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## Kisses and Adding Machines

By FRANCES M. SMALL

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ELISNORE hated business. Years of training and experience had covered her with a veneer of cool efficiency well calculated to deceive the eye, but underneath a volcano of curbed unrest and seething bitterness worked so incessantly that sometimes the smooth veneer cracked. And on those days of imminent eruption Elisnore was conscious of a large area of coldness in the vicinity of her presence. No one finds it enjoyable to be in close proximity to a volcano on the verge of erupting.

On a certain young, soft day in spring, she was in a particularly vicious mood, and characteristically, never more efficient in her own work and exacting of those about her. Her wrath was particularly centered on a ridiculous pair of youngsters in the office who thought they were in love. To Elisnore it was disgusting the way the boy mooned at his beloved, and the girl displayed the very small diamond on the approved finger of the left hand in a way that was nothing less than revolting.

"As though she had captured the universe and was inviting the rest of us to be jealous," raged Elisnore to herself. Elisnore held a very small opinion of love in general and lovers in particular. "It's all applesauce—love. The diversion of light minds. It's funny how people who might be worth something in the world can make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of sensible people and never realize what fools they are. That young man above promise. His work is good and if he'd only attend to business he'd get somewhere. Now he's ruined. He'll never do anything. That silly girl's got him riding the roller coaster. And how does he think he's ever going to support her on \$22 a week?"

Outwardly Elisnore was calmly sorting her chief's mail, pretentiously to the effect that she should later be called into his presence.

The chief was another thorn in her side. Why in the world should a man of his brains and obvious ability belittle his dignity by taking every important thing in the office so lightly.

Frequently, when Elisnore came to him with reluctant reports that so-and-so's work was falling off, and didn't think he ought to be jacked up a little, Mr. Corbet merely looked at her with a quizzical expression at the corner of his eyes and made some perfectly irrelevant remark, such as, "Really, Miss Elisnore, it's a lovely day."

"Why don't you take the afternoon off and get a manicure or a permanent or something?"

He was maddening. As though her softly waving blonde head had ever been desecrated by a permanent, and if he didn't like her hands he could get another secretary.

As she gathered up the sorted mail and started for the office marked "Private," Elisnore was conscious of slight commotion behind the tallest filing cabinet. Moving slightly out of her course, she obtained a fair view of the young sweethearts apparently engaged in trivial conversation, but the girl's hair was not its usual neat row of finger waves, and the boy's face was painfully flushed.

Elisnore's first impulse was to reproach them and send the girl to her desk in tears. In fact, she even wavered in her tracks, then continued on her way. What in the world was the use? They'd only keep it up behind her back. No one paid any attention to what she said anyway. Common sense and efficiency—brains and intelligence—were never recognized in this world. What was the use?

She pushed the door marked "Private" open and stepped into the Chief's office. Mr. Corbet was a pleasant appearing man, rather young, and Elisnore, to be such an important personage as branch manager of the Wide World Insurance company. But there he was, and apparently making a good job of it. She placed the papers neatly on his desk, took her place at his right elbow and opened her notebook.

Silence reigned. She rustled the pages of her book in a signal that she was ready and the work ought not to be delayed. Silence continued to reign. Annoyed she glanced up. Was Mr. Corbet ill—or something? But the expression of Jim Corbet's eyes indicated anything but illness. In fact, they vaguely disconcerted Elisnore, and to her chagrin her own eyes, gray and fearless, before any man's gaze, fell before his. Her amazed ears became aware that he was speaking, and not in the cut-and-dried voice of business dictation.

"Elisnore, I've spent considerable valuable time thinking about you. You've got some kind of a complex that pesters the life out of me. And I know what it is. Have you ever been in love?"

Elisnore gasped. How dared he? She started to rise indignantly to her feet, but his firm, warm hand closed over hers and she remained perforce, where she was.

