The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

This Thanksgiving Day

(Michigan Men and Affairs)

Thanksgiving this year, whether you observe it on November 23 or 30, will find this nation in what is actually the tenth year of the depression. The day will dawn upon millions of our countrymen still marching in the ranks of the unemployed, yet hopefully looking toward the future secure in the belief that the time is not far distant when this blot upon our national history will be wiped out.

We should and will return thanks this year with whole hearts, for in spite of the trials that have come upon us this nation is far richer than any other known part of the globe. A fact that is continually brought to our attention by reports from the Old World, where wars and preparations for war have placed their peoples once again in a position of abject misery.

We should be thankful because in spite of these years of adversity 85 per cent of the American people are self-sustaining and there is a notable tendency among those on either direct or work relief to provide for themselves. We should be thankful because even those who are without employment are being accorded a measure of living that would be hailed as riches in other lands, where a poverty not only of wealth but also of spirit prevails.

We should return thanks because, as a people we still retain the right to guide our own destinies and as such you as an individual may return thanks by giving a portion of what you have to your neighbor in distress. Thus does God measure the depth of your thankfulness.

Farewell to Fairs

(Christian Science Monitor)

The year 1939 may well go down in American annals as the year when the two coasts of the continent each supported a world exposition that would do credit to any city at any time. Millions have seen and enjoyed New York's "World of Tomorrow" on Flushing Meadows or "Treasure Island" in San Francisco Bay. Both have marshaled educational exhibits from afar and contributed to an exchange and spread of cultures.

It may seem banal, or even sardonic, while half the world is gripped in wars, to say that such enterprises contribute to international understanding. But the forces of human sympathy, quickened by displays of other people's arts, by the beauties of architecture and lighting effects, by respect for the products of neighbor nations' industry, and by rubbing shoulders with strangers at the entrance to the roller coaster, run deeper than diplomacy or international intrigue.

Fairs have entertained and enlightened the people, and sped commerce in their goods, for centuries. Constantly these expositions have grown larger and more magnificent. If they were not a force for bringing people together and for serving an ever-widening circle, the fairs in New York and San Francisco this year would each have drawn attendance from perhaps a single river valley instead of from the ends of the earth.

The Galloping Magnate

(Exchange)

One result of restrictions in warring countries on the sale of motor fuel is the swift return to favor of the horse. So far he has brought with him chiefly vans and wagons; but there are rumors that gigs and traps and dog-carts are already in use. A bit of imagination pictures the hansom and the growler becoming frequent sights in the London streets, with, perhaps, a few well-preserved broughams and landaus venturing to renew the dignified jaunts of yesteryear.

It may even happen that many of those business men who take a morning ride in the Row will seize this golden opportunity to pursue their hobby further, to combine pleasure with business, and will ride to the office. In which case the "City" would acquire a medieval rather than a Victorian flavor: ones prancing up on his mettlesome back, the lady-typist coming more sedately on her ambling palfrey, or, possibly, having accepted a lift, on a pillion, and the Captain of Industry pacing in at last slowly and pompously on his destrier.

Yet there are difficulties; and if the "City" does take to the saddle it is probable that the latter will be on a bicycle.

Time Marches Out

(Exchange)

Highway engineering has reached an advance stage of research, but it is still considerably behind Norman Bel Geddes' latest proposals for express motorways that not only divide opposing traffic but segregate traffic going at different speeds in the same direction. These motorways constitute Mr. Geddes' answer to the challenge of roads being outmoded almost as soon as they are finished by automobiles now completely redesigned and reequipped every few years.

Because the life of a road is set at a minimum of twenty years, highways of the future should be built to provide for cars that will be completely altered at least four times during that period. Under the modern tempo, the motorcar of twenty years hence will all but drive itself.

According to Mr. Geddes, speed will be controlled by the flip of a button, like tuning in the radio. Motorists will get into the 50-mile lane and push the 50-mile-an-hour button. Or the transcontinental driver will slip over into the 100-mile lane and snap the 100-mile-an-hour button. Pavements will be self-illuminating. Curves and cross traffic will be eliminated.

The Geddes plan may sound fantastic . . .

November Thoughts

(Exchange)

November is the silence after the symphony. October's orchestration barbaric in its splendor as a Rimsky-Korsakoff tone poem, echoes here and there in the all but empty galleries of the woods, as bright fragments of sound echo in the thought, silently.

November is the gray twilight after a golden day. The scarlet, the orange, the yellow shafts of October's noon shine in the thought.

November is the hour alone in a quiet room, after an evening at the theater. The highlighted conflict, the movement, the crescendo of October's colorful crisis on crisis, pass through the thought, a series of episodes, whose meaning unfolds like wisdom.

