

The Farmington Enterprise

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Editor and Publisher



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Editorials

Clipped From Other Publications

By The People

(Grand Rapids Press)

Government by the people appears to resolve itself into government by half of the people by comparison of the presidential election vote with census bureau figures just released, showing nearly seventy-three millions of voting age in the United States.

The 1928 presidential campaign, the most intense in a decade, brought out a vote of about 36,879,000. Granting there was a slight increase, only a little more than half of those of voting age exercised their franchise.

If we count out those unable to vote because of infirmities, those not yet naturalized and those so isolated that they could not reach the polls, there still would be probably twenty-five million who did not vote and who had no excuse for not doing so.

In 1920 there were nearly sixty-one million of voting age, while the presidential election of that year brought out a popular vote of 26,706,000. The 1928 vote therefore was comparatively better, but even the strong issues of that campaign failed to bring the numbers up to a favorable point.

One of the reasons for ballot box delinquency is the failure of women to take immediate advantage of their franchise. In 1916 before women gained the right to ballot the popular vote totaled about 18,500,000. If there was no increase in the number of men voting in 1920 that still would leave the women's vote for that year at eight million. It is reasonable to suppose men still outnumber women at the polls by a wide margin, figuring merely on the basis of comparative increases.

A gradually increasing tendency on the part of women to exercise the right is evident, however, and this probably will be more fully reflected in the 1932 balloting. The census figures show slightly more than thirty-seven million men and slightly less than thirty-six million women of voting age. If equal voting strength were manifest by both sexes the coming election probably would turn out better than forty-five millions.

But even that figure still would leave many millions who apparently do not care who leads the country.

National elections generally result in larger turnouts than usual. The figures in thousands of state and local elections reveal even less interest in governmental affairs and less government by all the people.

To Run A Newspaper

(Florida Publisher)

To run a newspaper all a fellow has to do is to be able to write poems, discuss the tariff and money questions, umpire a baseball game, report a wedding, saw wood, describe a fire so that the readers will shed their wraps, make \$1 do the work of \$10, shine at a dance, measure calves, abuse the liquor habit, test whiskey, subscribe to charity, go without meals, attack free silver, wear diamonds, invent advertisements, sneer at snobbery, overlook scandal, appraise babies, delight potato raisers, minister to the afflicted, heal the disgruntled, fight to a finish, set type, mold public opinion, sweep out the office, speak at prayer meeting and stand in with everybody and everything.

If Governor Huey Long wants to cut down the cotton crop next year why doesn't he import an army of those trained Dakota grasshoppers?

Prophets

(Ionia County News)

We cannot think of anything quite so foolish as trying to predict what will happen next. There has arisen an unusually large crop of prophets in the past two years, some predicting a speedy return of prosperity, others telling us that we are in for many years more of hard times.

We have our own opinions as to what is going to happen, but we try to keep them to ourselves. When it comes to predicting facts, we are sure only of a very few things.

We predict, for example, that there will be a lot more cold weather than warm weather between now and Spring. We feel reasonably safe on that point. We predict that there will be either a Democrat or a Republican elected to the Presidency next year, and we don't believe anybody can hit it any closer than that, as politics look now. We won't take chance on predicting whether Henry Ford is going to bring out a new car for 1932 or not, but we feel safe in prophesying that if he does he'll sell a lot of them. We know we knew whether the price of wheat and cotton were going up or down. We don't, but we predict that, whatever way farm prices go, the political farmers will still be asking Uncle Sam to help them out. There are a few other things still in the future of which we are certain. Water will continue to run down hill, the sun will rise daily in the East as usual, and there will be just about as many fools on wheels breaking their own necks and others' next year as there were this year.

We can't tell whether women are going to wear their hair and their skirts long or short, but we feel certain that whatever any man says they are going to do, they'll do the opposite.

Outside of a few certainties like that, because upon the unchangeable laws of nature, human and otherwise, we don't set up to be any kind of prophet. But we do predict that almost everything will be different next year and succeeding years from what they are today.

