

WEST POINT PARK

Mrs. Ralph Voorhies, who has been quite ill the past week, is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Johnson were summoned to Lansing Thursday evening because of the serious illness of Miss Edna Johnson, the

former's sister. Miss Johnson was slightly improved when they left.

Mr. and Mrs. John Weikle were in northern Michigan Wednesday attending the funeral of a nephew.

Rev. Roy Miller of Sallaw was a caller at the home of Russell Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Owen and John Rowe, were guests Sunday afternoon of the latter's sister, Mrs. Lucile Woods of Detroit.

Mrs. Lillian Gilbert and son Howard spent Wednesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Finkow of Detroit.

Miss Elizabeth Mercer has been on the sick list the last few days.

Little Ella Orr was quite ill last week.

Rev. and Mrs. Google of Detroit were visitors at the home of Russell All Friday evening.

It has been announced that Pierston School will close for good

Dr. Joseph W. Norton

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Removing an Unneeded Restraint

Congress is debating the Pettengill bill which, in substance, would permit the railroads to compete with intercoastal steamships.

The clause of the Interstate Commerce law which the bill would repeal was perhaps once beneficial, but has become restrictive.

No like prohibition governs the railroads' land, air and water competitors, and none is contemplated for them. It applies to the rails alone, with the original need for it non-existent—imposing a handicap on them while it confers advantages on their competitors.

Repeal of this clause will hurt no one; will make lower rail rates eventually not improbable; will create an additional 100,000 railroad jobs.

Nor will it reduce the ICC's powers; or enable the rails to charge rates that are unreasonable or unduly low so as to eliminate competition, or to raise rates if competition did disappear.

The bill is favored by great bodies of shippers, by trade organizations, by the railroads and railroad labor. It is opposed by steamship interests and coastal industries who would retain unfair advantages over inland competitors.

America's railroads face the most unprecedented competition in their history. Unneeded restraints, like this obsolete clause, should be removed that the lines may better be able reasonably, and legally, to compete.

Michigan, and its railroads, will benefit from the repeal. Support for the Pettengill bill should be asked of the State's delegation in Congress.

Michigan Railroads Association

AT THE

BARLUM HOTEL

THERE'S COMFORT. CONVENIENCE. ECONOMY.

810 OUTSIDE ROOMS

\$2. A DAY AND UP

EACH ROOM HAS TUB AND SHOWER BATH

DETROIT

CADILLAC SQUARE AT BATES STREET

Friday observance but there will be no Easter vacation, as the school year is expected to be completed May 21.

Kenneth and William Owen attended a birthday party Sunday evening in honor of Miss Mildred Mattson of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold McVicar are the parents of a five and one-half pound boy, Harold Joseph, born Saturday afternoon. Both mother and son doing nicely.

Miss Virginia Pirt, accompanied Miss Jean Addis to Detroit Friday to visit the latter's grandmother, Mrs. Joseph Freer.

The Scotch Eight 500 club met Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nacker.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. Zwahlen and daughter Janet Mae, of Detroit were guests Wednesday evening of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Zwahlen.

Mrs. Max Bergin and daughter Sharon of Howell were guests on Monday and Tuesday of her mother, Mrs. Marvin Addis.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hilleicher, Jr. returned Wednesday from Florida, where they were spending the winter.

J. W. Hess and daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Tate of Pontiac, were guests Sunday afternoon of the former's sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nacker.

Mrs. George Grace was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Smith of Plymouth.

CHURCHES

All notices for this column must be in the Enterprise office not later than Tuesday at noon.

Redford Gospel Tabernacle
18000 Lasher Road

Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
Pentecostal prayer and praise service, 11:00 a. m.
Evangelistic service, 7:45 p. m.
All are welcome regardless of circumstances.
100% Pentecost.

CLARENCEVILLE M. E. CHURCH
Rev. Guin, Pastor

Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
Church service, 11:15 a. m.
Epworth League, 6:30 p. m.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church
Rev. John J. Larkin, Pastor

Sunday masses at 7:00 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., and 12:00 p. m.
Benediction after 10:30 mass.
Daily masses at 7:30 a. m., and 8:00 a. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church
Rev. Delmore Stubbs, Pastor

Palm Sunday. Worship service at 10:30. Special music. Sermon by the pastor, Bayden.

Church school at 11:45.

Epworth League at 6:30. Henry Mahaney leader.

There will be meetings in this church Tuesday and Thursday evening of the past week. Tuesday, the service will be of prayer, praise and song, with a sermon by the minister. Thursday a Candlelight Communion service will be held.

The Good Friday service will be in the Baptist Church.

Salem Evangelical Church
Rev. Carl Schultz, Pastor

Palm Sunday
Morning worship 10:30. Topic "The Triumphant Entry."

Palm Sunday marks the beginning of Holy Week. The day is in commemoration of our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, when the Passover pilgrims spread palm branches before Him and sang praises unto Him.

Naturally there must be a note of joy, triumph and victory in the celebration of Palm Sunday; but it is not a day of unalloyed joy. On this day we stand at the threshold of the most agonizing experiences for the Son of Man. Jesus knew the triumph was only momentary, because He was coming in to Jerusalem, the place where the prophets were killed. Therefore, we dare not celebrate the triumphal entry separately, as an event complete and full of significance in itself, but only as the first act in the tragedy of the Cross. It is now that our Lenten imitation of Christ calls forth our most exacting effort.

Sunday school 11:30.

Note: There will be no evening service this Sunday.

