

Nature Doesn't Remind Us

It is unfortunate that nature doesn't make us as immediately uncomfortable as does when we neglect our bodies as we fail to produce in thirty, sixty, or ninety days. Think what a different world it would be, for instance, if the discomfort following the omission of daily exercise or a daily exposure to the sun, or a daily cold bath, or a daily two-mile walk in thirty minutes, were as acute and compelling and filled with desire as are the sensations that follow the omission of one's accustomed meals for twenty-four hours. There would be no skipping one's duty then. In fact the difficulty would be not to overdo it—even as the difficulty of most persons is to avoid overeating.—Physical Culture Magazine.

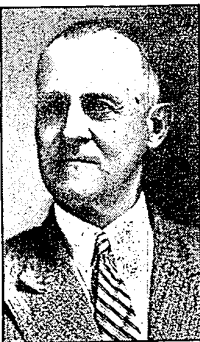
Rights Indignation

"It's a lie!" cried the politician when confronted with evidence which purported to show he had appropriated funds which did not belong to him. "It's an infernal lie, a wicked perversion, an insult and slander. I never took the money. I shall not let this charge so base and get as baseless besmirch my name. I know nothing of what became of the dough. I shall fight to clear my name, and before they get through they will realize they have tackled the wrong party. I didn't take the money, and I shall fight the charge that I did to the last ditch, even if it takes every cent of it."—Exchange.

In Other Words, No!

"Priscilla, dear," asked the visitor, "won't you recite, Mary had a Little Lamb, for me?" The small girl looked at him in silence for a moment before she replied: "Really, I would like to please, but I don't care for that poem. To be frank, it has little, if any, literary merit, and in addition it is not true to life nowadays. Owing to the high and ever-rising prices in the meat trade, I doubt if Mary could afford to buy a whole lamb. At the most, I expect she only had a chop!"—Exchange.

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The Cave-In at the Mine

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

"D-O-YOU feel in your bones that we're going to rain?" Anne asked dispassionately.

"Why ask me that?" from young Bernard in surprise.

"Oh, because I've noticed colds and coughs and chills up into us as you've been doing this last hour whenever there's a storm coming," Anne flung back.

"But what have I done?" Bernard demanded aggressively.

Anne began to check off, her finger waving up and down: "Let me see. First, you teased Fluff into scratching—not you righteously, but me, the innocent bystander, upset the instant upon my brand-new table cover—and said bad words—many bad words, simply because the curate came to call—"

Bernard snatched Anne upright by the shoulders, looked deep into the dancing eyes and blushed: "You had better stop. I tell you I won't have this! I can stand a rival—provided only he's a man. But not something made of glass and pepperoni candy with a sauce of psalm-singing."

"What's this? What's all this? Practice for grand opera?" Major Barnes, Anne's uncle, called from the door.

A long blast of a stenorian whistle made him start and turn pale, as it was instantly repeated, thus signaling deadly danger at the mine he was in full swing half an hour before.

Anne understood—so did Bernard. Then over the phone came a call: "Cave-in at Number 7 drift—men behind it—don't know yet how many."

But by the time the major reached the pit-mouth a checkup had told the tale. Nine good fellows were behind the sliding barrier. It could be dug and hither through, but not in time to save them.

Anne was white and stony with anguish—all these mine folk were close to her heart. It was through them the curate had won his place in her heart and soul, entering into their joys, their sorrows, hopes, aspirations and bewilderments. To some among them he was a foe for his main aim was to get his money, but to the most part a comrade, heaven-sent, to show them the better ways rather than tell of them.

He, too, the whistle had cutted impatiently—but he had been hindered, apparently—the major was almost through his relief-ordering before he appeared on the scene.

"What is needed worst?" he asked. "Air—which means life."

Curate Lee dropped his eyes, meditatively for a moment, then darted away without a further word. A few cursed his flight.

