

Mr. Blinky-Blink  
Was Lonely  
By EDITH H. OLIVER

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)  
"HELLO, Mr. Blinky-blink," said the boy putting his head through the open door.  
"Hello, boy."  
John Farnsworth hastily edged himself out of his chair between the oil stove on its battered tin tray to the left of the typewriter, and the piled-up books and manuscripts to the right. There was only room for one table, but he was careful never to cook anything that spattered.  
It had been different with John Farnsworth. He had plunged in himself when he took possession of the room fifteen years ago, a "resh" on the Comet, writing his first assignment with the world illumined by the rising sun of success. He could not have told why that sun had painted the sky with a promise never to be fulfilled; why he was still in the little room where he had only meant to stay until he found just what his work would be, and where it would take him. Least of all, could he have told why he was still a hack writer, a dried-up husk of a man grinding out miserable commercial platitudes on a typewriter, blinky-blinky, blinky-blinky.  
He had ceased to question or demand of life. Every evening when he did not go to the Eureka restaurant to dighe he came back to his room with numerous bags and a bottle of milk, and persuaded himself that he cooked a cozy, appetizing meal. His room was a dreary place; but still he clung to it, came back to it with a pathetic pseudo feeling of home, and inserting himself between the precarious piles on the table blinked out the requisite number of words to spell "rest-food-cloyless." He could almost have done it with his eyes closed, especially the weekly article about the ladies' ready-to-wear garment trade—until that night when the boy first came to the door in shirt and dress trousers, newly shaved, eager, excited.  
"I say, Mr. Blinky-blink, help me out, will you? I've left my back collar stud in the shirt, that's gone to the laundry and I'm due at a party. I'm assigned to write up the Merrington wedding, and there's no telling what may come of it if I please them. Don't mind my calling you Mr. Blinky-blink, do you? You're always blinky-blinky-blink when I go past—Oh I say—don't take your collar off—I can use a safety pin—you might want to go out yourself."  
"I never go out," said Farnsworth struggling with his collar.  
"Reisi! said the boy, "but if you aren't going tonight I'll be everlastingly obliged, and I'll put the stud in a bit of paper under the door. Thanks

again."  
He ran out whistling, and in a few minutes he ran downstairs and slammed the door, and John Farnsworth went back to his writing, feeling old and lonely.  
It is not possible to resume a routine that has once been broken. Every night after that the boy put his head through the door that was always left open, and told the story of his day, and the older man's starved heart warmed to him and took him in, yet, something within him whispered, "why waste time on that boy when you can send your own voice into the world and become famous?"  
Through the long hours while his fingers mechanically blinked out the unworthy articles, his brain harked back to his own youth and gradually, battling all the way with a dulled and listless conscience, it showed him a short and easy way to success. He took the boy's stories and rewrote them into brilliant things of wit, humor, pathos. He had only to take one of them to the Comet and hand it once far above the lady's plodding feet. One night he got as far as the door of the Comet with an especially good one, but he came back, and that night when he heard the cheery hail, his soul cried, "Thank God!" And when one night the boy came in pale and very sober, he had got his big chance at last. He told Farnsworth all about it, in all innocence giving him the means of his own undoing.  
Behind the two closed doors the machines blinked that night until each writer felt that he had accomplished a masterpiece; but while the boy rose from his work, yawning stretched and tumbled smiling into bed, the older man still sat rigid, staring at the written sheets with unseeing eyes while his soul fought its lonely battle.  
In the gray dawn he rose slowly with the stiff motions of an old man. His face was drawn and haggard, but his eyes shone with the light of victory as he tore the typewritten sheets, and tore them again and again into fragments.  
That night the boy began to shout—"Oh, Mr. Blinky-blink!" before he was half way upstairs and he plunged into the room radiant with happiness.  
"I've got it! The old man himself said it was good, sound work. I rushed home to tell you, for I owe it all to your advice, you know!"  
"Farnsworth looked steadily into the eager young face.  
"I'm glad to think you do owe something of it to me, boy—it's a great thing to be young, such a great thing that it only comes once in a lifetime. Don't waste it, by—just as I did."  
Every evening when the hour comes Mr. Blinky-blink stops work and his tea, but the boy has gone to life, and love, and happiness. No voice calls to him; no one comes to the door, and he goes on with his report of the ladies' ready-to-wear garment trade—binky-blinky, blinky-blink.

