

The Farmington Enterprise
Established 1885 by Edgar R. Bloomer as "A Permanent Journal of Progress"
Published Thursday of each week and entered at the Post Office at Farmington, Oakland County, Michigan, as second-class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Phones: Farmington 25—Redford 1133

EDITORIALS

Not Too Fast With Prices

(Exchange)
Rises in prices or rumors of rises have become a familiar story to any woman who is doing much family shopping these days. Actually the rumors are more numerous than the facts, and it is interesting to note that the index for retail goods in the United States showed a slight decline for the week ended October 10, though still well above the prices before the war in Europe.
If the war continues to be fought cautiously it may be a long time before any sharp effects are felt in demands in American markets. Hence, while gradual increases may be normal in some commodities, apart from the war, there is concern among some economists that American industry go on record in piling up stocks of goods against a demand which may not develop as rapidly as expected. Even in wool, which may be accounted a war commodity, a manufacturers' spokesman testified the other day in a tariff hearing that stoppage of British peace-time orders has turned back a considerable volume of woolen textiles on American markets.
The movement of the Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production from 102 in August to 110 in September, however, is one of the sharpest rises on record. On a day-by-day representative American business have expressed themselves against any disposition to profiteer or to over-expand in short-lived war. This booster tendency is something for them to watch.

A Sensible "Embargo"

(Exchange)
"Embargo" and its meaning are now subjects of controversy in many circles. A usage of the word on which all may agree has just been found by the magazine Justice, organ of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. In the October 1 issue, the magazine employs as "fillers" in several columns these exhortations in small boldface type: "Embargo Bad Ideas," "Wrong Ideas Are More Deadly Than Poison Gas," "No Neutrality for Ignorance." The phrases, never more apt than today, might well have been printed at the head of the column instead of at the bottom.
Since the Justice does not specify what "wrong ideas" should be embargoed, the following are proposed as contraband on whose exclusion from human consciousness all probably would agree: totalitarianism, personal dictatorship, treaty, and pledge-breaking, racism, militarism, hatred, rancor, and the policy that the end justifies the means.

Who Said "Irrational"

(Christian Science Monitor)
Francis A. Pallotti, Attorney General of Connecticut, has come to the aid of beavers with a legal ruling that the industrious little animals have a right to build dams where they choose. If it becomes necessary, he adds, for the State to destroy one of these dams in order to protect a highway from flooding—and that was the question put to him—the law officer recommends that the beavers be removed without injury to animals favorable to their native activities.
All this is very fine. But unfortunately the good Mr. Pallotti, in a sort of obiter dicta, mud, has deeply offended the very animal he was befriending. "In the case of rational animals," he reasoned, "we know that individuals' rights are inferior to those of the State. Following this rule, we conclude that these animals belong to the State, and must also give way to the rights of the State," assuming fair compensation is given.
It is all in that word "rational." A beaver "irrational." You can imagine even so mild an animal as the beaver striking the mud with an infuriated "spat" of his useful fat tail. Just let one of these human beings who think they are so important try cutting down a tree with his teeth and making it fall where he wants it. Or let him design his home out of a subterranean entrance to his mud-masters and yet have it dry and comfortable inside throughout the long winter.

What of 1940 Olympics

(Exchange)
Americans interested in athletics are more than mildly concerned over the unrest along the borders of Finland. Despite the fact that only recently the International Olympic Committee was notified that the preparations for the 1940 Olympic Games were continuing without interruption, recent developments in Europe may have extinguished the last flickering hope of holding the historic competitions on schedule.
To the sports observer, cancellation of the Olympic Games would carry a note of tragedy. Finland for many years has been a power in the track and field events which bring together the cream of the athletic world. With a population under 4,000,000, she has produced some of history's great Olympians. The fact that London this period of waiting is lengthened—perhaps until the drums of war have ceased rolling.

Pet Balloons

(Christian Science Monitor)
It is strange how quickly people will make a pet of almost anything—barrage balloons for example. The fact that London this period of waiting is lengthened—perhaps until the drums of war have ceased rolling.
Barrage balloons are gentle creatures. People say that they are beautiful too. In the early morning and at sunset they glow rosy; after dark they are like elongated moons, a hundred lesser lights ruling the night. By day they are polished silver, poking their blunt noses into the wind and showing which way it is blowing.
Resolutely they maintain their positions, and then, as if by command, the whole collection comes down. At one moment the silver bodies are massed above the city, the next they are gone, and turning a corner the object, with inflated sides and deflated tail, resting unconcernedly. Passers-by often pause on the pavement to admire—and to think how remarkably well their own pet balloons are looking.