Bernard whispered to Anne: "All yellow, you see? But she did not hear him, apparently—she gave him no answer. She was thinking—hard. Curate Lee knew the outer face of the workings as did no one else. He stowed outdoors with a passion—the cool country was a magic land to his lowland soul. He had spent all his scant leisure ranging it. She asked herself the question over and over as she went among the women crouching here.

It was left to Bernard to supply fans, ice water, milk and fruit. He had forgotten himself and his enemies, letting his fine realities come to the surface.

There was a constant roar of arrivals—trains, motors, apparatus from the nearest collieries, all manned with the pick of their profession and every man eager only to succor the doomed prisoners.

Blasting would make an end of the barrier—yet might bring down so much a greater fall as to crush all within range. If a gravity could be cleared at the top of the massed earth and rock air could be sent in through a hose—maybe even food and water—then rescue would be certain, if lagged.

So they set about making it—these men of might and muscle. By late afternoon they had got in ten feet and there were above a hundred to pass. Moreover, the roof was none too solid—shoring it meant still slower progress. The major, watching with straining eyes the snail-like progress, prayed silently—he was past speech. And suddenly there arose upon his ears a wild hubbub of yells, of cheers—the maddest ever heard. He turned to face Bernard, who leaped from the descending cage, crying: "Major, major! Come up. They're all safe—all out—every man. They're everybody—wants to see you."

"Why—it was nothing—less than nothing, indeed," Curate Lee explained, somewhat haltingly and red-denial at what everybody was saying. "To see, I had a run the cave in the North Hollow ran almost to the mine—I had meant a long time to find out—so it came to me—this was a good time for it."

But he was dripping from a plunge in a subterranean pool, his clothes in rags, his hands bleeding from clinging to jagged rocks.

Also, the men who had followed him the perilous way to safety had much to say.

Hearing it Bernard said, dejectedly to Anne: "Of course, it is all up with me now." To which she retorted: "Gooney, you're ridiculous. You need a caretaker, don't you? See? Lee does and never, never will." Bearded, he has a girl back home."

Spirit of Conciseness in Army Man's Report

Army men have always been noted for graphic speech, and a soldier stationed at Fort Meade upland tradition early one morning when his home base was being threatened by a fire nearby. The fire took place about two o'clock and that meant the morning paper men had to hurry to get the news, so that it could be read at the breakfast table.

Reporters from the Times were dispatched to the scene in taxicabs, but an "inside man" also called the Arsenal by phone to see what he could learn in advance. "How close is the fire to you?" the rewrite man asked the soldier.

"I can split to it," was the army man's ready reply.—Los Angeles Times.

Tax Collector Unknown

The Alpine village of Aurozono enjoys a distinction shared by few communities. It has no tax collector!

Aurozono is a wellkept, old-world town with fine roads, plenty of good drinking water, free schools, free medical attendance, free libraries and electricity at 5 cents a kilowatt. The forests and communal farmlands so well that the proceeds pay all communal expenses. There are consequently no taxes levied on the citizens. There are neither rich nor poor in Aurozono. Many people live in their own homes. The commune will supply free wood and stone for those who wish to build. A number of the residents have been to America. When they saved enough to insure a comfortable life in Aurozono they returned to this simple village of the Italian Dolomites.

No Need!

Mrs. Knocker beamed patronizingly on Mandy, the new cook.

"I'm going to get you another chair for the kitchen, Mandy," she said.

"But, mam, Ise gon' need no mob chair," said Mandy.

"But you have only one," persisted Mrs. Knocker.

"Tessum, but dat's er nuf," responded Mandy.

"But, you have company some evenings, don't you?" asked the mistress in some surprise.

"Tessum, yessum," spluttered Mandy, "but all ob 'em is gentlemen!"