"Because," continued the pleasant voice, "if you never have been in love, you have missed the touch that makes the whole world kin. The experience is common. I don't mean that in the vulgar sense. It's a universal experience. If you've missed it, you're bound to be out of step with the world. Do you follow me?"

Strangely enough, Elisnore was listening. At the same time she was vividly aware of that warm, compelling hand which had not released its hold. Why didn't she shake it off? Vaguely she was aware that the contact and pressure were extremely pleasant—quite the pleasant sensation she had ever experienced.

"I think you do follow me," continued Jim Corbet. "It doesn't seem to matter so much, in a way, if you one falls in love with. It may be the birds, the flowers in the public gardens, a curly haired movie idol, or simply life itself. The point is, one must love in order to live. You are you in love with anyone? No! I thought not."

"Well, Miss Elisnore—I mean, Elisnore—I have observed many admirable traits of your character, and I have a proposition to place before you. Please don't think I'm joking—I know just my light way which I know you disapprove of. As a matter of fact, I think you're a mighty fine girl. Do you suppose you could consider—Well—er—falling in love—with me?"

A sudden feeling of panic forced Elisnore to her feet, and finally disposing of the detaining hand, she got from the room somehow. For a long while Jim Corbet sat at his desk. For months he had been trying to break the ice that seemed to surround his interesting little assistant.

Was he mistaken in feeling that there was real warmth under that cold exterior, or had he driven her away entirely by his crazy outburst? He liked her. She was so different from the usual run of wise-eyed, over-sexed girls who work in offices.

After a while he pressed the buzzer that should summon her to his presence. She did not appear. He pressed the button again. The door opened cautiously and the office boy poked a worried countenance through the aperture. Amazement was writ large upon him.

"Where's Miss Elisnore?" "She went out. She—" the boy gulped—"she said to tell you she'd gone out to get a—a manicure."

## Waging War on Porpoise Menace to Cod Fisheries

Steamship passengers who watch the porpoise merrily cavorting, as if showing off, may be surprised to learn that this gregarious catcecan of the North Atlantic is a menace in some sections of the sea, and is therefore marked for destruction as a protection to fisheries, says the Washington Post.

Passengers on cruises to the Saguenay River via the Francoania may view the warfare that is being waged against porpoises in the waters of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf. Porpoises are arch enemies of cod fishers. A voracious species of the whale family, the porpoise feeds mostly on small fish, sweeping the water of the smaller fry upon which the cod fish subsists. The cod, as its food supply is gradually exhausted, is forced to seek subsistence elsewhere and migrates to water free of the porpoise. The porpoise also destroys large quantities of small cod fish.

The porpoise menace has been an obvious one that the Canadian government has decided to wage a regular warfare upon the marauding big fish. To help in the work of extermination, fishing and other boats have been equipped with small guns or high-powered rifles and these have wrought havoc with schools of porpoises in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the St. Lawrence River. Plans have been brought into play, making attacks by means of bombs and depth charges. The results have been so satisfactory that the campaign will be carried on indefinitely.

In addition to the action taken by the department of colonization and fisheries, the Canadian government has also encouraged fishermen to hunt and capture porpoises for commercial purposes. The blubber, when rendered, supplies an oil which is nearly as valuable as that of the whale; the skin may be tanned and used in the manufacture of leather goods, while the bone and the offal have market values.

In the old days porpoise hunting was quite a sport. Some clever devices were adopted to lure the great fish close enough so it could be either shot or harpooned. Fishers would stuff the skin of a dead porpoise with straw and use it as a bait, imagining that it would float in a natural manner, with its white belly just beneath the surface of the water; they would also paint the bottom of their skiffs and boats white, so that the porpoises would imagine that what they saw above them was the white belly of one of their kind, and rise to the surface without suspicion, to be better destroyed or captured by the "hunter."

