

TO THE VOTERS OF THE CITY OF FARMINGTON:

You are hereby notified that at the Biennial Spring Election to be held on Monday, April 3, 1939, the following proposed amendments to the constitution will be submitted to the electors of the City:

Proposed amendment to Article VII of the Constitution relative to providing for the non-partisan election of Justices of the Supreme Court, Circuit Judges, Judges of Probate, and Circuit Court Commissioners.

Proposed amendment to Section 21 of Article VII of the Constitution relative to authorizing the vesting in Circuit Court Commissioners of like judicial powers as are exercised by Justices of the Peace.

HARRY MOORE, City Clerk.

"LICENSE PLATES" FOR ALL HUNTERS BEING PROPOSED

Members of the conservation commission and the conservation department are attempting to secure public reaction concerning the proposed license tags for small game hunters and for trespassers.

Urged primarily as a means for coping with the hunter trespass problem by providing a quick means of identification at all times, the proposed measure has provoked little response from the public as yet. The matter has been discussed by the conservation commission at both February and March meetings but action has been deferred until more adequate and more representative public response to the measure could be obtained.

Farmers for some years have protested against trespass by hunters who have invaded farm lands without permission from the owners. The tags would provide a means of identifying individuals, according to proponents of the measure, and would make it easier to prosecute violators under the Horton trespass act. It is also pointed out that enforcement of the act would be aided since the tagging hunters could be used to identify trespassers.

Principal objections raised to the measure are the cost, about \$12.00 of the tags; the inconvenience of changing tags from warm-weather clothing to cold weather dress; the additional work for license dealers; the difficulty of obtaining immediate identification of hunters through the license number; because of the large number of licenses sold and the possibility of a trend toward enforcement of the Horton Trespass act by the department, since farm owners might report trespassers with the license number.

Even as he spoke the stars squeaked and groaned under a somewhat more measured if equally hurried tread, which halted before the door of Joe's cheap little third-floor bedroom, paused for the briefest of moments, and continuing in revealed a man and a girl.

The man was obviously harmless enough, and the girl was pretty, in a natural, pleasing sort of way. "Who is this person?" she demanded.

Joe turned back in puzzled grimace to his first hasty visitor. "Who am I? Why, I'm his wife, of course. Or at least I will be by next week, won't I, dear?"

With a hard gleam in her eye she whistled on Joe. "This is the stall, is it? You leave me left, to take up with a—"

"Hold nothing. You cry about not being able to do your foot scribbling while I am, so you can scribble off here to bed—write stories. Well, this is the end. You see the situation, Tom? I'm ashamed to have my own brother see what a fool I was to think my boy friend was shooting square with me."

Through this tirade, and after the visitors had slammed the door after them, Joe could not help noting the speed, even a mystery to the male, with which the cause of all this turmoil had contrived to pull herself together.

"Well, Miss—"

"The name is Nellie: Jane Nellie."

"Miss Nellie. Whatever your original trouble may have been, you've certainly managed to load me up with plenty of it."

"How's that? You heard the speech from our recent guest? Who do you think that was, my Fairy Godmother?"

"I gathered she was your girl friend."

"Good gathering. Did you also gather that she was all out of sorts? That she was wicked? And why?"

"Do you care so much, Joe?"

Joe positively jumped.

"Care? Why, dammit, of course I—whether I care or not, just what the devil is it to you, and who are you?"

JOE GRANT'S ROMANCE

By CHARLES M. DODGE
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

A BAD traffic jam below Joe Grant's solitary window interfered with the fortunes and misfortunes of Scattered Scamion, in the gang-stair case he was writing.

Joe dropped his pencil, leaving Scattered with two imaginary but very persistent cops after him, and idly filled his pipe as he watched two very real ones slowly straighten out the tangle in the noisy street.

"Plenty of atmosphere here for a gang story, eh Jerry?" he remarked to the little dog sprawled comfortably across the middle of the bed.

"Nothing like good noisy solitude for inspiration, and I guess nobody'll ever bother ours here."

But Jerry only grunted, and Joe, pipe well under way, picked up his pencil again and resumed writing:

"No more 'time,' snarled Scamion. 'I'd be OK with 'th' bulls right now but 'S'ade. I've got 'em th' slip this time, an' I'm from now on I pay all alone, wif' no—wot 't' ell's that?'"

