

The Farmington Enterprise
W. N. MILLER, Publisher.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1925

THE COLLAPSE OF THE CITY
Is the American city falling down? Has it passed the limit where efficiency is possible? Other units, especially in the commercial world, have collapsed because of their very size. There comes a point where expansion turns from contribution into drain, what formerly assisted becomes a burden. In municipal service this is the general rule. Telephone companies begin by advertising service and end by demanding curtailment, the load becomes too heavy. Recently one of our largest cities was incapacitated because it rained for one day. In most large cities the people are drinking doctored water. Police protection has broken down everywhere. Transportation is a form of daily torture the Dark Ages never dreamed of in any delirium. Municipal politics, while more respectable outwardly, has scarcely changed from the old days; as municipal scandals everywhere testify.

And yet there is a tendency on the part of all great cities to stretch farther. This, however, is not the pressure of growth, but the need of greater taxable areas to bolster up the collapsing structure of municipal finance. People in the suburbs wonder at the feverish desire of great cities to gobble up the little towns—the answer is taxation.

City conditions have already driven millions beyond the city limits into suburban communities. City governments seek to reclaim these emigrants by including them in greater "metropolitan districts." It is possible for one with a sunny philosophy to believe that this too may be an excellent step, since it may tend to drive millions still farther into the country beyond the utmost reach of municipal inclusion acts. The American city has passed the point where it can teach anything further about community living. All its benefits may now be established in the country districts, where most of its disadvantages can be prohibited.—Dearborn Independent.

ON BEING A HOME-TOWN BOOSTER

This paper believes in Farmington and Farmington's future. It believes that Farmington is destined to be a much greater city than it is today. It believes that the great majority of people living here have an abiding faith in the city's future and in the Farmington of today. It is this faith that has made Farmington and it is this same faith that is going to continue to make it a greater city.

No one need talk of "putting Farmington on the map." For, all the world knows, it is already on the map; it has had a conspicuous place there for many years. And it is going to remain there.

Farmington is already a great place in which to live. If one were to look all around, none better could be found. When everything is considered, no one honestly can say that any other town is a better place.

For that reason, if you have any money to invest, invest it here. It is safer at home than it is any place else. Keep out of the clutches of the city-tongued stock salesmen who come from a distance and wants your money to invest in an enterprise, the merit of which you know nothing save what is told you by the man or men seeking to "separate you from your coin."

If you have any money to invest, think it over—and then invest at home. Every resident of Farmington ought to be a booster. Owning Farmington real estate will go a long way toward making all citizens a booster for the home town. Build or buy a home—and grow with Farmington, and enjoy to the full all the benefits of being a home owner.

CERTAINTY OF PUNISHMENT THE BEST DETERRENT

Under the caption "Make Law Iron Handed" the Detroit Free Press of Tuesday gave editorial utterance to some sound reasoning as to why there should be a nation-wide movement for the "universal restoration and adequate enforcement of the death penalty for murder, a general in-

crease of the severity with which major crime is punished, and a simplification of legal procedure so that justice can be less easily evaded."

The Enterprise inclines to the views expressed by this writer, but believes that the first step in the nation-wide movement should be for securing a simplification of legal procedure.

Certainty of punishment is the best deterrent.

STATE TAXES TO BE INCREASED

Taxpayers of Michigan are not going to be relieved of any state tax burden this year, despite the flowery promises of Governor Groesbeck. With the highest assessed valuation in the history of the commonwealth—\$7,816,080,000, an increase from \$7,007,917,000 in 1924 and \$6,540,000,000 in 1923—it is announced from Lansing that in order to meet increased expenditures the state tax rate will have to be increased over that of last year. The taxpayer gets the axe both going and coming—increased valuation and higher tax. Usually the taxpayer is bamboozled by the statement that while his property is assessed higher, the tax rate has been lowered. As it works out, however he finds that the total amount of his tax has increased.

None of the counties which sought a reduction in the assessed valuation as fixed by the state tax commission were successful with their pleas before the equalization board. The attempt of the Michigan Tax Conference, an organization of all counties outside of Wayne, to have the assessed valuation of Wayne county increased to a sum whereby that county would have to pay half of the state taxes assessed instead of 46 2/3 per cent, as it will have to do, failed. In connection with the activities of the Michigan Tax Conference, Chairman George Lord declares that every county in Michigan which through its board of supervisors is contributing money to the Michigan Tax conference through appropriations of its board of supervisors, is violating the law.

