

How the Useful Plants Came to Mankind

By T. E. STEWARD

Wheat

MAN and wheat seem always to have been together. Wheat is in the picture of the life of mankind at the earliest point at which science, research and investigation have been able to give that picture an outline. Its cultivation in China goes back at least 5700 years B. C. in the remotest civilizations of the Valley of Mesopotamia of which any record has been obtained, wheat was a staple crop and staple food. The scientist Unger found grains of wheat in the bricks of a pyramid at Denderah, Egypt, which is believed to date from 3350 B. C., and wheat grains of the same form have been found from Stone Age remains and rubbish heaps in the Swiss lake country and in Hungary.

Whether Aryan, Chinese, or Stone Age European of a type long since disappeared, mankind has had wheat at every point at which science has revealed anything accurate of his life.

The distribution of wheat, therefore, and the manner in which it was spread from one country to another cannot be described. The dispersal of this immensely valuable food grain had been accomplished by the most primitive man before history begins to depict them.

From this situation it might seem probable that wheat, ages ago, grew wild at a great many different places and was brought under cultivation by man, not at one isolated spot, but at different places about the globe. This assumption is probably a wrong one. The best evidence obtainable, which is slight, together with the greatest probability, which is very slight, is that wheat is a native of the Mesopotamian region.

That wheat did originally grow wild in Mesopotamia was stated by the historian Herodotus. The "Odyssey" of Homer, telling of the travels of Odysseus, relates that wheat was found wild in ancient Sicily. Quilners have made the same claim, but as yet it remains unsubstantiated as far as modern science is concerned.

Wheat is frequently referred to in the Hebrew scriptures. Ancient Greek and Italian writings attribute its origin to some deity, such as Ceres, after whom the cereals are named, Isis or Tripletotemus.

There is no exact proof of the locality in which wheat originated, but the best guess, if guess it must be, is that it came from the principal region of ancient civilization, the Mesopotamian district between the rivers Tigris and Euphrates.

(By 1914, Western Newspaper Union.)

DELEGATES TO LEAGUE

Mayor Arthur Lamb and Commissioner Leo Gildemeister will represent the City of Farmington at the meeting of the Michigan Municipal League at Bay City next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

TRY THIS

By EDNA PURDY WALSH

Growing Plants in a Sponge

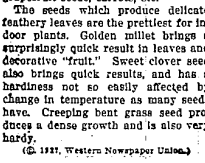
THE sponge makes an excellent soil in which to grow certain desirable plants. For a very effective window display soak a large piece of coarse sponge in water, squeeze it half dry, then sprinkle in the openings red clover seed, millet, barley, lawn grass, oats, rice, etc. Hang this in the window where the sun shines a portion of the day, and sprinkle it lightly with water daily.

The sponge soon vegetates into a mass of living green vegetation very refreshing to the eye.

The seeds used may be varied, according to fancy, but the above named sowing in a hanging sponge are prettier than a sponge set in a dish or plate, though excellent results may also be obtained by planting other seeds, apricot, pear, carrots, etc.

The seeds which produce delicate feathery leaves are the prettiest for indoor plants. Golden millet brings a surprisingly quick result in leaves and decorative "fruit." Sweet clover seed also brings quick results, and has a hardness not so easily affected by change in temperature as many seeds have. Creeping bent grass seed produces a dense growth and is also very hardy.

(By 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)



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Women Read Most

Women read far more than men, according to the manager of one of Great Britain's largest lending libraries. Women of all ages, he stated recently, are enormous and rapid readers. They will read anything—however good, however light, and no novel is too "strong" for them. Men are not like that. They read either very good books or literature of the very lightest kind. Strangely enough, he added, men who would be considered the most "highbrow" often delight in the most "lowbrow" literature. Men who are harassed by important affairs, including many distinguished statesmen, often seek relaxation in books which hold their interest without demanding any close concentration on their part.

Mrs. C. U. Dobson and son, David were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. McGee.

Sally Gets a Position

By ELEANOR WILMOT

SALLY pulled her tight-fitting little hat down in place with a flourish, which suggested she had made up her mind and would not be lightly diverted from her purpose.

It was high time, she felt, that she sought financial independence. For three years now, she had headed the wishes of her mother and stepfather to live at home in apparent polite idleness.

Tot Sally had really been far from idle. What with helping with the care of a good-sized house—assisting with her mother's sewing and doing most of her own, helping entertain and giving an occasional hand with the bookkeeping for her stepfather's store—she had few hours she could really call her own. Then it was terribly galling to ask for money, and often she went without things she needed rather than to ask.

She knew that it was false pride which caused her family to object to her taking a position.

Sally had tasted independence once. It should be her again. She knew that to tell the family what she had in mind would be to raise a howl of protest and a solid wall of opposition.

Sally decided that she would spare the feelings of her nearest of kin by not seeking a position in the same town where she had been born and brought up. She would see what she could find in the neighboring city of Washburn, some thirty miles away.

Sally's mother, who was absent when her daughter stole out, almost with guilty stealth, leaving a note that she would be home in time for dinner. It was time enough to tell her business when she knew more about it herself.

On the big interurban trolley Sally settled herself into the corner of her seat. In her trim suit of dark blue she made a very attractive picture, with her bright hair peeping from beneath the snug little hat. Her eyes were pools of reflective, violet loveliness.

