

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

Summer (Exchange)

The summer solstice is here and the June days move slowly to their end for another season in the ever relentless march of time. To lovers of nature June is the most beautiful month of the year. A long time ago the poet said: "What is so rare as a day in June? It is the month of long days, blue skies, green landscape, sweet-scented flowers, highest hopes? Then, if ever, is perfect days?" continued the poet who adds: "Then Heaven tries earth if it is in tune."

"And over it softly her warm car lays."

"Whether we look or whether we listen."

"We hear life murmur, we see it glisten."

June enlivens growth with proper proportions of sunshine and moisture, and in the joy of surrounding fragrance and beauty, it spurs anticipation of the annual bounty. Speaking of a wonderful June a writer said: "Nature at her best satisfies, satisfies in beauty, in courage, and in faith—that the harvest will be bounteous, faith that God lives and that man may be like him."

The Greatest Drama (O. E. Rolvag)

I have intrigue, because it is so vulgar untrue. How much intrigue is there in the life of decent ordinary country folks? It seems to me that we should aim higher in literary art. It must be possible—some day you will see it happen—to tell about the average decent man and woman so interestingly that even busy people will stop and listen to the story. Up here in Minnesota we have no fairies, but only few devils. Our supply of both is just about run out, and we have to import all of them. The average man is a pleasant and that's about the case, there is no lack of material to write about, for life is dramatic. Can you name me a greater drama than life itself? Is my ideal unattainable? I don't think so. If that were the case, narrative art would, by and by, disappear from the face of the earth. There is no formula in life; you will have to make a new equation for every human being that comes along. Why shouldn't the same be true of pictures taken from life?

Bicycle Dangers (Exchange)

Safety first warnings should not be directly entered to the motorist. Other human elements enter into the ghastly toll of accidental deaths in the community. In this connection we would like to see a word to children who ride bicycles and to their parents.

Likely driving a motor car, recklessness while riding a bicycle may end in tragedy. Riding down steep hills at a high rate of speed, dodging in and out of traffic, riding on busy streets after nightfall without lights is courting disaster. Boys who do tricks on congested streets likewise are inviting trouble. A bicycle, used carefully, can afford a lot of fun and recreation. Used recklessly it is a cut rate ticket to the hospital or the cemetery. Timely precautions should be taken in many homes during the vacation months when bicycle use is most prevalent.

Lifting the Lid (Exchange)

What is a hat for? It is an instrument of politeness; a protection from the sun, wind and weather; a decoration; or merely a thing of habit? These questions have been raised by the formation of the APC THE (Association for the Prevention of Taking Off Hats in Elevators) by a band of Washington newspapermen and congressmen.

Some years ago the way for this was prepared by an efficient expert who could not be bought out of energy which might be saved per man per annum by men not taking off their hats in elevators. In this age of alphabetical designation, however, President Roosevelt, when told of the two organizations at a press conference by reporters considering the expenditure of time of the alphabet, remarked that the whole business would have to be put under government regulation.

Safety Slogans (Exchange)

If you are walking, don't trust to luck to escape passing automobiles, part of the responsibility for his safety belongs to the pedestrian.

Gypsy Woman

By MARGARET HOSS
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WNJ Service.

YOU WONDER he hated her, coming like a bitter wind out of the past to fret him. "Oh, she was pretty enough, if you have an eye for a gypsy woman with a mouth like a wild pomegranate and black hair wound in heathen spirals that show over her ears. One summer he came over with a dire red shirt. I found this under a window. That fence is a deadline. I built it for you."

The gypsy woman laughed low in her throat. "I go where I please."

I went to the dishes and clattered them like mad. Call her place a house if you like, an old, old, wretched place. Her man would eat it sometimes else. Made of fun, cold, sometimes else. Made of fun, cold

times it was, with a thing she called a patio, and fat little gods and wicked looking-knives along the wall. Maybe it would pass where rich people live, but stuck off in the hinterlands as close to it, his citrus trees and his plain little shack as she could get it. I wonder, I wonder if Carrie had been driven to murder for eggs next day. Carrie was his sort, tall, yellow-bellied and quiet. Married, they would have a lot of nice yellow-haired kids. The gypsy woman—her name was Mary—whispered something to her dog. I haven't mentioned that dog, Timov, for a special reason. I was afraid that dog knew something. I was afraid. Anyway, when Carrie walked to her dinner, he was at her like a long gray wolf. Carrie screamed. The wolf thing stopped just for a heart-beat, then with a curving leap was at her throat.

