

Peruvians Kept Count by Knots in String

Among the ancient Peruvians there was a system of expressing thoughts without pronouncing a word or writing them in language. This consisted in a method of intertwining rings and tying various knots. It was called a quipu, and was composed of the thick head or top string, to which, at certain distances, thinner ones were fastened. The top string was much thicker than the pendant strings, which were fastened to it by a single loop. The knots were made in the pendant strings and were single or multiple. The length of the strings varied. The transverse or top string often measured several yards, and sometimes only a foot. The branches of pendant strings were seldom more than two feet long, and in general they were much shorter. The strings were often of different colors, each having its own particular significance. The color for soldiers was red; for gold, yellow; for silver, white; for corn, green. The quipu was especially employed for numerical and statistical notes, each single knot representing ten, each double knot stood for 100; each triple knot for 1,000, etc.; two single knots standing together made 20; and two double knots, 200. In this manner the ancient Peruvians kept the accounts of their armies. On one string were numbered the soldiers armed with slings; on another the spearmen; on a third, those who carried clubs. This method of calculation is still practiced by the shepherds of Peru.

Asserts That Poverty Is Punished as Crime

It is a common cant phrase among the comfortable classes that poverty is a crime. Like most cant phrases it is a lie. Poverty is a crime, or the world would not punish it so severely. Any man who has been poor—I do not mean "hard up" or short of money, but actually poor, and born among the poor, as I was—has something of the sentiment felt by a man who has been in prison. For he has suffered in prison as any man who commits a serious crime against society. But with the difference that he does not know what offense he has committed. He received the first punishment early in life, and it was some time before he could discover that my offense was poverty and humble birth. There is no relief for that suffering. So long as boys born among the poor dare to have brains and fine feelings and a desire to escape from mean streets, so long they shall be made to pay the price of their daring.—Thomas Burke, in Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

Application for Patent

A first government fee of \$20 has to be paid on the filing of an application for a United States patent as a part of the application, and if the application is allowed a final government fee of \$20 has to be paid in order to secure the grant of a patent. No further fees are required, and the patent runs its term of 17 years without anything more being required of the patentee. In most foreign countries, however, in addition to the government fees which by law have to be paid with the application, and in order to secure the grant of the patent, renewal fees or annuities have to be paid regularly, and the laws require the invention to be actually worked, as by being manufactured, sold, etc., in the country of the patent.

Insect Cannibals

In the struggle for existence many creatures are driven to live at immense heights. The climbers of Everest saw a herd of wild sheep sitting on a glacier surrounded by pinnacles of ice. They found bees, moths, and butterflies at 21,000 feet, and the last traces of the most ancient animal existence far above the Himalayan snow-line and 4,000 feet above the last vegetable growth. These were small spiders. They live in islands of broken rock surrounded by snow and ice. There were no signs of vegetation or living creatures near them, and for food they ate one another. Wingless grasshoppers were found lying at a height of 25,000 feet.

Courtesy

Courtesy is the one medium of exchange that is always accepted at par by the people of every country on the globe. Courtesy radiates a spirit of good feeling and suggests that we are not working entirely for the material returns of work, but for the friend and human associations as well. Life is not too short, and we are never too busy to be courteous.

Courtesy is the outward expression of an inward consideration for others. It is always an effective lubricant that smooths business and social relationships, illuminating friction.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Saved by Coffin

Clinging to a coffin for 15 hours on a storm-swept rock off the New Zealand coast was the experience of a Maori. They were taking the burial of a relative to Nelson for burial, when the launch was wrecked on a submerged rock. The Maoris spent 15 hours on the rock in bitterly cold weather, doggedly clinging to the coffin all the time. They were in the last stages of exhaustion when rescued.

CLARENCEVILLE

William Imhof and family have moved to Brighton. Mrs. Clifford Humphrey and daughter, Marjorie, spent Saturday in Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Forsyth of Detroit called on their parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Forsyth, Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Clifford Humphrey spent Tuesday in Detroit. Mr. W. Kelley has purchased the Simmons home on Ontago avenue.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Delavan, a girl, November 15. Mr. Hosmer of Perry furnished chickens for the chicken supper, November 18th. Mr. and Mrs. Hosmer of Perry came forty-six miles to attend church and spend Sunday with Walter Hosmer and family. James Caldwell and family spent the week end in Brighton.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scudder attended the Riviera at Grand River and Joy road, on Monday afternoon. Max Kaldor spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Kaldor. Douglas Farmer is getting along very nicely. Clarence Hazen had a misfortune to shoot himself through the right hand with a .22 rifle.