Hurried footsteps suddenly pounded up the long stairs outside, and a very disheveled young lady burst into Joe Grant's tenement room in a state of disorder, hand currency or breath.

"Listen, you—there's after me, and coming fast. No time to explain now, I'm telling you all about it later. I'm going to sit here, and you pass me off as your wife, see?"

"But wait a minute! I've already said—"

Even as he spoke the stars squeaked and groaned under a somewhat more measured if equally hurried tread, which halted before the door of Joe's cheap little third-floor bedroom, paused for the briefest of moments, and continuing in revealed a man and a girl.

The man was obviously harmless enough, and the girl was pretty, in a natural, pleasing sort of way. "Who is this person?" she demanded.

Joe turned back in puzzled grimace to his first hasty visitor. "Who am I? Why, I'm his wife, of course. Or at least I will be by next week, won't I, dear?"

With a hard gleam in her eye she whistled on Joe. "This is the stall, is it? You leave me left, to take up with a—"

"Hold nothing. You cry about not being able to do your foot scribbling while I am, so you can scribble off here to bed—write stories. Well, this is the end. You see the situation, Tom? I'm ashamed to have my own brother see what a fool I was to think my boy friend was shooting square with me."

Through this tirade, and after the visitors had slammed the door after them, Joe could not help noting the speed, even a mystery to the male, with which the cause of all this turmoil had contrived to pull herself together.

"Well, Miss—"

"The name is Nellie: Jane Nellie."

Probably you'll always have me for breaking up your romance—if you want to call it that. But please don't think too hard of me."

"What do you care what I think?"

"Well, you see, it just happens that I do—"

"What? Come back here—"

But the door clicked softly shut, and Joe could hear her light footsteps trip down the stairs before he could call her back again.

He returned to friend Scattered, his mind in a whirl. Idly he picked up his pencil—

—a very disheveled young lady burst into his tenement room, into his house, perhaps, or had her key in his mind, where she filled every thought: she was so lovely—

Joe threw his pencil across the room, to Jerry's profound disgust, above whose head it hit the wall, and then he turned to the door and burst into the hallway.

"Excuse me, Jerry," Joe apologized. "Confound it all, you'd be upset too, if you were me. A perfect stranger comes along and tells me of my—of Sally. Why can't I feel all broken up over it? What if her nose was all that wrinkled? Or her hair, or her eyes, or her smile? Why should I care if her gray eyes shine so wonderfully, when she talks to me? Oh, go back to sleep, you little hump; you're no help to me at all."

Two weeks later Tony, who served the busy part of the little restaurant, found the narrow street "Four Steps Down. Four Steps In. Four Courses For Four Bells." about scratching his head over the scrawls on the back of the menu which that laughing couple had left behind. They'd evidently had endless entertainment from it, but how? In one hand-writing it read:

burst into his life, into his heart, into his mind, where she filled every thought—

And in a more feminine hand—

—burst into a song, into a laugh, into a smile, into a—

Heaven itself just because he says he loves her—

Crazy folks—

Up in Joe's room Jerry was thinking much the same thing as he sleepily watched Joe and Jane, looking into each other's eyes.

Turtles Have Pacifists, Warriors in Their Ranks

That small turtle on your back porch pointed blue and lettered "Snow White" across its back may seem a trifle pit to you, but to Karl P. Schmidt, curator of reptiles at the Field Museum, the turtle represents one of two opposing trends of evolution.

Schmidt compares the development of pacifist and militarist of the human race with that of turtles having similar characteristics in an article in the Field Museum News.

No timely lesson can be drawn, however, he states, since among the turtles both the peaceful and the warlike species have attained a measure of success in life, having somehow avoided the pitfall of conflict with each other.

The turtles with hard protective shells, he points out, can be drawn, with enemies, has been on passive defense.

Schmidt tells of the devices evolved by the peaceful turtle for more complete closure of the shell, and of the armored surfaces. American box turtles have been exceptionally resourceful in covering exposed parts with serviceable armor, he says.

