

MISS M. BOLLENS AND FRED MAAS WED AT CHURCH

Pretty Ceremony Is Followed By Reception For Immediate Families

A very pretty wedding took place at Salem Evangelical Church, Farmington Saturday evening, May 24, when Miss Margaret Bolleens and Mr. Fred Maas spoke their nuptial vows before a large assemblage of friends. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and large baskets of spring flowers.

The bride was stately in a white satin gown, fashioned on long lines, as she walked down the aisle on the arm of her brother, Fred Bolleens. Her long tulle veil was held in place by clusters of orange blossoms at each side of the cap. She carried a bouquet of white bridal roses and lilies of the valley.

Miss Luise Bolleens, sister of the bride, as maid of honor was gowned in a sleeveless rose motif taffeta dress, relieved by a green side sash, and carried an arm bouquet of columba roses.

Misses Winnifred Walling and Miss Minnie Maas, the latter a sister of the groom, were gowned alike in orchid and Nile green chiffon dresses, made also on long lines. They wore cape sleeves and carried yellow tulle and pernet roses respectively.

The groom was attended by his brother, Paul Maas, as best man, Fred W. Maas, a nephew and Howard Otis as groomsmen, while Leo Gildemeister seated the guests.

A reception was held in the church parlors for the immediate families, after which the couple departed for a motor trip into the upper Peninsula. Upon their return they will reside in Farmington.

Many pre-nuptial affairs were given for the bride's pleasure.

Mrs. Emil Plumhoff, sister of the bride entertained at a miscellaneous shower in her home in Grosse Pointe on May 3rd.

On May 7th Mrs. Reynold Esch and Miss Lenore Bruder were hostesses at a kitchen shower. Wednesday, May 14th Mrs. E. Middlewood entertained the present and past officers of O. E. S. at the home of Mrs. Kate Banfield at a pantry shower.

On May 16th Mrs. T. H. McGee entertained twelve friends of the bride at a bridge party and personal shower and on May 21st Miss Winnifred Walling and Mrs. Leland Schultz gave a bridge party at the latter's home.

'Could Scrap All Auto Laws Through Courtesy'

(Continued from page one) office free, or police chiefs will furnish them without charge.

"Worst Of All" "Ten per cent won't obey the law under any circumstances, and the other ten per cent, the worst kind of all, is the man who says, 'Yes, we must have rules, but for the other fellow.' He is the man who thinks he is 'intelligent.' When he gets a ticket, he runs to his friends in authority and embarrasses them by asking them to cancel the ticket—like a little boy who has his finger pricked and asks his mother to kiss it. Five hundred tickets sent in to be cancelled in a day to Detroit! Yet every one of these men should thank the officers for enforcing the laws which are made for their protection—because obedience of the law will prevent accidents."

In addition to Mr. Rounds' talk there was music by the Detroit Police Quartette, which was greatly enjoyed. The program was arranged by Arthur Lumb, who was host also to the Boy Scouts, their Scoutmaster, Curtis Hall, and Erskine Evans, councillor.

NEW EQUIPMENT ADDED TO PHONE SWITCHBOARD

Michigan Bell Telephone Co. equipment construction men are this week installing fifty additional drops and jacks on the switchboard in the Walled Lake telephone office. These additions are being made to accommodate the demand for individual service and new telephones.

They are also installing new battery equipment. Cable terminals are being installed and E. V. Mercer, local manager, states new subscribers will be cut into this cable soon.

Mr. Mercer states both the local and long distance traffic is unusually heavy for this time of year, and all these improvements they believe will be of considerable help toward speeding up service.

Forgetting Old Wounds

By LEETE STONE

AT A tiny corner cafe, half belting the sidewalk and nearly in shadow of the Madeleine, sat Dean Harvey, abstemiously sipping a cognac. He had been in that little plaza, in action, over a decade ago. Dean gazed at the headless saint in the corner niche of the Madeleine. It stood there erect and mute in protest against the insatiate monster, War.

Ah, well; it was over—long since. Each year now the pretty parks of Paris were decorated with more babies in their prim carriages. France was coming back. And Dean was glad because he loved Paris. He had persuaded his bank to come over from Hollywood with an adequate crew and company, to establish a studio there.

