

THE HIGH SCHOOL TATTLER

(Continued from Page 1)

The Girls' team was Plymouth's one victim. They were defeated 20 to 12, but a little beating like that doesn't worry them after the several hard drubbings they have received lately.

Lincoln: Millard, F.; Reynolds, F.; Adams, J. C.; Putnam, R. C.; Nichols, G.; Pickett, G.

Substitutions: Chamberlain for Pickett; Spallier for Putnam.

Everyone is "tickled to death" to see Frances Brown and Velma Cook back in school.

Helen Anderson has a new blue and white sweater. (Blue and white are the school colors).

On Tuesday, the French students enjoyed a movie on the "Peasant Life of France".

The Parent-Teachers' association has undertaken to establish a lunch room in the Farmington school.

Mrs. Harger, Mrs. Woodruff, Mrs. Stogms and Mrs. Mills have given their services several hours each day.

The lunch room is proving itself a success.

Chapel Exercises—The students, teachers and friends of the Farmington high school had one of the greatest pleasures that they have had this year when Mr. D. S. Dhalwanni, a native of India, spoke before them last Thursday.

Moved by Bicking and supported by Johnson that settlement with Mr. Coolcast for 8-inch, 6-inch and 4-inch pipe and fittings

India. Mr. Dhalwanni also said that he couldn't find all the words in the dictionary which he heard our American people use—I wonder what he meant?

The Jollifacitors Miss Wood: "Would you like your portrait done in oil, Mr. Leonard?"

Mr. Leonard: "Done in oil? What do you take me for, a painter?"

Ellen Perry: "Genevieve, what do you see so fascinating in school?"

Genevieve Forsythe: "Harry Wissusik."

Absence makes the heart grow fonder. So they always say. That's why we love our teachers better.

The days they stay away. Order for Publication—General.

STATE OF MICHIGAN In the Probate Court for the County of Oakland.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Pontiac in said County, on the 4th day of February A. D. 1924.

Present: Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of A. D. C. GROVES, Deceased. Garner W. Groves, administrator of said estate having filed in said Court a petition praying for the examination and allowance of his final account, determination of the heirs of said deceased, assignment of the residue of said estate and the discharge of said administrator.

It is ordered, that the third day of March A. D. 1924 at eight o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Farmington Enterprise a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

ROSS STOCKWELL, Judge of Probate. A true copy. Dan A. McGaffey, Probate Register. 8-Feb-22

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS February 4th, 1924. Trustees present: Cook, Russell, Lamb, Johnson, Bicking.

Trustees absent: Warner. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Communications were read and clerk instructed to answer letter from C. W. Townsend.

Moved by Bicking and supported by Johnson that settlement with Mr. Coolcast for 8-inch, 6-inch and 4-inch pipe and fittings

be left with the clerk and marshal. Carried.

On motion clerk is instructed to write the Detroit Auto Club asking the officials of the club to notify its members and give general publicity to the fact that Farmington Village extends for one and one-half miles on Grand River avenue and that the Village Council have decided to employ a motorcycle policeman on this section of road in order to regulate traffic in accordance with the state law which is twenty (20) miles per hour in residence section and fifteen (15) miles per hour in business section.

That violators of this law will be prosecuted. That while no speed trap will be maintained yet the congestion is getting so great that speeding is absolutely dangerous.

Moved by Lamb and supported by Russell that clerk be instructed to purchase twelve gold metal all year parking signs. Carried.

Moved by Lamb and supported by Russell that Marshal be instructed to enforce parallel parking on Grand River avenue. Carried.

Moved by Johnson and supported by Cook that we have the regular caucus on February 13th, 1924, at 8 P. M. at Township Hall. Carried.

Moved by Johnson and supported by Lamb that bills be paid as read.

Detroit Edison Co. \$48.28 H. C. Olden, Surg. 4.00 L. F. Schroeder 4.00 John Mahoney 5.00 Claude Lee 4.00 Norman Lee 3.00 Waters Lee 4.00 Ed. Thayer 4.00 Leo Hendryx 4.00 E. O. Hatton 4.00 Harrison Johnson 4.00 Farmington Enterprise 2.10 S. F. Smith 4.50 W. A. Arnold 75.00 E. O. Hatton, Treas. 25.00 Chope Stevens Park Co. 13.00 Park Garage 4.07 Ford Sales & Service 2.82 Farmington Hdve Co. 5.08 Farmington Lbr & Coal Co. 25.00 Henry Sallow 25.00

Moved that we adjourn. Carried.

R. O. SOLDAN, Clerk.

Being the Brighter Side. Persistent endeavor to look on the brighter side of things will soon destroy the habit of magnifying the evils of life.

What is more to be gained by will add us in combating evil more successfully, thus destroying the fear that the world is going to the devil.

Try an Enterprise Litter—It Pays

Each day that I had gone down the street to play, too, I had been conscious of that dark eye at the hole in the wall.

