

No Market for Ant Hills

By MORRIS A. EPSTEIN

THE office of the Daily Chronicle was in confusion. Suspicion was rife that the Old Man was going to read the riot act on efficiency again. The entire force was on the qui vive, from the girls at the classified desk to the managing editor himself. An exultant expectancy hung on the air, and exploded suddenly like a charge of dynamite when the announcement came from headquarters that the Old Man wished to see everybody—at once!

"He saw everybody—at once. And when they saw him they knew that Moses' anger was waxing hot. He glared at them savagely with a fierceness that threatened another shake-up. "There's too much waste of effort in this organization. Got to stop! Understand? Got to stop! You're a bunch of ants, working like a power house and getting no place. Wasted effort. Misdirected energy. Ants! The apt may be a model of industry, but there's no market for ant hills!"

"I provide you with the most up-to-date newspaper building in the state, modern equipment, new devices, every facility for intelligent work. And yet, like sprawling babies, you use things awkwardly, break things that should never be broken, and misuse the very tools that are treated for your special purpose. Ant hills!"

The berserker's glance swept the room like a hot wind. "Every time Henderson receives a new volume for the editorial rooms, he breaks the binding when he opens it. Ant hills! Wilcox insists on shaking the entrails out of his fountain pen whenever he uses it, and lapses a green ink design on the new six-ft.-a-yard linoleum. Ant hills! Then the dumb janitor in mopping it up uses a caustic soap that eats up the design as well as the linoleum, just as surely as any acid will eat the cork out of a bottle. More ant hills!"

By this time they were all sitting dangerously near the edges of chairs, waiting with taut nerves for fire crackers to explode under them. "Always doing the right thing wrong. Saw Jimmen the other day, regulating the eighty-dollar watch you gave him with a fifty-cent pen knife. I'll bet a boiler to a cinder that half of you men shake with dull razor blades. Ant hills!"

By this time the Old Man was pounding the desk furiously. The staff sensed that "ants" was to be the new stibboleth. "Learn to do things right. It requires no more energy. There are two ways to do everything, but only one of them is the right way. Aliss Hanson, you—you are a decided—most emphatic blond. Why do you insist on using brunette rouge? And you, Simpson, you've got no business smoking fifty-cent Corolans. You don't know how. You let them down and let them dry out. The edge of your desk looks like it had been in a fire. And you two bappers at the classified—you were both off two days last week with indigestion. I knew you would be. You were eating green bananas for lunch the day before. I saw you. Rippe ones are just as cheap, and a whole lot easier on your stomach. Will you ever grow up, all of you."

"On that last assignment you had, Hopkins—the Fourth Street raid—you never got there until it was all over, because your battery went flat. Did you ever try to put water in it every thirty days? I looked over your ear yesterday, to see whether you leave the caps off your tire valves. You do. What do you think they make 'em for? More ant hills! And Mrs. Reed—a slow, deadly pause—"Quit sucking your pencils in the figure! They're not candy. It softens the lead, warps the wood, poisons your mouth. It is not—"

Just then Edison, who was holding down the day desk, burst into the meeting in wild excitement. "Mr. Pennington! Pardon me, sir, for intruding. But—it just came in on the phone, sir! Four—your country home burned down this morning, sir!"

"What's that?" bellowed the Old Man. "Where was the fire department?" "Well, sir, they got there too late. The chief said they couldn't help it." The Old Man turned to his astonished staff ostentatiously. Here was an unexpected catastrophe that lent final and clinching power to his argument. What was the financial loss compared with the exultation of his spirit? With a magnificent, convulsive sweep of the hand, he mottled in disgust.

"Ant hills again!" "Yes sir," said Edison weakly. "That's right, sir." "Edison, you've shared! What in the hell are you talking about?" "About ants, sir. You see—I got the fire chief on the phone right away—for the details, you know—and he told me they've been having trouble lately with these rural alarm boxes. You see, sir, they discovered that black ants have been filling the alarm boxes with fine wood particles, which impaired the mechanism of the box. That's why they didn't get the alarm, sir!"

Dialled by Sailors
The Caribbean sea has been called by sailors, "the biggest dirty weather factory in the universe."

