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Read the Advertising in the Enterprise.

For the PRICE of a good cigar



It was Kipling who quipped, "A woman is only a woman; but a good cigar is a smoke." With none of the fear and trembling that should attend an extension of that master's words, we would like to say that for the same price as a good smoke you can purchase a panoramic view of the life in this community.

How else but through the columns of The Enterprise will you obtain accurate information on such subjects as the City and Township government; the State and national government as they affect the local scene through the WPA, PWA and such agencies; the school system; social and fraternal affairs here, and last, but not of least importance, the values being offered by your local merchants? A cigar is only a good smoke, but The Enterprise is a carefully conducted trip behind scenes at Farmington.

The Farmington Enterprise

Marian Anderson, H. Jepson Coming to Ann Arbor

Celebrities galore will participate in the 1939 May Festival, which will be held May 10, 11, 12 and 13 in Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, according to an announcement made this week by Charles Shink, president of the School of Music.



Glady's Swarthout, sensational mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company and movie fame, will be heard in the first program Wednesday night. She has never before appeared in Ann Arbor.

Helen Jepson, another Metropolitan Opera soprano, will sing the role of Desdemona in Verdi's "Otello" at the Saturday night concert; and Selma, Amansky, a brilliant soprano from Philadelphia, will be heard Thursday night.

Marian Anderson, world-famed Negro contralto, will be the star at the traditionally brilliant Friday evening program; and Elizabeth Wyzor, well-known American contralto, will also be heard Saturday night.

Giovanni Martinelli will sing the leading tenor role in the "Otello" performance; while Jan Perce, noted American tenor of radio fame, will be heard on two occasions, singing the tenor role in Kodaly's "Psalmus Hungaricus" Thursday night, and again in "Otello" Saturday night.

Richard Bonelli will be heard

Saturday night, as will also Norman Cordon, another distinguished Metropolitan Opera baritone. Ezio Pinza will be the stellar attraction at the Young People's concert Friday afternoon.

Two distinguished instrumentalists will participate: Georges Enesco, renowned Roumanian artist, will contribute to the Saturday afternoon program in two capacities—in the first half he will appear as violin soloist, and in the second half, as guest conductor for the Philadelphia Orchestra.

which will play a number of his own compositions. In the second half of the Thursday evening program, Rudolf Serkin, the Russian pianist, of dynamic artistry, will play with the Orchestra.

The Philadelphia Orchestra, University Choral Union, and the Young People's Festival Chorus, will as usual, participate. Eugene Ormandy will conduct the Wednesday and Friday evening programs and portions of the Thursday evening and Friday programs; whereas Saul Caston, Associate Conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, will conduct a portion of the Saturday afternoon concert at which Mr. Enesco appears as soloist.

Earl V. Moore, Musical Director of the Festival, will lead the vocal Orchestra and Choral Union in the choral offerings, short works to be given in the first half of the Thursday evening program; and the concert performance.

Verdi's "Otello" Saturday evening. The Young People's Chorus, trained by Juvia Higbee, will be heard in selections Friday afternoon.

CANCER INCIDENCE HIGHER AMONG SOME INDUSTRIES

The influence of occupation upon the occurrence of cancer among workers is a fact little realized by the general public, according to Dr. Carey P. McCord, Director of the Bureau of Industrial Hygiene of the Michigan Department of Health. The incidence of the disease, he says, is much larger among workers long exposed to such industrial substances as petroleum oils, coal tars, arsenic, aniline and shale oil, than among the general industrial population.

The nation-wide system of compulsory reporting of occupational diseases in many European countries has revealed large numbers of cancer cases. Great Britain reported 811 cases between 1920 and 1927. In Europe high industrial cancer rates are found among workers engaged in chimney sweeping, cigarette making, mule spinning (a cotton spinning process), petroleum production and manufacturing and coal tar manufacturing and processing. In the United States greater mechanization of industry, improvement in industrial methods of handling raw materials and by-products and a higher standard of working and living conditions, have cut down the occurrence of this disease among industrial workers, he believes.

In Ohio, where reporting has been required since 1913, only 11 cases have been recorded between 1920 and 1927.

Even in the face of such favorable comparison Dr. McCord feels that the problem of occupational cancer in Michigan warrants specific attention so that early diagnosis may be made and the contributing factors identified.

Stuart Chase Coming To Town Hall

Stuart Chase, noted American writer and commentator, will speak on "The Tyranny of Words" before the Detroit Town Hall in the Fisher Theatre Wednesday, Feb. at 11 A. M.

Do any two people, he asks, refer to the same thing when they use such words as democracy, idealism, free will? Today's discussions of wars, morals, laws, politics, economics, budget-balancing, leave people bitter and irritable, struggling to understand the words that fill the air. Often all they hear is just a loud noise.

Mr. Chase will describe a new technique called semantics which distinguishes between loud noises and real meaning. He claims it has helped him as lecturer, writer, reader, listener.

Mr. Chase has a following of millions through his widely read books and his popularity as a lecturer. Among his books are "Men and Machines," "The Tragedy of Waste," "Mexico: A Study of Two Americas," "The Economy of Abundance," "Rich Land, Poor Land" and "The Tyranny of Words." He collaborated with F. J. Schlink to write the first "consumer" book, "Your Money's Worth," and was the first president of Consumer's Research.