STRAIGHT TALKS  
WITH AUNT EMMY

ON "GOLD BONDS"

"Before I go to the bank to ask advice about investing the money mother left me, I wish you would tell me something more about bonds," said Helen to Aunt Emmy. "Am I right in thinking that gold bonds are absolutely safe? Are gold bonds what people mean by gilt edge securities?"  
"What a child it is!" laughed Aunt Emmy. "I can see that you do need to learn something about bonds. The term 'gold bond' does not have anything to do with the term 'gilt edged security.' The latter is nothing more than a commonly used phrase that means a safe security. Companies that issue gold bonds usually agree to redeem them in United States gold coin of the weight and fineness of the gold coin issued by the United States Treasury at the time the bonds are put on the market. This is done in order to protect the bondholders from the very remote possibility of a radical change in the value of United States currency, such as, for example, the changes in the value of German and other European currencies as a result of the war. While such a thing is unlikely to occur in this country, financiers always try to guard against every possible trouble. Although a bond may be payable in gold it is unnecessary to demand payment in actual gold coin since our American money is on a gold basis anyhow and our good old paper dollars have exactly the same value as golden dollars.  
"But you want to bear in mind one thing. Because you buy a so-called 'gold bond' that does not mean that the bond is secured by gold in any way, or that it is stronger than any other bond. The strength of a bond lies simply and only in the ability of the company that issues it to pay its debts. And of course you should consider the value of the property pledged or mortgaged to secure the bond, if any property is given as security."  
"Dear me, Aunt Emmy," exclaimed Helen, "I never realized how much one needs to know before investing one's money. In my case it's awfully important not to have a loss, because although I have only a tiny amount of money it is all I have in the world. How can I ever learn to tell what is good from what is bad?"  
"I am not sure you ever can rely on your own judgment, my dear," smiled Aunt Emmy, "but if you will be guided by your bank, you needn't worry."—A. E. Aymes.

An Enterprise Liner will sell it.

Come out and see  
OAKLANDS

A New and Distinctively Different Suburban Development at the Junction of Orchard Lake Road and the Thirteen Mile Road. Restricted.

ADJOINING

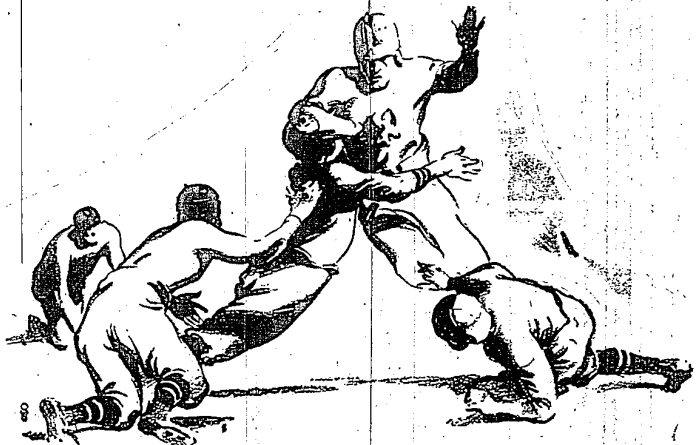
GLENOAKS  
GOLF CLUB

A Strictly Private Family Club for Young Americans of Character and Standing.

Great Lakes and Corp.

1903 Washington Blvd. Bldg., Detroit.  
Cadillac 5600

In the Game of Business----



IN THE GAME OF BUSINESS AS IN THE GAME OF FOOTBALL IT IS TRAINING AND TEAMWORK THAT COUNT. TAKE ADVERTISING, FOR INSTANCE. IF YOU AND EVERY OTHER MERCHANT IN THIS TOWN WILL PLACE YOUR ADVERTISING IN OUR HANDS, WE HAVE A SERVICE PREPARED BY EXPERTS WITH WHICH TO PREPARE YOUR ADVERTISING. THEN THE TEAMWORK OF EVERY MERCHANT DOING HIS SHARE OF ADVERTISING, WE CAN PULL MORE PEOPLE INTO THIS TOWN TO TRADE. COMBINED TRAINING AND TEAMWORK WILL WIN.

FARMINGTON ENTERPRISE