

The Farmington Enterprise

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THE CITY CHARTER

In this issue of The Enterprise will be found the more text of the proposed charter for the City of Farmington. It has been formulated by the Charter Commissioners elected last fall for that purpose, who have been assisted and advised by E. L. Phillips, attorney of Pontiac.

The document is a comprehensive one covering present and future requirements of the city. While the commissioners do not claim it is absolutely perfect; it has been shaped with a view to meeting local needs. Many of the provisions are taken from city charters in other Michigan cities of the same class which have stood the test of law and which have proven satisfactory.

The Commissioners have given much time to its consideration and we believe have produced a charter that will meet Farmington's needs.

The Commissioners are entitled to much credit for their faithful and painstaking care in its preparation.

A close and careful study of its provisions, we feel certain, will convince the voters of Farmington that its adoption will prove of benefit to this municipality.

The present village charter, if any, is obsolete and useless. The proposed city charter is drawn to conform to present laws of the state relative to cities of this class.

The voter should judge the charter as a whole and not condemn it or reject it because of objections to some minor detail. No fundamental law as first written and adopted has met every requirement. The Commission has given to Farmington a good working principle. It can in the future be amended and added to as may be found necessary.

PONTIAC'S CIVIL CENTER

A civic center in Pontiac, occupied by the various city and municipal buildings, might prove advantageous, but joint ownership and occupancy of buildings might develop many disadvantages. The Enterprise does not believe that the citizens of Oakland county will ever approve of such joint ownership and occupancy while they might look favorably upon a civic center, if the necessity for additional buildings is such as to warrant a large expenditure of money. When the next move is made for erecting county buildings at Pontiac it would be well to study every angle of the situation, look to future requirements and plan accordingly. Had this been done at the time of planning for the present fine court house, there would now be no necessity of a big expenditure.

FRESHENING BREEZES

(By Fred D. Keister)

Those old-fashioned dances will be all right so long as nobody suggests we return to whiskers and hoop skirts.

Many a proud and loving father, who has visions of assassinating his offspring for wearing balloon trousers, ought to hark back to the day he marched proudly into the old homestead arrayed in one of those swallow-tailed suits with black braid all around the edges.

What has become of the old-fashioned soapstone they used to put in the bottom of the cutter on a cold day?

January, you will recall, has been set aside as "learn to laugh" month. Calling a special session of the legislature ought to help the taxpayer to a couple extra smiles.

You can always tell the fellow who has a couple lots to sell in Florida by the letters he writes back to the home town newspaper.

Even at that we'd rather see some folks do their kicking in a Charleston than the way they now do.

All of the rich are not in Florida. We still have the bootleggers with us.

In Love With a Voice

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(Copyright)

MARIE suggested ecstatically down among pillows with the closing strains of the love duet from "Faust" filled the small room. Outside gray slanting lines of rain beat dismally at the window and an eerie wind howled in the trees. But to Marie, recovering from long illness, the world seemed full of warmth and cheer.

But you mustn't imagine that it was merely the "Faust" music which was bringing the rose tint to the girl's cheeks and the shine to her pensive eyes. Marie was waiting for the end of the song and the voice of the announcer. That voice!

For weeks Marie had heard it daily, as it ran through the programs to come or introduced the radio performers. When he talked to his "uncle in a dinner" Marie pretended that she was speaking to her alone and the absurd little game lightened the pain-racked days. Being ill in a boarding house with only the scribbles of a municipal nurse for her lone companion, Marie had to make the most of her moments.

The "Faust" song ended, the voice began—deep, resonant, pleasing. Marie smiled, listened, and when it had faded off settled down for a nap. It was a somewhat wan but plucky little Marie who went back to her business of being stenographer on the twelfth floor of the great insurance building. How long the hours seemed until she could tuck on coat and hat, make a dash for home in time to hear, not necessarily the dinner music itself, but the announcement thereof.

As, frequently happened, some other announcer was on the job, Marie was so disappointed as an girl whose lover has failed to keep a tryst.

Silly? Of course, but many a man or woman has fallen in love with a picture and surely a voice can be as indicative of the person behind it. At any rate, it satisfied Marie and fired her imaginations. Fancy being asked in that lovely, pleading way, "Did I bring a great home for dinner?" "Have you seen the news in the paper, sweetheart?" "How lovely you look this morning, my darling!"

Then one afternoon there occurred in that many-storied building where Marie was employed an incident which proved, reversely, that where there is smoke there is always fire.

