

Personal

Eleanor Dupuis of Farmington gave a pajama party at the home of Irene Smith at Redford recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Day of Armada were Sunday visitors at the home of Mrs. Kate Pettibone and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Bradley of Redford and Mrs. John Coughlin of Youngstown, Ohio, were Friday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pettibone and Mrs. Kate Pettibone.

Miss Leah Schuere of Detroit was a week end guest of Mrs. Charles Pettibone.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary society will be held Tuesday October 6 at the home of Mrs. F. L. Cook.

Mrs. J. A. Miller and Mrs. T. H. McGee spent Wednesday in Detroit.

Florence Alice Cook is attending Redford High school.

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Miller were guests of Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Miller of Milford Sunday.

Miss Ruth Schroeder is teaching school at South Lyon this year.

Mrs. David Woodruff is caring for Mr. and Mrs. Wells D. Butterfield.

Miss Nettie Stamann has returned to Lansing where she was engaged in teaching school last year.

Mrs. T. H. McGee and Mrs. J. A. Miller spent Wednesday in Detroit.

Miss Lillian Leeson was a week end guest of Miss Ernestine Pierce.

A family reunion was held at the home of Wells D. Butterfield Wednesday.

Farmington Community Cooperative Association will hold its first meeting next Monday, October 5, at the kindergarten room of the Farmington Public Schools.

Mrs. Day Dickinson and her sister, Mrs. Nettie Monahan, were in Detroit Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Herbst and her mother, Mrs. Neumann, were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Adams this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Harger and son Vance were overnight guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sayres D. Harger, of Oakland road.

Mrs. William Richardson and daughter Kathryn attended the funeral of Marjorie Hulet at Fenton, Monday of this week.

MOTORISTS HAVE UNTIL MARCH 1 FOR LICENSES

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 1.—Motorists will not be required to secure 1932 license plates until March 1, 1932.

Under the act of the last legislature the Secretary of State has authority to extend the time limit for purchasing new plates 60 days and this extension will be made in connection with the 1932 plates. It was announced by Secretary of State Frank D. Fitzgerald.

One of the effects of this ruling that motorists who purchase plates Sept. 1, when weight tax fees are cut in half, will be able to use the plates six months instead of four months as in previous years.

Despite the fact that there are 81,000 fewer automobiles registered in Michigan this year than last, the amount of money collected from gasoline tax is larger than in 1930. One of the contributing causes of this increase is that many tourists who could not have purchased license plates Jan. 1 were able to keep their cars in operation for two months through the extension of the time limit.

"PUBLIC ACTS" FOR SALE

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 1.—The Public Acts of 1931 as passed by the legislature and approved by the governor, have been indexed and printed and are ready for distribution by the Department of State. The price is \$1.50 for the volume.

FARMINGTON ACRES

Mr. and Mrs. Hitch of Detroit were the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Fifoot and family, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Haven, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Breen, Miss Cecilia Ryan, Paul Tucker and John Rice called on Mr. and Mrs. Harold Markham Saturday evening.

Mrs. Frank Hoffman spent the week end with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kooztz in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Billig and son, Anus and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Williams and children of River Rouge called on Mr. and Mrs. H. A. McIntyre Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Markham and daughter, Matzie of Northville, and Earl Markham of Plymouth and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Tucker and family of Detroit were the Sunday evening guests of Miss Amanda Markham and Mr. and Mrs. H. Markham of Karl avenue.

Mrs. Albert Koss entertained the Friendly Circle at a pot luck luncheon at her home on Base Line road, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Lee of South Lyons called on Mr. and Mrs. Harold Billig, Tuesday.

Miss Lucile Van Sickle and Randall Bonning of Detroit spent Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sherwood and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Koss and daughters visited the former's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. McKinney and niece, who has been dangerously ill at a Detroit Hospital for some time. Miss Virginia Woodley of West Point Park called on Gertrude McIntyre Monday evening.