It would be a pretty dull world, seems to us, if anybody could tell what is going to happen next. What makes life interesting is the variety there is in it.

Sound Logic

(Utica Sentinel)

Of all the proposed measures that have been put forward to relieve us from a wholesale resort to the dole this winter, nothing appeals to us like that of Prof. P. A. Herbert, of the state college. He urges that we employ able-bodied men, recipients of public relief, in replanting Michigan's waste lands. To do so would avoid a lot of objectionable competition, both in industry and agriculture. It would not work to the production of more food when foods bring low profits; nor would it take work away from men already employed. On the other hand, it would help supply a tremendous and growing civic need—namely, more timber resources within the state. The land is not good for much of anything else, but in time if properly reforested will supply a magnificent growth of such trees as our fathers so lavishly dissipated. It would be healthy work, and best done when most needed—in cold weather. We fail to see anything but the soundest logic in the professor's idea.

When a radio announcer tells you something you can't tell whether he is laughing or not.

CHURCHES

Methodist Church
Rev. F. C. Johnson, Pastor

Are you attending the lectures on Applied Christianity given every Wednesday at 8:30 by the Pastor? Prayer service is held from 7:30 to 8:15 each Wednesday evening also to which we cordially invite you. "The Reach of Prayer" will be the lecture theme for next Wednesday evening.

See it that your child attends Sunday School at 12 noon. We have very interesting classes for all ages, adults included.

Our Young People's club holds challenging meetings and discussions each Sunday at 6:30. We invite all young people to attend.

Next Sunday Rev. Johnson will preach on "Salvation Thru Faith or Fear" in the morning, "Kept and Hidden" will be the third in the evening series of "Men who Have Won." We cordially invite you.

Presbyterian M. E. Church
Rev. Robert Richards

Baptist Church
Rev. W. Palmer, Pastor

10:30 Morning service with Junior and Adult messages.
11:45 Bible school, we have reached the 150 goal, now let us reach 175.

6:30 Young People's Hour. All young people will find this hour worth while.

7:30 Evangelistic service. Last Sunday night our auditorium was packed. This is a church with a great evening service. This week the Pastor will speak on, "Who Is The Son Of Man?" We will have special musical numbers during the song service.

Evangelical Church
Rev. A. A. Scholze, Pastor

English Worship 10:15.
Subject: Some of the Crowns of Christ.

Sunday School 11:30.
Young men's club meets at church hall Monday night 7:30.
Mr. R. Burns, principal of High School, will give an address.

The Sewing Group of the Evangelical church will meet at the home Mrs. Mary Maas Wednesday October 21 (Post Luck).

A special congregational meeting will be held Wednesday October 21. All members are urged to attend this important meeting.

Friday and Saturday October 23 and 24 are designated as "Orphans' Days" and gifts for the home as produce, fruit, canned goods will be received at that time.

The West Detroit Regional Conference will be held at St. Peter's church, Lawndale Ave., October 20 and 21. Every church organization is entitled to one delegate.

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

Divine Services 10:15.
Sunday School 11:30.

The first and third Sundays of the month the services are conducted in the German language. All other services are English.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church
Rev. James A. Callahan, Pastor

Sunday masses at 8:30 a. m. and 11 a. m.
Daily mass at 8:00.

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

10:30 Sunday School.
11:30 Morning Service.

City Banned Theaters

During Shakespeare's life the Puritan authorities of London allowed no playhouse to exist within their jurisdiction. All the theaters of the metropolis were built outside the city limits.

Small Island's History

The Isle of Man was under Norwegian, Scottish, and then English rule until, in Henry IV's time, it was bestowed upon the Stanley family—the earls of Derby, says an article in the Montreal Family Herald. It was bought by the crown a century ago for just under \$500,000 (about \$2,500,000). The island still has its own laws and customs, the governor, consisting of two branches—the governor and council, and the house of keys.

Virtue's True Meaning

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good.—Butler.