Turtles of the Galapagos islands are described as proof of the importance of environment in evolution, for there the turtle has no effective enemies and his bony shell is of paper thinness.

In the typical American family of snapping turtles the familiar military axiom that offense is the best defense has been adopted, he concludes, and with this has come an enlargement of the limbs and tail, powerful jaws, active habits and an aggressive disposition.

The snapping turtle squares away at the approaching enemy. It is clear in this case that the psychic characters are subject to evolution in the same way as is the body.

The "Cotton Kingdom"

Before the Civil war, cotton was the most important single article of commerce produced in the United States and the term "Cotton Kingdom" served to designate that fact. The region which was then known as the "Cotton Kingdom" extended a distance of more than 1,000 miles from South Carolina to the vicinity of San Antonio, Texas, and from north to south it varied from 200 miles in Carolina and Texas to 600 or 700 miles in the Mississippi valley. It comprised an area of about 400,000 square miles.

Hashish From Hemp Plant

Hashish is made of the hemp plant. From the Arabic word for "temperament," hashishin, comes our English term, assassin, says a writer in the Washington Post. Originally, assassins were members of a secret sect which terrorized the Orient for two centuries. It dragged its members with hashish, ordered them to kill. And they did, without slaying their own sons and fathers. Assassins lost their power, however, when Persia executed 12,000 of them at one time, in the Thirteenth century.

The magic eye of the X-ray is a sure way of determining whether the tuberculosis germ is setting up its deadly work within the body.

CHURCHES

All notices for this column must be in the enterprise office not later than Tuesday at noon.

Salem Evangelical Church
Rev. Carl H. Schultz, Pastor
Worship Service—10:30 A. M.
Sunday School—11:00 A. M.

Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Delmore Stubbs, Pastor
Morning Worship at 10:30.
Church School at 11:45.
Men's Forum at 12 noon.
Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. Teacher's Training Class.

Thursday, 7:30 p. m. Adult Choir rehearsal.

CLARENCEVILLE M. E. CHURCH
Rev. W. J. Prisk, Pastor
Church Service, 10 a. m.
Sunday School, 11 a. m.
Epworth League, 6:30 p. m.
Evening Service, 7:30 p. m.
Thursday Evening, 7:30 p. m.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church
Rev. John J. Larkia, Pastor
Sunday masses at 7:30 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., and 12:00 p. m.
Benediction after 10:30 mass.
Daily masses at 7:30 a. m., and 9:00 a. m.

First Baptist Church
Gilbert A. Xiles, Pastor
Morning prayer meeting 10:15.
Morning worship 10:30.
Bible School 11:45.
B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m., for Juniors and Seniors.
Evening Evangelistic Service at 7:30.

The mid-week Fellowship meetings are held Wednesday evenings at 7:30.

Redford Gospel Tabernacle
18000 Lusher Road
Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
Pentecostal prayer and praise service, 11:00 a. m.
Evangelistic service, 7:45 p. m.
All are welcome regardless of circumstances.
100% Pentecost.

Community Church
West Point Park
Rev. O. J. Lyon, Pastor
10:00 Sunday School.
11:00 Preaching Service.

Eighth Church of Christ, Scientist
Grand River Ave. at Evergreen Rd.
Detroit, Michigan
"Reality" will be the subject of the Lesson Service in all Christian churches throughout the world on Sunday, March 26.

The Golden Text (Philippians 1:3) is "Whatever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Among the Bible citations is this passage (Psalm 115:1) "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth forever."

Correlative passages to be read from the Christian Science text-book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy, include the following (p. 278): "To grasp the reality and order being in reality, God as must begin by recognizing God as the divine Principle of all that really is."

Movie picture films about the size of a man's fingernails are being used to preserve many of the old-age insurance records of the Social Security Board, according to Walter D. Redman, manager of the Pontiac office of the Bureau of Old-Age Insurance. Mr. Redman explained that this plan to reproduce many permanent records of non-explosive film will make it possible to save space in storing the original records.

"Photographic duplicates of workers' applications for account numbers, also of the number of these workers, already have been made," Mr. Redman said. "The photographing of additional applications will be made as they are received. These film records are to be stored to fire-proof, metal containers and are read by throwing the picture on the screen."

