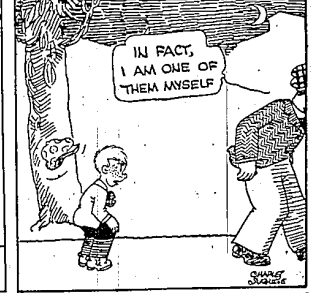
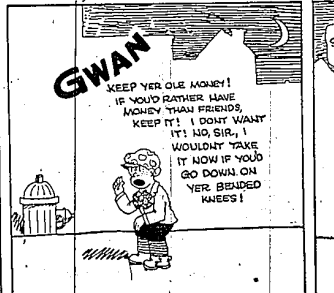


MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Hughes
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Having Tea With Kate

By JANE OSBORN

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SATURDAY luncheon had consisted of very, very thin soup, with a few very small croutons—and there wasn't much in the plates, either. Then there had been midget fish balls—one to a person—short rations of bread and butter—plenty of pickles, weak tea—and that was all. Roderick, instead, who occupied one of the front rooms on the second floor of the fine old-fashioned house had come home early, in time for luncheon, and intended to spend the afternoon working over some papers from the office. He had dropped in for luncheon, to which he was certainly entitled since he paid full board. Nora Lane was home, too, though on school days she brought her luncheon at a little tea room near the school where she taught.

Now Roderick sat in his room considering his papers, but much more seriously considering how hungry he was. He'd go out and get some afternoon tea if it wasn't such an infernal nuisance. And he didn't even have a cracker in his room. Nora had been correcting papers, but it seemed now as if she could correct another unless she had something to eat.

Starvation fare—that's what it was at Mrs. Miller's boarding house. Just then came a curious timid sort of scratching noise on Nora's door. "It's me," said a voice, as Nora opened to see an oldish woman in a blue gingham dress. Nora knew at once that this was Kate, the cook, though she had seen her only a few times. Students came in to serve the meals—and this Mrs. Miller considered a great advantage since she never had to feed them. And Mrs. Miller and Kate and poor timorous Mr. Miller did the rest.

"I thought maybe you'd come to the kitchen for a cupful of tea," suggested Kate. "Lunch was none too hearty." She laughed a little and waited for Miss Lane to accept her invitation. "You see Mrs. Miller is awfully kind, possibly he's back until after dinner tonight. I always have my tea and toast at four, and I thought I'd see

If there was anyone in that would like some."

So Nora Lane, feeling as giddy as a child about to pilot the party, followed the broad-backed Kate to the kitchen below. Steps on the back stairs following them proved to be those of Roderick Hemstead, who sat across the dining room from Nora. She kept his name, thought him very good looking, and that was about all. "This young gentleman was working in his room," explained Kate. "I knew that meal would never last him through the afternoon."

Kate was now setting tea cups and saucers and spoons on the immaculate white oilcloth top of her kitchen table.

A half-hour had passed when Nora and Roderick groped their way up the back stairs.

"Wasn't it fun?" asked Nora.

"Too hot," said Roderick.

"And it isn't as if we weren't entitled to the things, either," defended Nora. "We both pay full board and we are hardly ever here for luncheon. Wouldn't Mrs. Miller have a fit?"

"That's what makes it such good sport. I wish I sat on the same side of the dining room that you do."

"Why?" asked Nora, also glad of the dark.

"Guess why," said Roderick, for they were now in the light of the upstairs hall and Roderick didn't dare say more.

Frequently that winter Mrs. Miller had engagements on Saturday afternoon and for some reason Kate always found her young man and her young lady, as she called them, in their room, ready to be asked to a kitchen tea party.

Then came the final kitchen tea party, to which Roderick and Nora came looking so confused and self-conscious that Kate felt sure that Roderick had stolen a kiss on the back stairs. Never was a tea party more delightful, and Kate was in rare good humor. Perhaps they were too preoccupied. Anyway they did not hear the footstep of the ampie Mrs. Miller coming through the pantry.

"Kate," she shrieked, "what do you mean by this? How dare you? I discharge you on the spot!"

Kate and Nora looked helplessly at each other and Roderick, who had risen, bowed slightly to his landlady.

