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Joan's Glory

By PAT SPENCER

"No, I haven't had any practical experience—you see, I just finished college last June. Joan Bryce wasn't making a good impression, she thought. The young man opposite her—Stanley Holmes, assistant to the president—kept his gaze critically upon her as she talked.

In the end she got the job—as secretary to Mr. James Dewey of Dewey, Sons and company, an old established firm of importers. Mr. James Dewey, Stanley explained, wasn't the original Dewey—he was the son of the original generation, and not a young man, either. He wasn't easy to please, but Joan would do. She would most certainly do, said Stanley.

Gladdened at her success, Joan left the establishment of Dewey, Sons and company at half past one. She didn't actually need the job. Still, family finances were running low, and Joan felt that the sooner she got to work the better. She'd been skimming long enough. She and her mother, with times what they were, had little enough to spend.

Joan stopped suddenly. She'd get her hair bobbed.

A sandwich and a cup of coffee—a new pair of gloves—a rough coat and jacket, marked down—a jaunty red pullover to suit them; and enough money put aside to pay for her bob and a generous tip, took most of the money in Joan's purse.

Next morning at a quarter before nine Joan reached her office. Stanley Holmes was waiting for Joan in his room. Everybody had to pass through it on the way to Mr. Dewey's room. Joan's tiny office opened from Stanley's room, and next to it was another, exactly like it, in which Stanley's secretary worked. Joan hoped she would turn out to be a companionable sort of person. As she took off her hat and coat and hung them on a rack behind the door of her little room, she watched Stanley interestedly. Nice man, she thought. She caught herself wishing she was to work for him.

"Oh," said Stanley as he saw her. For a brief moment Joan's heart raced. Stanley liked her looks, without her hat and coat. So much that he had exclaimed about her. But as she caught his gaze she knew that his exclamation had not been one of delighted wonder. It was one of consternation.

"Turn around," he said peremptorily.

Flushed with annoyance, Joan turned around.

"My heavens," said Mr. Stanley Holmes.

Joan stood still, embarrassed and angry. "Well?" she asked at length.

"I'm frightfully sorry, Miss Bryce," he said, and he noticed that his eyes, when they looked directly at you, were gray and beautiful and full of feeling. "I'm very sorry, but—you won't do."

"I won't do?" Joan was dumfounded. She smoothed the new skirt, which it wholeheartedly back on the racks of the department store where she had bought it. "I won't do?"

"No," said Stanley Holmes. "Not at all. But your eyes—I tell you."

Joan sat down, unasked, on one of Stanley's leather-cushioned chairs.

"Well," she said, "I think it's awfully odd that you hired me less than 24 hours ago and now, before I've even had a chance to try any dictation, you're telling me I've got to go. Do you mind telling me why?"

Stanley didn't answer for a moment. An angular, efficient-looking woman passed through the room and went into the tiny room next to Joan's.

"Good morning, Mr. Holmes," she said, and Stanley nodded and said, "Good morning, Miss Stout." Then, to Joan he said, "She's the world's best stenographer."

He walked behind Joan, and then returned and faced her. She was conscious of an unpleasantly persistent scrutiny on the part of Stanley.

"That is—Stanley Holmes again looked into Joan's eyes—"she was, Miss Bryce, perhaps we can arrange things. What did you do to your hair?"

Joan flushed angrily. "Well, I'd like to know what—" she caught the rude words on her lips and said, instead, "I had it bobbed—cut off."

Stanley smiled. "Then it was long yesterday?"

Joan smiled, too. She couldn't help it, when those gray eyes looked so unmissably into hers. "Yes. But I spent some of my first paycheck having it cut. Isn't it all right?"

"No. That is, it's beautiful. But you see, old man—I mean Mr. Dewey, won't have a short-haired secretary. He's a remnant of another day. Calls them suffragettes and mannikin and what-not. He just hasn't kept up with the times. He thinks a woman's crowning glory is a big wad of hair."

"Then I'm fired, aren't I?"

"No," Stanley Holmes' tone was decided. "No, Mr. Dewey will swap. He's wanted Miss Stout. She's the world's best and I wouldn't give her up. I hired her fresh in a moment. But I've changed my mind. He can have Miss Stout. She'll think it's a raise. Then I can have—you?"

Joan was in Joan's eyes. "That all right?" asked Stanley, softly.

"Oh, yes, it's exactly my type. You see, I want a job a lot."

"But there's one condition," said Stanley. "Don't let your hair grow. Then Dewey can't get you away from me—ever."

Dairy Farmers Mass Meeting Saturday Night

(Continued from page one)

authorized to speak for that portion of the Chicago shed in Western Michigan, two of whose producers intended to come, but were unable to do so. These men were elected by various locals of milk producers and generally they represent the Detroit shed and the Michigan portion of the Toledo and Chicago sheds.

They claim to represent ninety-five percent of the producers in the Detroit shed, and this claim is cogently supported by their statement as to what happened in a meeting of three locals of members of the Milk Producers Association at Farmington, Michigan the afternoon of January 25. To the claims of the committee that it represents the sentiments of the milk producers of Michigan, we can add our personal understanding that there is wide-spread distress and dissatisfaction among these producers of milk.

Through the press we have learned of the resignation of Dr. Clyde L. King as milk administrator, some weeks ago. It was the hope of the milk producers that with Dr. King would go the "base-surplus plan." Also, that the producers' association in Michigan would get rid of the official friends of Dr. King and his plan. They state that for some time has elapsed for this to have been accomplished. Accordingly, it is the committee's claim that in the formulation of the new code the Michigan producers are represented, only, by this committee.