Ham and Egg Taxes

(Exchange)
Through release of a statement made at the White House press conference on August 26, 1938, all doubt has been removed as to the position of President Roosevelt on California's Thirty-Dollars-Every-Thursday plan. In this statement published in the Christian Science Monitor October 12, Mr. Roosevelt went to the heart of the so-called ham-and-egg proposal. He said plainly that the plan involved a transactions tax since approximately \$1,000,000,000 a year is required to pay \$30 every Thursday to an estimated 600,000 citizens over fifty years of age would have to come from the two-cent stamp applied once a week to the war rations.
Of course, there might be transactions within a week in which no tax would be paid but the President is definitely right in saying that a transactions tax is involved. For no one would pay the weekly tax on the warrants except to get business. And, if anyone took a \$1 warrant and held it a week he would in effect offer a 2 per cent discount or pay a 2 per cent tax on his transaction.
Advocates of the plan say the tax would come out of new or extra business. But what assurance is there that such transactions would be extra or new business. Could a grocer say, I will accept warrants from new customers or for sales above the usual amount I sell to old customers, but I will not accept them for debts and for the usual run of business? Would not the warrants—taxed as they are—be a new business out of which \$1,000,000,000 could be obtained for warrant stamps in an assumption. And when it is understood that \$1,000,000,000 is one-quarter of California's annual income it may be seen that Thirty-Dollars-Every-Thursday may mean for the people of the State, not only a transactions tax, but as President Roosevelt said: "A 25 per cent income tax on everybody."

CHURCHES

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

Salem Evangelical Church
Church and Sunday School combined, beginning at 10:00 a. m. Sunday, October 22, due to absence of minister.

Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Delmore Storch, Pastor
Morning worship at 10:30.
Church school 12 noon.
Choir practice Thursday evening.

A nursery, properly supervised by the Parents attending the morning worship service may leave their children in the care of competent persons.

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

Our Lady of Sorrows Church
Rev. John J. Larkin, Pastor
Sunday masses at 7:00 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., and 12:00 p. m. Benediction after 10:30 mass. Daily masses at 7:30 a. m. and 8:00 a. m.

First Baptist Church
Gilbert A. Mills, 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 evening at 7:30.

Redford Gospel Tabernacle
18000 Lasher 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.

Farmington Gospel Assembly
Universalist Church
Arthur Campbell, in charge
Opening services, Sunday, Jun 4.

Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.
Morning Worship, 11:30 a. m.
People's meeting, Wednesday, 7:45 p. m.

Eighth Church of Christ, Scientist
Grand River Ave. at Rivergreen Rd. Detroit, Mich.

"Everlasting Punishment" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Christian Science Churches throughout the world on Sunday, October 29, 1939.

The Golden Text (Ezekiel 18:31) is: "Cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

Among the Bible citations in this passage (Proverbs 28:13): "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

Correlative passages to be read from the Christian Science Textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy, include the following (p. 22): "Justice requires reformation of the sinner. Mercy cancels the debt only when justice approves."

4-H COMPETES AT FAIR

Six Michigan youths are in competition with teams from 25 other states in dairy contests at the Golden Gate Exposition at San Francisco. Four in 4-H club work comprise a dairy judging team. Members are Robert McGee, from McBrides in Montcalm county, Dale Snowden, Tustin in Oscoda county, Raymond Hansen, Wallace in Menominee county, and Charles Wilson, Afton in Cheboygan county. Two others, Lawrence Ecklund and Clare McHugh, Charlevoix, comprise a team in dairy demonstration. The group is accompanied by the newly Pearson of the Michigan State College 4-H club department, are being paid by the Michigan State Fair management and by Michigan dairy interests. Before the group left Michigan the youths practiced on outstanding herds in the state. Farms included the Lamb farm at Hillsdale, Cramer Farms at Farmington, Ionia State Hospital and State Reformatory at Ionia, the Ray Parker farm at Saranac, the Oaklands at Ann Arbor, the Cochran Farms, Jackson, the Thomas farm at Hartford, the August Dorris, Jr., farm at Bay City and Michigan State College.