"Let me explain," he said. "We have been making arrangements—Mrs. Lane and I—right Kate to come and

keep house for us. But perhaps I had better explain. Miss Lane and I are engaged. We shall settle in our own house immediately after our wedding." Nora blushed and nodded an affirmative to the bewildered Kate.

"How dare you conspire to get my cook away from me, right here in my own house?" shrieked Mrs. Miller. "That's just it. As a matter of fact we hadn't spoken of the matter to her. We were going to. But we felt a little reticent about making advances here, as you say, in your own house. But since you have already discharged Kate, of course we need no longer feel any such scruples. Kate, do you accept our offer?"

Kate said she did. And there was a decided coolness between Mrs. Miller, her cook, and two of her best-paying boarders until the three last named left two days later.

The duke of Orsuna, viceroy of Naples, passing through Barcelona, went on board a galley, lying in the harbor, and, passing through the crew of slaves, asked several what their offenses were. Everyone excused himself; one said he was sent to the galleys out of malice, another because his enemy had bribed the judge; but all of them unjustly.

The duke came at last to a sturdy little black man, to whom he put the same question. "My lord," said he, "I cannot deny that I am justly put here, for I wanted money and took a purse near Turrogon to keep from starving."

The duke, hearing this, gave him two or three blows on the shoulder with his stick, saying, "You rogue, what are you doing among so many honest innocent men? Get you gone out of their company!" The poor fellow was thereupon set at liberty, while the rest continued to tug at the oar.—The Youth's Companion, September 2, 1929.

They Are

The youngest who defined "coquette" as "something made out of chicken" wasn't far wrong if we put quotation marks over the "chicken," Boston Transcript.

IRRIGATION ON FARM

Electricity Strongly Endorsed by Texas Professor of Agriculture.

The importance of irrigation to farm lands is vividly shown in the above picture. T. H. Claypool, professor of agriculture of Baylor University, Waco, Tex., shown holding two cotton



Both cotton plants are from the same field, the larger plant from a section irrigated and the other from a section not irrigated.

plants from the same field, is so firmly convinced of its value that he made this statement to a General Electric representative last fall:

"From my 29 acres I expect to receive a net profit of \$2,500 this year due entirely to electrical irrigation."

Without irrigation this field of cotton would probably have been a complete loss.

ELECTRIC HEATER

Not all farm homes are equipped with furnaces, and as a result the use of small electric heaters is increasing. The electric heater can be connected to a current outlet and gives a strong, concentrated heat wherever it is wanted. It is of particular value in heating a small room which is to be used for a limited time.

ON BLUE MONDAYS

Personal Farm Recollections of a Man in Electrical Industry.

Blue Monday on the farm, in the days before anyone even hinted that electric power might remove the business, is vividly recalled by Owen D. Young, a high official of the General Electric Company, who was raised on a farm and still owns one near Herkimer, N. Y. Says Mr. Young:

"Blue Mondays were rightly termed 'blues' in the old days, with the milk coming into the house from the barn; with the skimming to be done, and the pans and buckets to be washed; with the churn waiting attention; with the wash-bowl on the stove while the wash-board and that back-breaking device, the wash-board, stood by; with the kitchen full of steam, the breakfast cooking in progress, and one pale, tired, and discouraged woman in the midst of this confusion. Hungry men were at the door meanwhile, anxious to get at the day's work. Blue were those Mondays indeed!"

LIGHTING FARM BUILDINGS

Proper lighting in barns and out-buildings is as essential as in the farm home. It is often necessary to do work before or after daylight, and the unsafe oil lantern is not satisfactory for this purpose, principally because of the limited range of light.

In wiring farm buildings conduit or armored cable should be employed. While there is no likelihood of fire with insulated electric wires, moisture or ammonia fumes may not be the insulation, rubbing against walls may wear it or rats and mice may gnaw it, causing live wires to be exposed. Where the wires are run through conduit or a lead sheathing the insulation will not wear off or leave live wires exposed.

Try an Enterprise Lister.

An Unsuccessful Touch



HOW ENDLESS CHAIN SELLING PLANS ARE USED TO ROB SAVERS

W. R. Morehouse Continues His Exposures of Modern "Gold Brick" Schemes—American Bankers Association Official Tells How Life-Time Savings Are Wiped Out.