The committee further states that during the last year of the governorship of Mr. Brucker, a commission of five citizens of Michigan was appointed to consider the problem of milk production and distribution in the Detroit milk sheds. While several reports were filed by this commission of nine, they all agreed that the average cost of producing milk in Michigan was two dollars and twenty cents per hundred weight, and the average cost of transportation was fifty cents per hundred weight, which has now been reduced to forty-two cents. This commission included a federal judge and a circuit judge and testified extensively. Governor Comstock, a few weeks ago, appointed as a commission to consider live stock problems and the milk producers' situation, State Senator Ruff of St. Clair and ex-State Senator Lennon, Michigan. This body authorized the above named committee to state that their opinion is that the average cost of production of milk in Michigan is now not less than two dollars and twenty cents per hundred weight.

The above-named committee state that they called upon your Mr. Christag on Friday, the twenty-sixth, and on his suggestion upon your Mr. Foraker on Saturday, the twenty-seventh, and asked that you fix upon the present operative code, or otherwise as suited you best, the price of milk to the farmer at his gate in the Detroit shed at two dollars and twenty cents per hundred weight.

They state, further, that this request was promptly denied by both Mr. Christag and Mr. Foraker. The claim was made that such a thing was impossible.

As this was only a request that the milk producers and farmers of Michigan be given by your Department a price which would cover the bare cost of producing the

milk, it is our belief that there was much justice and force in this request. We regret the refusal of the request of this committee deeply, and would like to have the position of your Department altered, at once. Is it not possible for your Department to fix a price in the code in effect from the resignation of Dr. King until the formulation of a new one giving the producer the bare cost of producing the milk?

It is our understanding that the present arrangement pays the production of milk about one dollar per hundred weight while the price to the consumer nets the distributor about four dollars per hundred. The committee claims that this situation has resulted in five years in an average profit to the distributors of twenty-five percent while the farmers were ruined. It would seem that out of a retail price of approximately five dollars per hundred weight the producer should, immediately, be given something over less than half what it costs him to produce it, and that four dollars to the distributor is as disproportionate as it is unfair.

If our understanding of the situation is correct, then certainly the producer could be paid at least the cost of production, without any increase in the cost to the consumer. And we believe such an arrangement would be fair to the consumer, the distributor and the producer.

It is our purpose to support the request of this committee on behalf of the milk producers of Michigan.

Respectfully submitted,
John C. Lehr,
Carl M. Weideman,
John D. Dingell,
George Finkles,
Michael Hart,
Harry Musselwhite,
Prentiss Brown.

Preparations for the mass meeting are in charge of Harley Gibson of Farmington Township.

FATHER AND SON EVENT DRAWS BIG ATTENDANCE

The first Father and Son banquet in the history of Farmington Masonic Lodge, held Monday night, proved a popular affair, with an attendance that far exceeded expectations. One hundred and fifty were in attendance.

Archie G. Leonard made a short address, and music was furnished by the Methodist Church quartette.

Send in your news items.

"Taxation" Is Subject Chosen By The Forum

The Forum under the auspices of the Discussion Group will be held at the Universalist Church Thursday evening, February 15. The speaker, Professor E. W. McFarland, of Wayne University, formerly of the College of the City of Detroit, is well known in Michigan for his interest in Civic matters. Professor McFarland has been active in securing legislation favorable to the schools, has been arbitrator in labor disputes; he is Professor of Political Economy in Wayne University and President of the Detroit Teachers' Association.

His subject is "Taxation." At the close of his talk he will answer whatever questions the audience may ask. All are invited.

Two ocean hops without a single trip down Broadway perhaps that may explain Col Linbergh's continued popularity.

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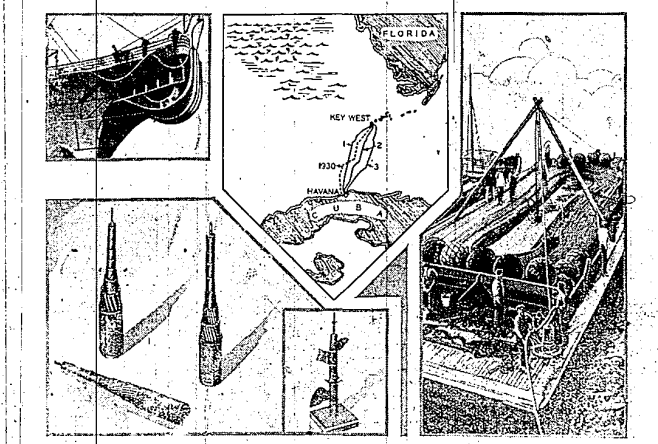
Of course not. Seldom does an owner want that speed capacity. But when a motor will go 80 miles an hour, without overstrain, it means that the motor at 40, 50, and 60 sweeps along easily, smoothly, effortlessly, and without the least vibration. That extra speed capacity makes the moderate speeds so much easier.

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Laying Deep Sea Telephone Cable Is Big Job



When the increase in telephone calls between Cuba and the United States necessitated the placing of a fourth submarine telephone cable, problems arose which had to be solved not only at Bell Telephone Laboratories but at the high seas. The new cable, incorporating the latest developments in research, engineering, and construction, has been in service for some months, and handles simultaneously as many conversations as the three other cables combined. The dotted line on the map shows the course of the new cable, 127 land miles long, from Havana to Key West, across the mile-deep Florida Straits. From Key West, the circuits are carried along the viaduct of the railway over the Florida Keys to the mainland. In the center below is a segment of the message-carrying core of the cable; a central insulated copper wire wound with spiral copper tape. At the right is shown a few miles of the cable coiled on a barge for laying at the shoreward end, with some of the buoys used to mark the course. At the left are sections of the cable showing the several types of armor protecting it at varying ocean depths, and above these is the bow of the cable ship Neptun, respectively, engaged in laying a cable.