

## The Farmington Enterprise

W. N. MILLER, Publisher.

Published Friday of each week and entered at the Post Office at Farmington, Oakland Co., Mich., as second class mail matter.

Subscription Price:  
One year in the U. S. \$1.50

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1922

### ADVERTISING AND PROSPERITY

Advertising is the beacon light of prosperity. Advertising is the force that brings success to any business venture. It is the force which, if rightly applied, forms a permanent foundation of business enterprises. It is the force that has built up hundreds of the leading commercial, financial and industrial organizations.

It is this same force that permeates the propaganda which is at this time helping to restore business back to a normal condition. Hope is kept alive by the invigorating force of advertising. It is the instrument that is shattering pessimism, encouraging industry and fostering the buying impulse and which, we firmly believe, will result in creating a firmer market all around.

Therefore, it behooves all business men to exemplify a firm belief in advertising as the beacon light of prosperity, because it is the ever present force which inspires an optimistic view of things in general. In fact, it is the only remedy that will cure the business ills this country has suffered.

Advertising is the force that is functioning in the gradual development of good business, and will bring us out of a period of semi-depression into a prosperous and progressive future. It embraces all and affects all. It is a power intimately and inseparably linked with the buyer and the seller.—Rochester Clarion.

### LAW ENFORCEMENT

In the campaign for sheriff much was said in regard to law enforcement.

It is often said that law enforcement depends upon public opinion. There was never a more fallacious statement made. It is a smoke screen which often hides cowardly, inefficient or corrupt public officials. That doctrine has done more to break down respect for law and to prevent the enforcement of law than any other statement ever made.

Law is sovereign. There is no such thing and never was such a thing as the divine right of kings. But there is such a thing and there will be forever such a thing as the divine, sovereign right of law. Law is sovereign. And laws ought to conform to the sovereign right of eternal LAW.

No criminal believes in law. No criminal believes in the penalty that law inflicts. No criminal believes in justice. No criminal wants justice.

Therefore, when it is said that public opinion controls the enforcement of law, THEN, it is said that public opinion is the opinion of criminals, and that public opinion is a criminal opinion.

It is true, that in itself does not excuse the public official nor give him the license to neglect to enforce the law.

There are no methods by which justice should be averted except the methods prescribed by law. The poor midnight thief who steals a ham to support his hungry child is often caught and punished while the man who steals a railroad is made its president. These apparent injustices come because of the doctrine that public opinion must be consulted before law is enforced.

Whether the man be a plumber or preacher, whether he be a banker or butcher, whether he be the head of a labor organization or the president of a capitalistic trust, if he violates the law, defies this government, flaunts his infamy in the face of the Constitution, he ought to be put in the penitentiary and fed on bread and water until he confesses his wrong; pays his penalty to society and is willing to kiss the flag every day the rest of his life.

Law is supreme and should be enforced.—Grand Rapids Chronicle.

**Few Conquerors Died in Peace.**  
It is remarkable how few of the discoverers and conquerors of the New World died in peace. Columbus died of a broken heart; Balboa was dispiritedly beheaded; Cortes was dispiritedly beheaded; Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded; Pizarro was murdered; Oton died in poverty; Henry Hudson was left to the mercy of the Indians along the bay which he discovered.

Try A Liner—They Will Satisfy.

### In the Beauty Parlor

By JOHN PALMER

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"What Mrs. Rintoul? Her that used to come in here to have her face massaged pretty nearly every day? Fine looking woman she must want to see? Yes, there's a story about that, and I don't mind telling it to you, now that she's left these parts."

"You remember Freddy Laurie, who married Sophie Kluysch's daughter? Goodhearted fellow he was, but wild, and couldn't resist women. He hadn't been married more than a year before Mrs. Rintoul and he—well, I don't want to speak hard of any one, but it was easy to see how things lay between these two. Fascinated with each other from the start, they were, and poor Mrs. Laurie, crying her eyes out in the Laurie place."

"Night after night he'd be seen driving about with Mrs. Rintoul. Freddy wasn't more than thirty, and she must have been forty if she was a day, though she didn't look it. Infatuated they were, but she was more infatuated with him than he was with her, I guess."

"You know when a woman gets to be around forty, all the fires of youth are apt to burn up in her again. Especially if she's been unhappily married, as Mrs. Rintoul had been. She was crazy about him from the first, and it was that that attracted him."