November is the suspended moment after October's gathering of birds in the trees, in chattering thousands—a moment of sudden stillness when the chattering ceases, when the invisible signal passes from bird to bird, from bough to bough, and a myriad winged travelers set out for promised lands, a myriad thoughts in hopeful flight.

The Lost Barber-Shop Chord

(Christian Science Monitor)

News out of the West that the barber-shop quartet is on the way out—a forecast based on the fact that only sixteen towns in seven States sent male quartets to the "world championship" held in Tulsa, Oklahoma, recently—probably won't cause many of the present generation to shed a tear.

The origin of the term "barber-shop harmony" as applied to rough and ready choral harmonization of popular tunes appears to be like the famous chord—lost. But that the barber shop did have its place in the musical life of the community is substantiated.

In England as early as the sixteenth century, citterns—lutelike instruments played with a plectrum—were found in barber shops. They were for the customers; to strum while waiting. It is recorded that the barbers themselves became very proficient. But it is also indicated that in the eighteenth century the musical proclivities of the barber ceased when they took to periwig-making and forgot their music."

In America there must have been a musical renaissance among the wielders of clipper and shears, for in 1903 the producer Hammerstein cancelled a Spanish opera because the scene called for a large number of guitar players—"More than I could get together readily; I should have been obliged to engage all the barbers in New York."

Still no mention of the barber-shop quartet. If it is passing we are sorry that our only acquaintance with it was on the vaudeville stage. The most musical sound that this generation of customers has ever heard a barber emit is "Next!"

Ample notice of change of address should be given when moving. Notice shoud be given before changing if possible.

CHURCHES

All notices for this column must be in the Enterprise office not later than Tuesday at noon.

Salem Evangelical Church

Church and Sunday School combined, beginning at 10:00 a. m., Sunday, October 22, due to absence of minister.

Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Delmere Stubbs, Pastor
Morning worship at 10:30.
Church school 12 noon.
Choir practice Thursday evening.

A nursery, properly supervised is provided. Parents attending the morning worship service may leave their children in the care of competent persons.

CLARENCEVILLE M. E. CHURCH
Rev. W. J. Prisk, Pastor
Church Service, 10 a. m.
Sunday School, 11 a. m.
Evening Service, 7:30 p. m.
Thursday Evening, 7:30 p. m.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church
Rev. John J. Larkin, Pastor
Sunday Masses at 7:30, 9:00, 10:30 a. m. and at 12:00 noon.
Masses on Holy Days at 6:00, 7:30, and 9:00 a. m.
Daily Masses at 6:30 and 8 o'clock a. m.

First Baptist Church
Gilbert A. Miles, Pastor
Morning prayer meeting 10:15.
Morning Worship 10:30.
Bible School 11:45.
B. Y. P. U. for Seniors and Juniors 6:30.

Redford Gospel Tabernacle
18000 Lasher Road
Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
Pentecostal prayer and praise service, 11:00 a. m.
Evangelistic service, 7:45 p. m.
All are welcome regardless of circumstances.
100% Pentecost.

Farmington Gospel Assembly
Universalist Church
Arthur Campbell, in charge
Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.
Morning Worship, 11:00 a. m.
Young People's meeting, Wednesday, 7:45 p. m.

Eighth Church of Christ, Scientist
Grand River Ave. at Evergreen Rd.
Detroit, Mich.

"Soul and Body" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Christian Science Churches throughout the world on Sunday, November 19, 1939.

The Golden Text (I Cor. 6:19) is: "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?"

Among the Bible citations is this passage (Matt. 6:25): "Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?"

Correlative passages to be read from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy, include the following (p. 228): "If we follow the command of our Master, 'Take no thought for your life,' we shall never depend on bodily conditions, structure, or economy, but we shall be masters of the body, dictate its terms, and form and control it with Truth."

FORMER PASTORS JOIN IN CHURCH FESTIVAL BY WIRE

When the First Presbyterian Church at Racine, Wis., recently celebrated the centennial of its establishment, the voices of two former pastors, who now reside elsewhere, came over the telephone wires and joined with the members of their former congregation in the ceremonies. The clergymen are the Rev. Dr. C. S. Nickerson, now at Beverly, O., and the Rev. Dr. N. K. Tully, of Eugene, Ore. They spoke from their homes to their former parishioners, many of whom had not heard their voices since they left Racine. Dr. Nickerson and Dr. Tully were heard just as clearly as their parishioners were accustomed to hearing them from the Racine pulpit. Their voices were brought within hearing of the assembled congregation by means of a loudspeaker.

PHONE CALL UNITES FOUR FRIENDS EACH CHRISTMAS

When the class of 1936 was graduated from Princeton University, four of its members agreed to telephone to each other every Christmas, just as they did when they were room-mates. The call is always put through from Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Last December the conference circuit reached Pittsburgh, Meriden, Conn., and Honolulu. Each man talked for three minutes.

