# The Farmington Enterprise

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# EDITORIALS

Another "Last Frontier"

Another "Last Frontier" (Exchange)
One of the last frontiers held by young Americans is being edged into oblivion by moderalty. A New York dispatch sounds the warning, is states that in the modern home, air conditioning is bringing the celar upstairs. The barn, that dusty rattered, hay scented haven of rainy days, has already given way to the spic-and-span garage, the backyard cave has retreated before the incursion of the landscape gardner" and his unnaturally natural rock garden; the chicken house and woodshed have waved the white flag of surrender to the more utilization poulterer, and the gas-meter tarian poulterer, and the gas meter reader. And all too soon, providing the present trend continues, the

reader. And all too soon, providing the present trend continues, the dimly-lighted collar, with its cobvebbed nooks and cranies will be added to fond memory. Perhaps it was because it was so rarely visited that the cellar held a certain mysterious and perennial charm. It hay in remote and neglect leads of they ear, a region as far away and unexplored as the interior of Newfoundand, which you have been sludying that year in geography class. And then, suddenly, the landscape having been covered with a blanket of soggy snow and temperatures having made the barn untenable, the cellar was invaded by an exploring party who promptly proceeded to take possession of and to colonize this new found land. Under the stimulus of imagination stellections from "Ivanhoe" were in the reader that year) list stope foundation walls became the invaries.

stone foundation walls became the interior walls of a beleaguered

interior walls of a beleasuered control of the wasterial gambling racket. And transformed into a "doughout keps".

But this sudden visitation well the wasterial gambling racket. And transformed into a "doughout keps".

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"Housewives are annoved by time is the profession has not controlled into this profession has not crowded out his boyhood resolute." It is the profession has not crowded out his boyhood resolute. It is the profession has not crowded out his boyhood resolute. It is the profession has not crowded out his boyhood resolute. It is the profession has not crowded out his boyhood resolute. It is the profession has not constituted in the profession has not the profession has not constituted in the profession has not con

## "Maybe It's My System"

"Maybe It's My System" (Exchange)

Shortly before his recent death, Jay E. House, the Philadelphia columnist, who was a middle aged widower, wrote:

"I have never stood in the slightest terror of a woman, it is a state of mind which just deem't make sense. If a woman started to take sense to be consideration for that start senson, they involve the sense of the take sense in the construction of the sense of the sense in the sens

the trouble to attempt to conceal from her. If they want to know, I tell them all. Prequently, I tell them all. Prequently, I tell them the could have no possible interest in knowing. And it lell them true. There it is, gentlemen. Help yourselves."

We have printed Mr. Houses formula to prove a point, which is that girling advice to other men on how to handle women is a total waste of time and energy. We cannot think of a woman worth knowing who doesn't occasionally "take it out on a man" if she thinks much of him.

Pure Air But Not Cold Air (Exchange)

Winter nights are here and it is will for remember what when the should the air window in an adjoining rooms should be ventilated, but that at no time should the air warmed area abefore reaching the sleeper.

Some of the world's best author:

Reflections

Some of the world's best author-Some of the world's best authorities in lung diseases say that people have carried the theory that fresh air is curing air, too far. It long after we have ceased to fool is not wise to try to cure a bad cold by sleeping in an abundance to fharsh air.

Bables should not sleep in nurserles where the air is shriekingly cold. Even if the baby himself pretty.

seems to be snug in his draw-string blanket the fact remains that chill ed air is going into his lungs. And this unwarmed air is as dangerous to lung tissues as is air that is not ventilated at all.

## After Gambling Devices

Over the nation, there has arisen a widespread effort to end the gambling racket. Slot machines, gambling pools, catch penny devices—all are playing havoe with the welfare of -this country, so those who have studied the situation declare.

There have been attempts made in the past to reform the gambler but the present movement has taken on a new angle. It isn't so much a case of morals now as a desire on the part of business to stop waste of money. It is estimated that the amount thrown away foolishly by gambling in the Datted ishly by gambling in the United States is six billions of dollars pe

lishly by gambling in the United States is six billions of dollars per year. Money that should go into the channels of trade. Money, of the wasted by wage earners, that should go into homes and clothing and worthwhile achievements for parents and their families. Many children are learning to gamble—a situation that augurs not too well for the future citizenship of this country.

The plan proposes that pressure be brought by the merchanis and business concerns to see that anti-gambling ordinances are enforced. Also that ordinances and laws be enacted which will cover such cases as are not already provided for. In other words, a through going campaign is on to put an end to the wasteful gambling racket, And power to it.

noments call on the telephone and talk until in desperation one says the door bell is ringing or that something is burning in the kitch-

## Reflections

(Exchange)

We keep on fooling ourselves long after we have ceased to fool others.

