

The Farmington Enterprise

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Editorials

"We Defeat Our Own Purpose"

Mrs. E. W. Roos, president of the Farmington Board of Education, put it very aptly in regard to Farmington High School's present athletic situation when she remarked, at a meeting of the Board last week, that "we defeat our own purpose" when the boys and girls of the school are forced to unusual efforts by the competition in which they are engaged.

Certainly when conditions are such that only by the hardest and most persistent work can the School hope to make even a fair showing season after season, sport ceases to be sport. And it is time for action to change the conditions.

It is too late now to alter this year's schedule in basketball, one of the hardest sports, and the Spring games, in golf and baseball, do not produce as great hardships due to difference in size and weight. But it is none too early for action that will bring Farmington's High School's athletic relations into their proper sphere before the next football season rolls around.

"Chicago Schools To Close—School System Is Broke," say newspaper headlines. "What a break!" sighs the Farmington High School student. "What a break!"

Why the Laws Are Not Enforced

We have with us, among the hundreds of commissions at work to find out all about ourselves, the most widely known of all, the Law Enforcement Committee.

These eleven prominent citizens have labored for nearly 10 months to discover why the laws are not being enforced, according to a story which appeared the other day in a Detroit newspaper. But the Commission didn't need to work so hard or so long. On the same page, in the very next column to that in which the story about the Commission appeared, was a comparatively brief dispatch from Chicago. It told more about why laws are not enforced in this country today than almost anything any Commission could report. It reads as follows:

Chicago, Jan. 11.—To the lay mind, the workings of the law sometimes are somewhat odd. Now take Otha Lloyd. A jury found him guilty yesterday of picking \$18 from Allen Dean's pocket, but Lloyd's attorney demanded a new trial.

"How could this man be guilty of stealing \$18," the attorney demanded, "when there was no testimony to show what kind of money was stolen?"

Judge McGoorty granted a new trial because the state's attorney neglected to prove the stolen sum was real money. The law requires the prosecutor must ask the direct question: "Was the money United States legal tender?"

Anyone who reads the story above knows why laws are not obeyed, and why, under such circumstances, it is idle to expect that they will or can be enforced.

How Long—When He Does?

Lieutenant Governor Luren D. Dickinson last week issued to newspapers of Michigan, among them the Enterprise, a statement regarding his possible candidacy for governor next fall. At the end of the statement, which was 2,000 words and over two columns long, the Lieutenant Governor said that he didn't know yet whether he would be candidate or not.

So the statement supposedly left it up to the readers to wonder for a couple of months whether Mr. Dickinson is going to run, or not. However, the only thing this editor wonders about is this:—If it took Mr. Dickinson 2,000 words and over two columns to say he hasn't yet made up his mind, how many words—or columns—will it take him to say that he is going to run, when he does?

Denmark—And Pontiac

Pontiac, Michigan's little "wonder city," got itself quite a bit of notoriety last week. It was on the front page of Detroit newspapers all week long, with this and that. Here's the record for the town within a few days:—

Recall of the entire City Commission asked on charges of gross neglect of duty, favoritism, and the old assessment game—(little assessments for the big fellow, big assessments for the little fellow); dismissal of drunk driving charge against influential business-man (nothing unique about that!);—

Three police officers out of four of erstwhile Vice Squad suspended indefinitely, and Federal department of justice officials interested in reports of a fight for control of "the city's vice racket."

Well known business man and auto club manager of the city testify regarding drinking party in blind pig in a residence—at trial of a former sheriff of the County on charge of murdering a friend, secretary of a prominent club—

All this is not to be made fun of, to be sure. Certainly it's no joke for the heavily-burdened tax-payers. But one can hardly refrain from remarking that whatever conditions may be like just now in Denmark, it looks as though things might be pretty putrid in Pontiac.

A National Disgrace

It is surprising to complacent American to be told that in 1910 this country stood ninth among the nations of the world in regards to illiteracy. The census of that year counted 5,500,000 persons, ten years of age and over, who could not read or write in English or in any language. In addition, 3,500,000 persons could not speak or write English.

Franklin K. Lane, while Secretary of the Interior, estimated that the country suffered an annual economic loss of more than \$8,000,000 on account of illiteracy. It seems about time that something be done in this regard.—Exchange.

"Just As Good"

The thief does not leave his visiting card. The substitute seller gives no guaranty, save the assurance that the merchandise is "just as good."

I am a firm believer in the trade-mark. It leaves no loophole for the maker or the seller.

Merchandise that wears well and sells well is entitled to a permanent position in the world of trade and the trade-mark is the only thing that will insure this fixed position.

The trade-mark is the symbol of success. It is a public declaration that the manufacturer is willing to abide by the decision of public opinion and the buyer, after all, is the final test.

Millions of dollars are lost each year by manufacturers who do not take full advantage of the advertising value of the well made trade-mark.—(Silent Partner.)

"By Briggs"

"Briggs" is dead, yet his cartoons go on—but not for long. Soon, when the advance supply of material that he had prepared is exhausted, "By Briggs" will disappear from the pages of American newspapers. And thousands will miss him—more than they ever thought they would.

Less "spectacular" as it might be said, than many other practitioners of the comic art, Briggs achieved a more solid sort of eminence. Not so often did he throw his readers into guffaws—but day after day he gave them quiet chuckles by his acute portrayal of human foibles. One can easily picture him smiling over them as his readers did.

But his laughing was sympathetic, and as he revealed with sharp acumen the failings of his characters, he created in his readers at the same time an indulgence toward them—indulgence that he must have felt himself. "Mr. and Mrs.—Joe and Vi—arguing every Sunday 'far, far into the night' made us laugh and love them both.

Briggs was one of the most human of all the comic strip artists. Who has not enjoyed "The Days of Real Sport?" Who has not responded to his "When a Teller Needs A Friend?" Who has not often exclaimed "Ain't It A Grand and Glorious Feeling?" And who, learning of the sudden passing of the author of all these, does not feel more than a little regret?

She Stopped The Train
When the railroad bridge at Corbin, Kan., was washed away, taking along with it the telephone and telegraph wires, the Long Distance operator, at Caldwell tried to reach Corbin in order to have a passenger train flagged. It was impossible, however, to get Corbin, so she called far beyond that place to Wellington and notified Mrs. La Vera Armstrong, the operator. By using certain rural lines Mrs. Armstrong finally was able to get the message through to Corbin in time to save the train and its passengers.

A new direct Long Distance telephone circuit has been opened between Memphis and New York City. Heretofore it was necessary to switch all calls between the two cities by way of St. Louis.

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