"That was when she began coming in here to have her face massaged. She didn't look forty, but there's no way—no, absolutely no way—in which a woman of forty can look like a girl of twenty-five. They all think they can, though! Mrs. Rintoul looked five years younger than she was, but she had little lines about the corners of her eyes and mouth, she hadn't the freshness of flesh that a young woman has. And the massaging helped some, but it didn't bring back youth."

"Matty was with me then—you remember? That tall, dark girl who was so good at manicuring. She got friendly with Mrs. Rintoul, and Mrs. Rintoul used to confide in her—most everything, save that she never mentioned Freddy Laurie's name. Matty told her about the doctor that made a specialty of taking out wrinkles by operating."

"Of course that's really the only permanent cure. You can massage and massage, but the lines will always come back again unless you take a flap of the loose skin away and tighten the whole face up. That's what Matty advised—and Mrs. Rintoul fell for it."

"Not good business of Matty's? I told her so. I reckoned it cost me ten dollars a week, what with the massage and the hair dressing. Matty was a fool in a way—but anyhow the harm was done."

"Mrs. Rintoul went to Dr. Deering. Called himself a doctor, though I guess he never saw the inside of any medical school. Why, they're not allowed to do operations unless for disease, she was heard. Matty knew his job all right. There's plenty of foolish women in this town he's operated on at two hundred and fifty apiece—and changed their faces so that you'd hardly know they were the same people."

"Mrs. Rintoul went to him, and after that she stayed home for two weeks, waiting for the scars to heal. They make the cuts under the hair, you know. Matty went up to the house to see her while she was convalescing, and the report she brought back was perfectly startling. She said Mrs. Rintoul hadn't a line in her face—just as smooth as a baby's. Lord, what some women will do when they're infatuated with a man!"

"Of course that was when she was out. Of course Freddy Laurie didn't know what she'd been doing. He thought she was ill with grief, and every day he was around there with flowers—and poor Mrs. Laurie crying up at the Laurie place."

"It was Mrs. Rintoul's maid told Matty what happened when they met. 'Young Laurie stared at her as if she'd turned black. I didn't seem to recognize you somehow,' the maid heard him say. That was all—just that. And Mrs. Rintoul turned as white as a ghost, and soon after Mr. Laurie came away."

"They met once or twice after that, but their love-making was at an end. When I saw Mrs. Rintoul I saw what had happened. You see, before the operation she'd been a sweet-looking woman. After it—well, everything was different—her with her smooth, baby face and her mature figure. She was a woman of thirty-five just the same—nothing could alter that; but her face—didn't fit."

"So I don't advise my customers to have anything to do with Dr. Deering."

### A Profitable Ruin.

A physician was walking up Broadway when he saw a dentist friend looking at some shirts in a show window. Just then a panhandler stepped up to the dentist and began to unravel a hardluck story. To the physician's astonishment the dentist lifted his hand to his ear and said, raising his voice considerably:

"How's that? You'll have to speak louder. The hard luck story? The panhandler hurried away, grumbling to himself. The physician walked up and laid his hand on the dentist's shoulder. 'Jim,' he said, 'you seem to have a good ear. The story is the story. But that chap was a professional, and playing deaf is the best way I know to get rid of that kind.'"

### GROUND GRAIN FOR PART RATION OF HENS

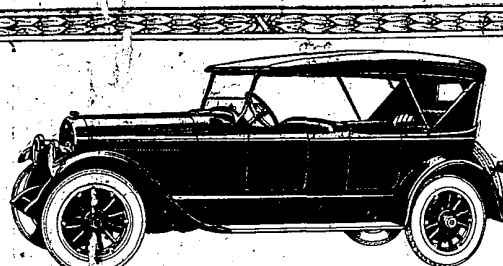
A mash composed of ground grains or their by-products and some form of animal protein is an essential part of a ration for both growing chickens and laying hens. The reason is that birds putting on growth or producing eggs can not assimilate enough nutriment from whole or cracked grains to supply the maximum need. When the grain is ground, says the United States department of agriculture, little work is required of the gizzard, and much more of the feed can be used in making flesh or eggs.

The scratch grain part of the ration, however, is needed to give the gizzard something to do in order to keep the birds in health. For laying hens the scratch grain thrown in the litter provides an incentive to needed exercise.

It was once thought that the mash should be fed wet to produce the best results, but experiments have proved that in spite of the slightly better palatability of the wet feed, the convenience of feeding it dry overbalances any slight gain in production. Feeding it dry is now the usual method. Digestibility is not increased by wetting.