CHESTNUTS PAY TAXES

Chestnut trees on the farm of Peter Christianson, just west of Greenville, have faithfully paid the taxes on the farm for many years. Christianson says that as these were more common years ago before the Asiatic chestnut blight began killing off trees. So far the Christianson grove, two acres in extent, has escaped the blight. Some of the trees are three feet in diameter.

EGGS FOR TWO

By STANLEY JONES
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

THE June sun was just beginning to warm the red tiles of the terrace when a tall young man swung quietly up the steps. He wore a leather flying coat and there was a smudge of grease down the side of his lean face.

Stretching behind him was a long slope of emerald turf that dipped into the dancing waters of Long Island sound. Picking up a pebble, he chucked it against one of the strewn windows in the great silent house.

"Hey, Lazy," he called guardedly. "Stick out your head."

There came, presently, the muffled click of a door, then startled blue eyes in a face lovely despite a certain imperious tension.

"Why, Tom Proctor? I thought you were in town. 'What on earth—'"

"Listen, Kay. Slide into something and come out for a whirl in the new amphibian—she runs like a charm."

"Gee, I'd love to," sighed the girl. "But I've got more things to do. Tom. A meeting at 10. Mrs. Shuttleworth at 11, school board for luncheon. And right after, the Garden club and—"

"Aw, let 'em wait," coaxed Tom, entirely in his face. "You can see that bunch of freaks any day."

"Well 15 minutes, then," smiled Kay. "And they're no more freaks than you are, if anyone should ask me. Wait 'till I tell Mrs. McKay where I am, in case anyone calls."

Twice the graceful silver plane circled the fields and wooded clumps of the far-flung estate. Kathryn peered out from the cabin window for a time her eyes lost that intense, preoccupied look which Tom had come to note with increasing dismay.

"Why, it's lovely!" she cried, squeezing his hand impulsively. "Course it is," said Tom. "Things are always lovely when we get together. Hey! Why, no two people ever had more fun than we used to have. Until you gave me the air to run the whole doggone community out here."

"Don't be injured," said the girl, putting his hand with mock pity. "You are still the nicest man I know, Mr. Proctor."

Then, almost subconsciously, her eyes were drawn to the little silver clock in the coat.

"Goodness, I must hurry. Home, James, if you please."

The man regarded her curiously for a long moment, shook his head. "Not today," he said quietly. Kathryn flushed, started.

Then her jaw settled in a way reminiscent of her father's. "Solence," the act of squinting a disconcerting director. Her voice took on a quickened, exciting edge.

"What on earth alls you, Tom? I tell you I've no time for—"

"You're going to take a little time, Kay," he interrupted coolly. "Time for a little trip—where you can't be a big important community member to anybody but me for a change."

Now, if there was one quality upon which Kathryn prided herself above all others, it was self-possession. At the moment, with an overpowering impulse to wrest the controls from his hands, she bit her lip and shrugged.

"Very well, Tom. But I can promise you one thing: I shan't forget this in a hurry."

"That," he replied, with a certain grin, "isn't sincerity. 'Is promise what I am hoping. It's long overdue."

They had no more talk at the red afternoon sun began cooling itself to lavender as the blue mist obscured the horizon.

Then, abruptly, Tom frowned at his map. A glance at the instrument board, and the little plane curled straight out to sea. It was then that Kathryn's nerve broke.

"You take me back!" she cried fiercely. "I've had enough of this!"

She snatched at the stick—the ship slipped crazily.

She beat at his head, his arm, her breath hot and incoherent with fury. At length Tom released one hand to grip her shoulder.

"You sit still," he commanded in a voice she had never heard. "Sit still and shut up—for once. I'm running this, understand?"

Kathryn cried a little then, and sulked in the deep white folds of her polo coat.

An hour dreamed by. Suddenly she gasped and clutched the seat. The plane was nosing down. Blue water surged up at them; a deeper, clearer blue than the sea. Down, down, until the hull skimmed it lightly as a swallow's wing, rose, and settled again with a smooth, sighing "S-s-wish."

Tom tumbled in slowly until they grounded on the white sand of a large wooded island.

He glanced at the white beach, the green tufts of palms nodding welcome in the soft breeze. "Gee, isn't this swell? It's Ed Graham's island—he's got a knock-out of a cottage up on that knoll. Straw roof, running water from a well, supplies—everything, hot and I've got your bags here."