Chicken Splinters

Five-year-old Betty was very much interested while mother was removing the pin-feathers from a chicken she was preparing for dinner and seemed to take in every move of the operation. Near the conclusion of the meal Betty desired very much to hand a small bone to the family's canine pet, but mother demurred, saying the pet might get bone splinters in its little throat and choke. "Oh, no," quickly responded the little girl, "I saw you take out all the splinters."—Philadelphia Record.

Plants Forced by Light

An experiment conducted with irises is given as an example of the effect of light rationing on plants. Two lots of irises were sown in late October; the first were given 18 hours of light per day, whilst the others (kept in the same temperature) received only the light provided by nature. The first lot reached normal size very quickly, and actually bloomed on Christmas day, but the others were dormant as late as the following February.

Making Opportunity

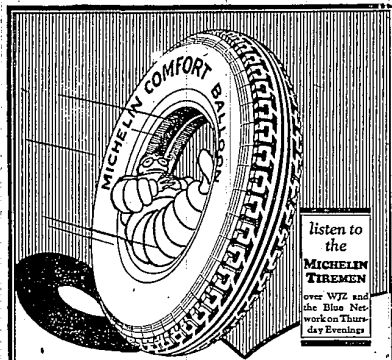
Each step we take in life should be one of progress, made possible by diligence and earnest effort. Accept each task that comes as an opportunity, not as a makeshift to hold until something better comes along.—Grit.

Finding a Niche

Happiness is a question of finding one's niche, whether it is in the great world where cares are many and the struggle precarious, or in some smaller world where cares may be fewer and human relationships all the more precious.—American Magazine.

Immune to Snake Venom

A remarkable immunity for venom is shown by the hedgehog and certain other mammals, such as rats and mice. The hedgehog, for instance, attacks and kills vipers, appearing to be immune to a certain measure to their venom. Another mammal employed in India for ridding premises of snakes is the mongoose. This same resistance to venom is displayed by a number of birds, including the raven; also the ordinary duck.



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Let's Go! 7th ANNUAL AMERICAN LEGION GALA DAY FARMINGTON, MICH. LABOR DAY, MONDAY, SEPT. 3 PROGRAM