ELIZA

By JOHN C. HAYWOOD

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

ELIZA, maid of all work in Mrs. Small's boarding house, made three trips up and down stairs for the new boarder. First with a suit case, then with hot water and finally with matches, which the woman seized almost rudely. Eliza watched while she lit a cigarette, laid her head with its chalk-white face back in the cushions of the chair, and inhaled vigorously. Eliza was fascinated.

She had mumbled, "That be all, mam?" and was glad to receive no answer. The woman swallowed all the smoke, then with her eyes closed she very, very slowly let it out through her nostrils, after which she gave a long, shuddering sigh and opened her eyes.

"You still there? What's your name?" she asked in a husky voice.

"Eliza, mam. You look sick. I was wondering—"

"Don't wonder. Where's your mistress?"

"Out, mam. I expect as she'll be in any minute."

"What's she like?"

"Different folks has different ideas —she's my mistress, mam, and a good one. I ain't talking about her."

Eliza spoke with as much dignity as her freckled face and mop of bronze-colored hair could assume.

She was beginning to hate the woman with her painted face, strawy hair, natty figure and bold gray eyes behind double lens glasses.

She looked what Eliza termed "a bad 'un" and Eliza was a church goer of strong views.

The woman, Mrs. Agnes Hart she called herself, had answered Mrs. Small's advertisement for boarders from Albany, said she was a widow out of health and wanted a quiet room with meals served in it, for which she was prepared to pay adequately.

As she was then traveling with friends she would not write again but might arrive any time. So she had come.

Mrs. Small was marketing and Eliza was quite sure her mistress would not have taken the woman had she seen her first.

This Mrs. Small confirmed later but said she had paid well and in advance, and Eliza did not grumble at the liberal tips which came later.

It was on the second day that Mrs. Hart asked if there were no other boarders.

"Yes, mam. We got a man roomer. He don't eat here. He's away mostly. He's a policeman, though he don't wear no uniform as I ever see."

"A policeman! What sort of policeman?"

Mrs. Hart looked startled.

"I dunno what sort. He's a very nice man!"

"Well, don't bring him near me. It was through a policeman my—my troubles began. I hate 'em!"

She watched Eliza narrowly and seemed satisfied that she had impressed her and accounted for the agitation that had overtaken her, which the girl must have noticed.

In the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Small called Eliza.

"Mr. Lang has returned from his trip. He's lying down in the front room all nervous and broke up. I just got word Mrs. Bates is took sick and I'm going round for a minute. You keep handy in case he wants anything."

"Yes, mam."

The front door had scarcely closed when Mr. Lang called. Eliza went in.

The detective was on the sofa; in the shadow Eliza saw that his gray hair was tousled, his eyes bright.

"Come in, Eliza," he said in his soft voice. "Sit down and talk to me. I'm all in!"

"Where you been, Mr. Lang?"

"Boston. Picking out the threads sewn into a case by a woman. Queer dick she must be somehow."

"I'd love to hear about it."

Eliza clasped her hands.

In her spare hours she read detective stories and had always suspected Mr. Lang was a detective.

But she never asked him. She kept him surrounded by a halo of romantic adventure.

"There ain't much to it," Mr. Lang commenced in a slow drawl, watching Eliza with interest. "Seems there was a dentist named Mount who sort of tired of his wife, so he took up with another woman and the other woman took up with him so as to set him plumb crazy. The wife wouldn't stand for no divorce but pretty soon she took sick, died, and was buried.

"So he could marry the other woman," Eliza said.

"That's what he thought. The other woman was crazy about him all right, but he sort of miscalculated how crazy she was. She suspected all wasn't quite right and not wanting to harbor any unjust suspicion of her husband that was to be she wanted to make sure, so she dropped a letter to the police which she forgot to sign, suggesting that they dig the lady up and look for poison."

"And did they prove it? Oh, I hope they didn't. Poor girl and she in love."

"Wait a minute. The police don't act on such letters right away. They tried to find the writer but she had disappeared and as she had maybe hinted to the dentist what she'd done, he disappeared, too."

"They ran away together after all."

"No; the girl's mother said—they found who she was easy—the girl's mother said she was going to hide away until she was sure. A very proper thing to do, I call it."

Mr. Lang clearly enjoyed telling the tale and watching Eliza's expression.

"And she's hid away somewhere, maybe" — Eliza's eyes told the thought that was behind them—"playing sick so she could keep to her room."

"Maybe. I dunno about that. Anyway they dug the lady up and there was the poison!"

"Oh, Mr. Lang! And the poor girl that loves him. Her life wrecked, you might say, by a poisoner. It's a wicked world, ain't it, Mr. Lang?"

"It sure is. My heart bleeds for that poor girl."