"I could kill you," declared Kathryn. "My commitments will be—"

"The deuce with 'em," said Tom, filling his pipe.

"Come on, lend a hand. 'Why,' he leaned on his elbows, smiling reminiscently. 'Why, do you realize how long it's been since you and I made a fire outdoors together?'"

"I won't lift a finger," said Kathryn fiercely. "I'll starve first."

Tom looked at her, shrugged. "Up to you, of course. But it's no fun."

She heard his feet plump on the sand, his whistle trail off into silence. It became dreadfully still, all at once.

Kathryn peered out into the strange twilight. She realized that she was famished, faint with hunger.

She indulged herself in morbid satisfaction at the trouble and remorse which would seize her if she died on this island.

"Kay! Oh Kay!" she turned a deaf ear to the hail. It was repeated once. Eagerly, boyishly.

"Oh, Lord, but I'm hungry," whispered Kathryn. "But I won't give in—I'll die first."

She had no idea how long she slept, leaning back in the cramped cockpit. Dreaming tortured dreams of eggs, burbling happily in bacon fat.

The illusion became agonizingly real. It seemed to fill the cabin, depriving her of all strength, all will-power.

Weakly, she struggled to stiffen her knees, wondering if she were not losing her mind.

"Hey," said Tom's voice, pleasantly inquiring. "How do you poach an egg, gal? Bust it and mix it, or sprawl it out like a bath-mat?"

In the first pink flush of early morning, Kathryn rubbed her eyes and tried to remain aloof from the tantalizing skillet which he juggled.

After a final awful struggle she gave in.

"Not that way, you poor clown," she said scornfully. "Here, help me out before they're totally ruined."

"But," she paused, halfway down the ladder, "don't think that this is going to save you when I get home. When my father hears about—"

"Just suppose," said Tom impudently, "just suppose that I had already tumbled the thing over with T. D. Like to know what he said?"

"No," said Kathryn, defiantly. "Yes. But you'd lie, anyway."

"Not me," said Tom, hooking her arm complacently. "Don't have to— watch those eggs, there! Well, out of his chair. Then he slapped me on the back and said, 'Boy, that's the best idea you've had since you married her, 10 years ago!'"

Dr. Joseph W. Norton
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
GENERAL PRACTICE
3220 Grand River Avenue
Farmington
TELEPHONE 404

Is your subscription about to expire? Come to the Enterprise office or send in your renewal

EIGHTH CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
Grand River Ave. at Rivergreen Rd. DETROIT
A Branch of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Massachusetts.
Sunday Service at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Monday School for pupils up to the age of 20, at 10:30 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Testimonial Service at 7:30 p. m.
CHURCH BUILDING
Grand River Avenue
FREE READING ROOM:
In Church Building
Open daily, 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Tuesday, 11 a. m. to 3 p. m.; Wednesday, 11 a. m. to 3 p. m.; Saturday, 11 a. m. to 3 p. m.; All ARE WELCOME

Highest Quality Groceries
Freshest Vegetables
Choicest Meats
TRY US — SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

HAMLIN'S
Free Delivery Phone 5

IF IT'S A BANK MONEY ORDER YOU'RE SAFE
You won't lose your money if you lose a Bank Money Order. If you make a payment by Bank Money Order your receipt and our records will prove that you paid. You can buy Bank Money Orders easier and you will pay less for them than for other kinds of money orders.
Others will like it and you will like it — if you pay by Bank Money Order.
THE FARMINGTON STATE BANK
Farmington, Mich.

SOMETHING NEW IN HOME LIGHTING...
these low-cost LIGHT ADAPTORS
Bare lamp bulbs cause glare and are harmful to eyesight... they should be shaded for proper illumination. Here is an inexpensive way to modernize your old-style ceiling fixtures. These clever "Light Adaptors" slip over the bare lamp and shield it, preventing any possibility of injurious glare. Used with the right size lamps, they furnish an abundance of soft, pleasant illumination, and are available in a wide range of styles and colors. The Detroit Edison Company does not sell these Light Adaptors. See them on display at department stores, hardware stores, lighting fixture stores or electrical dealers.
THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY
Biding Room or Dining Room Light Adaptors—30c each