

The Farmington Enterprise

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EDITORIALS

Organized Charity (Exchange)

A 66-year old man, ragged, begged for food. It was given him by a sympathetic citizen.

Later the same man approached the police for a place to sleep. Making the usual search, police found \$100 in his tobacco case, and a bank book with a balance of over twenty-five thousand dollars.

Of course this case is unusual, but not too uncommon to emphasize the danger of giving freely to charity chiselers.

It is this very thing which community chests and organized charities endeavor to prevent and cure. When we give indiscriminately, we contribute to the moral and economic delinquency of beggars.

Money for charity should be put where it will do the most good—even if it may not be as satisfying as to see the immediate result of our good deeds.

Threshers at Dinner (Exchange)

There is a picture painted by Grant Wood called "The Threshers" which is a very famous picture, why, we do not know. It lacks all semblance of reality. It is a picture of threshers, but it is not a picture of threshers. It is a picture of a man, a man who is not a thresher, but a man who is a thresher. It is a picture of a man, a man who is not a thresher, but a man who is a thresher.

Mums and Poppies (Exchange)

The most beautiful autumn flower in these latitudes is the chrysanthemum.

And for it we are largely indebted to the Japanese, who have spent more than a century in developing new varieties of it, with which to make the world more beautiful.

As we visit the chrysanthemum shows this year and marvel at the beauty of Japanese handwork, we cannot be unmoved, unfortunately, that today Japan is carrying war into China in its ugliest form.

We can't shake off the contrast between the gorgeous "flower of gold" which Japan has created, and the sickening spectacle in Shanghai which Japan is creating.

And yet are the Japanese, after all, very different from those Western nations which have given to the world the finest in art and music—and then, blasted large areas of it into blood-drenched fields, where only the crimson poppy has the heart to fear its head?

A Nose For Vice (Exchange)

One of the planks of the American Credo is a belief that a weak chin denotes a weak individual or a jutting chin a very aggressive one. Of course there are examples of each type, but sometimes the order is reversed. A well-known woman of our acquaintance once stated that she did not like a certain young man she scarcely knew because he had too short a nose to have a good character.

The belief that facial molds denote character came to mind upon seeing the picture of Thomas E. Dewey, the thirty-seven year old man just elected Prosecuting Attorney of New York City. Mr. Dewey recently achieved a miraculous record in his New York vice clean-up as a special prosecutor. And he appears to have a very small, short nose!

IN MISERY

By GRACE MCKINSTRY
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IT WAS strange, that so sensible a young man as Arnold McIntyre should often weave whole stories around chance bits of overheard conversation. Had he been a woman, he might have developed into the most dangerous gossip of Blandon, but being a sturdy, industrious young man with a frugal Scotch father, he simply dubbed his peculiar imagination a "nose for news," and earned real money as a reporter on the Blandon Banner. Several times the Banner came just to the edge of a libel suit, but that is neither here nor there. It is not of Arnold McIntyre's work that you are going to hear, but of his vacation.

He had decided to give up his job on the Banner. In the back of his mind was the hope that he could write plays, novels, poems, and be free from a regular routine.

In the back of his father's mind was the hope that Arnold would be willing to go into the shoe business with him.

Why the young man should want to visit New Orleans before settling down to work again was a mystery to the elder McIntyre. He didn't know that it had long been Arnold's dream.

If you had seen Arnold McIntyre strolling for the first time through that fascinating French part of New Orleans, the "Vieux Carre," and watched him reading signs, notices, menus at every quaint foreign restaurant about the way you would have decided readily enough that he was not so much after food as atmosphere, not so interested in the useful as the unusual.

At last he stopped. "A Dining Room of Taste," proclaimed a large sign of white cloth stretched across a beautiful balcony of "iron lace" which projected from a majestic one-time Creole mansion now become a business building. Below these words came the reassuring statement, "Our specialties are served in all ways respectable."

"Strange," that respectability should strike me as being picturesque," thought Arnold. "In this instance it does." And he went in.

The "dining room of taste" was crowded. Arnold found a vacant seat at a table which held six. He smiled with satisfaction, for none of the people around him were uninteresting. Just across were three who particularly held his attention, or, more precisely, one of them did. The other two were interesting because of being in the group, a young man and his sister from San Antonio were explaining something about the extent of that most aptly named state they hailed from to a lovely young French girl who sat beside them. A stranger, evidently—this French girl—to them, to New Orleans, to America, and to him. How Arnold longed to hear her answers. But just then the waiter who had taken his order crossed the "dining room of taste," bringing several of the "specialties" to serve "in all ways respectable."

The waiter began apologizing because the chef had been slow, and during these profuse apologies Arnold missed hearing the French girl's answers which would have meant more to him than all the court bouillon and jambalaya in New Orleans!

Also, the young lady was already turning her dripping coffee; there was little chance that Arnold would hear anything more. She would go out of his life in a few minutes, while he was taking his last sip of safe noise he was taking, and the Texans, but it was a significant phrase, after all.

"I have been in misery," the Texan said at first had registered sympathy, but in a few moments, he had looked cheerful again. ("How can they?" protested Arnold's inner self.) And soon the last sip of safe noise was taken, and the Texans and the unknown French girl had left the table.

What was the misery? Where were "les miserables," or "les miseres"? "There's a story right there," decided Arnold. He thought it was his "nose for news" or his writer's brain beginning to work, forgetting that other factor, his heart.

Arnold managed a few discreet questions when Henri brought his coffee. No, Henri knew nothing of the young lady, she had not been there before. The only thing he could say (and the probable tip led him to make much of the slight

Epworth League Notes (Dob Snyder, Editor)

Charles Marsh, a student from Michigan State Normal College, in Ypsilanti, addressed a group of 50 league members last Sunday evening. Mr. Marsh talked in "Personal Religion." The group greatly enjoyed hearing his views on the subject.

Beginning next week, the Sunday weekly meetings will be held downstairs, where it is more comfortable, and more space is available. Mrs. Worstoff, the club sponsor, will be in charge of the meeting.

As you all know, we are getting ready to go out and sing Christmas carols, so get your vocal chords tuned up, for there is going to be lots of fun in store for all.

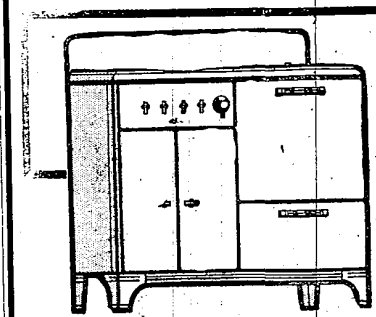
The Epworth Echo, our newspaper, will begin publication next week. Do not miss the first issue. A complete list of the staff will be given next week.

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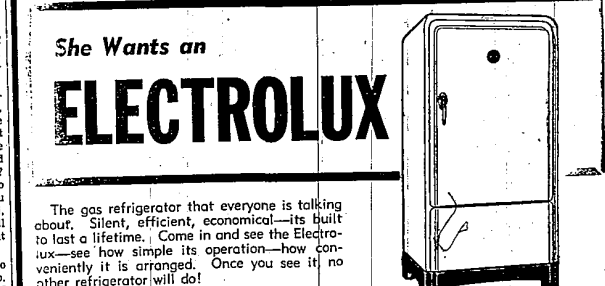


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