

CAPITAL \$100,000.00
SURPLIES & PROFITS \$100,000.00

Pontiac Savings Bank

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Extends an invitation to open an account with this STRONG BANK.

4 PER CENT INTEREST paid in our Savings Department

S. E. BRACH, President

C. J. MEZ, Cashier

CRAMER SMITH, Vice President

One of the Largest and Strongest Banks in Oakland County

BROWNS

Confectionery

Pop Corn, Lunches

Cigars and Soft Drinks

Amber Ice Cream

POOL and Billiard Tables in connection.

Oakland County Saving's Bank

Pontiac, Mich.

Joshua Hill, President

P. H. Messenger, Vice-President

F. L. Perry, Cashier

Capital, \$200,000.00

Surplus and Profits, \$100,000.00

1 percent interest paid on Savings Accounts and Certificates of Deposit

Interest on savings accounts compounded semi-annually

Money to Loan on First Real Estate Mortgages

Detroit United Lines

Farmington Time Table

[EASTERN STANDARD TIME]

Cars leave Farmington Junction for Detroit at 4:45 a. m., 5:15 a. m., 6:40 a. m., 7:10 a. m., and hourly to 8:40 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 10:30 p. m. Limited to Detroit daily except Sunday 6:50 a. m.

Local cars except first three morning cars, leave Farmington 35 minutes earlier.

Cars leave Farmington Junction for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 5:20 a. m., 5:50 a. m., and hourly to 7:50 p. m., 9:00 p. m., and hourly to 12:00 a. m.

First car leaves Farmington Junction for Northville at 6:15 a. m., Farmington at 6:20 a. m., thereafter cars leave Farmington for Northville at 6:20 a. m., 6:55 a. m., and hourly thereafter until 7:55 p. m., 9:15 p. m., and hourly to 12:12 a. m.

Cars connect at Northville with those for Plymouth and Wayne over the D. L. & C. hourly limited service to Ann Arbor.

OWEN HOUSE

Bowling Alleys

E. S. GRACE, Prop'r

Cigars and Tobaccos

Agent for

Chalmers Cars

FRIENDS OF THE ENTERPRISE

are requested when they have Probate business to ask the publication of their notices in this paper. By so doing they will be at no more expense than elsewhere, and will do us a great favor.

What to Do When Baciache Comes

"Tolerably good pills have done more good in 150,000 worth of medicine," says Chas. M. Cox of Chicago, Ill.

When baciache comes on, and it comes as if you can't stand the pain and pressure in the small of your back and ribs do not feel that you must postpone your affairs, but get a box of Baciache Pills. They will be at no more expense than elsewhere, and will do us a great favor.

What to Do When Baciache Comes

"Tolerably good pills have done more good in 150,000 worth of medicine," says Chas. M. Cox of Chicago, Ill.

When baciache comes on, and it comes as if you can't stand the pain and pressure in the small of your back and ribs do not feel that you must postpone your affairs, but get a box of Baciache Pills. They will be at no more expense than elsewhere, and will do us a great favor.

What to Do When Baciache Comes

"Tolerably good pills have done more good in 150,000 worth of medicine," says Chas. M. Cox of Chicago, Ill.

When baciache comes on, and it comes as if you can't stand the pain and pressure in the small of your back and ribs do not feel that you must postpone your affairs, but get a box of Baciache Pills. They will be at no more expense than elsewhere, and will do us a great favor.

For Sale by T. H. McCre

Farmington Theater

Bristol & Eisenlord, Prop'rs

SATURDAY

"A Bolt From the Sky"

A 3-Reel Feature, and a 2-Reel Comedy

"Drama's Dreadful Deal"

Admission 10c. War Tax 1c

8 o'clock sharp

Local News

We still have some auto license blanks.

Miss Marie Chinnery in Detroit Monday.

Elmer Dohany is filling his ice house this week.

Mrs. Albert Conn was in Detroit Wednesday.