Mrs. A. L. Travis called on Mrs. Eugene Edwards, Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Jon Kaufman was a Detroit caller, Monday. Mrs. Spencer Wood and daughter spent Wednesday in Detroit. Mrs. William Forsyth spent Friday in Detroit. Mrs. Charles Truesdell spent Saturday in Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kenyon spent Saturday in Detroit.

Fred Menke, who was so seriously hurt, is improving slowly. The Rally Day exercises at the M. E. Church at Clarenceville were well attended Sunday evening. Mrs. William Forsyth was a Detroit caller, Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred Menke was a caller at Strathmoor, Saturday.

This Is Worry

Worrying has been defined as "thinking a lot of things that are not about something that probably will never happen."—Crisis.

Aftermath of Foolishness

Don't worry. The fooler foolish the world gets the quicker there will be a common-sense wave.—Lynch Herald.

WALLED LAKE

The Walled Lake Cemetery Auxiliary will hold their annual chicken dinner and bazaar Friday, November 20, at the Masonic Temple.

The Pleasant Lake Aid held their bazaar and served dinner in the basement of the school house Saturday. About \$32 was taken in.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Lare entertained a party at progressive peddle Saturday night. Seven tables played and Dan McMillan and Mrs. Frances McClellan received first prizes and Joe Reimer and Mrs. Joe DeBow, low score.

The Embroidery Club met with Mrs. Clarence Chaffee Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Florence Bachelor spent the first of the week with her son and family, M. S. Bachelor. Phil Miller, Kirby Long, Sid Bloomfield and Elmer McQueen left Thursday on a hunting trip to the upper peninsula.

Dan McMillan left for Florida the first of the week.

Skunks Prey on Bees

The biological survey says that skunks have the reputation of eating yellow jackets and bumblebees. It is generally supposed that the juicy larvae of these is most appreciated, but the adults are also eaten and probably the honey stored by bumblebees. The skunk approaches the yellow jackets' nest cautiously and scratches on the outside of it until its occupants rush from the entrance to meet the intruder. The skunk shows much skill in capturing the insects and in dislodging them from his long hair, where many cling. He pays little attention to their stings.

Earliest Egyptians

Further discoveries of a new prehistoric people, who came long before the later prehistoric Egyptians, have been made. This people, according to Sir Flinders Petrie, the director of the British School of Archeology in Egypt, may be the earliest inhabitants of the country with a regular civilization. They may be identified with the race which occupied the deserts of Egypt and Palestine in a less arid period.

The Shawl

The shawl first was introduced into Europe at the time of Napoleon's return from Egypt, where he was fascinated by the alluring garments worn so heroically by the orientals. It is said that he bought for the Empress Josephine over four hundred of these shawls at one time, and that one of his caprices was that he should never see the same shawl upon her shoulders twice in succession.

Romance Is Not Dead

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(Copyright.)

ALICIA smiled dreamily into the shadows of the tall woods. She and Eric Lane often sat there at the edge of the woods and talked about their future plans. They had been engaged for several months and had been very happy. If there was one joy in the moment of her joy, it might have been discontent. Eric was rather slow and deliberate in manner and speech. But he was a good fellow, sturdy, honest, good-looking, in a big out-of-doors way. He was clumsy, in expressing himself about matters of sentiment, but fluent enough about agriculture and cattle. "Romance is never dead," sighed romantic Alicia. "Hain't died of old age, eh?" grinned Eric.

"Eric! You're terrible!" she pouted. He tried to kiss the pout away. "Eric, the terrible, there's romance for you, honey-girl."

Alicia was silent for awhile. "Look, dear," interrupted Eric. She looked up, her gaze startled when she saw a sun-bathed glade nearby in which strange things were taking place. On one side of the glade stood a beautiful white horse wearing gorgeous trappings of rich saddle cloth, stamped and painted leather with gay tassels. Holding the bridle was a servant—a valet. Alicia knew well all about him in historical novels. He was dressed in brown leather jerkin and breeches with queer shoes. Somebody shouted and into the glade words were sent, flushed, dashed, they stamped, they lugged forward, the other fell gracefully on the mossy turf.

"Dead," whispered Alicia mournfully, as the singer walked jauntily away, mounted the horse and rode off. Eric was talking to someone and she turned to listen. "I am sorry," he said courteously but firmly, "but I cannot allow you to loiter on that south pasture. It will ruin my hay."

"Name your price," said a dark, stout man, pulling out a check-book. "I can't sell my hay until it's grown," asserted Eric sturdily.

The moving-picture man protested, grew angry, but Eric was firm. He went with them to point out a rocky pasture that they could use as a location, and Alicia, still sitting on her log thinking of the duel scene, was startled when she saw the wounded jockey coming slowly toward her.

