he or she comes from a humble or obscure family.

This way of judging people is particularly evident in the smaller towns, where the circumstances of one's neighbors are known. If a family lived in unprepossessing circumstances, or if a young person had undesirable parents, people would say that nothing could be expected from such a family.

A homely proverb says "You can never tell by the looks of a cat how far he will jump." It often happens that a person's achievement is out of line according to what his family has done. Many boys from very fine families prove disappointing or disappointing. And many who come from seemingly undesirable families, yet make a name for themselves.

You can never tell what is in a poor girl or boy. Those with unfavorable parentage may yet inherit the traits of some fine ancestor farther back. The scholarship of Michigan give much encouragement to young people of poor surroundings. The pupils read and study about famous people who rose out of environments just as discouraging as theirs.

Also they constantly read about famous business men or statesmen who came from humble homes, and worked their way up by their own efforts. Half the successful men of America are of that type. Never say again therefore that boys and girls can not rise because of their surroundings. They may be acquiring just the grit and persistence in those surroundings that will carry them far.

Ask The Bean-Growers

(Capper's Weekly)

California, despite its fruit, is really a great bean state.

Linna bean growers' not long ago spent \$170,000 in advertising to move their crop.

And it moved.

If you have any doubt of the power of newspaper advertising ask the bean growers of California.

Go from beans all up and down the line. Production in the United States takes on new figures of enormity.

And advertising takes on greater importance if the "crop" is going to be moved.

Ursula Bitter, 9 years old, was awarded first prize in the cooking contest for children held in Berlin.

Baking Powder Girl Couldn't Cook

By SIDNEY BLAIR

(By the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

THE man who said New York's a town of strangers was right," Neal Fuller told himself as he rode down Fifth avenue. "It's the loneliest place in the world—me for San Francisco the minute my wife's gone."

Neal was hungry, but he hated the thought of another lonely dinner in a strange restaurant. He decided to get something at a delicatessen and take it back to his hotel. That would be better than eating where he could see other people dining with each other.

He turned down a cross street near Washington Square and went to Sixth avenue. Just ahead of him was a girl with a Pekinese puppy. She turned into a delicatessen store, and he followed.

"Probably going to get some cold ham and potato salad for her husband's supper!" he thought disgustedly.

When the pretty girl with the dog was waiting on, she bought—baking powder.

"Great Jerusalem, she must be going to bake!" thought Neal, and envied the man she was going to take it for. He was absorbed in his thoughts that he didn't even notice what was happening till suddenly he realized that the Pekie had his leash neatly wound around Neal's legs.

The girl apologized and together they unwound the leash. She dropped the baking powder, too; it hadn't been wrapped yet, and somehow (the lid came off, dropping Neal with the white contents of the can).

"Oh, how dreadful!" The girl's lovely face turned puffy then ever. "How terrible! I—oh, didn't I do something about it? I live just a few doors from here—I would come home with me. I'm sure mother could get it out."

Neal's dark blue trousers were smeared white; it really seemed the only thing to do.

Back to her apartment they went, a charming little place high in a great apartment building. He met Mrs. Lane, the pretty girl's mother, and he and Felicia—the pretty girl—looked out of the big window at the roofs of the city and its curving bridges, while Mrs. Lane got dinner. He shared it with them.

After dinner they went to the "movies." Two days later, Sunday, they picked up the Falklands. Neal swore that he'd never tasted such good sandwiches served in a scooped-out cabbage.

Neal no longer thought of New York as a lonely city. Sunday it had become the friendliest city in the world—except San Francisco, of course. There were many delightful little meals at the Lanes' apartment, many dinners at the big restaurants where Neal entertained them, lonely places no longer.

"I was shocked out of my shoes that day I met you, when you bought baking powder," Neal told Felicia, one afternoon. "I'd been watching the other women who were scrambling dinner together out of the shelves of tinned goods, and I'd about decided that there were any woman in New York who could cook."

A few days later Felicia appeared with a bandaged hand. She'd hit it with a hammer, she said, when she was putting up up pictures. A little later the other hand, showed a long, red scar. Burned, she explained—she'd been using a curling iron, and it had slipped and burned her.

"Did I thought your hair was naturally curly," protested Neal.

"It—it is!" stammered Felicia.

She looked unhappy, somehow; her blue eyes, where gaily usually danced, grew sad. Neal wondered what was the reason. He'd come to feel that he wanted to protect her from the world. He tried hard to find out what was the matter, but Felicia wouldn't tell. She said the Pekie hadn't been well and she was worried about him.

"I always thought, till I knew you, that a woman who likes little dogs was rather a fool," Neal told her apologetically. "It seemed so silly for them to waste their time with lap dogs when they might better be taking care of children."

"I think," she said, "big dogs, she answered, with spirit. "And you can't take care of children when you haven't any to take care of."