Pointing to the advantages of the new plan Mr. Redman said it takes more than 40 times as much space to hold the original account numbers and number application forms as it does to store the film reproductions. With more than 42,500,000 applications for these forms already received, the importance of storing these permanent records in the smallest possible space will be readily understood, Mr. Redman concluded.

Michigan schools in the early eighties paid their teachers from four to fourteen dollars a month. Frequently a good part of their pay was taken in farm produce.

EVERY DAY LOW VALUES



Iona FLOUR	8 o'clock COFFEE	Daisy CHEESE
24 1/2 lb bag	lb bag	lb
55c	15c	17c

SAUERKRAUT, A & P, No. 2 1/2 can for	6c
PRUNES, A & P, 2 lb pkg	14c
SUPER SUDS, concentrated, lg, 2 pkgs	37c
KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES, lg pkg	11c
BLUE ROSE RICE, 3 lbs	10c
RED CROSS PAPER TOWELS, 2 Rolls	19c
PEANUT BUTTER, Sultana, 2 lb jar	23c

LUX or Lifebuoy SOAP	Nectar TEA MIXED	Ann. Page BEANS
cake 6c	1/2 lb 23c Ask about the contest	4 1-lb cans 23c ASSORTED
RINSO, sm, 9c, lg pkg		19c
LUX FLAKES, sm 10c, lg pkg		22c
SPRY, 1 lb 21c, 3 lb can		51c
SALAD DRESSING, Ann Page, qt jar		31c
SPARKLE GELATIN, Asst., 5 pkgs		19c
JELLY EGGS, lb bag		10c
SALADA TEA, Blue Label, Black, 1/2 lb		39c

Iona Corn-Peas Tomatoes	Wheaties 2 pkgs 21c	Whitehouse MILK
4 No. 2 cans	KORN KIX 2 for 23c	tall can 6c
27c		

WE REDEEM WELFARE ORDERS

A&P FOOD STORES

Yes, music is the Prophet's art. Among the gifts that God hath sent. One of the most magnificent! —Longfellow.

Charles Courtney, master locksmith of New-York City, has traveled as far as Bombay, India, and Moscow, Russia, to open "un-openable" safes and trunks.



Cooking Three-Meals-a-Day Can Be Fun With a Modern Gas Range

If you're using an old worn out range, cooking probably isn't much fun. Just put a modern gas range in your kitchen and see the difference! Cooking will be much faster, easier and take less of your time.

You'll Do a Better Job of Cooking At Less Cost!

FREE TRIAL So that you may try for yourself the many new advantages of a modern Gas Range. We will put one in your home on FREE TRIAL. No obligation whatsoever—Just ask us about our Free Trial offer.

Consumers Power Co.
23612 FARMINGTON ROAD PHONE 304

Pay by Check

★ **SAVE TIME**... It takes only a minute to write a check. How much is your time worth? Then how much is your checking account worth that saves your valuable time?

★ **SAVE MONEY**... You probably pay out more money each month in money order fees than it would cost you to pay by check. Also, your cancelled checks are receipts that save you from having to pay bills twice.

★ **SAVE EFFORT**... Why walk like a postman to pay bills when it is so easy to write and mail a check? If you will think it over we believe you will decide to open a checking account.

FARMINGTON STATE BANK
Farmington, Michigan

Read the Advertising in the Enterprise.

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by Vincent Sheean

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Smart as a sleek new car... colorful as a new spring frock, the "ALL-FICTION" MAGAZINE makes its bow to Sunday Free Press readers on March 26. And there's nothing else like it in Detroit—a 16-page section packed with top-notch fiction by famous authors—several times AS MUCH fiction as appears in any other Detroit Sunday newspaper. Get your copy Sunday, together with Screen & Radio Weekly and all the other exclusive Sunday Free Press features.

Read These Stories Sunday
"THIS WAS SANDRA" by Ellis Parker Butler
The first half of a \$2. novel.
"BETWEEN 6 AND 6" by Vicki Baum
"SANDY BOTTOM" by Ellis Parker Butler
"THE PIECES OF A FAN" by Vincent Sheean
"WESTERN THEME WITH VARIATIONS" by Gouverneur Morris

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