He was a strikingly handsome fellow, the hero of all Alicia's most romantic visions. He swept his plumed hat off and laid it on his heart as he passed the pretty girl.

Alicia was thrilled to the core. "If Eric was more like that—if life was different—" When Eric came back she chided him for refusing his proposal to the ill people.

"I'm a farmer—I grow crops," he said briefly. They quarreled and separated, Eric going heavily home with the diamond ring he had bought her put gravely away in his pocket.

The next day after supper, he sat on the fence of his south pasture, smoking his pipe, and staring stolidly across the pasture at the spot where he had sat for the last time with his love. He sighed deeply and wondered if perhaps it was not better that Alicia should marry some brighter, more love her better," he thought bitterly. "A man can only give his best to a woman, and if she refuses it—well, that's that!"

Suddenly Eric's blue glance centered on the log where he had sat with Alicia. Several persons were standing there, and a woman's voice shrilled across the field. Eric slipped to the ground and ran fleetly, for he had glimpsed the blue frock of Alicia as one of the women.

Alicia had been to the log that afternoon, drawn by the fascination of the picture makers in the next pasture. She had had distant glimpses of the film company and the romantic scenes they were taking, but she did not expect to see her dashing cavalier of the day before, when a slim, narrow-chested youth with a "planch-back" coat and gray knickerbockers hovered before her with exactly the same grace of the bevviged cavalier.

"Again, blue-eyes, I find you, eh? I took a chance on coming over to look for you. Say, I can get you into the movies—you're sure to hit old Mossby," then followed a string of offensive compliments that startled the girl to terror. Jumping up she was about to rub away, when a feminine voice broke in with the appearance of a stout young woman in a yellow dress, a weird facial make-up and beaded eyelashes.

"Well, Kelly," she called shrilly, "it's no fun being your wife when I have to run around looking for you every minute." Alicia lifted tremulous fingers to her lips. "Oh, for Eric!" she thought.

Across the field came a flying form, heavy with life and energy. Eric's form, Eric's beloved voice, commanding, brusque. "Get out—both of you!" he shouted, and took Alicia into his arms.

"Oh," she panted, "do I still belong to you?" Eric smiled triumphantly after the fleeing actors. "Yes, love, and I belong to you, always!" he ended solemnly.

Love at First Hand

Great Thing in Life

First love comes before the age of knowledge. It is the only love entirely unencumbered with ideas and preconceptions. How little it has to do with words, with talk! It knows no terms. It is the thing itself from which terms and institutions have grown up. First lovers get love at first hand, instead of getting first the idea of romance into which to try to fit themselves and other people, Louise Townsend Nicol writes, in the Century. They seldom talk. They get acquainted in other ways—by being near each other, by looking at each other, by softly, shyly touching hands. They do things together—play games, run races. As watchful as small animals, they learn minutely each about the other. But they do not talk. They give each other things, always in fair exchange, and wear them out with carrying about. When they must know facts to supplement their feelings, they ask—short, blunt questions. Opinion and discussion have little play.

Pay up your subscription.

The "muscles" lengthen its life

THE "muscles" of tough, live rubber give astonishing endurance and record-breaking long life—without added weight—to Top Notch Buddy Boots. These ribs or muscles, strong as whalebone, add strength to the tops and prevent them from cracking. The tough, gray soles stand up under the hardest going in muck and stumps, in ditches, slush or ice. The longest-wearing boot your money can buy. The Top Notch Cross is your guide to durable, dependable rubber footwear—boots for men, women and children. The most reliable stores have them. The Boston Falls Rubber Shoe Company, Boston Falls, Conn.

Advertisement for Top Notch shoes featuring an image of a boot and descriptive text. The text includes 'TOP NOTCH SHIRT BUCKLE', 'Durable, dependable rubber footwear', and 'The most reliable stores have them. The Boston Falls Rubber Shoe Company, Boston Falls, Conn.' Below the boot image, it says 'TOP NOTCH SHIRT BUCKLE' and 'Durable, dependable rubber footwear—boots for men, women and children. The most reliable stores have them. The Boston Falls Rubber Shoe Company, Boston Falls, Conn.'

The Best Christmas Ever--

That's what merchants will say when it is all over but counting up the profits, if—

They call on us for help in preparing their advertising and publish the advertisements in the columns of The Enterprise.

We have plenty of new cuts, new ideas and ready written copy suggestions to aid you with your advertising. These helps will make your ads more attractive and make them pull more trade.

Phone 25-F2 and we will be glad to call

Farmington Enterprise

"A COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER"