

## The Farmington Enterprise

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## Editorial

## FARMINGTON IN COUNTY AFFAIRS

Farmington may well be proud of the prominent place some of its leading men and women citizens are taking in the activities of Oakland County, as shown by events of the past two weeks. In such diversified interests as women's club work, County government and lodge activities, Farmington residents have played an important part.

The outstanding happening of the Board of Supervisors' effort of months to solve the problem of a new court-house, was the address made and maps shown by Mayor Wells D. Butterfield of Farmington at a recent hearing. Mayor Butterfield not only astonished his fellow-Supervisors with the thoroughness of his quiet research and the advantages of his plan, but won over many who had been doubtful or opposed to a community center project, in connection with the City of Pontiac. If such a plan is adopted, it will be due largely to Mayor Butterfield's exposition.

Another who has honored Farmington is Mrs. Harrison Johnson, who retired this week as president of the Oakland County Federation of Women's Clubs, having served the time limit in that office. And another is Mrs. C. Ada Bond, who was elected recently to the second highest office in the County Order of the Eastern Star, after highly-commended service as County secretary.

The history of Oakland County in the future, as in the past, will contain many names of those who call Farmington their home.

## "THE GRAFTERS"

No matter which side of the political fence you are on, or even if you happen to be right astride the fence itself, you will undoubtedly enjoy reading a little bit of the "Grafters," by Asia Kagawan, which appeared recently in "Life."

Its humor is a shaft that hits home at the truth sharply and surely; it gives an insight that only years of experience might develop, for those who may feel that the millennium depends on the outcome of an election. It reads as follows:

"\$2,000,000,000 had been stolen by grafters in one year."

Now the people waxed very wroth over this, and called to either certain wise men whom they had elected to be representatives, and spoke to them after this fashion:

"How is it that we are being robbed so grievously?"

And the representatives answered, saying: "Behold, it is because this country hath not sufficient laws against grafting."

"Go to," instructed the people, "and pass laws."

So all the representatives gathered together and passed oodles and oodles of laws.

"\$2,000,000,000 was stolen by grafters the next year."

Then the people waxed wroth again and spoke thus:

"Did ye not pass laws against this grafting business?"

"Yea, verily," answered the wise men. "But the laws have not been enforced. What is to be done?"

"Try needs is more enforcement officers."

"Go to," commanded the people, "and hire enforcement officers."

And the wise men did as they were bidden.

"\$2,000,000,000 was stolen by grafters the following year."

Now when this had come to the ears of the people their anger waxed hotter and hotter, and they muttered much among themselves. And finally there arose up among them a Big Business Man, who was much wiser than the representatives. Also he was a man of great honesty. And he went to and from among the people, speaking in a loud voice:

"Behold!" he cried in a voice of thunder. "Can ye not see, ye foolish people, that the way to stop graft is to vote the grafters out of power? Go ye therefore to the polls and cast your votes for men of honesty and integrity, and cast out these thieves and robbers that there may be no more graft."

So all the people went to the polls and voted, and each and every one of the grafters was thrown out of office. And their places were filled by Honest Men.

The next year \$2,000,000,000 was stolen by grafters."

## Picked Up At Random

By Contributor

## When Figures Fall

Millions and billions. These figures, though oftentimes encountered in this age of staggering governmental budgets, war debts, income tax returns and astronomical calculations, represent so much or many that the average mind only vaguely comprehends their relative values, and thus is unable to clearly differentiate between them, although they are separated a thousand times.

A Detroit paper recently announced that the Canadian wheat crop this year would total a half million bushels. Emphasis was given the news by a large headline to that effect, which statement if true or taken seriously, would have caused a panic in the wheat pit, as it indicated an almost total failure of the crop and would certainly be followed by soaring prices.

The "half million" was sufficiently reassuring and to the average reader there appeared a mental picture of a cornucopia pouring out a bountiful harvest. The 1928 Canadian wheat crop is estimated at over 500,000,000 bushels, just a thousand times greater than that reported by the newspaper.

## We Have 'Em

There recently appeared in a Detroit paper a news item to the effect that a New Jersey man says he has invented a shock device that will stop an automobile instantly.

This is nothing new. The telephone companies in this locality have just such devices spaced every 200 feet along our main travelled highways.

## By Their Weeds Ye Shall Know Them

Surprising and seemingly unaccountable knowledge is often attributed to clairvoyant power when in fact the same is but the result of close observation and logical deductions from co-incidences and similar experiences.

A few days ago a rather prepossessing young lady of unmistakably good taste in matters of dress, entered a large ladies' ready-to-wear emporium at Detroit which caters to the best trade. In approaching the cloak department she was met by a gracious saleslady to whom she made her wants known, and was at once taken in hand. While deftly displaying to advantage the latest styles in cloaks the saleslady casually remarked, "I see that you have just come into the city from Farmington."

"How do you know that I am from Farmington," emphatically interrogated the astonished customer.