J. C. Clark is laid up this week with tonsillitis.

New Idea club met Wednesday with Mrs. John Turner.

Mrs. Lock, who has been quite sick, is much improved.

Miss Edith Ely, of Ypsilanti, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Conn.

Mrs. H. Wadenstov visited her sister, Mrs. Tompkins, from Friday until Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Leach, of Pontiac, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leach.

George Ryder in Northville Wednesday attending the annual meeting of the Bell Foundry.

Glenn Conroy and daughter Grace, of Detroit, visited at the George Conroy home on Friday last.

Miss Blanch Anglin's school began last Monday, after a two weeks' vacation, in Thayer district.

Sam Lock has purchased a new Ford coupe for birthday gift for his wife, and is building a garage.

Mrs. M. F. Stanley, of Northville, visited with her daughter, Mrs. George Conroy and family Thursday.

James Bell's little son Howard, who has been very ill with pneumonia is now suffering with chicken pox.

Mrs. F. W. Bachelor and daughters, Florence and Helen, spent Saturday and Sunday in Detroit with relatives.

Dr. Kenneth F. Kinney, a Detroit Osteopathic physician, has established an office in Redford. See his card in another column.

St. Clair Switzer, who is working at the Michigan Central yards at Windsor, Ont., is home for a two days' visit with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Switzer.

Henry Negus and Emil Getzel and wife left for Chelsea Wednesday to attend the funeral of the former's brother, Captain Negus, who's wife passed away about four weeks ago. Funeral was held Thursday.

Milton Wood, of North Farmington, who was seriously injured some time ago, is so much improved as to walk to their mail box every day, a distance of half a mile which will be welcome news to his many inquiring friends.

The Progressives of the M. E. Sunday school met Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Schroeder, with a good attendance. After the business meeting a very pleasant social hour was spent in contests and games. The next meeting will be held with Mrs. Nina Whipple January 29th. Mrs. E. Roos was chosen assistant teacher.

Mr. Menz in Detroit on Tuesday.

Mrs. Dan Boyle in Pontiac on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. A. Miller was in Pontiac Saturday.

Lizzie Schaufert visited in Detroit Tuesday.

The Shiawassee Street Red Cross circle met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Frazer.

Miss Sallow, of Hamilton, Ont., returned home after a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lock.

Mrs. Anglin and daughter, Blanche took in the Orpheum theatre in Detroit last Saturday afternoon.

The Misses Florence and Helen Lipps and Tony Zitylberger, of Detroit, visited Sunday at the home of Henry Wadenstov.

Just because you failed to join the Red Cross, by Christmas, it doesn't mean a lost opportunity. Your membership will be accepted any day.

The Patriotic Red Cross Sewing circle met with Mrs. Harrison Johnson last Friday. They made, complete, 26 arm slings and one pair of pajamas.

The Ladies' Union, which was to have been held Thursday with Linda Hambleton, is postponed for two weeks, on account of the sickness of some of the members.

W. I. James, traveling freight auditor of the D. U. R., was found dead in one of the out-buildings of the company at Redford last Thursday about noon.

Mr. James, whose home is in Pontiac, is said to have been apparently in the best of health when he left home Thursday morning, where his wife and daughter were nearly prosecuted at the news of his death at noon.

Mr. James was 35 years old and well known in this village. He had been with the company for 12 years, and was highly esteemed by everybody along the line. Besides his wife and daughter, he leaves an aged father and a brother, who is with the Canadian army in France.

Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Farmington State Savings Bank was held in the bank office Tuesday evening, January 8th.

Two vacancies on the directorate of the bank, caused by the death of Samuel D. Holcomb, former vice-president, and the resignation of G. W. Wilber, who retired January 1st, after 20 years of faithful and successful administration of the bank's affairs, were filled by the election of Howard M. Warner and Isaac Bond, who, with the following old members, Fred M. Warner, M. Byron Pierce, Harry N. McCracken, Dr. E. F. Holcomb, H. A. Schroeder, G. Gale Collins and Edgar S. Pierce, make up the personnel of the board of directors for the new year.