You see, he was only sick five days. It was a mercifully sudden.

"Will she go to the funeral?" a fey wondered. But she did not go. Proud, stubborn she was. She lived alone—no one knew what she did with herself. People thought her hard, not to have gone.

But I could not sleep that night. A child, I was brooding over the death of my playmate. And, creeping out of bed, as if drawn by some dread power, I saw old Mrs. Martin leave her house in the moonlight. I saw her glide down the hill toward the cottage.

And, peering on my clothes, I followed her trembling lest she should turn round and cast a spell over me. I followed her in at the gate. I lurked outside the window. Thus I saw the old woman enter the room where Henry and Elizabeth were seated, trying in vain to comfort each other. I saw them start, and—and I ran back in terror of discovery.

But every day you may see a very frail old woman walking down the street with a cane, and beside her trots another pretty, golden-haired little boy with blue eyes. She over-indulges him, the father and mother say. But she never catches from the hole in the wall—she has no need to.

Wise Child. "And what," asked the Sunday school teacher, "is the lesson taught us in the parable of the seven wise virgins?"

Nine-year-old Ruth held up her hand. "That we should always be on the lookout for a bridegroom," she answered.—Boston Transcript.

A Period of Calm. Mrs. Pitter—"Well, doctor, why don't you look at my tongue? How long do you expect I'm going to sit here with my mouth wide open?"

Doctor Gernsheimer—"Just one moment more, madam. I only wanted you to keep still long enough for me to write this prescription."

The Hole in the Wall

By MYRA CURTIS LANE

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

WHAT it was originally I never knew. You see, the house was very old. A very old place of stone barracks. Anyway, there it was, that old house with the hole in the wall, as if for shooting off a musket at an enemy from.

I was quite a child when I discovered that she looked through that hole in the wall.

The discovery came to me by chance. A bright spring day, a line of dancing notes in the air, and I had seen the keen eye watching the street through the hole in the wall.

"Old Mrs. Martin never looked out of her window. It was a shock to me to see that she looked through the hole in the wall. That terrible eye, of which we were all afraid. Rarely, very rarely did old Mrs. Martin leave her house. And when she came walking along the street, up to her neck with the hawk nose and keen black eye, we children ran.

"She had not always been thus. In her youth, folks said, Nancy Clayton had been the village belle. Always beautiful, though, even then. Especially after she married Martin, the squire. Very proud, very aloof, very devoted to her husband and her little son.

"When John Martin died she idolized Henry. That was the trouble. They were too much alike, too proud, too stubborn. Then they had quarreled.

"If you marry that girl you need never come within my doors again," she told him.

"I shall marry her," answered Henry.

"He went out of the house that night and never returned. So he and Elizabeth Parkes were married. They occupied the little cottage down the hill.

"But, merciful heavens, the cottage was within range of us, one looking through the hole in the wall!"

"I've been thinking of that as children. Every one liked Henry Martin. Poor, he and his wife were, wretchedly poor. He was a writer, struggling along, often in debt, harassed, worried.

"Once, it was known, he had been to his mother's house. What happened upon no one knew. But if he had attended recognition, the proud old woman refused. After that they continued to go their own ways.

"It was when little Jim was about four years old that I discovered old Mrs. Martin looked through the hole in the wall.

"She could see clear down to the cottage, see him with his mother. A pretty mother, a pretty child, with golden curls, fearless blue eyes—not dark like his father's and grandmother's. No wonder the old woman looked through the hole in the wall. Always that dark eye, staring intently down the road!

"She said she was the first victim of the diphtheria epidemic that smote our village a few years ago. The illness was of course in the local paper. Then every one was dreading its advent into their own families. No one had time for very deep regret that—the little boy died.

"I remember, young as I was then, the white crepe on the door, and the tiny coffin; the broken-hearted father and mother.

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Secret of Wonderful Colors in Paint Lost

One requires a magnifying glass to see, in its full beauty, the delicate detail painting of the "Adoration of the Lamb" by the Van Eyck, which has now been restored to its place of honor in the cathedral at Ghent. The color looks as fresh and as vivid today as when the picture was painted in the great days of the renaissance. But many comparatively modern pictures are already a little faded. The brothers Van Eyck ground and mixed their own colors, so as to insure purity and permanence. The secret of these wonderful colors, the envy of every artist who visits Belgium, has been lost—Detroit News.

Why Not?

A young woman who affects the society of members of the diplomatic body at Washington had presented to her not long ago a gentleman named Spiffier.

"Miss Blank," said the introducer, "may I present Mr. Spiffier? He was, you know, born in the Canary Islands."

"Very good, indeed, to meet you," said the young woman, cordially. "May be you will sing for us."

