

The Farmington Enterprise

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Editorials

Clipped From Other Publications

A New Kind Of Charity

(Muskegon Chronicle) It is a long time since the newspapers have printed anything more interesting than the recent story of the minister in Birmingham, Ala., who is conducting a sort of informal trade school to enable unemployed coal miners to support themselves and their families without depending on the mines.

Lot of coal miners in Alabama will never get their jobs back, due to changing economic conditions which will keep many mines permanently closed. So the Rev. William T. Morgan has made it his business to train these men for other jobs.

He got friends to help him buy a farm, on which he is teaching some 200 miners how to become farmers—and incidentally, enable them to grow food for their families while they learn. Other men are being taught new trades—carpentry, auto repairing, poultry husbandry and so on.

Eventually, the minister hopes all of these men will be able to earn good livings, even if the mines never reopen.

The interesting thing about all this is that here is a minister who has found a new method of approach to the old problem of charity.

A great many ministers and a great many church organizations have done noble work in relieving distress among the poor. But this man has tackled the job from a new angle that has only recently become apparent to the modern world.

He has hit upon the simple, obvious fact that charity by itself, is not enough.

You can give free soup and free beds to hungry men in time of depression, but you do not, thereby, do anything to get them out of their predicament. You stave off starvation, you prevent death by exposure, and that is very fine; but the problem remains as bad as ever, and when the next depression comes around you will have it all to do over again.

This Alabama pastor is trying to make soup lines and free beds unnecessary. Instead of spending his time and money in filling empty stomachs, he is trying to make it possible for the possessors of empty stomachs to fill them by their own efforts.

Eventually, no doubt, all of our relief work will center more and more about that one point. Charity is not enough. Sooner or later it must learn how to prevent distress as well as how to relieve it.

Men And Money-Madness

(Delta Reporter) People of the United States have talked too long in terms of money. Too much attention has been centered on the accumulation of wealth, with due regard to the manner and means employed in its acquirement. Monopolies have forced competition out, looking ahead to larger profits when once a control was secured. Individuals have sought special privileges, without regard to the equity of their claims, and with out caring. Prosperity talk was so long stressed, it became an obsession. There was no reckoning for the future. We built up without regard for the foundation. Then the system became too heavy and the structure which had been built up with dollars, received a severe shaking and threatened to tumble. Just now our financial leaders are still busy trying to prop up the structure so that it will stand. They want to go back to the talk and dreams of the "bigger and better" times, speaking from a financial viewpoint. The common people can only stand by, waiting and watching, willing to lend their aid, but wondering whether it might not be best to allow the structure to fall of its own weight and then proceed to start all over again—on a firmer foundation.

Life's Pot O' Gold

(Columbia State)

A certain man, not rich as the world counts riches, had two children whom he loved dearly, and for whom he craved the best that life has to offer.

"Since I cannot buy beautiful things for you," he told them, a little sadly, "I shall try to teach you to see and love Beauty wherever it exists in the world around you."

So he walked with them in the woods and fields and by the river-side, and showed them many marvels which they had looked at, but had never really seen before—the silver sheen of young oaks; the intricately-woven crotle of the oriole; the bark of the crape myrtle, tinted like ivory; the slender sickle of the day-old moon.

The children's playthings, too, were lovely things; mussel shells, lined with mother-of-pearl; chalcids strung of polished ruby and amber seeds; the flowers and grasses that hide away from careless, tramping feet.

"We have few coins in our purse," the father would say, "but see the silver that rims the clouds before the sun; on the surface of the lake where the light touches it; on the under side of the green bay leaf. Was ever satin soft as the petals of the wild rose, velvet so deep a pile as that of the mullen leaves?"

On winter evenings, the three found pictures in the embers, or talked intimately of the friends in the old books upon the shelves, shabby but priceless. Best of all, they played the dictionary game, that made words come alive.

In the fullness of time, the father was called away. One who named herself a friend came to console and advise. "I wish he had left you a large, fine home like mine," she said.