In his report to the stockholders the cashier called attention to the growth of the bank during the past year. An increase of \$116,000 in deposits was shown, it being pointed out, however, that \$86,000 of the total gain is being held in reserve for payment of Liberty Bonds, and a falling off of that amount must be expected when the bonds are delivered. The amount deposited for bonds reflects the loyalty of the Farmington people to Uncle Sam.

At the directors' meeting, which followed, the following officers were elected: President, Fred M. Warner; vice-president, M. Byron Pierce; cashier, Edgar S. Pierce.

Card of Thanks.

Mrs. E. Langbecker and family wish to thank their friends and neighbors for their kindness in their bereavement, especially Rev. Priestley and the singers.

Try the liners. They sell.

Council Proceedings

Farmington, Mich., Jan. 7, 1918.

Council called to order in regular session by President George Francis.

Trustees present at roll call: Webster, Nichols, Ely, Walters and Pauline; also the clerk.

Absent: Meyers.

Minutes of the meeting of December 3rd read and approved.

The following bills were read and ordered paid:

F. L. Cook & Co., supplies \$ 3 29

Bert Simpson, plank for scales 12 14

Charles Ely, gravel 11 73

Amos Ott, grave 9 03

John Melow, labor 3 00

Trustee Meyers present.

A discussion of the coal question resulted in President Francis being authorized to investigate and see if some relief could not be obtained.

The clerk was ordered to send bills to pool and bowling alley proprietors for license money to May 1, 1918.

No further business appearing the council adjourned.

W. E. LORD, Village Clerk.

Miss Nanko, of Dearborn, is spending a week with Stella Wadenstov.

CHURCH NOTES

Baptist Church.

Rev. J. W. Salton, Pastor.

Sunday school every Sunday at 11:30, held in the church.

Salem Evangelical

Rev. A. C. Stange will preach next Sunday morning at 10:45, eastern time, in the Farmington German church.

The Farmington Ladies Aid meets on the first Wednesday of each month at the parsonage.

Methodist Church

Rev. James Priestley, Minister.

Sunday morning service will be one you cannot afford to miss.

The pastor will have a story for children and there will also be a children's hymn. The pastor's sermon for this service will be "The Joy of the Lord."

A very fine attendance at Sunday school, and the offering was a record one \$6.26. The men's class is growing, but we need you.

We expect to have a large attendance at the evening service. The pastor has been asked to discuss the following question: "Is Knitting for the Red Cross on Sunday Justifiable?" Every one in the community should hear this sermon.

In a few weeks the pastor will give a stereoscopic lecture on "Work Among the Soldiers at Camp Custer." Watch for further announcement and plan to be present.

Prayer meetings are to be held at the homes of the people during the next few weeks, on account of coal shortage.

Missionary society held its monthly meeting Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. E. Roos. Mrs. L. MacArthur was the leader of the meeting. Another member was added to the list.

FARM TO WORK

275 Acre Farm to work on halves, finest apple orchards, in Oakland County. Average yield 10,000 bushels—only 20 miles to Detroit on paved road. Applicant must have 10 cows and all horses and implements to work farm. Here's a fine opportunity for a responsible man to make big profits. Apply Mrs. John K. Adams, two miles west of Birmingham on West Maple Road, Phone 12-F-2 rings, or R. F. Adams, 731 Cadillac Ave., Detroit—Hickory 16511.

Difficulties of a Scientist

By F. A. MITCHELL

He Narrowly Escaped Hanging

Professor Dibley was in his room in University hall examining some of students on the antiquity of man when a sweep entered and deposited a box. When it was opened it was found to contain a lawbone and a letter.

Professor Dibley dropped the letter and snatched up the bone.

"Thank heaven, the teeth are preserved," he remarked as he flashed his eyes on them, and, taking up a microscope, he brought it to bear on every tooth, every protrusion of the bone.

