



THE DOUBLE ALARM

THE BANKER'S CREED

I believe no man can be a good banker who is not first a good citizen—in all the term implies.

I believe good citizenship rests on ability and willingness to pull one's own weight—with capacity not only for sturdy self-help but also due regard for the rights of others.

I believe that the more points at which we touch human nature and human interests the more alive we become and the longer we stay so.

I believe we cannot prosper by applying yesterday's obsolete methods to today—that each man is in some measure master of his community's destiny—that good government is a matter of business—not politics—that to assist in all material, moral and spiritual upbuilding, is the fundamental of enlightened selfishness.

I believe we need more men of every class who will appreciate the work who will stand for something besides themselves.

I believe in efficiency—service and fraternity—in a close-knit community of interests and hopes—in a sane, broadvisioned stand that shall make for the banker-citizen, the banker-business man, the banker-farmer and the banker-everybody.—State Bank Division, American Bankers Association.

"Bean" Farming

Old Si Silver was a peculiar duck.

Farmed with his bean and had darn good luck;

The folks 'round about worked and tried—

But here's Si's secret—he diversified.—Banker-Farmer

BANKERS FOR BETTER FARMING

The Arkansas Bankers Association was recently presented with an object lesson on the value of good livestock and the worthlessness of the scrub stock common on too many farms.

The Arkansas College of Agriculture had three cows comfortably quartered in a corner of the lobby at the convention hotel in Little Rock.

One cow displayed was a purebred Jersey which made a profit of \$85 last year, a second was a high grade cow, the product of a purebred bull and a scrub cow. She made a profit of \$53.

The third cow was a common scrub cow, declared to be a detriment to Arkansas farming.

IT ISN'T MUCH OF A STORY

By FRANK WALL

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ONCE upon a time John Storm put his little ship out to sea and was wrecked. It really isn't much of a story. The only interesting point is that it was his good qualities rather than his bad ones that brought him to disaster.

In the first place he was a perfect foot where women were concerned. Then again, he was altogether too much in earnest where his heart was involved. And lastly, he was of a passionate temperament. The last two qualities had been wished on him by his ancestors and the first was just natural to him.

He lived in one of those nondescript rooming-houses in the Bohemian center of New York, and he had two charming neighbors. On one side of him there was Mary Content, engaged in the "legitimate line" of theatrical work, an elusive piece of loveliness, gay and tender by turns and nothing long, save where her heart was concerned. In that respect she had all of Storm's tremendous quality of earnestness, and something over. One might surmise that she would be slow to give her heart, but staunch as a rock when it was given; but in the event of disillusionment she would be adamant.

Maria Ledoux, the vaudeville artiste who occupied the room on the other side, was of another clay. Beautiful in a full-fledged fashion, with deep, slumberous eyes that could flame at a mere idle impulse, she was a magnificent animal. There are women that way. In her case, one might surmise that her heart would be moved easily, as a leaf is blown before every passing wind. One might surmise, too, that if her vanity were touched she would play with a man as a cat plays with a mouse before striking the life out of it.

She usually returned from her theater about midnight, and had given herself a standing invitation to call in at Storm's room for a cup of coffee. That is where the first scene in the little comedy was staged: Storm's room, cheaply furnished in rooming-house style, small table in center, with coffee cups, a chair on either side; Storm and Maria discovered seated.

Maria is telling of her triumphs, from which an experienced hearer would deduct the usual trade discount; but Storm, not being experienced, swallows it hook, line and sinker. Yet he has his limitations, and they are reached when she passes on to him the quality of the femininity in the rooming house.

"I haven't a rival here," she says complacently.

Perhaps he sits up a little more erect at that. Perhaps something tangible but opposing in the look he gives her stirs her easy vanity. "I'm lovelier than any one here," she says.

"With one exception," he says quietly, putting his head in the lion's mouth, as it were.

"Without any exception."

"You are lovelier than any other woman in this house with one exception," he says, a little unsteadily. "But that exception makes all the rest of you as nothing to me."

Maria laughs a little and changes the subject. They talk of indifferent matters, while her eyes regard him with a strange intensity. It stirs him profoundly. Then she rises to go and in that moment she lifts her face slightly to his. Her eyes are gleaming like pools of fire. Her lips move simultaneously.

"You lovelier than she is," she whispers.

"You are lovelier," he says doggedly. "You are loved, but she is more lovely to me."

She throws an unconscious into her voice that shakes him for a moment. "Say I'm more lovely than she is," she says again. "Say it . . . say it . . . quickly . . . say yes . . ."

"No," he says harshly; "I won't."

And she only smiles at his harshness.

She continues to call at his room every night, but she always talks of casual matters. But about a week later she invents a secret to tell him and leans forward to whisper it so that her hair brushes warmly against his face; and then, at something she sees in his eyes, she holds him swiftly.

"I'm lovelier than she is," she whispers.

"You are lovelier," he says, "I've hurt you."

Her eyes open slowly, flashing full into his. "Say I'm lovelier than she is," she murmurs; and he stares at her with a kind of wildness, and then turns and runs out of the room. And again she smiles at her own thoughts.

He goes back to his own room. Perhaps Maria, when she arrives, sees the sign for which she has been waiting; perhaps it is just a chance spot on her part. She comes in more quietly than usual, and in some strange fashion the passion that is in him for the other girl leaps forward to meet Maria. He stands up. He is losing his cool and he knows it; and she knows it. "Ah," he says. "You are lovely."