Red Light Means No Luck Instead of popping out a "staring room only" sign when there are capacity houses, Norwegian theaters turn on a red light at their entrance. In former days the light was a lantern, and when there were no seats available people now say that "the red lantern is out."

*"I am really pleased with the low cost of spending"*

*"We find it cheaper than other methods, just as fast, and Oh, how clean!"*

*"The electric oven is used almost daily and is greatly pleased with the low cost of operating."*

**Electric Ranges**

Cards were sent to users of electric ranges and these are some of the replies. Forty-one thousand of your neighbors now cook electrically. When you buy a new stove, make sure that it is ELECTRIC...and enjoy advantages that no other stove will give you! SEE THE NEW ELECTRIC RANGES ON DISPLAY AT DEPARTMENT STORES, ELECTRICAL DEALERS AND THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY.

*"We find that an electric stove is the cleanest and most economical stove and can save..."*

Say You Saw It In The Enterprise! ! !

# You Can Depend on the Man Who Advertises

Nine times out of ten you will find that the man who advertises is the man who most willingly returns your money if you are not satisfied.

He has too much at stake to risk losing your trade or your confidence. You can depend on him.

He is not in business for today or tomorrow only... but for next year and ten years from next year. He knows the value of good-will.

You get better merchandise at a fairer price than he could ever hope to sell if he did not have the larger volume of business that comes from legitimate advertising and goods that bear out the promise of the printed word.

Don't miss the advertisements. This very day they call your attention to values that tomorrow you will be sorry you overlooked.

# EDITORIALS

## The Speed of Time

(Exchange)

The longer we live, the faster time goes. Time is like a ball rolling down hill. With each yard its speed increases.

The reason for this becomes clear if we recall how full and long the days seem when we are placed in a new environment. The first few days of a vacation, if we go to a strange place, seem longer than the succeeding two weeks.

In the early years of life, the senses are hourly stimulated by new experiences. Gradually, however, these senses are blunted and the days fade into one another, leaving almost no impression on our intellect. Birthdays come so fast that we lose count.

Schopenhauer's reflections on this subject led him to lay down the rule that the length of any given year in a person's lifetime is in direct proportion to the number of times it will divide our whole life. At the age of fifty the year appears to us only one-tenth as long as it did at the age of five; at the age of sixty the fraction is reduced to one-twelfth; in other words, the fifth year is twelve times as long as the sixtieth year. Schopenhauer contends that the time of boredom, therefore, is youth and not old age. Children are so thoroughly alive that they need constant occupation or they are miserable. To them an idle hour is like a day. In later years the days fly so fast that the old man is hardly aware that he is out of bed before he discovers that the time has come to retire, and this a consolation, or a cause for regret?

## Forty Years After

(Exchange)

Judged by the rule that a bad penny always turns up, and usually too soon, that book just recovered by the Syracuse Library must have been rather good one. At

any rate, it didn't turn up for forty years after being borrowed back around 1897.

And now somewhat ironically, it has found its way back to the shelves as part of a gift of 100 volumes to the library. If the original borrower should wish to pay the fine which libraries usually impose on books overdue, he would need about \$290, which is a lot of money to spend for a privilege which many book owners extend to their borrowing friends out of sheer—if surprising—good will.

But perhaps the ninety-nine other books which this one volume seems to have made inseparable from—following, was it, Ben Jonson's advice?—will more than redeem its long loan. In any event, there is one possible excuse with which the borrower might enlist the sympathies of library and bookstore patrons in 1937; that the borrowed item was the Gay (and therefore one might suppose not too studious) Nineties' counterpart of the throbber, "Anthony Adverse" or "Gone With the Wind."

## Fast

(Christian Science Monitor)

Jules Verne would have raised an incredulous eyebrow. The hero of one of Dumas' novels would have roared outright. And our American admittance all over America the other morning were more than mildly impressed by accounts of Howard Hughes' seven-and-a-half-hour flight across the continent.