The gypsy woman called, slow and amused. There lay Carrie flat on the ground, not a tooth mark on her. And there was that blue eye, that blue eye, that blue eye. The gypsy woman until her hair was a ruffled black shawl that lashed her knees.

"Try that again," he whispered. "Try it. I'll shoot your dog into where he belongs."

She stared at him with her pomegranate mouth white and terrible. "Oh, no, it is only women you kill; you with your cold copper hands and right-hand God. You friend right-hand God. You friend the fat face is gone and her squeaky car is gone and Timov will see that she stays."

"Tim, Tim," whirled to me. "Take your sauced eyes into the house."

Why didn't I quit? I couldn't. That gypsy woman fascinated me. And I liked Jim Torgeson; for all his cold eyes and right-hand God. Carrie left her eggs in shattered splashes in the muck there was only a great black waiting between him and the gypsy woman. She buried herself in queer secret ways. There was a sunken pool where she lay for hours, brown and beautiful in the sun. I never knew why the gypsy woman left the house.

Spots. Wishes. Wishes. And still that black waiting.

"Look here," I said to the gypsy woman. "I heard something in town today. Jim and Carrie are to be married."

The gypsy woman touched Timov's ugly snout. Then she picked up a little blue-ribbon Madonna dreaming in a niche on the wall.

"Do you think I could ever be like that? Still and peaceful?"

"No." Then I surprised myself. "Yes. Maybe. If you had a child at your breast."

The little Madonna shivered on the tiles of the floor as the gypsy woman took a knife from the wall. I was screaming for Jim. Blood. I can see it yet well enough the clear, gorged, people of her dress, gorged, went dark and when I opened my eyes I saw Jim's face, white and tormented.

"Dead?" I gasped. "Is she dead?" Jim Torgeson, may God have mercy on your soul, for I never will."

I heard the gypsy woman laugh. On half a hand. I heard her. Did the half a hand mean it was just her way of getting Jim over? Your guess is as good as mine.

"Ellin," she spoke kind of puzzled. "I didn't know you liked me."

"Nor did I."

As I bandaged her hand, I might have been made of air for all the attention it got from me. I was afraid of losing her but a woman who has never known passion will always listen if she gets a chance.

Jim's mouth was almost on hers. "You left me. You—my wife. When I saw that blood over your heart . . ."

His wife! And me believing all that gossip about him and Carrie!

"You were hard." That was the gypsy woman. "You were cold. God was angry with you. I left you alone with him in the snows of the North. When I came back you were gone. When I followed you here you shut the door in my face. So I smiled and built that house. I knew it would make you angry but I built it. I love you. You can tramp on me but I will never leave you again. I love you."

Well, it wasn't decency that stood in my way. It was Jim taking up on that gypsy woman and carrying her out to the pine needles under the moon. Carrie?

Now there's a woman I understand. She married Abel Butz, the plumber, and she has the best kept house in the citrus country. I am going over to see her this afternoon.

Dollars (Exchange)

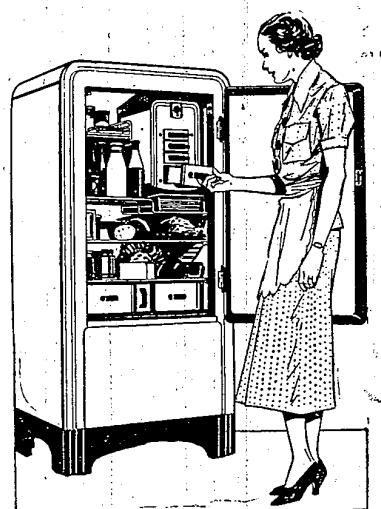
Have you become accustomed to looking on the dollar side of life? A lot of our trouble comes from our wrong ideas about money. If we regard money as a servant, we will have a useful proposition. But when it becomes our master it makes us do some funny things. No man should let a dollar make a decision for him in anything.

Too Sensible

Seaman: "You look like a nice sensible girl. Surely you will marry me." Girl: "Oh, no, I am just as sensible as I look."



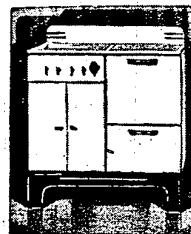
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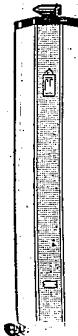
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