- 9:30—OPENING SALUTE.
- 9:45—OPENING AUTO SHOW—In west end of Park. Free all day and evening.
- 9:50—OPENING WAR RELIC SHOW. Don't fail to see these war relics from the United States, Germany, France, England, Italy, Canada, China, Japan and Mexico.
- 10:00—BALL GAME—West Point Pk. vs. Plymouth Merchants
- 10:05—BAND CONCERT—Northville Community School Band
- 10:10—HORSESHOE TOURNAMENT.
Highest Doubles—Prize, 1 Rees Auto Jack, Olin Russell!
1 Rees Auto Jack, George Checketts
Highest Single—1st Prize, Ton Soft Coal, Farmington Lumber and Coal Co.; 2nd Prize, Pair Oars, Otis Boat Works
- 12:00—CHOW AT LEGION AUXILIARY STANDS
- 1:00—SPORTS—
100 YARD DASH—Boys under 16—
1st Prize—\$5.00 Cash, Farmington Concrete Works
2nd Prize—\$3.00 Cash, Frazer Staman, A & P Store
3rd Prize—\$2.00 Cash, Dr. Weaver, Dentist.
100 yard dash. Free for all men.
1st Prize—Spartan Peep Horn, Oakland-Pontiac Sales
2nd Prize—Box Cigars, Pluon and Lowman
3rd Prize—Bottle Lucky Tiger, 1 Bottle Quinine Hair Tonic, Ben Myers
4th Prize—29x4.40 Tube, Evans Tire Shop
- LADIES' EGG RACE—
1st Prize—Honey Ham, Daines Bros.
2nd Prize—Strip Greenfield Brand Bacon, Schroeder Market
3rd Prize—Cake, Grennan's Cakes
- 50 YARD DASH, Girls under 80—
1st Prize—Electric Corn Popper, Consumers Power Co.
2nd Prize—Peacock Ham, Pauline's Market
3rd Prize—5 pounds Blue Valley Butter, Golden Valley Butter Co.
4th Prize—5 pounds Craft Cheese, Golden Valley Butter
- WHEELBARROW RACE—Boys under 16 years
First Barrow—\$5.00, F. D. Fleming, Real Estate
Second Barrow—\$3.00, Farmington Dairy
- BOYS' BAG RACE—Under 16 years
1st Prize—\$5.00, Warner Dairy Co.
2nd Prize—\$2.00, Arthur Lamb, Contractor
3rd Prize—\$2.00, Paul Foss, Plumber
- PIE EATING CONTEST—Pie by Ross Bakery
1st Prize—\$5.00 Air Rifle, Lee Hardware Co.
2nd Prize—Hauke Eye Kodak, Stanley Smith
- THREE-LEGGED RACE—Men
1st Set—5 gallons Staroleum Oil, Earl Vivier; 5 gallons Pour Easy Can Opaline Oil, Sinclair Refining Co.
2nd Set—1 gallon can Penzoi; 1 gallon can Penzoi. Lapham Oil Co.
3rd Set—2 Sets Shinola Polish; 2 Sets Shinola Polish, Boston Shoe Repair
- FAT MAN'S RACE—
1st Prize—Spotlight & Windshield Reflector, Auto Shop
2nd Prize—Polar Cub Fan, Curly's Electric Shop
3rd Prize—Windshield Wiper, Park Garage
4th Prize—Souvenir Still—Stanley Smith
- PIPE RACE—Pipes by Thayer's Pool Room
1st Lady—Amethyst Set Ring, C. W. Chamberlain
1st Man—Kaywoodie Pipe, Thayer Pool Room
2nd Lady—5 pound Box Mary Lee Candy, Sugar Bowl
2nd Man—Road Lamp, Good's Service Station
3rd Lady—Toaster, Detroit Edison Co.
3rd Man—Barbecued Chicken, Sam Engel
- 50 YARD DASH—Girls under 16—
1st Prize—\$5.00 Cash, Farmington Enterprise
2nd Prize—\$3.00 Cash—Spencer Heene, Undertaker
3rd Prize—Scarf, Frink's Variety Store
- LADIES' ROLLING PIN CONTEST—
1st Prize—27x54 Axminster Rug, Farmington Hardware
2nd Prize—\$3.00 Umbrella, Fred L. Cook & Co.
3rd Prize—\$2.50 Box Groceries, A. Johnson, Kroger Co.
4th Prize—Box Candy, Victory Restaurant
- SAWDUST SCRAMBLE—
\$5.00 Pennies, Peoples State Bank
\$5.00 Nickels, Farmington State Savings Bank
- GREASED PIG—Prize Pig, Pig by American Legion
- 2:30—FREE VAUDEVILLE ACTS
- 3:00—BALL GAME—West Point Park vs. Selfridge Flyers
- 4:00—BAND CONCERT
- 5:00—AUXILIARY FEED
- 6:30—VAUDEVILLE ACTS—FREE
- 7:30—CHARLESTON CONTEST
1st Prize—\$5.00 Cash, L. Wenzel, Contractor
2nd Prize—\$3.00 Cash, N. J. Eisenlord & Son
3rd Prize—\$2.00 Cash, Ralph Auter, Decorator
- 8:00—DANCING—Tow Hall, Bateman-Wood Orchestra
- 8:30—VAUDEVILLE ACTS—
9:45—DRAWING FOR PRIZES—
1st Prize—Comp. Sink Faucets, Al Laing
2nd Prize—100 pounds Flour, Farmington Mills
3rd Prize—Dash Motometer, Farmington Motor Sales
4th Prize—Pair Moccasins, Stanley Smith
Winners to above prizes; must be present to answer when name is called.
- GRAND PRIZE—NEW FORD ROADSTER COMPLETE—
Rumble Seat