"Felicia, will you marry me?" Neal demanded suddenly. "I've loved you ever since that first day, three months ago. Please, Felicia, dear, marry me."

"No," said Felicia. "And there were tears in her eyes when she said it."

Neal took her by the shoulders and turned her around so that she had to face him. "Why not?" he demanded.

"Because I can't cook," she answered, and the tears overflowed. "I've tried my best since you said I was ought to know how. I've burned myself terribly. I don't know a thing about cooking, and I don't believe I ever will."

"Great Jerusalem!" exclaimed Neal, taking her in his arms. "As if a little thing like that mattered!"

CHURCHES

St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Clarenceville (At Switzer Road) Rev. Paul Graubner, Pastor

Our Lady of Sorrows Church Rev. James A. Culhane, Pastor Sunday masses at 8:30 a. m. and 11 a. m. Daily mass at 8:00.

Evangelical Church Rev. A. A. Schone, Pastor

4th Sunday after Trinity Sunday School 9:30. German Service 10:30.

Ladies Aid Wednesday afternoon. Evangelical League Wednesday evening.

Baptist Church Rev. E. W. Palmer, Pastor

10:30. The pastor will preach another message on the Holy Spirit. The subject will be, "The Witness of the Spirit."

11:45. Bible School. We are happy to announce that each week we are growing. Come and visit us on Sunday.

6:30 Young People's Hour with a timely subject.

7:30 This will be the last evening service held in the church until fall. The sermon will be "Surely I Come Quickly," There will be a baptismal service after the message.

The annual Bible School picnic will be held this week Saturday at Island Lake. We will leave from the church at 9:30 sharp and go together. Each car will have a marker on the windshield. All drivers are asked to come to the church and help transport the children.

Things in on the noon day service over WJBK each day at 12:30

Methodist Church Rev. F. C. Johnson, Pastor

Next Sunday morning at 10:00 Communion will be observed. Every one who desires the Spiritual uplift of this fellowship is invited to take part in the service. A short sermon will be given by the minister.

Sunday evening at 7:30 the regular service will be held. The theme of the message will be "Know and Known." We invite you to use these Sunday evening services, as a fitting place to bring your Sunday visitors. They will be glad they have come and your entertainment will be complete.

Fellowship service every Wednesday evening at 7:30. A helpful service for all.

West Point Park Presbyterian Church Rev. John Adams, Pastor 22333 Grand River, Redford

10:30 A. M. Sunday School. 11:30 A. M. Morning worship. 6:30 P. M. Wednesday pot luck supper with regular meeting of the elders, church board, and Sunday school board.

Clarenceville M. E. Church Rev. Robert Richards

Sunday Morning 11 a. m., Baptismal service. 11:30, Children's Program.

Universalist Church Dr. Frank D. Adams, Pastor

Subject for Sunday at 3 p. m. "Russia: A challenge or a Menace?"

This service will be the last until the summer vacation period. Meetings will be resumed in September.

Take Precautions To Make Bathing Safe

Lansing—Inspected water, life guards, roped off dangerous areas and regularly cleaned beaches. Those are some of the ways the state protects the hundreds of thousands who use the bathing beaches at this state parks.

By using those simple precautions the number of accidents at the parks beaches has been kept unusually low despite the fact that those beaches are used by millions of people annually.

The cooperation of the State Department of Health has been asked by the Parks Division of the Conservation Department in inspecting water at the beaches of all state parks, to make certain that the water and beach are in a sanitary condition. If it should be found that conditions at any particular beach are injurious to health, the beach will be immediately closed until the conditions are remedied.

STATE WOMEN TO MEET FOR ANNUAL VACATION East Lansing—The annual Farm Women's Week at Michigan State College, which has come to be accepted by hundreds of women as their annual vacation, is scheduled this year for July 25 to 31.

The committee in charge of the week's program have planned to utilize every hour of this time and as the week concludes Friday, which is the date for Summer Farmers Day, husbands who have become discouraged with their efforts to conduct a household without expert supervision can visit the College and attempt to persuade their wives that their place is at home.

And now Mr. Hoover might appoint a commission to find out what his fact-minded commissions do with the facts they find—Judge.

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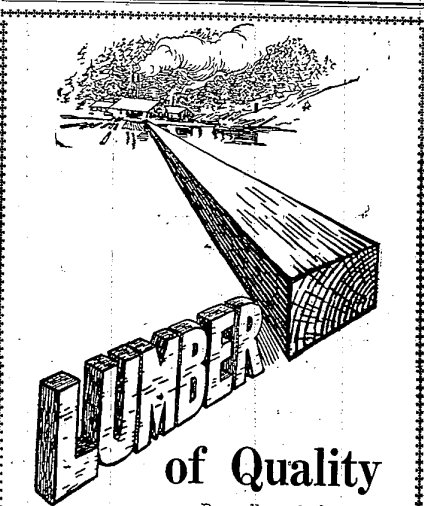
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