All records for sustained speed aloft are whisked into the wind of this winged warthog. Hughes' flight from Los Angeles to New York took nearly two hours from the best previous time over this continental course. His really amazing feat was the sub-stratopneumatic flight, knocking our geography into a spin. Such spectacular extremes in aviation are what compels localities and climates within the tug spread of less than a day of travel.

They reduce geographical dimensions, into units of time, rather than distance, of minutes instead of miles.

Hughes' average speed of nearly an hour at altitudes which compelled him to use an artificial supply of oxygen, heralds a not far-distant day when "flying oxygen tanks" will skim the weather, less reliant of the stratosphere or practical commercial basis.

The sporting element in the record flight of the young millionaire pilot appeals to everybody's imagination. But the mechanical phase of this feat has a thrilling appeal. Engineers such as Richard Palmer, designer of the record-breaking 1100-horsepower plane, are the men who have made it possible for venturesome pilots such as Howard Hughes to take the air.

## Why Save Seconds?

(Exchange)

Have you ever noticed the first thing a man does if he is shown a gun? He asks whether or not it is loaded. If he knows anything about weapons he will break the breech and look for himself to make sure he does not harm somebody accidentally while it is in his possession. This is just an ordinary precaution. If it was loaded, he might hurt somebody with it, and therefore he is cautious.

In a sense of the word, an automobile is like a weapon, only we have derived so much pleasure and usefulness from them that we are bound to forget the potential danger of allowing ourselves to handle them without always being cautious. We feel sure that the number of accidents would decrease immeasurably if every time we got into our car, we would say to ourselves, "this machine is an instrument of great good but if I don't handle it properly it can become an instrument of great harm."

It seems to us our greatest fault while driving lies in this primary lack of precaution. Somehow or other we feel that seconds count, and actually become impatient if somebody ahead of us slows down our line of traffic while they search for a street sign, or ease up in preparation to turn a corner. In reality they have not made you lose more than five or ten fleeting seconds.

Perhaps you see some man nose into your line of traffic in an attempt to cross a busy thoroughfare, and rather than stop and allow him to pass in front of you, even though he may have been waiting many minutes, you still scoot on across ahead of him. Then too, he may be pretty dissatisfied by the lack of courtesy on your part as well as the hurt he did or to others that have kept him waiting there, and simply decide to take a chance. That chance may cause a serious accident. So why not do your share by making a resolution to STOP SAVING SECONDS—AND START SAVING LIVES.

## A Tear For The Onion

(Christian Science Monitor)

Few of the chief intellectual developments in America pass entirely unnoticed among the more thoughtful sections of the British public. It is therefore only natural that the recent establishment in Kalamazoo, Michigan, of the Onion Anti-Defamation Society should have provoked considerable comment in those London circles which keep themselves abreast of the main trends of modern thought.

Robert Louis Stevenson, one commentator recalls, maintained that the onion "ranks with truffle and the nectarine in the chief places of honor among the vegetable fruits." On the other side of the Atlantic, Oliver Wendell Holmes called it "a communicative and companionable vegetable, with a real genius for soup," and Herodotus says that the Egyptians were built on it. Moreover, to "know one's onions" is proverbially a sign of wisdom.

With such authoritative opinionative in its behalf, the onion may wonder at the anxiety with which the Kalamazoo society feels for it.

## Freshening Breezes

(Exchange)

Another way to lose control of your car is to get behind with your payments—Pigeon Progress.

It is now time to take the penance Junior got for Christmas to help buy the new license.

Marriage is always a surprise to a pair of lovers who think they understand each other thoroughly.

The bookkeeping department begins to look black again—Neal O'Hara.

Advertising in this paper can do effective work for anybody with something to sell and who will be glad to cooperate with advertisers.

A Massachusetts city has recently passed a regulation that fire trucks shall not exceed 25 miles an hour. Now it is believed it is, considering ways and means of regulating how fast a building should burn.