Pointing to a cluster of burrs and a scattered collection of devil's pitchforks that were tenaciously clinging to the young lady's pastel pink stockings, the saleslady laughingly replied, "I've been out there myself."

(This little tale is based on actual observation.)

## WHY IS IT THAT—

... a man wakes up in the morning after sleeping under an advertised blanket on an advertised mattress and pulls out an advertised pajama, takes a bath in an advertised tub, shaves with an advertised razor, washes with an advertised soap, powders his face with an advertised powder, dons an advertised undergarment, shirt, collar, shoes, suit, handkerchief, sits down to breakfast of advertised cereal, drink a cup of advertised coffee, puts on an advertised hat, lights an advertised cigar, rides to his office in an advertised car on advertised tires, then he refuses to advertise saying that advertising doesn't pay.—Exchange.

## Is THIRTY the Love Deadline?

Fortaine Fox, the creator and general superintendent of the power plant behind the Townsville Trolley, was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1884. His sense of humor controlled his life from an early age and when twenty-two years old he began to establish his reputation as a cartoonist on the Louisville Herald. Since that time he has been successfully with the Louisville Times, Chicago Evening Post and a syndicate which now supplies his daily drawings to newspapers. Mr. Fox is married.

## By FONTAINE FOX

I had forgotten the name of that flagpole sitting champion who makes his living by spending weeks at a time cut off from humanity while suspended in a basket, climbing to a pole on top of some high building that needs publicity. Then the other day I read something that brought it all back: The flagpole sitting champion is Dr. Will Durant, and while I cannot remember what flagpole he inhabits now, it seems to me he won his championship last summer out in Chicago. It must have been Doctor Durant, because in the newspaper article to which I refer, he had written that a man is incapable of falling to love and giving a woman sincere devotion after he passes the age of thirty. Could anyone but a flagpole climber have said—and meant—such a thing? Certainly not.

There is an advertising slogan of some paint company which says, "Save the Surface and You Save All." Men and women too, are embraced by the theory of that slogan because when the original love affair cracks and peels they need a new coat of rose-colored paint. A properly conducted marriage is not a perpetual love affair, but a kind of reckoning. Indeed, it is a succession of love affairs between the same man and the same woman. Each affair may last for the length of time that Doctor Durant might sit on a flagpole, say two weeks. The intervals are the placid periods during which the lady and the gentleman of the establishment get along without rioting; dwell in mutual uninterest like a couple of passengers in a street car. Those placid intervals may continue for half a day, or a day, or any number of days, depending on the individuals involved. Naturally, far beyond thirty, even unto old age; and occasionally, or often, the stimulus to love is excited by some third party.

There is a grandfather of my acquaintance who was a loving husband and father by all the standards of Townsville until he suffered a wayward outbreak of this disorder called love, and eloped to California with a woman of forty-nine. I got all the details at the club, one day during luncheon, from the man who was sent West to retrieve the errant grandfather.

It is my further contention that this predisposition to fall in love is what drove those ascetics of early Christian times to climb up poles to live on tin platforms. They knew they could never keep their vows if they remained on the ground—even the ones with long white beards. They were afraid of themselves.

It is my opinion that the world is full of fine men and women who are far beyond thirty, who are capable of falling in love violently, recklessly and completely, but who are constrained by the myriad threads of responsibility to withstand temptation. This is why the passionate dreams of middle-aged lovers that get into the newspaper usually concern people who have a wide streak of selfishness running through their characters.

For a while I lived in a Chicago suburb which was rocked by the so-called scandal of a married woman's elopement. Thirty? You should have heard the neighborhood gossip guild's adding machine at work on that problem. They figured she was forty-eight if she was a day. The woman left her husband and her children for the older man and they drove away in her husband's automobile, which was quite in character with the lover.

He was, we later discovered, a thoroughly disreputable person who had served a prison sentence for some other form of larceny. Several years have passed and yet the lovers are reported to be living together, seemingly still infatuated with each other. Such things, you may say, are not strictly rational but neither is falling in love rational; for which reason I feel that men like Doctor Durant should be prohibited by law from discussing this subject with a pretense of authority. You cannot cut out about it in books, or while meditating on top of a flagpole. More is to be learned on a park bench, in the corridors of the Ritz or when the ice man walks into the kitchen.

## Drug Named for Slave

The names of many flowers find their origin in proper nouns. Back of them there are often biographies. The beautiful Japanese flower, wisteria, discovered by Nuttall, was not named after him, but in honor of one of his scientific friends, Caspar Winter, a professor of anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania. The gentian gets its name from the Egyptian Gentius, who was the first to discover its properties. Quassia was named after Quass, a negro slave in Surinam, Dutch Guiana, who used its bark as a remedy for fever.



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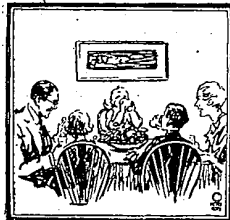


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