"The supervisors of the various counties have no more right to appropriate money for the support of this conference than for any other private enterprise," he says. "If someone would bring the proper action, all the money paid to this conference could be recovered by the counties."

Lords' declaration may start something.—Michigan Investor.

If General Andrews succeeds in taking prohibition out of politics somebody might suggest he be given the job of finding out what became of the long lost Charlie Ross.

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The order for which you're a day or even an hour too late is just as "dead" as though you had never tried for it. A Long Distance call ahead might have placed it on your books.

Instruct Salesman to Call Ahead

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Dancing Girl of the Desert

By ALMA L. SMITH

WNU Series

DID I have a sleep on a hour on the desert when the uproar started. I sat up suddenly in the darkness of a camel's-hair tent with the echo of a woman's screams vibrating in my ears. Got to the door I beheld to amazement my traveling companions, the Arabs, falling upon their faces, while they chanted loudly in a weird, minor key.

I made out that a baby had died. It belonged to a Persian woman who traveled in a cage-like box on a camel's back, but danced for the footsore pilgrims by night.

As I gazed on the curious people before me the woman sprang from the ground beside her dead child and, yawning here, dully arose over the prostrate praying tribe, wildly called down curses on the camel drivers.

Almost directly they dug a shallow hole and buried the child, while the mother sat apparently unmoved, staring dry-eyed across the heat-scoured sands.

By ones and twos the tired men disappeared into their tents until only the mother, one Arab and myself were left outside. This native was a Hali, with a beard painted fiery red, and unquestioned authority. He now saw fit to exercise this power by abusing the woman and ordering her to bed. She shrunk from him and begged piteously to be let alone. I saw an expression of deepest cruelty upon his features as he bent over her, hissing:

"So be it. You sit here this night and tomorrow your ear drums shall be bored in with thorns and your soft eyelids split three."

Why, I mused, would I endure the hardships of a desert trip with a harem of wanderers, rocking all day on a camel's back, eating only dried fruits and drinking muddy Tigris water from a gourd—why? Because the sweet dream vision of adventure called—was still calling—and I smiled at the ability of that voice to be heard over these bodily discomforts as I got up and went once more out of the tent for a cool breath.

It was almost immediately that my attention was attracted to a queer-looking object lying on the desert to the east of our camp, near a depression called the Wells. A few low trees and cacti there grew, but, but I did not remember, this particular boulder, for such it appeared.

Perhaps, I thought frivolously, some feverish, bespectacled antiquarian dug up and left it after he had removed the ancient scarab it concealed. The place invited exploration. I decided to walk out to it.

I had gone about half of the distance between the camp and the desert stone when I was brought to a standstill so suddenly that my vertebrae tinkled. With a slow, clumsy twist the thing had rolled portly over once, and all was still. The sands were silent, with only a desert's silence. This object of my stroll had turned over, unaided by human hands. And more, as it turned I could have sworn it emitted radient flashes as of diamonds, but I did not remember, this particular boulder, for such it appeared.

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Suddenly my paralysis dropped away. Self-preservation sent me running at my highest speed across the hot earth. I believed it was a small celestial body that would kill us with fire or smother us with its poisonous gases. Musa, my good guide, slept by my door. I must warn him of this approaching doom. I was breathless and could not call out. I was tiring—and that horrible thing just behind me. I staggered against the first tent prop and looked back to gauge the distance between myself and this messenger of death, when a brain-storm seized me. My hand sought my head, there was something vaguely familiar about the shape and swift tumbling motion of the body. A picture of the States and a statue flashed through my head. At this moment the little demon of brilliance swerved from its direct course.

Fear left me. I was trying to remember the faint likeness of the thing I had seen! The confectionists! A tumbler! I was about to congratulate myself when the pathos of it struck me, for the ball had stopped beside the tiny grave and the dancing woman was alone with her dead. The red costume with its million spangles and cheap stones had served her well. Had cruel Hall seen the fiery ball he would have fallen on his face and implored the sun god to remove the sign of withering drought. She had planned cautiously.