Today Dean had scoured all the American haunts of Paris looking for an elderly, western American type which was needed for the next day's scene. Now he was resting momentarily at the little cafe.

All at once Dean's idly roving eyes caught the suggestion of a swaggering figure a long way down the sunlit Rue de Selze. There is the swagger of the contented Frenchman and the swagger of the plainman. The two are different; one is cocky and one is content.

Having been nursed in the saddle in his parents' early, pioneering days, Dean knew his West. This tall, lean figure coming, with the straggly fringe of white streaks on his chest and hair, was a two-gun man by the banks of the Rio Grande. "Or 'I'm a Har!'" Dean was on the alert. This was just what he wanted. "The saunterer brought up the table, 'Dear, stranger; I'll set 'em up if you'll sit down!'" Dean spoke to the gaunt old man whose eyes were planned on distance.

"Well, stranger likewise; I've heard that in Texas. I'm tired and broke, an' I'd be happy to drink with yuh."

So started a reminiscent confab. Soon, from the old Western:

"Ever hear of Bill Tildman . . . no? . . . Well, I was barnstorming and showboating considerable in the nineties . . . our company went flat broke in Oklahoma City. I happened to hear that a posse is bent organized to capture a gang of outlaws . . . dug down in my property trunk; got the boots I used for plaid; 'heated' an' went out to look for the leader o' that posse. That's how I met Bill Tildman."

"So you're an actor, he says to me. 'Can yuh 'fide an' use a gun?' I told him I was the first man to hold home in the Siletto Mesa country; that a saddle was my cradle; an' I'd cut my first tooth on a gun barrel."

"Wal, says he, 'ye're just the fellow we're lookin' for.' The old Westerner passed with both eyes full of bygone dreams, twirled his long gray moustachios proudly, slipped his cognac . . .

"Would yuh like to see the wounds I got that trip? . . . Ha-Ha . . . can't show 'em to yuh here. Three of 'em, all low on the right hip. 'an say; I'll never forget that face o' the low-down rascal that riddled me . . . peepin' from behind a patch of mesquite. Ah—I a heavy sigh—"There was shootin' in Skull Gully that day; but we got 'em, stranger, we got 'em all." An abrupt pause. "Thanks, stranger; I'll just be moseyin' on."

The old man rose slowly.

"Say, old-timer; I need you." Dean was eager and friendly. "I've a proposition. You're an actor with a good voice. How would a three-month's contract at seventy-five a week strike you . . . in the talks. Listen, I'm got an' type. An honest to God ringer from your country. I'd arranged you to do a lot of cow-country scenes with him. You'll like him, too—this bird. He's your kind. What do you say?"

"Son!" there was almost a quiver in the old man's voice. "Are you kiddin' me? . . . Or do you know what your say-so means to an old hand-actor that don't eat 'regular'?"

"Come on, cowboy!" With a gesture and sufficient centimes Dean settled for the saucers under their glasses. "You can bunk in with Andy, my other fella."

Bonheur! turned so look at these two, striding along, so evidently of different worlds. Finally their omnibus dropped them on the Left Bank and soon they entered the rambling structure Dean's father had transformed into a talking picture studio.

"Now for Andy," said Dean guiding his new friend to a box corner at a cavernous interior. At a bunk against the wall, close beneath an electric bulb sat an old man industriously cleaning and oiling a worn Colt's six-shooter.

"Brought a pal for you, Andy," Dean cried.

In the dimness the two sidlers stared at each other, heads tilted forward.

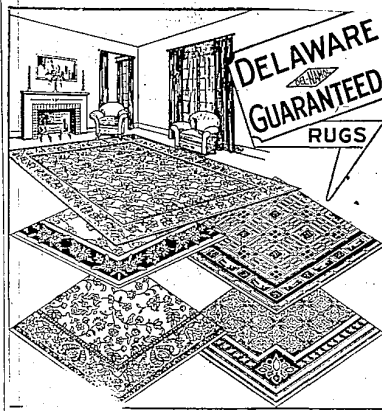


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NOTICE! We are preparing for a party next week. Read next week's paper for particulars. P. S.—A Tip (There will be souvenirs, too)

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