"Our house seems large to us," the daughters replied, "for it holds so many things of value."

"But," the visitor objected, "you have no handsome furniture nor silver, no fine paintings on the walls."

"Your pictures are but copies," the younger girl said. "Our western windows frame the originals of Turner's most gorgeous sunsets; oak stumps as Rousseau loved to paint; a landscape lovelier than Corot's masterpiece. On the sycamore by our gate you may see mosaics more marvelous than the rarest product of Byzantine art."

"You talk nonsense," retorted the consoling one petulantly, as she rose to go. "At least you will admit that a legacy of money would have made you happy—comforted you in old age."

The older daughter looked at the caller in amazement, as she opened the door. "My sister and I are very happy," she said softly, "and richer than anyone we know. When we were small children our father found for us the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow."

ANCIENT HISTORY

A man tells us that an old-timer is anyone who can remember when a pie was cut in four pieces—and each piece sold for a nickel.—Vancouver Province.

A machine has been invented to make discs of solid carbonic acid gas to be used to prevent ice cream melting as it is being carried in paper containers.

CHURCHES

St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Clarenceville (At Switzer Road) Rev. Paul Graupner, Pastor

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. Sunday School, 9:30. English service, 10:30. Subject: "Plus Ultra, More Beyond."

Our Lady of Sorrows Church Rev. James A. Callahan, Pastor Sunday masses at 8:30 a. m. and 11 a. m. Daily mass at 8:00.

Evangelical Church Rev. A. A. Scholer, Pastor

Sunday School, 9:30. German Service, 10:30. Subject: The Gospel's Power.

Methodist Church Rev. F. C. Johnson, Pastor

Next Sunday morning at 10:30 the minister will speak on a timely theme, "Empty Pockets."

The evening services have been an experiment, the church not having held any during the summer, since a number of years past. However they have been well worth while with an attendance fifty per cent normal. Next Sunday evening at 7:30 the message will be another on "Parables of the Northland" entitled "Like a Beacon." Plan on attending. Monday evening August 17th at 7:45 Dr. John E. Martin of the year. All members and friends of the church are invited. The quarterly conference business will be transacted. Every Wednesday evening at 7:45 an hour of fellowship and prayer is enjoyed. You are invited.

Clarenceville M. E. Church Rev. Robert Richards

Sunday Morning 11 a. m., Baptistal service. 11:30, Children's Program.

Baptist Church Rev. E. V. Palmer, Pastor

10:30 Morning service in charge of group of consecrated young people from the Wayne Baptist church. These young people have been conducting services for the past year. Be sure to hear them.

11:45 Bible School.

6:30 Young Peoples Hour.

7:30 Open Air service in Town Hall Park. Rev. John E. Hopkins, pastor of the Wayne Baptist church will preach. He is a young man with a great message.

Rev. Elmer Palmer will supply the pulpit of the First Baptist Church of Pontiac next Sunday. In the morning he will speak over WJR radio station, and in the evening he will preach in the Tabernacle.

FARMINGTON ACRES

Mr. and Mrs. Hofmann and sons attended the band concert at Belle Isle Monday evening.

Mrs. Harold Billig and son, Angus visited her sister, Mrs. Fensom in Detroit on Tuesday.

Mrs. Janstovsky called on Mrs. Wilkinson Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Albert Koss was a Detroit caller Thursday while Grace and Glenna McIntyre spent the day with June and Shirley Koss.

Mrs. Frank Crandall called on Mrs. H. A. McIntyre Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Youngs of Detroit visited the latter's parents, Mr and Mrs. Charles Damon, Tuesday.

(Additional Farmington Acres on page 1, section 2.)

CHILD'S FRIGHTENED PLEA TO OPERATOR BRINGS HELP

The little girl was all alone in the big house. Her parents had gone out, leaving her tucked safely asleep in her bed. But oppressive heat had wakened her.