I went noiselessly into my house of cloth. I knew not how long she remained or how she went away. I was only too grateful that the greedy love of adventure had not quite led me into betraying tender mother love.

(Copyright.)

FRESHENING BREEZES

Wiping the slats clean in the coal dispute should be enlarged to include some of the slats the miners have been in the habit of sending along with the coal.

Nature was responsible for the drying up of a lot of wet spots the past season, but the prohibition officials still refuse to run true to nature.

Nature is certainly peculiar. Ever notice how too many peddlers will make the grass grow in the village streets?

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to step into a stairway to fix up her stockings?

A hick town is a place where the natives are still looking for Detroit to win the pennant.

For wealth of expression we propose the zebu who writes the labels for the liquor bottles.

The old-fashioned gent who used to gaze with care up and down the village street before slipping into the town tavern, now has a son who openly boasts of having a private bootlegger.

They say Henry Ford has discovered a new fiddler over in Bad Axe. Wonder if he's the guy we're supposed to pay for the Sleeper administration?

The next time you feel that everything is wrong with the universe, just try lighting up your part of it with a smile.

Then there is the quaint old householder, who took pride in a yard of vegetables, that has been succeeded by an offspring whose only interest in a yard is one that has been fashioned into a short skirt.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.
In the Probate Court for the County of Oakland.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 19th day of August A. D. 1925.

Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH A. VOORHEES, deceased.

Floyd H. Nichols, administrator with will annexed of said estate, having filed in said Court his final account and petition praying for the examination and allowance thereof, assignment of the residue of said estate and the discharge of said administrator:

IT IS ORDERED, that the 21st day of September A. D. 1925 at eight o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition;

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Farmington Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

ROSS STOCKWELL,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
Dan A. McGaffey,
Probate Register. Aug 28-Sept. 11

PROBABLY NOT YOUR EYES

Man ypeople think their eyes are failing when the only trouble is with the lamps they use.

You should realize that lamps slowly and gradually lost candle-power. Small particles are continually thrown off by the highly heated filament and accumulate on the lamp walls. In time, this will produce eyestrain, dimness and anxiety.

You can tell this condition easily. Examine your lamps. Are they blackened? If they are, bring them back and exchange for new ones. Costs you nothing.

THE DETROIT EDISON CO.

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DETROIT UNITED LINES

Farmington Time Table
(Eastern Standard Time)
(Effective May 11, 1925)

Cars leave Farmington for Detroit at 6:54 a.m., 7:48 a.m. and hourly to 8:48 p.m., 10:53 p.m. (to Junction only 1:03 a.m.)

Cars leave Farmington for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 5:50 a.m., 6:50 a.m., 7:55 a.m. and every two hours to 3:55 p.m., also 4:55 p.m., 6:10 p.m., 7:55 p.m. and 9:55 p.m.

First car leaves Farmington for Northville at 6:05 a.m., then at 7:00 a.m. and hourly to 8:00 p.m., also 10:00 p.m. and 12:22 a.m.

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

Local items for The Enterprise should be in the office not later than Wednesday evening.

SPECIAL ELECTION

To be held in the Village of Farmington, Monday, September 14, 1925, at the Town Hall in the Village of Farmington to vote upon the adoption of a city charter and the election of nine charter commissioners.

The foregoing Special Election will be held as above stated for the purpose of determining whether or not the Village of Farmington of Oakland County, State of Michigan shall by the vote of the qualified electors of said Village at such Special Election become a Fifth Class City under the provisions of the Home Rule Act so-called.

If by the vote of the qualified electors of said Village of Farmington at said Special Election, it shall be determined that said Village of Farmington shall be incorporated as and become a Fifth Class City as aforesaid, then the further purpose of said Special Election shall be to elect from the Candidates for the Charter Commission, nine electors of said Village of Farmington to constitute a Charter Commission whose duty after being duly elected shall be to prepare and draft a proposed Charter for said Fifth Class City in accordance with the statute in such case made and provided.

August 31, 1925.

N. H. POWER,
Village Clerk.