There was a knock at the door—several people came in. Professor heard any of them, so intent was he on his treasure. Finally he made the knocker enter. Professor Dibley came in.

"Hello!" cried Dibley excitedly, "what do you suppose Bowers has sent us? The jaw of a prehistoric man. They're struck one of those caves that abound in Europe and have added one further—their discovery in America—to the world's collection of relics of the men of the old stone age."

"What race?"

"Very like the Neanderthal."

"How do you know?"

"By the teeth. They are all in place."

"Let me see where you got these archaeological gentlemen place the Neanderthal man?"

"He flourished at least 25,000 years ago, probably further back than that."

"You'll have to go out there and examine the cave yourself. We must repeat the matter at once."

"There are explicit directions as to the location of the cave," replied Dibley, "taking up another paper which he had not noticed."

Professor Dibley reported the find and the same evening was on a train speeding westward. So long as he was in a car under the care of the conductor and the porter, with a dining car next forward from which to draw food, the professor was all right. He was so engrossed in bones and stones—the students called him Archie, which they considered an abbreviation of archaeologist—that he was utterly deficient of the common affairs of life. Factious sophomores asserted that he must be of the canine species himself, he was so addicted to bones. But when Professor Dibley was put out of the train in a rocky mountainous shift for himself he was like a child who had not learned to walk. There were a few houses near the station, and before one of them a horse, saddled and bridled stood without a master. A rough looking man came along, and the professor asked him if the horse could be hired. The man gave him a glance such as a cat would give a mouse and declared that it could be hired for five dollars a week. A brief interview followed, at the end of which Dibley gave the man \$5 and took the horse on which to ride to the cave.

The professor mounted the beast with difficulty and set out on a jog trot, stopping occasionally to hold his directions up against his glasses. He had difficulty in following them, and, meeting a girl of the country mounted on a mule, he appealed to her for information. An interview ended in her offering to show him the way.

"What's your car for?" she asked.

"That cave," said the professor, in the beginning, remembering that he was talking to ignorance, but soon forgetting it, "contains the bones of a man of great antiquity, at least 25,000 years."

"That beats the old feller in the Bible, don't it?"

"Several races occupied Europe successively," continued the professor, "some of them being hundreds of thousands of years old."

"Lord save us! What kind of lookin' things was they?"

"Something like an ape, small facial angle, heavy protrusion over the eyes. But the latest race of men who lived in the stone age were not so unlike modern civilized men as might be supposed."

"How old was they?"

"They are placed by archaeologists at 10,000 to 15,000 years."

"Oh, ho! That's the woman that old too!"

"Of course."

The girl looked aside, at the professor sitting there, wondering how a person with an intellect brain had been permitted to get off by himself to talk about people thousands of years old. Presently there was a sound of horse's hoofs galloping behind him. The girl turned and saw a horseman coming. He was a rough looking fellow, wearing a wide-brimmed hat and a long coat. When he reached the two wayfarers he reined in. They heard an ominous clink and the words "Hands up!" The professor turned and looked at a forenoon party covering him with an immense revolver. The girl spurred her horse between the professor and his enemy and made a dash for it. The professor, however, the former, who didn't know enough to put up his hands when told to do so.

"What's this, Mart?" said the girl.

"What's it? Why, he's stuck my horse."

She appealed to the professor, who explained that he had hired the horse from the owner.

"That story don't go down nobow," said the man. "You're on my horse, stranger. This is the fifth case of horse stealing in these yere parts in the last three weeks. Now we've got on to who's done it. It'll be no more of it. Beckon you'll dance where the grass is too short."

The girl cast a glance at the professor, who had not the faintest conception of what they all meant, then a meaning glared at his captor, tapping her head with her finger, indicating that the horse thief was not in his right mind. Then, riding up to Mart, as she called him, she said in a low voice, not to be heard by Dibley:

"He's gone to Hutton's cave, he says, to hunt for the bones of people thousands of years old. That's evidence enough that he's went mad."