Marie busy in her twelfth-floor domestic, once or twice sniffed with her pretty little nose, hardly realizing she was doing so. Then she noticed that the other girls were sniffing also, their heads tilted suddenly. And then the door boy poked a white face in at the door. "Sent to tell you girls there's no danger, but you're to leave by elevator nine right off." He ran his words together and went on to the next office.

Not particularly frightened, Marie locked her desk, took her wraps and went out into the corridor. Heaven's—what fearful amount of smoke pouring up the stairway! Her throat began to sting and she pushed forward with the rest.

She found herself jammed into elevator along with a number of men and girls and the descent began. Scarcely a breath, there was a rather terrifying drop, a lurch, and a pause.

And then the miracle happened. A voice, deep, resonant, pleasing, came from the man nearest Marie. "Quiet, girls. There's no danger. See, we are moving now." Marie did not know if for she had fainted.

When she came back to consciousness, Marie found herself out in the gloriously fresh air. She stirred a little and felt the roughness of some one's coat against her face.

"Better?" That voice! Marie opened her pensive eyes. Yes, he was all that the voice implied. "Oh, yes, thank you," she said in a throbbing tone. "I—I have been ill." She struggled to get down and he placed her gently in her seat.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to let me take you home," went on the voice. "You see, we're not exactly unacquainted. I work in the room next to yours, and although I don't expect you to recall the fact, we have traveled up and down in the elevator together a great many times. I have my car."

But Marie was hardly listening, as she upon wave of disappointment swept over her. If that he said was true—and vaguely she did remember seeing him—he could not possibly be the owner of the real voice.

But she must say something. "It's very good of you," she hesitated. "If it wouldn't be too much trouble," she lifted her pensive eyes gratefully, and the man, looking into them, registered several things he felt it would be premature to say.

Presently, they were threading their way swiftly through the traffic of late afternoon, and Marie, very much as if she knew that her pensive eyes had done their duty, was continuing her desertion of the original idea.

"Perhaps," she was saying to herself, "the man behind that voice was stoop-shouldered and cross-eyed. You never can tell!"



FARMINGTON MILLS

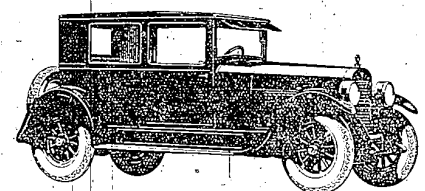
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Use for Prickly Pear

A company has been organized in South Africa for manufacturing and marketing alcohol from prickly pears which grow abundantly there, in large sections of our own West and Southwest. Besides alcohol for auto engines, lighting, heating and industrial uses, vinegar, sirup, yeast, oil and jellies will be turned out as by-products. It is said that such alcohol can be retailed at about the price we pay for gasoline in the United States. Tests in autos and tractors show the fuel to be equal in every respect to gasoline.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Gas Exterminates Pests

That chemical warfare methods are effective against the chief animal pest on shipboard, the German cockroach or croton bug, has been determined by Dr. C. E. Rice of the United States public health service. In his experiments he used cyanogen chloride, one of the deadliest of poison gases, but not used during the war because it was too volatile for trench warfare. By sealing up all sources of ventilation and confining the gas for two hours he killed almost all the insects. A four-hour fumigation not only made a completely clean sweep but killed all their eggs as well.

Freezing Periods

Worming and Montana have seven months of freezing temperature. Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire and Nevada have six months, while 16 states in the North have five months of freezing weather.

Imagination

He that had never seen a river to believe the first he met with to be the sea; and the greatest things that have fallen without our knowledge we calculate the extremes that nature makes of the kind.—Montaigne.

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DETROIT UNITED LINES
Farmington Time Table
(Eastern Standard Time)
(Effective Nov. 27, 1925)

Cars leave Farmington for Detroit at 7:54 a.m., 7:15 a.m., 7:33 a.m., 7:55 a.m., and every 40 minutes to 5:15 p.m. 6:15 p.m., and hourly to 10:15 p.m. (to Junction only 10:47 a.m., 11:07 p.m.)

Cars leave Farmington Junction for Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 5:35 p.m., 7:20 a.m., and every two hours to 3:20 p.m., also 5:15 p.m., 7:15 p.m., and 9:15 p.m.

First car leaves Farmington for Northville at 4:45 a.m., then at 6:35 a.m. and every two hours to 6:35 p.m., 8:15 p.m., also 10:05 p.m.

Cars connect at Wayne with those over the D. J. & C. Hourly limited service to Ann Arbor. Daily except Sundays and Holidays.