Letters to the Editor MUST BE SIGNED.

Mud

By HAZEL R. LANGDALE
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WNU Service.

THE Petticoat river, whose bottle-shaped mouth where it empties into the Bay of Fundy is responsible for the world famous tides, is at certain portions of its length, margined with steep banks of mud of such insidious, slimy slipperiness that to look at them has somewhat the same effect on the observer as the gliding eye of the snake on its bird victim.

It had that effect on Marcia Makepeace, who had come up from Boston to visit her grandparents.

For 19 years—she is to say, since the day of her birth, Marcia's life had been bounded by Massachusetts bay and the Charles river. Of course, she had summured on the Cape and had motored through the White mountains. She had even spent a few weeks at Ogunquit. But none of these places, not even the Cape Cod creeks or the ocean exposed on the Maine coast at ebbs tide, could offer the mud of the Petticoat and its tributaries.

"Looks like primeval ooze, doesn't it?" asked Barry Robins, between

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

puffs at his disreputable old briar. Barry lived in one of the five white farmhouses that made up the hamlet of Ste. Stephanie and Marcia had been warned against him by her grandparents.

"It certainly does!" agreed Marcia, but not for worlds would she have disclosed the horrid fascination those unbelievably smooth declivities had for her.

Barry had rather fallen in love with Marcia's eyes and was trying to fall out again because it was evident on the face of it that he was a poor sort of fellow for a girl like her.

Three days after this conversation, Marcia, in hunting for a lost slipper in her trunk, came upon her bathing suit.

She pulled it out and shook it. Then she went to the top of the narrow flight of stairs.

"Oh, grandmother! Is there any place where one could go swimming?"

After a moment, her grandmother's voice came back doubtfully. "Why, I don't know. There's a pool down at the bend that the boys used to use. Kind of shallow now, I suppose."

Barry saw her go by his gate and guessed her destination from a pair of gay red rubber bathing shoes protruding from her coat pocket. He started up, then sat back again and slowly refilled his pipe. For some time he sat smoking and thinking.

It only Marcia had been just an ordinary girl with no maternal relatives in Back Bay, no Radcliffe diploma, no Cambridge accent, he would have felt more like going to her and saying, "Darling, I'm a poor devil of a writer who threw up a job as reporter to go by myself and write a book. I was born in Pawtucket and I don't know the Common from Cops Hill burying ground. But I love you and will work my foot head off to keep the wolf from the door!"

Grabbing his hat and apology for a proper walking stick—an old length of what had once been a gate rail—he set forth along the gravel road that skirted the river.

At the turn of the road the pool made by the widening of the river became visible, but in its depths no bright head was visible.

Suddenly his face blanched.

"Help! Help!"

He broke into a run. Yes, the cry had come from Marcia. Half way down the bank at the spot where it was steepest she could be seen in a condition that to any but a lover might have been unrecognizable. Petticoat mud cupped her from head to foot.

Barry could see where she had to be bogged down by long slide marks. Halfway, she had sunk into the brown ooze and her struggles had only served to submerge her still more. Terrified, she had cried for help.

Gingerly, lest he make matters worse, by inviting a similar predicament for himself, Barry stepped to the edge, then down a foot or two, and extended his stick.

"Grab it!" he ordered. "Now hold it while I pull." The whole bank quivered and Barry went in halfway to his knees. Splashes of mud went over him. Then the amaze and trembling Marcia was hauled to safety beside him.

"Poor child!" he said, kindly. "But how did it happen?"

Marcia gulped. "I—I did it on purpose." She said sheepishly.

Barry just looked at her. Marcia Makepeace of Boston sliding down into primeval ooze for the fun of it!

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" was all he could say for a moment. Then, taking her in his arms, mud and all, he enlarged upon that theme until Marcia had indeed promised to become his dear.

SCHOOL NOW TRAINS PUPILS IN HOW TO USE TELEPHONE

When a long distance telephone call came one day for a pupil in the junior high school at Bowling Green, Ky., L. C. Curry, superintendent of schools, was amazed to find that the girl did not know how to use the telephone.

As a result, every student above the third grade is checked on his or her knowledge of how to use the telephone. Mr. Curry believes that it is a part of the school's function to teach some of the more practical aspects of life, as well as other forms of learning. To avoid bothering other people, this school executive uses the telephone in his office for instruction work, and has the pupils place calls to his residence.

Letters to the Editor are always welcomed by this newspaper.

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Township Primary Election Notice

To the qualified electors of the Township of Farmington, of county of Oakland, of State of Michigan:

Notice is hereby given that the Township

Primary Election

Will be held in the

Township of Farmington

Precincts 1 and 2

MONDAY

MARCH 6, 1939

For the purpose of nominating candidates for

the following Township offices

Supervisor

Township Clerk

Township Treasurer

Highway Commissioner

Justice of the peace (full term)

Member of Board of Review

Four Constables

Last day for filing petitions Feb. 14, 1939 at 5 p. m. E. S. T. The polls of said election will open at 7 a. m., E. S. T. and close at 8 p. m. E. S. T.

Dated: Feb. 2, 1939

Harry McCracken
Township Clerk