The Slow English

A teacher asked her class to write an essay on London. She was surprised to read the following in one attempt: "The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

The young author was asked where she got the idea. "Sense, miss," was the reply. "It says in the text books that the population of London is very dense."

Pathetic Diffidence

"Why didn't you shout 'Fore?' raged the injured golfer when the culprit behind him had walked up to apologize.

"Really," stammered the beginner contritely. "I'm most awfully sorry, but, you see, the fact is there's no point in my ever shouting 'Fore,' because I never know for certain that I'm going to strike the termed ball."

Lucky Dog

"He—ah, your little dog has an enviable position!"

"She—Do you mean because he is always with me?"

"He—Not exactly, but I was just thinking how happy I would be if I had some one to pay all my taxes for me!"

He Did It

"We've simply got to call a halt," he said. "We can't go on living beyond our income forever."

"I knew you'd do something to spoil the day for me," she replied. "This is the first morning for a week that I haven't had a headache."

Wouldn't Stop Her

"No, Herbert, I am sorry; but I am sure we could not be happy together. You know I always want my own way in everything."

"But, my dear girl, you could go on wanting it after we were married."

In Munich

Fatient—What? Fifteen million marks to extract a tooth? I have to work an hour to earn that.

Dentist—Well, if you like I'll spend an hour extracting the tooth.—Boston Transcript.

Snappy Comeback

White Boy—What have you got, such a short nose for?

Colored Boy—I expect so it won't poke itself into other people's business.

Dan Cupid, His Mark

Cupid, wandering in a wood. Stole a sleeping maiden's hood. But she awoke and wailing cried, "Ah me! Who's this? Dan Cupid hid 'Him fast away."

Then the rascal laughing low, With her hair auburn his hair. Lifted it and sped his dart. But she stopped it with her hair. "Attack-a-day!"

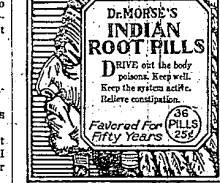
Cupid, for to cease her pain, Alas! her hood and missal hand On her cheeks, as soft as silk. "For say and do!"

Look you—she was made to see. On her lips, as sweet as me. And upon her mantling cheek, Dimples came, at hide and seek. There to play!

So it fell that when a maid Tokens twain like these betrayed, Lads and lasses understood—"Cupid's been in the wood!"

So they say. —Helen Moody, in Life.

On to Their Game



Willie—Pa, why do the doctors name coal after things with shells like eggs and nut?

Father—Because they're in a shell game, my son.

Advertisement for Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. Includes text: "DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS. Dives out the body poisons. Keep the system active. Believe constipation. Favored For Fifty Years."

DETROIT UNITED LINES.

Farmington Time Table. (Eastern Standard Time). (Effective September 24, 1923)

Cars leave Farmington for Detroit at 6:08 a.m.; 6:38 a.m., limited at 6:54 a.m.; 7:48 a.m.; 8:48 a.m.; 9:48 a.m., and hourly to 3:48 p.m.; 4:43 p.m.; 5:48 p.m., then hourly to 8:48 p.m., also 9:53 p.m., 10:53 p.m., (to Junction only) 11:43 p.m., and 1:03 a.m.

Cars leave Farmington for Car Orchard Lake and Pontiac at 5:40 a.m.; 6:40 a.m.; 7:10 a.m.; 8:55 a.m., and hourly to 10:55 p.m., also 6:10 p.m. and 12:20 a.m.

First car leaves Farmington for Northville at 6:05 a.m.; 7:00 a.m., hourly to 11:00 p.m., also 6:15 p.m. and 12:22 a.m.

Cars connect at Northville with those for Plymouth and Wayne over the D. J. & C. Hourly limited service to Ann Arbor.

Large advertisement for Ford cars. Features the Ford logo and text: "Forecasting A Tremendous Spring Demand 739,626 more Ford cars and trucks were produced last year than the previous year, an increase of over 50 per cent. In spite of this tremendous increase in production, it was impossible to meet delivery requirements during the spring and summer months when orders for 350,000 Ford Cars and Trucks could not be filled. This year winter buying for immediate delivery has been more active than ever before—and in addition 200,000 orders have already been booked through the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan for spring delivery. These facts clearly indicate that the demand during this spring and summer will be far greater than ever, and that orders should be placed immediately with Ford Dealers as a means of protection against delay in securing your Ford Car or Truck or Fordson Tractor. Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. See the Nearest Authorized Ford Dealer."

Large advertisement for Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engines. Features the text: "Quiet as a ghost! The wonderful Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine gives you quiet, silky action. Closed bodies remarkably free from power rumbles and vibration. No noisy cams. No choking up with carbon. No clacking valves to grind. This engine improves with use! Owners report 50,000 miles without engine repair. Touring \$1175; Sedan \$1795, f. o. b. Toledo. WILLYS-KNIGHT THE PARK GARAGE Phone 111. E.K.TAMM Farmington"