Camilla Horn



Charming Camilla Horn, German film actress, was most favorably received opposite John Barrymore in "Eternal Love." She was also his leading lady in "Tempest."

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

OPPORTUNITIES IN AMERICA

TWO persons visiting America from foreign lands take away different impressions. One is impressed with our cultural advantages, music, architecture, parks, museums, colleges, economic resources, etc., while the other person is impressed only by the sordidness and extravagance of our large cities. The interesting fact is that each person saw just what he looked for. In other words, the impressions were but reflections of inner impulses and desires.



A striking case where opportunities were eagerly sought and deeply appreciated, was that of Edward William Bok. He came to this country at the early age of six. Born of distinguished parents (his father having been minister to the Court of William III) he began his career as a messenger boy in a telegraph office. After graduating from our schools he entered upon a literary career and rose rapidly until he became editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. He also wrote books and many magazine articles. Perhaps his most important book was "The Americanization of Edward Bok," published in 1920.

In addition to his distinguished successes both as a writer and publisher, he will be remembered for two outstanding acts. His gift of \$100,000 as a prize for the best treatise on the establishment of international peace; the other was the erection of the Singing Tower in Florida. He was a lover of the beautiful and this tower will remain an expression of the beauty that lived within his own soul.

Mr. Bok died recently and his remains rest at the base of the Singing Tower he built. Here was a man who saw opportunities for service to his fellow men. He achieved a remarkable success from a very humble beginning. He will always be remembered as a self-made man. Opportunities like these which came to Mr. Bok are all around us today. Whether we seize them or not, they depend not so much upon outward conditions as inner impulses.

What we earnestly desire to see determined what we are. (By 1911 Western Newspaper Union.)



Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole shiploads of furniture and all the gorgeousness the world can gather.—Oster Wendell Holmes.

WEST FARMINGTON

Mrs. Irvin Knapp PHONE 4074

Mr. and Mrs. William Kurtz and daughters, Dorothea and Mrs. Harvey Robison visited Carl Reinas at the Deaconess Hospital, Detroit. He was taken there in May and is improving, in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Woodard spent the latter part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. William Kurtz.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Knapp and son, William, and Mrs. Edith Graham motored to Hartland to spend Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Giegler and family.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tamm entertained friends from Detroit, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Eleanor French entertained Mr. French's brother and family, of Detroit Sunday. Their daughter is spending a few days with the French's.

Mrs. Frank Murray, Mrs. Howard Youngs and Mrs. George Heliker gave a shower in honor of Harriet Pennel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pennel at the

home of Mrs. Frank Murray on Thursday afternoon. An enjoyable afternoon was spent playing progressive games. Miss Pennel received many beautiful and useful gifts.

OAK TREES DAMAGED

Killing of the leaves of the white oak and the sycamore trees which is noticeable in many places in Michigan is caused by a fungus disease, which is unusually severe this year because of favorable weather conditions for its development, according to statements made by plant pathologists at Michigan State College.

"The tips of diseased leaves first turn brown and then this portion of the leaf has a water-soaked appearance. This area dries out and becomes black but continued bleaching in the sun may change the color to grayish brown or white. The infected portion of the leaf is usually fan-shaped, with the small end of the fan at the mid-rib and the large end at the tip of the leaf.

You should not believe half you hear, but all that you say."

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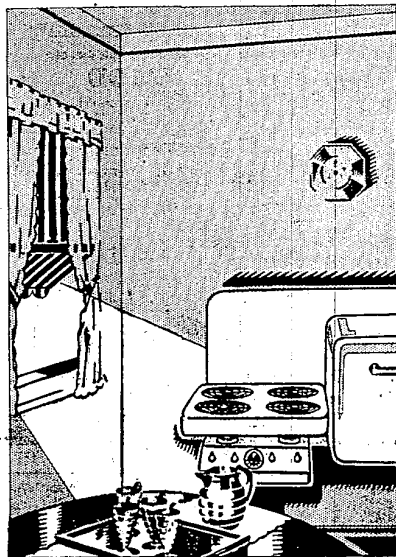
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