Farmington Men Pay Tribute to H. D. Warner

(Continued from page one) together: 'I believe in the communion of saints.' They mean by that that they believe that the spirits of their departed are part and parcel of their lives. They mean that the faces of their dead rise white and beautiful before them with a distinctness unfaded by time. It means that they have fellowship with their dead through memory; memory sharpened by that ever deepening significance which time gives to memory. It means that they believe that the spirits of their dead walk with them down life's lonely lanes. And then let us recall too, that once a month thousands of churches hold Memorial Services. It is service which was instituted by the Founder of our Faith when He said: 'This do in remembrance of me.' And in this Memorial Service the Founder of our Faith is brought before us vividly into the lives of those who keep that memorial; but it is not only He who is brought more sharply to their awareness; but through quickened memory we all are brought into fellowship with those who once walked with us in the flesh. In those sacred hours the physical world recedes, and the invisible presses upon us. The temporal is swallowed up in the eternal. Life is lord of death. It seems to me that one of the noblest offices of religion is to keep our hearts gratefully responsive to our noble dead. I feel that I am most genuinely religious when I am most aware of my debt to those heroic souls who in their oneness upon earth did not count life dear unto themselves. I am never more religious than when through memory I am in fellowship with those who in their lifetime never faltered in their devotion to the common weal. Memories crowd in upon us of those who gave the last full measure of their devotion to make paths smoother and the going better for those who should come after.

"And here in this sacred hour we hear the noiseless tread of the great procession of the spirits of our dead. In the midst of that awe-inspiring company we see the bright, eager face of our comrade of yesterday who has joined with the other comrades of our departed years.

"Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might. Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight; Thou, in the darkness drear, their light of light."

"But even as we take counsel of our faith, one blunt question thrusts itself into our minds: If a man die shall he live again? Well, let us face that query not to answer it with refutation and argument, but rather because it is so insistent as we wait here today. With us here today it concerns not people in general, but one in particular. There are those

today who tell us, some flippantly, others with breaking hearts, that man is just a bundle of cellulose matter on its way to become fertilizer. Is that our final verdict upon our friend, is that all there was of Harley Warner? Can we so flippantly explain to ourselves that brilliant, radiant, magnetic personality by any mechanistic theory of human life? Was what he did and what we loved in him the result of nothing more than the transmission of a physical impulse from a stimulated sensory point along a nerve path to a muscle group. To be sure, this mechanistic theory of life is emphasized by the age in which we live. Ours is a machine-age. We press a button and a motor starts; we open a throttle and a locomotive moves; we turn a switch and a light comes, wheels hum, conveyors run. And we humans do seem to respond to that. Stimuli and sensory points do set us in motion. They do seem to turn on the current. Worn out by the labors of the years we go to a hill-side, scrap-heap. Short circuited by accident or disease we become useless. And when at last we are no longer able to transmit power, then we, like the machines that men make, are reduced to the original matter from which we came. So runs the thought of many today. And there does seem to be something to that melancholy cry:

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, And then is heard no more; it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing."

The external and visible world presses in upon us so constantly that the voices within are uncertain and often silenced. Honking automobile horns, screaming sirens, grinding traffic wheels, the whirl of motor driven ships through the sky, all of these leave their impress upon us. Towering fabrications of stone and brick and steel looking down upon us seem to say: How little and unimportant and ephemeral you are.

"From the faces of our dead there shines no light. We gaze at them in the midst of heaped up flowers that soon wither and die and their lovely fragrance gives place to the odors of decay. There the solemn procession, the music of the dead march, the open grave, and the heaped up mound. Can it be true that 'life is ever lord of death and love can never lose its own.' How can one speak lightly of death? Who can face death, the death of those he loves, and not feel an icy hand at his heart?"