The principal objection to the wet mash is that it requires too much labor. It must be moistened, then carried to the hens once a day, and the troughs must be cleaned after each feeding. Cleanliness is absolutely essential, because indigestion and diarrhea will result from feeding in dirty troughs. On the other hand, the dry mash hopper may be filled once a week or even less frequently, and needs no further attention. Hens do not eat of dry mash as they sometimes do of wet feed.

For Service On Printing call Farmington 25.



# LINCOLN

## Get Behind the Wheel

A ride in a Lincoln is one continuous trip of comfort and enjoyment. Changes in road conditions bring scarcely any perceptible difference in the smoothness with which your car travels.

Rear springs shackled at both ends; final drive through a torque tube; combined with super control of the motor power it affords a master sense of security in any driving emergency.

The Phaeton  
**\$3800**  
E.O.B. DETROIT  
Ten Body Types

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## FUN NEXT WEEK

### NORTHVILLE FAIR

Wayne County

NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

## Sept. 27, 28, 29, 30

### The Biggest Little Fair in State

Comprising a Great Array of Good, Clean, Wholesome, Entertaining and Instructive Features.

### A WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF

- Live Stock and Poultry.
- Dogs and Pet Stock.
- Fruit, Vegetables and Cereals.
- Women's Work, Art and Educational Display.
- Seven Trotting and Pacing Races.
- Six Free Attractions.
- Fireworks Display Three Nights.
- Three Exciting Ball Games.
- Thursday—Plymouth Day.
- Saturday—Detroit Day.
- An Attractive and Interesting Midway.
- The Fair You Like to Attend.

You feel that you get your money's worth here.

Bring the Children. Tell Your Neighbors.

### Meet Old Friends at Northville.

### PLYMOUTH DAY AT NORTHVILLE FAIR

Thursday, September 29, has been designated by the management of the Northville Wayne County Fair as Plymouth day at the fair. At a meeting of the directors of the Chamber of Commerce held Wednesday evening, a resolution was passed requesting that every business place in the village close at 12 o'clock, noon, on that day, and the people in general take the afternoon off and go to the fair in our neighboring village. A committee is now at work formulating plans for a big parade to leave here at 12 o'clock. The people of the surrounding country

are also asked to join in with us. Watch next week's paper for full particulars as to the arrangements that will be made by the committee in charge.—Plymouth Mail.

### Drunkards Among Insects.

Entomologists have found that ivy lower-provide a veritable bacchanalian festival for a number of insects. When the wine is in bloom they find similar scenes of dissipation around yellow catkins. There is a fly addicted to wine that Linnaeus named it the "cellar fly," which aptly Kirby changed to the more appropriate one of the "cellar wine fly." Kirby states that the larvae of this little fly, whose diet he could trace from his own observations, did as he had to do anything but wine or honey.

## FARMERS!

Renew your subscription to the Farmington Enterprise this month for one year at our regular price of \$1.50 and we will send you

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TO JANUARY, 1923

absolutely without cost to you and simply as an incentive for you to renew during the present month, whether your time is out or not. This is a great offer, don't miss it. MAIL YOUR REMITTANCE OR LEAVE IT OUR OFFICE.

THE FARMINGTON ENTERPRISE

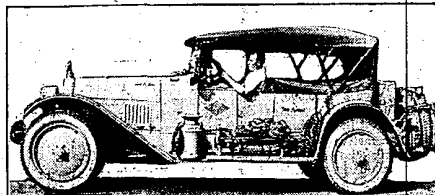
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BUY YOUR TIRES NOW  
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### PATHFINDER FOR UNITED STATES



The driver of this car is chauffeur, road mapper, surveyor, mechanic and regular utility man—it is Dan Nee of San Francisco, who drives the Transcontinental pathfinder car for the American Automobile association, mapping roads through the United States. Mr. Nee declares that no obstacle in the way of bad roads can stop him and that his car will make the most difficult climbs or come out of the worst mire. Photograph shows Nee on his stopover in Washington.

### Facts About the Ostrich.

The ostrich is the biggest bird on earth and has the smallest brain. It weighs as much as a cow and its brain weighs two ounces. Yet it is not stupid. The ostrich lives to be about fifty years old.

### Give That Impression.

"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "looks like dey was gots to start simply because dey had subscribed to de buildin' fund and was trying to get deir money's worth."—Washington Star.