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

Unsolved Riddles That Still Puzzle Authorities Here and Abroad

The Vanished Editor

BORN of a family remarkable for its learning—his father being professor of languages in a number of colleges and his mother an author of more than ordinary note—it was not strange that Samuel Stillman Conant should choose literature as his life work and that he should, shortly after his return from Heidelberg, have been appointed editor of Harper's Weekly.

As the years passed, Conant's future appeared to grow more and more bright. Married to a woman who was congenial in the extreme, with a son who was rapidly approaching manhood and the position of editor of one of the leading periodicals in the country, no cloud seemed to threaten the financial, business, or marital sky so far as the Conants were concerned. But, suddenly, with the swiftness of the proverbial bolt from the blue, came a strange occurrence which forty-five years have failed to explain.

On the evening of Thursday, January 15, 1855, Mr. Conant visited the Authors' club in New York, chatted with a number of persons present and appeared to be in the best of health and spirits. To several of them he mentioned the fact that he intended to spend the weekend to Albany, N. Y., with an editor who he desired to see and he was going to take his son with him. The following morning, Friday, he arose as usual, told his son to be ready to leave late that afternoon, and went down to his office, where he superintended the final makeup of the next week's issue. Then, with a cheery "Good-night—I'll see you Monday afternoon," Conant stepped out of the front door of the office—and vanished!

As the hours passed and no word was received from him at home, Mrs. Conant began to be alarmed. Early since her husband had always been careful to advise her of any alteration in his plans. But even the police were unable to discover anything until the following Wednesday, when a man entered a pawnshop at Coney Island, and borrowed \$5 on a watch which young Conant later identified as belonging to his father, and also called attention to the fact that the description of the man who had pawned the jewelry tallied very closely with that of the missing editor himself. The receipt for the loan was signed with the name "T. P. Stevens"—a circumstance which was considered of extreme importance, since "T. P." were the initials of Conant's son and "Stevens" was Mrs. Conant's maiden name.

The only information obtainable, however, was that the man who had pawned the watch had spent the previous night upon the bench at Coney Island and had made friends with a storekeeper nearby, who had invited him to supper on the following evening. After the meal was over the man had chatted for about an hour and then, with the statement that he was Samuel Stillman Conant, editor of Harper's Weekly and that he had to catch the seven o'clock train for Brooklyn, he had vanished again into the night.

This, of course, changed the entire working plan of the police who, up to this time, had been proceeding along the theory that Conant had been murdered. But, even with the clues at hand, they were unable to find a further trace of the missing editor.

About a week later, one of Conant's friends, a man who had known him for years and who was certain of his identification, reported that he had seen the editor coming out of a hotel in Fulton street, Brooklyn, and that, when he had attempted to detain him, the other had broken away with the curt exclamation:

"Don't you see I'm in a hurry? Besides, the whole thing is nobody's business!"

Private detectives were immediately turned loose on this new clue but they, like the police, succeeded in discovering nothing save that a man who answered to Conant's description had spent the previous night or two at a hotel in Long Island city—leaving there only an hour before the detectives arrived. That was the last that was ever heard of Conant, though wild reports that he had been located continued to come in from various parts of the country for years after. Samuel Stillman Conant, however, had disappeared—completely and entirely—and his name occupies a prominent place on the "Book of the Missing," alongside those of Dorothy Arnold, Charles Ross, Dorsey Foutz and other whose whereabouts are still a mystery.

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Varied "Horse Talk"

I have received enough letters on "horse language" to fill these columns and have plenty to spare. "Ge" and "Haw" I am told are in use in the United States and Canada, while in North Wales "Moth" is employed instead of "Haw" or "Hauve."

An Essex reader says that Norfolk drivers still use the order "steep right" "steep left" with "woosh" or "worst" for "right," and another correspondent, who writes on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, tells me that barrowmen call "wheet" when the team is to turn to the right and "cookey" or "coopey" to the left.—London Morning Post.

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