By W. R. MOREHOUSE,
Public Relations Commission, American Bankers Association.

ARTICLE NO. II

I FIRMLY believe that promoters and high-pressure salesmen are becoming more and more crafty. Shrewd ways are being resorted to in order to trap the novice investor. It is deplorable that the investor does not profit by experience and is victimized a second time in his endeavor to recover that which he has already lost. It is the old, old story of trying to recover, but in the attempt losing. This very hour thousands of hard-earned dollars have slipped from the grasp of the calloused hands that earned them into the clutches of unscrupulous skin-game artists. Tomorrow the scenes of today will be re-enacted with a new and larger list of victims. A month from today depositors will be pouring an ever increasing volume of their savings into the hopper of unwise investments. A year from today the same tragedy will be re-enacted unless our savings bankers come to the rescue and help to stop this nefarious business of defrauding and swindling our savers of the fruits of their labors.



W. R. Morehouse.

Here is a typical case. A group of men undertook to promote a vending or self-servicing machine. Their plan called for the sale of \$37,000,000 worth of leases in the United States. Similar projects previously started throughout the United States had failed. As a matter of fact, the average daily sale of one of these self-service machines was only \$3.10, which in itself made it impossible for a machine to produce sufficient revenue to make it profitable. Surprisingly the machines were another obstacle which had not been successfully overcome. In three months the promoters were successful in selling over \$2,500,000 worth of rights to use these machines.

\$40,000 in Savings Lost by One Man. I know of one man who withdrew \$40,000 from a savings bank and invested it in this promotion. He told me it represented the accumulations of a lifetime. "And now I have lost it all," he said in a trembling voice. "I haven't a cent left and I am past sixty years of age—too old to work!" he added.

Of the more than \$2,500,000 invested by savers, over \$1,000,000 was taken by these wily promoters as commission. Think of making a commission of over \$100,000 on \$2,500,000 of sales in about a year's time! Think of what this more than \$1,000,000 of commission represents—think of the struggles and the sacrifices of the men and women who saved it! With some it was saved penny by penny over a period of years. Think of the sorrow it caused—the heartaches, the misery and the disappointment which followed in the wake of the collapse of this promotion. Think of the old man who lost \$40,000—all he had been able to save during his lifetime. Think of the widow's mite, for she lost it also. All that is left today of the original investment is less than 10 cents on every dollar.

Here is an endless chain scheme which relieved working girls of a portion of their savings. The loss ran into many thousands of dollars. The scheme is to sell silk hose to girls by getting them to act as selling agents.

At a glance the loss appears to be small, but the truth is the scheme is capable of such great expansion that it soon takes in hundreds and thousands of victims. This is but one of many endless chain schemes in use today in the United States.

(Article III will deal with land schemes and the plans for robbing people of their savings.)

Does It Pay to Advertise?

A Farmington real estate dealer informs The Enterprise that an ad in this newspaper brought him a \$7,500 commission on the sale of real estate.



Your State Offers You—

A worth-while part of \$134,000 for anything you produce that is BEST! That is the offer to you from the State of Michigan through your Michigan State Fair. And that offer covers the whole field of Michigan industry—farms, factories and households.

September 5-11, at Detroit

There are prizes at the State Fair for every Michigan farm product, including livestock of all kinds. There are prizes for Michigan needlework and other home-keeping arts. There are prizes even for babies.

Imagine the pride you will have in winning one of these prizes!

What product of yours deserves consideration for such an award?

Write today for the complete premium list, and begin now the plans and work needed TO WIN!

More than ever before, your 1926 State

Fair will be a mammoth competitive show of Michigan products. But the spectacular features will be also better than ever.

Harness racing by the pick of the Grand Circuit performers—Fireworks such as Michigan has never yet beheld—A record-breaking cattle show—A noisy, frolicsome Midway—Free acts galore—Thrilling auto races.

Special accommodations on all railroads, or drive your car right into the grounds—by an easy route that skirts all heavy Detroit traffic.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR

An Exposition Worth Seeing