As the trolley came to a standstill at its terminal she drew a clipping from her handbag. For the sixteenth time she read the requirements of the firm which was advertising for a young woman with some knowledge of general office work, and who, in addition, could meet the public pleasantly and intelligently.

Sally was not long in presenting herself at the address given. What if she had not brought any references—she could get plenty for the asking! Then Sally found herself standing face to face with a tall, well-built fellow who had risen upon her entrance. Sally, ordinarily so marvelously self-possessed, felt her face flush and still she shivered as if suddenly cold.

She forced herself to smile. "I called," she explained airily, "in answer to your advertisement—but possibly I am too late—I came from out of the city."

"And you—present—name—?" the young man looked her through and through.

Sally shrugged. "The same as that of my parents," she replied evenly, returning direct glances for direct glances. "My name is Sarah Bowen Thomas."

"Married or single?" "Single—very single!" Sally's voice was tense with suppressed anger. What right had this—this man to pry into her private affairs.

"That is fine," he was saying. "Naturally, we do not like to train some one to a responsible position and then find that there is a romance in the offing."

"Perhaps I might venture to inquire the nature of your business—" Sally's cheeks were very red and her eyes strangely bright. "Is it customary," she smiled sarcastically, "for the cook to want to know the make of the car her prospective employer drives?" They both laughed.

"This is the newly opened eastern office of the Great Western Oil-Pipe Transportation company—" So that was it! Again she shivered as if a chill wind had struck her. Sally turned to go. Two steps toward the door and the tall, good-looking young man saw her away. He was just in time to catch her, for suddenly everything had gone dark for her.

When she opened her eyes she was on the leatheravenport and her interviewer was on his knees beside her. "Sally, darling—" he entreated. "Will you do what I ask—that you will care. Our separation was all a mistake. Let's forget it and begin all over again. A stupid quarrel and plain stubbornness on my part—" "No, Bobby, old dear—it was my fault. And I have been—so unhappy." Bob's arms crept around her. "You've got the job, Honey," he exclaimed, "but it's making a home for the man you married—the man who always adored you and always will."

Bees Went on Rampage The sudden appearance of an invading army could hardly cause more consternation than prevailed near Selma, Miss., when a truck went into a ditch and dumped 80 hives of bees it was transporting into the road. The infuriated bees went on a stampede and took possession of the highway, stopping all traffic except that in closed automobiles.

Around the Home

By MARGARET BRUCE

Catching-Up Day

Let me share with you one of my little "tricks of the trade"—one of those devices by which our busy hours may be parcelled out and turned to some purpose which will yield the satisfaction of visible results. So many of our most strenuous efforts leave us with nothing to show!

Every now and then there comes a day in my scheme of things when there is nothing special that I must do. This isn't often, to be sure, but it does happen. Sometimes I call this "Ladies' Day" and spend it just exactly as I wish, with a wonderful sense of freedom and play. At other times, when my conscience will not let me play, I call this my "Catching-Up Day."

How many things there are that I must catch up on! First of all, I must take back that howl to my next-door neighbor—the one she brought some of her fig pudding over in. I have been meaning to do it for two weeks, but couldn't seem to get at it. Then I must answer that long letter from dear old Aunt Abigail, mother's sister; I haven't written just because there was no hurry about it. I must catch up on the darned basket, instead of darning only the must-haves.

I have been intending to straighten out the linen closet and rearrange things there. I catch up on that. That bundle of clothing must go to the Salvation Army—it has been waiting for me to wrap it up. Now is the time to mend the torn hem of that article in the kitchen and to trim the ragged fringe of the big oriental rug.

Next, I wrap up a book that belongs to a friend (she has probably forgotten that I have it) and address it

for the parcel post. That has been on my mind for some time. And so it goes. In the rush of the ordinary busy day there doesn't seem time to stop and do even one of these things that do not absolutely have to be done. Things that can wait generally have to, I find. But on my catching-up day I clean up all these haunting tasks which I remember in the middle of the night, and go quietly from one to another all the day through. What a sense of achievement and accomplishment I have, and what deep sighs of relief I utter! There's nothing like it!

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HOLD FIFTH REUNION

The fifth annual reunion of the Shoemaker family was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Evert of Farmington Sunday. Those present were from Mt. Clemens, Detroit, Grosse Ile, and Farmington, 25 in number.

Walls have ears.—Hindoo proverb.

Eaten mat is ill to pay.—Scottish proverb.

VISIT FLOWER SHOW

A number of Dearborn flower-lovers visited the Farmington Flower Show Tuesday, including some women who are nationally-known in their flower and garden work. The party included Mrs. Bryan, Mrs. Kalmbach, Mrs. Moore, Miss Snow, and Rev. and Mrs. Clyde Gearheart, sponsors of the national farm and garden clubs. Rev. and Mrs. R. T. Kilpatrick of Wyandotte also attended.

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We have—

1/2 Pint Jars—85c dozen

1 Pint Jars—90c dozen

1 Quart Jars—\$1.00 dozen

1/2 Pint Jells—45c dozen

1/2 Pint Jells—50c dozen

Extra tops and lids for both Mason size jars and large mouth jars. Try these fruit jars; they are of better glass and better make.

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Continued advertising invariably is proof of honest advertising and honest goods. You and the millions of others who consult the advertising before you buy, have made advertising one of the great forces of modern business. You have made it important to the manufacturer, to the merchant—and to yourself.

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