"Kiss me!" she whispers suddenly.

He doesn't answer, just crushes his lips on hers. And in that moment, starting over her shoulder, he sees the other girl standing at the door. She has come to give him her answer.

It really isn't much of a story, except that it happens to be true.

HEALTHY AND HAPPY, THAT'S ME," SAYS JANE

CHRISTMAS SEALS GAVE HER A NEW LEASE ON LIFE. HOW ABOUT OTHERS?

See the mischief in her eyes? Looks healthy, doesn't she? Jane was one of 40 children who spent two months



this summer at the Fresh Air Camp of the Ingham County Tuberculosis Association. She went there, listless, apathetic and underweight.

Before she left, she gained fifteen pounds and her pranks were the talk

of the camp. She changed physically entirely. Her father gave way to healthy fun; she learned to play. There was no wonderful panacea. A dozen such camps do it, much for hundreds of boys and girls every year. Christmas Seals which cost you a penny apiece, give health and strength to possible victims of the scourge which numbers children as one-third its dead. BUY SEALS.

BELT IN THE BACK



"My tailor gave me a belt in the back with my new suit."

"Why didn't you give him a belt in the eye?"

Try A Liner—They Bring Results.

Mother Nature Laughed at Man's Pany Efforts

Man has succeeded almost beyond his expectations in the "conquest of nature," yet new items come in every now and then to remind him how much of the conquering remains to be done. Of countries not yet wholly reclaimed from the wild, India furnishes probably the most conspicuous example. Estimates for the past year show that the jungle is an even more serious issue than the problems of Svaraj, in that in 12 months 3,605 people were killed by wild animals and 20,000 died from snake bites. Sometimes the enemy does not kill, but comes near it by destroying the means of livelihood for whole populations. Recent what happened after the English introduced the rabbit into Australia about the year 1860. The results have been described as "astounding." Not only were grass and the barks of trees consumed; fruit and vegetables were eaten up or destroyed in enormous quantities. Unavailingly, as it seems, the government erected wire fences as a protection, one of them 250 miles long. Today the annual loss caused to Australian productivity by rabbits is estimated at \$100,000,000, and the farmers are besieging the federal treasury department for relief—Exchange.

Boaster Loses Dignity

Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.—Young.

WHY COW TESTING PAYS THE FARMER

The Money Maker

Yearly Production 15,000 lbs. Milk

for each 100 lbs. of Milk Produced such cows eat

Silage	43 lbs.
HAY	14.5 lbs.
GRAIN	32.5 lbs.

The Money Waster

Yearly Production 2,500 lbs. Milk

for each 100 lbs. of Milk Produced such cows eat

Silage	123 lbs.
HAY	68.4 lbs.
GRAIN	55.8 lbs.

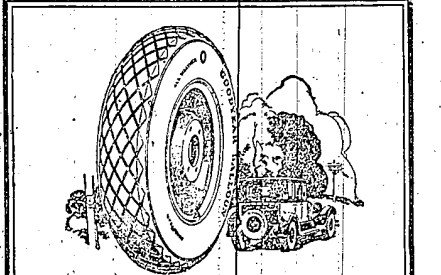
It is estimated that of the 24,000,000 dairy cows in the United States only one in three earns its owner a profit, one "breaks even" and one loses money.

Surplus milk, produced at no profit to dairymen, is one cause of low milk prices. The way to cut the surplus is to get rid of the wasters in dairy herds, which are a dead loss any way you figure.

The price of milk never was and never will be high enough to make scrub cows pay. Weigh your milk and weigh your feed. If there is a Cow Testing Association in your neighborhood, go and join it. If there is none, get together with your neighbors and organize one. Find out about your cows. Keep the money makers and turn the wasters over to the butcher.

—From the "Larri Dairymen."

For a Christmas Present The Enterprise



The Real Balloon Tire Discovery—Supertwist

You're probably thinking about buying Balloon tires.

As you know, Balloon tires are much larger than ordinary tires and run at lower air pressure. They smooth out bumps, save your car and its occupants. But to be practical, a Balloon tire must stand up and give good mileage under the constant flexing and bending to which it is subjected.

The durability of Goodyear Balloon Tires is assured by a new invention—Supertwist Cord. Supertwist is an extra durable cord fabric developed by Goodyear especially for Balloon tires. Its superiority lies in its greater elasticity. Supertwist will stretch farther than ordinary cord before it breaks. Hence it protects Goodyear Balloon Tires against stone bruise and rupture.

We have Goodyear Supertwist Cord Balloons for the new small diameter wheels or to fit the wheels now on your car, without change.

Olin Russell
Tel. 161
GOOD YEAR

Ford

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The Coupe is the lowest priced closed car on the market—yet one of the most satisfactory.

Costing less to buy and maintain, every dollar invested brings greatest return in comfortable, dependable travel.

Sturdy, long-lived and adapted to all conditions of roads and weather—it meets every need of a two-passenger car.

Steadily growing demand and the resources and facilities of the Ford Motor Company have made possible a closed car at a price millions can afford, rightly designed, carefully built and backed by an efficient service organization in every neighborhood of the nation.

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Fordor Sedan \$685
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Touring Car \$295
Runabout \$265

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