### THE MILLIONAIRE 88

By NANCY RHODES McClure Newsnaper Syndicate.
 WNU Service.

HE Youngest Reporter was dragging her heels in disgust. She has just found was gray hairs sprouting over the left temple where only one gray hair had ever sprouted before. And she needed a new hat. Her old one had rolled on the floor and the city editor had stepped on it—city work of the could take the kick out of the sunnest March morning that ever blew across Boston harbor.
She could see Boston harbor.

blew across Boston harbor.

She could see Boston harbor from the top floor of the telephone building, where she waited for an interview with the chief telephone operator who was about to get married. The harbor was as blue as Capri, and fringed with heavy, dark barges around the store. Farther out, creamy sails skimmed over the waves and on out to a bluer busher.

"Green days in forests, blue days at sea!" she thought, and the words made her ache with loneli-

ness.
The telephone operator was small and pretty. She was marrying a real estate man. They would be married in June and live in Ar

married in June and live in Arlington.
"I'd rather have a sailor,"
thought the Youngest Reporter, and
blushed to hear herself talking
aloud.
The telephone girl turned up her
little nose and walked away.
Out in the gray canyon of the
street the reporter dragged her
heels again. "Nothing really exciting lever happens to me," she
thought dismally. "I'wo gray hairs.
An old hat that has to be worn
another month. Cat shows. Dog
shows! Baby shows. Poultry shows.
Automobile shows." She bumped
ather.
"Go on\_ glare!" muttered the

after. "On glare!" muttered the 
"Go on, glare!" muttered the 
"Go on glare!" muttered the 
"Go on glare!" muttered the 
"Go on glare!" muttered the 
"Go of go of

some Basque fisherman that turned out to be a nobleman with an income that ran into six figures. The story had struck a passionate, romantic note, and the Youngest Reporter laid it down with a sigh and the thought that nothing like that could happen around Boston.

"Are you here?" asked the city editor in her car. She felt to see that her hat was safely on her head. "See if there's anything in this," he added, and rushed away, She unfolded the letter indifferently. Illiterate. Smudgy. Written in pencil. Then she came abruptly to life.
"This fellow who works with me

to life.

"This fellow who works with me over here," she read, "is a young millionaire from the West who is workin' his own way. I spose it's mean of me to tell on him, but I've always been a great admirer of your esteemed paper—" and so on.

on.

On her way out to the plant mentioned in the letter, the Youngest Reporter forgot her two gray hairs in wondering about the incognition millionaire. The story of the Bassee: Pyrenees flitted across her rind. She hoped he would be masterful and blond and blue-eyed, like the young Basque fishernan. These masterful blondes could make you forget that the city editor had wiped his feet on your hat! Something might happen after all—even in; Boston!

"There he is, over there!" said

thing might happen after alleven in Boston!
"There he is, over there!" said
he man, who admitted having written the letter.
The Youngest Reporter felt faint
in the pit of her stomach. This
was her, first millionaire and she
was not familiar with the breed.
She spoke to him timidly, but the
whirr of the machinery drowned
her voice. Finally she tugged at
his greasy sleeve to attract his attention.

tention.

He turned, and as his eye met hers she saw that it was not blue but the color of cold coffee with too much milk in it. When he removed the greasy blue workman's cap she saw that he was aimost bald. One can't have everything, she thought, gritting her teeth a little.

ittle.

"Are you the son of William J.
Silver, the great nail king of Tolede?" she asked.

A disturbing expression fittled
across the man's face, but before
she had time to analyze the flash

she had time to analyze the firsh it had gone.

"How did you find out?" he asked in apparent dismay.

She laughed and shook her head, "I want the story of your life," she said; "and a photograph."

"But I haven't a photograph," answered Silver, his coffee-colored eyes on her face.

After some coaxing, however, he agreed to get a few hours off, to come into town to have his picture taken.

doing this for you." And he gave her a meaning look. The Youngest Reporter was oblivious of the twin rows of drab houses and the joiling of the street car on her way back to Harvate and the louise of the twin rows of drab houses and the joiling of the attest car on her way back to Harvate and the louise of the twin long would be taken to be a second to the louise of the louise

shoulder.

Promptly at two-thirty the incognito millionaire stepped from the elevator. He had not been impresive in his working clothes and in his wrinkled baggy street clothes he was a complete flop.