Mart concluded to ask the professor a few questions himself.

"What yere expect to find in the cave?"

"A treasure worth more than millions of dollars."

"What kind of a treasure?"

"The bones of a man who lived when the plains down there were covered by an ocean."

"That'll do, Sal," said the interrogator to the girl. "I don't want to hear any more. But we can't let a feller like that go 'round about by himself. Come, my friends," to the professor. "You'll have to go back with me."

"I can't do that," replied Dibley.

"I've come all the way from New England to examine this find, and I beg of you not to interfere with me. I didn't know the bones were yours."

Dibley begged so hard that Sal set about persuading his captor to let him go to the cave, which was but a mile distant.

"I got to humor them lunatics," she said aside to Mart. "If you don't they're liable to hurt themselves."

Mart yielded to please her, and the three went on to the cave. The escorts watched to see what Dibley would do. Dibley had brought some digging utensils with him and began to make a hole in the floor of the cave. Remembering some earth, he picked out flints. The watchers, suspecting them to be stones and seeing the professor put them carefully in a bag, saw confirmation of their theory that he was crazy. Besides, the excavator was constantly talking to himself, using the words Neolithic, Paleolithic and such other unintelligible names.

What the professor discovered or what he might have discovered is not to be definitely described, for the patience of the two lookers on was soon exhausted, and they concluded that he should be confined in a place where he would do neither himself nor any one else harm. They compelled him to leave his work and return with them to the place where he had paid a man \$5 for the use of another man's horse.

Unfortunately persons who had recently lost horses were waiting Mart's return, and they were not prepared for the line of depute the professor's attendants were about to give them.

An angry knot of men were talking about the loss of their horses when the professor was seen coming, between Mart and Sal. When the party reached the station there were frantic cries of "Hang him!" "Shoot him!" "Kill him!" mingled with uncomplimentary remarks. Mart, who had become convinced of Dibley's insanity, attempted to argue with the crowd, but failed. They all said that having recovered his own horse, he was inclined to forgive the crime that had deprived others of their horses.

Meanwhile the professor had come down from the age of primitive man to his own tragic situation and was trembling like a leaf. When Sal rose to the occasion and groined that a woman may be a valuable legal advocate.

"Men," she said, arguing from the rostrum of a horse's back, sitting astride, "let you'd 'a' seen and heard what we seen and heard you'd be convinced of this yere feller's lunacy. He's as crazy as a loon. He said while he was talkin' that we was all the sons and daughters of monkeys; that there was times when everything was covered with ice, runnin' like water; that kangeroos was cavortin' around bigger'n any house in this yere place; that sometimes the sea was a splashin' agin Table Mountain; that there was men on earth before the Injuns. He went into Hutton's cave and was a diggin' there, throwin' up dirty stones and puttin' 'em in his bag, 'em in they was silver spurs. If them things don't prove him crazy there's nobody crazy, and they'd better tear down the madhouses."

"How about his stealin' Mart's horse?" called a voice.

"Oh, that you! He's not any a lunatic, but a fool. He got tuck in by some one that he give a river to fur the use o' Mart's horse to fur to the cave to hunt for the bones of a man 25,000 years old."

"I'm the party as tuk his river," said a man. "I knowed him for a tenderfoot right off, but I didn't think he was so soft as to pay me for ridin' Mart's horse. Here, Mart, take yer money."

This addendum to Sal's speech convinced the crowd that the stranger was not only mad, but half witted, and that he was to be turned to sympathy. When the next train passed, going east, they put the lunatic on it in charge of the conductor with instructions to turn him over to the authorities at the terminal.

Before reaching it the professor had convinced the conductor that he was sane. But his narrow escape from hanging deterred him from going.

Later it was determined by a conclusive of scientists that the jawbone of a Neanderthal man had belonged to a negro.