A few minutes later the night telephone operator at the Bathurst, N. J., exchange answered one of the tiny glowing lamps on the switchboard in front of her and heard a voice, small and frightened, saying "I'm all alone and I'm getting awfully hot."

While the operator was telling the little girl not to worry, that she would find out what the matter was, she was dutifully consulting another connection to police headquarters, and when the police arrived at the house they found that the drafts connected with the heating system had been left open and the safety valve was not working properly. If this had not been discovered when it was, the boiler probably would have exploded.

Why Sylvia Tried to Please

By HELEN R. BARTON

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate) (WNU Service)

SYLVIA GAZED with stormy eyes at the tiny slip of paper that she had taken from the envelope. For such a small slip of paper, it contained enough to merit the stormy expression, and also the furious rebellion in Sylvia's heart. For with the brutal ability of most printed slips, this particular one informed the teacher of No. 4 district school that school must be kept with full attendance all day on May 7. And May 7 was the day the greatest of all aviators was to speak at a banquet and open air celebration at Wilson recreation grounds; free tickets had been issued all the schools, but, due to prolonged loss of time owing to a stubborn epidemic of measles, the principal felt it wise for the members of No. 4 to keep full attendance and grind away at make-up!

"If that's education," muttered the lovely Miss Randall, "then I'm going to grow up to please and learn to write laundry list Chinese! As if any more book learning could make up for the few pearls of wisdom Colonel Strombergh will speak!" And as the children were packing their midmorning recess out of door Sylvia bowed her lovely head on her folded arms and frankly wept. Teaching was such a thankless job! At best all kicks and few kisses. But to have to sacrifice this opportunity of a lifetime to see and hear the greatest historical character of our era was asking a good deal too much of the teaching profession!

"I beg your pardon," interrupted a fine masculine baritone, "but is this No. 4 district school?" Sylvia lifted tear-drenched eyes to the concerned, worried gaze of a tall, too tall young man of serious expression, and the reddish hair, but none, that she had ever seen.

"Yes, this is No. 4. Why?" stammered Sylvia, acutely conscious of her shiny nose, red eyes and tear-streaked face.

"Why—ah—er, you see, I'm the new principal of this district. I was summoned hastily this morning, due to the illness of Mr. Farrel—"

"We're so far behind in our school year that we may have to keep a few weeks longer at the end of the year," began Sylvia flushing slightly under the tall young man's earnest scrutiny.

"Why, I think you're doing wonders. You've had no end of hard luck according to these reports. Do you mind if I stay and see how the kids get along? I won't disturb you."

"I am delighted to have whom we interested in the school. Do please stay and make yourself comfortable," urged Sylvia, and as the afternoon progressed she forgot, quite the unhappy cause of her weep earlier in the day.

"You're just as interested in the business of having No. 4 school shine in the eyes of the new principal that it is doubtful if she could have ever understood the name Strombergh had it been spoken to her."

From time to time Gene Henderson, the new principal, would make a low voiced remark or comment. And it amazed Sylvia that a mere man should have such a clear knowledge of school teaching and child psychology, as this strange, quiet man had.

"It's easy to see," smiled the tall young man after school had been dismissed, "that the children love you, Miss Randall. One simply could not achieve such wonders unless the children were enthusiastic and made every effort to please!"

"Do you think that is a sign of affection—a desire to please?" asked Sylvia in a muffled voice.

"But certainly! That's an elemental step in psychology. I always try to please them when we are in the school. Do please stay and make yourself comfortable," urged Sylvia, and as the afternoon progressed she forgot, quite the unhappy cause of her weep earlier in the day.

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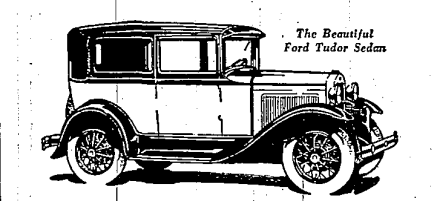
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