"I'll take you right over to have your picture taken," said the Youngest Reporter, inervously conscious of the eyes of the city room.

"Yes, ma'am," said Silver meekly.

Youngest Reporter, inervously, conscious of the eyes of the city room.

"Yes, ma'am," said Silver meekky.

"Ma'am," thought the Youngest
Reporter, with a cold feeling up
and down her spine. Did millionaires say "ma'am."?

"How about the movies tonight?"

How about the movies tonight?"

How about the movies tonight?

"on the saked, with another of his deep
meaning glances, but before he
"Oh, I have an engagement," she
told him, flustered, It did not pay
to appear too cager — especially
with a million at stake.

When she emerged from the subway the next morning a wind sharp
and cold as a knife cut through
her. But the frost in the air was
mild compared to the city editor's
eye as it met hers.

"The next time I'm looking for as
mild compared to the city editor's
eye as it met hers.
"The next time I'm looking for an
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under her nose. graph."

### Lake in Danakil Desert

Lake in Danakil Desert

Proposed Again in Rome
Engineers of the colonial office
have extracted oil reports of Italian explorers to revive a project
whereby a lange sall lake would be
created in the Danakil region of.
Fritten and northeastern Ethiopia,
writes a Rome United Press correspondent.

This project, involving construction of a canal permitting waters of

This project, involving construc-tion of a canal permitting waters of the Red sea to flow inland, seems likely to be carried to conclusion if new expeditions fail to reveal ex-stence of oil or valuable minerals such as gold, silver, fron and coal in the tortid Danakil desert. Creation of the lake, say Italian engineers, would be of three-fold benefit:

First, it would modify the cili-

engineers, would be of three-fold benefit:

First, it would modify the clit make as a consequence of evaporation processes, establishing in this torrid zone approximately the same themperature as normally prevails over conditions and the condition of the condit

she had, time to analyze the flash
"How did you fine out?" he aske
"I want the story of your life,"
she said, "man a photograph,"
"But I haven't a photograph,"
"But I haven't a photograph,"
answered Silver, his coffee-colored eyes on her face.
After some cóaxing, however, he agreed to get a few hours off, to come into town to have his picture taken.
"I hate this publicity," he told her when they parted, "but I'm exception of mineral and oil deposits.

# FARM WOODLOTS

Woodlots on farms in Oakland county eventually can offer highe quality sawlog material if a syste matic thinning is practiced in ond growth areas over a period of years, says County Agricultural Ag-ent Karl D. Bailey.

years, says County Agricultural Ageut Karl D. Bailey.

W. Ira Bull, extension forester on
the staff of Michigan State College
suggests that the wood obtained
from the thinning process is worth
while in itself "to keep the hondetires burning," and often may be
more than enough for fuel for home
consumption.

In a second growth woods, according to Forester Bull, where
trees range between two and eight
inches in diameter there will be
perhaps 500 to 600 trees to an acre,
in the first thinning this may wisely be reduced to 500 selected trees,
This permits the remaining trees,
left because of better formation, to
receive more sunlight and grow
much faster.

Another improvement cutting
can be planned in 10 or 15 years
reducing the number to 150 trees
while the final stand may contain
only 60 or 75 mature trees of high
quality for sawing, in the meantime, sroute from stumes will take

quality for sawing. In the mean time, sprouts from stumps will tak the place of the mature trees and

the place of the mature trees and may be selected for succeeding timber cuttings.

When the thinning is being done, advises Bull, the trees to be taken out include the crooked, decayed and bushy topped individuals. Crooked or short trunked trees make good firewood but when uked for saw timber they produce more sawdust and slabs than lumber, while bushy topped trees usually contain but one log of inferior quality.

WEST POINT, PARK GIRLS ORGANIZE VESPER GROUP A Vesper group is being orga ed in West Point Park under leadership of Miss Lora Ann A An organization meeting will held at Miss Ault's home at

o'clock next Sunday atternoon. The activities of the group will not dup licate the work of any Sunday school or church but will also rep-resent the interests of girls of the intermediate group.

The Misses Wanda Drake and Dorothy Smith were hostesses at a shower for Mrs. Harry Eppley (Ada Leonard) at the Drake home Friday evening. Guests included were Mrs. McVicar, Mrs. Canlield the Misses Erma Gray, Francet. Schmidt, Jean Regentik, Mary Francet. Pearl Brown. Helen Bor Schmidt, Jean Regentik, Mar Franzeni, Pearl Brown, Helen Bo chart, and Florence Cook

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