He studied Eliza attentively.

She was clasping and unclasping her hands nervously.

"Mr. Lang," she said, leaning forward and whispering, "maybe it's the lady upstairs."

"'Tain't likely. She's too old."

"Old! Say, Mr. Lang, she's not old. She's made up a bit but she washes it off night and morning, 'cause I hear her splashing before she lets me in. She looks like a long, thin doll with her fair hair an' everything."

Mr. Lang could read Eliza's hopes, hopes that would surround her life with a touch of romance.

"No, I think 'tain't likely—but I got her picture here—her mother give me. They had some sort of theatricals and this was one of the lady parts."

He fumbled in his breast pocket and drew out a photograph.

"There is nothing against her. Not a thing."

He handed the photo to Eliza.

"My Lord!" she gasped. "That's her."

Mr. Lang asked Eliza to go to the corner for a package of cigarettes. When the front door closed he ran quietly upstairs, opened a door, and before the occupant could move had leveled his revolver.

"Don't stir," he said quietly. "'Tis a good make-up you've got, Robert Mount, but I guess you're wanted on another stage."

Everything is worth what its purchaser will pay for it.

Dr. Joseph W. Norton
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
GENERAL PRACTICE
33200 Grand River Avenue
Farmington
TELEPHONE 404

FRUIT IN SAUCE IS DELICIOUS AND ECONOMICAL

With Michigan's help, the once lowly and sometimes despised boarding house prune has so many partners in supplying fruit for the table that home economists suggest part of the variety can appear on the table several times daily with no affront to appetites.

Pears and apples, peaches and apricots and figs are among the most likeable additions to the fruits that make good sauce.

Recommendations from the extension staff in home economics at Michigan State College show how these fruits are best treated.

Determine first if one wants a sauce or compote with apples or pears. In the first, the procedure is to cook sparingly with water and add the sugar during the last few minutes of cooking.

But in the compote, in which it is desired to keep the fruit pieces in shape without cooking to a sauce, the sugar is added as the cooking begins. The syrup hardens the fruit pieces.

Apples and pears also are good for baking. Pears are peeled and usually cut in half, but apples can be cored and baked whole with skins intact in a moderate oven.

Dried fruits are prepared much the same except that there is need for a washing and preliminary soaking. One trick that adds flavor is to cook the fruit in the same water in which it is soaked.

Most dried apricots need no soaking but can be placed directly in boiling water and simmered for 30 minutes. Figs can be started in cold water and simmered for 20 or 30 minutes. Dried peaches are best soaked in cold water for a half hour and then cooked 15 to 20 minutes. Prunes ought to be dropped in boiling water, left there for an hour to get plump and then simmered for a half hour.

EIGHTH CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
Grand River Ave., at Evergreen Rd.
DETROIT

A Branch of the Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, Massachusetts.

Sunday Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School for pupils up to the age of 20, at 10:30 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Testimonial Meetings at 8
CHURCH EDIFICE
Grand River Avenue
at Evergreen Road, Detroit
FREE READING ROOM:
In Church Edifice
Open daily, 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Tuesdays also 7 to 9 p. m.; Wednesdays, 11 to 1:45; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:00.
ALL ARE WELCOME

THANKSGIVING SERVICE
Thursday, November 23
11 a. m.
Subject: "Thanksgiving"
The Public is Cordially Invited to Attend

Legal Holiday

This Bank Will Not Be Open For Business On

THANKSGIVING DAY

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1939

THE FARMINGTON STATE BANK

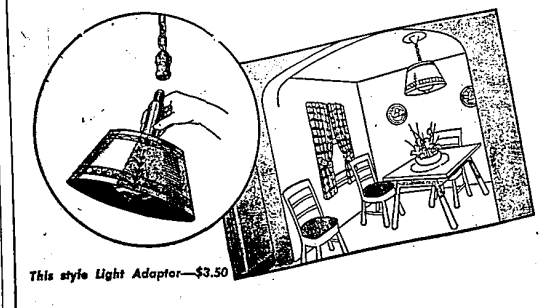
Farmington, Mich.

GOOD LIGHTING AT LOW COST...

This "screw-in" adaptor is ideal for breakfast nook or dining alcove

You will be delighted with this new and practical method of improving your home lighting! Your old-style fixtures can be easily modernized to give soft, pleasant illumination, free from glare . . . light that meets every requirement for easy, comfortable seeing. Simply screw these "light adaptors" into the sockets of your old fixtures (as easy as screwing in a lamp bulb). Light Adaptors are available in a wide selection of styles and colors, from $1.95 to $4.50. See them at department stores, hardware stores, lighting fixture stores or electrical dealers. The Detroit Edison Company does not sell Light Adaptors.

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY



This style Light Adaptor—$3.50