"Recently I listened to a young minister conduct a funeral service. With a smile on his face and a note of triumph in his voice he read, 'O Death, where is thy sting?' Well, he didn't know where the sting of death is, but some of us could tell him. The sting of death is where you are when you awaken in the night and speak a name only to discover that the one who answered to that name has gone forever. Some of us know where the sting of death is when a little one comes rushing in from school all eager and cries: 'O mother, I have something to tell you,' and then stops. The glad cry trails into a wail as she suddenly remembers that

mother isn't there any more. Or when that lovely young wife and mother returning home from a happy afternoon with friends at somebody's house with an eager greeting, stops on the steps, suddenly reminded that the one whom she was expecting to see is numbed with the dead. Yes, she knows where the sting of death is.

"The young minister said: 'Your house is left unto you desolate,' but he didn't know what a desolate house is. He never has walked through the rooms of a desolate house at evening, hoping against hope that someone who has gone forever might be there.

"For it is the one who knows where death's sting is, and who has wandered through the house that has been left desolate that has the right to ask: If a man die shall he live again? And one of the most satisfactory answers to that question that I have found is the everlasting worth of a truly great soul. By a great soul I mean a real man; a man like Harley Warner, the key to whose life seems to me to have been his devotion to life. Life for him was not as for many, a sorry plane at best. And no one ever heard him in melancholy mood exclaim: 'I accept the universe.' He asked from life as it challenged him every day, no quarter. He never complained. He did not know what self-pity is. Eager and expectant and unafraid and standing on tiptoe to meet each succeeding event he turned his face to the wind and cast his handful of seed on high. Harley Warner came into a fine fruitage out of rich soil. He entered upon life without a physical, intellectual, or moral handicap. The environment of a great university quickened his native possibilities and moulded to fine purposefulness his maturing mind. The will to serve was ever with him, and with the coming of the World War it came into undimmed outline. He entered that branch of the service where only men of perfect bodies, clean minds, quick brains, steady nerves, and undaunted spirits were accepted. And when the war was over he put aside his uniform, upon which there was not a trace of the foul odor of cowardice or a single stain of dishonor, and without boast, or brag or swagger turned again to the duties of peace.

"He entered the business world with his name on a family escutcheon that hadn't a blot on it. And though he was stricken down without a moment's notice the escutcheon remains untainted and unblemished. He put the Warner brand on new enterprises in the business world and they met the test of quality. He moved among his business associates trusted and honored, respected and loved. His clear head, his quick mind, his complete understanding, his grasp of details, constituted in him an asset over against which his death we might well presume, enters a real liability. But his high sense of honor, his integrity, his worth to this community, constituted in him an asset against which there is no counter-claim. So in a life such as this there are values that it would seem to our finite senses only an immoral universe would destroy. I think I might as well tell you that I don't believe immortality is for everybody. Im-

mortality is a matter of values, not of resurrected bodies. The souls of men are not solid substances; not matter, but life. Through growth into truth, beauty, goodness, love, man becomes a soul. A soul is that which results from the integration of love, beauty, truth, goodness, courage. And in that integration man survives when his body has crumbled into dust; survives through his fellowship with cosmic integrated truth, beauty, goodness, love, courage. And because of this integration man is able to meet the march of events in a big way. Man does not escape 'the fall clutch of circumstance' by physical force. He does not overcome his disappointments, his sorrows and his griefs by standing up to them with the might of his body. Man triumphs over these rather through love and hope and faith's transcendent power. Harley Warner has gone out from us but he is and ever will be with us. He was a great soul and death has released that soul to larger possibilities and Eternal Life.

"Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me, And may there be no moaning at the bar, When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark! And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have crossed the bar."

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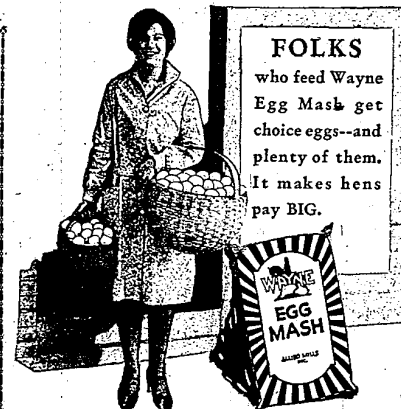
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