

Marigolds Have Rich Velvety Colors



Marigold

Rich and velvety mahogany reds and browns, crimsons, yellows and oranges are the colors which make marigolds a brilliant part of the landscape. Huge plants that grow to 4 feet tall with blossoms like chrysanthemums, and tiny sparklers no bigger than a bachelor's button are all members of this favorite flower family, and they all bloom from midsummer through fall.

Give them plenty of room to grow; 18 inches to 2 feet for the large ones is good. They like a fertile soil, but cannot stand overfeeding, which will result in spindly, rank growth of foliage at the expense of flowers and late blooming. Marigolds should spin up to a bud at once and then proceed to branch out and make good bushes.

Sow seed in the open ground only after all danger of frost is past. They can also be started indoors in a box when earlier bloom is wanted. Stake them to protect from high winds.

New marigolds of outstanding appearance are available this year. Among the desirable qualities these newest blooms possess is a delicate fragrance, which contrasts with the pungent odor of older types.

Farmington School Fourth Grade Poetry

(Editor's Note—This week The Enterprise publishes the last three in the series of poems written by fourth graders in the Farmington School. We hope you have enjoyed reading them as much as the Enterprise has in printing them.)

THE SNOW WHITE CUP

My god has a snow white cup.
No one can drink of it besides my pup.
He hurries to lap up his milk,
To see Snow White in the bottom.

dressed in silk. —Betty Hunt.

THE PIG

Once there was a little pig
He had a funny little wig.
Every time he'd do a jig,
Off falls his little wig.
Would you like to be this pig
And have a funny little wig?
—Elliot Tyler.

THE ELF

Once there was a funny elf,
And he thought to himself,
I don't like to be what I am.
For breakfast I should like eggs
and ham.
When people look at me they think
"That elf could drown in a bottle
of ink."
—Marjorie Jean Schroeder.

What Is Most Practical Annual?



Petunia

If the most practical annual is one which gives the most bloom over the longest period of time, the petunia must be given the laurel, for it blooms from early summer to killing frost.

Combining the three qualities, display, cutting and season of bloom, the petunia is a winner, with the marigold a close second. For cutting alone, the aster wins. For delicate colors, it is hard to beat the poppy.

All gardens should have these annuals, but there are others, too, which should be included, and the selection should result in a well-balanced color scheme of flowers which bloom throughout the whole season, with provision made for a supply of cutting material.

Annual larkspurs are highly recommended for cutting, but their season is none too long; they are also highly decorative. Other annuals for cutting are salpiglossis and the scabiosa or mourning bride.

Try a row of cultivated mustard for greens; it is worth growing even if it sounds like a weed. Lots of leaf to it.

The Boomerang

By MYRA A. WINGATE

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"HERE comes our jointed garden," announced Jack from the window. "Old Red Sandstone!" he finished, chuckling.

Professor Stone, athletic and sun-burned, came briskly up the path, all unconscious of the resentment in the breasts of the younger Claytons.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," remarked Isabel, the college senior. "Exit Isabel."

"Steal from the world and not a Stone tell where I lie," quoted Rob, from Grandmother Clayton's sampler. He had one leg over the window-sill.

"Tell how you lie, you mean," contributed Jack, already departing by the same window.

John Clayton had left his children a letter explaining his reasons for appointing Judge Harding of the firm of Harding and Harding, and Cleveland Stone, the young instructor, as the boys' guardians. Harding had sound business sense. Stone would understand and sympathize with boy problems.

Winning though Professor Stone's personality was, the boys were slow to yield their friendship. Jack, the petted youngest, viewed with alarm

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

the professor's increasing friendliness for his sisters.

"We got to break it up," he told Rob. "It's Glad he wants, and if he took Glad you know how Bell would boss us."

"How you going to do it?" asked skeptical sixteen.

"Might make him think Geoff Harding was ahead of him," suggested Jack.

Professor Stone heard without comment Jack's awkwardly conveyed news that his sister was "as good as engaged to a fellow named Geoff."

Jack knew that the information "look," for Professor Stone's calls were less frequent and his manner more formal. Surprisingly enough, he found that he missed the young instructor's likable presence; also his boy conscience pricked him. He finally wrote Geoff Harding, explaining his innocent use of the other's name.

"I thought you wouldn't care," he finished. "So far away it won't mean a thing to you. I read always did lean your way a little. It's all right, isn't it?"

The junior partner in Harding & Harding whistled when he read the letter. He frowned, he laughed, then, tilted back in his office chair, his hands clasped behind his head, he gazed dreamily at the wall. True, he was thirty-eight. Gladys but twenty-four, yet—He drew up to the desk and began to write.

A few days later Gladys' gay spirits were noticeable. Still a few days later, Jack and Rob were commissioned to meet Mr. Harding at the train. Speeding back from the station, Rob whistled gayly, with derisive glances at guilty Jack.

Professor Stone, coming around the house, swinging a tennis racket, met the trio near the front door. Jack grasped his arm desperately. The two must not be allowed to meet, for all might be discovered. "Wait a minute, professor," he urged.

"What's up, Jack-in-the-Box?" asked Stone mildly.

His eyes, following Jack's agonized glance at the living room window, beheld Geoff Harding advance to meet Gladys, stoop quickly, and kiss her. Jack's world reeled around him. That old fossil!

"Jack," said Stone tensely, "is that gentleman the one you call Geoff?"

"Yes," groaned Jack.

He was amazed at the lightning of the other's face. Isabel appeared, and magically the two were walking down the path together. It penetrated the boy's benumbed brain that Isabel had been the one all the time. He and Professor Stone had misunderstood each other.

Bob vaulted the rail, landing beside the enfused Jack. "Pretty mess you've made," he said scathingly. "I popped in with the baggage just in time to see the clinch. Geoff said, 'Something Jack wrote gave me hope.' Now we'll be bossed, sure. That idea of yours was a whiz."

"A boomerang," amended Jack heavily.

Elephant Goes on Rampage
Thoroughly enraged because his meals did not arrive punctually, a bull elephant belonging to the Maharajah of Mysore, threw his keeper over a fence, pulled down the telephone wires and vanished into the jungle at Etar, United Province, India. He then broke his chain, uprooted the tree to which he was tied, and pulled down every telephone wire in the vicinity. Every one who crossed his path was picked up and hurled aside as he made his way to the jungle.

Auto Accidents in Michigan During 1937

Someone Injured Every 17 Minutes

You May Be Next

Does that frighten you? We hope it does. That's plain, blunt and cruel, isn't it? But almost every accident is the result of someone's carelessness. Are you the guilty one?

No . . . a thousand times no . . . you say. The careless driver seldom admits his fault because careless drivers are not always aware of the fact that they are endangering the lives of pedestrians and other motorists. They don't all know the law and because they have been driving for years they feel that any mishap must be the other fellow's fault. Long experience in driving does not make a good driver. Give us one who is not too cocksure of his ability to avoid an accident. Give us the driver who will be courteous. Give us the careful driver of little experience who respects life and property.



Leon Stase
SECRETARY OF STATE

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