HOLD-MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR VIRGINIA VANCE

The Girls Vesper Club of West Point Park met at the home of Miss Doris Gilbert Sunday evening. The program was in the nature of a memorial service for Miss Virginia Vance, whose death took place early in the past week and who was instrumental in the founding of the Vesper Club last fall. Favorite hymns were sung and a story taken from the address of Rev. Miller who conducted the funeral services for Virginia, was told.

The Farmington Enterprise furnishes prompt, accurate and reliable publication service for Oak land County.

KILLALA OMAGH

By ADELE THANE

Michigan Newspaper Syndicate.

WNU Service.

FROM the moment that he selected a steamer chair next to mine and leisurely lowered the ungainly form into it, I was impressed by the intent look of his blue eyes, the manner in which he scrutinized the faces of these passengers who elected to tramp the leaden decks of the Beritania in preference to sipping lukewarm tea in the stuffy salon. He scanned the features of each promenadeur with an attentiveness which bordered on the imprudent and, had he been less refined in bearing and dress, might have called down upon a white head the invective of more than one spirited matron who passed his way.

The men paid him scant heed; already, in the intimate precincts of the smoking room, where a caustic brief seemed to educate the uninitiated opinion of fellow travelers not present, they had marked him as an eccentric and, therefore, disqualified material for further so-called pursuits.

He was not old, as age is computed today; between fifty-five and sixty; but about his stooped shoulders there hung an aura of defeat which added 15 years to his appearance. In direct contrast to this bodily decrepitude, his large, well-cared-for hands, resting passively on each chair arm, in their very inertia, suggested a strength far greater than that of physical fitness. A dozen times a day I suddenly found myself staring at them with a fascination which admitted no satiety, and I would lift cautious lids to see if he had noticed; but always his bright, aquiline eyes were fixed on the faces of passersby.

I wondered for whom he was searching, and my ambling gaze coming back to those quiet hands like steel to a lodestone, I speculated to what use he put the tapered fingers which still retained the contour and freshness of youth long since forfeited to the gods of senility.

At Monte Carlo, a woman came on board who seemed to possess for him a singular attraction. She was tall, with cream-tinted skin, and hair like polished mahogany when lamplight shined on it. Whereas he had been formerly satisfied to keep vigil from a stationary position, he now commenced to follow this comely Parisienne about the decks, always at a respectful distance.

Nearing the Sicilian coast, the captain acceded his bid to disembark. He stepped to the railing, calmly straining toward the remote purple thread of land. A brisk Tyrrhenian breeze carried the conversation starboard, and I distinguished what passed between them.

The captain said deferentially: "I'm sorry, sir, but I have received a complaint. I'm sure you meant harm."

"Ah . . . it is the young signorina in gray who had object to my espionage?" The voice was cultured, having a hint of accent.

"I am not at liberty to say," replied the captain tersely, "but you must be more careful."

"Of a certainty, I have committed a breach of good breeding, is it not so? Please inform the signorina that I shall no longer offend." He motioned toward Sicily. "I depart—there."

The captain nodded and walked on, and I returned to my novel, but not to read. So the extraordinary gentleman was leaving at Palermo, too—for that was my point of observation. Such knowledge, I thought, would have served an excellent reason for making his acquaintance; now, so near to port, any innovation would be unorthodoxly obvious.

As if to disprove this mental statement, the elderly stranger spoke. "How one's actions are misconstrued when the motive underlying is hidden!"

He had left the rail and was standing by my feet, smiling down at me from his unweildy height.

"Me, I admire the esthetic, the exquisite, the symmetrical," he continued, "and I am considered rude." He shrugged expressively.

"That charming signorina, she reminded me of some one else, more beautiful—yes, but less youthful, perhaps."

"Age mellows beauty and refines it," I said, closing my book that he might be assured of my willingness to talk.

"Yes, it is so," he agreed, "ver' true of the signorina to whom I have refer. You know her maybe?—the Signora Costanza Tibaldi?" He saw my start of recognition. "She is a friend, yes?" he asked eagerly.

I shook my head. "I know her merely by sight," I answered, and the enthusiastic light went out of his eyes.

Those eyes, blue as cornflowers in the sun, puzzled me. They were not Latin.

He must have recognized my questioning inspection of them, for he said, "My name, signorina, is Killala Omagh."

Killala Omagh! A Celt with Italian mannerisms and speech! In deed, he was an unparalleled odd man.

"You think it curious perhaps?—because I am so thoroughly Italian?" A brooding look darkened

his lean features. "I have never seen that Ireland which was my father's and my mother's native land. It is a story of great length . . . and bitterness. Let us converse of pleasanter things, of Signora Tibaldi, yes?"

"The subject appears to be a favorite one," I said.

He folded his hands together tightly. "I am going to paint her . . . with emerald about her creamy throat . . . candlelight warming her mouth, seeking the copper in her lash . . . her hair coil against the fading splendor of a Venetian tapestry . . ."

As he delineated, his voice throbbled with a dynamic emotion which was sensed rather than heard, and I became aware that this putting of the Sicilian's full-blown loveliness upon canvas was to be his supreme gesture toward corporeal perfection. And what a gesture! He would have secondly plished that which no other mortal had: the eternalizing of the fair signora's face; for she was intolerably haughty and had stubbornly refused to let him even a photograph made of herself.

"You are to be congratulated, signor," I announced heartily. "Signora Tibaldi must be very fond of you."

"I have not yet met her."

"Then she has assented to having her portrait done at least?"

"No . . . she has not assent. I will make request and she will grant it."

I gaped. "You have made no arrangements with her whatever?"

"Arrangements? They are unnecessary. I will paint her."

Was it possible that he had not learned of the signora's irrevocable rule?

"Costanza Tibaldi does not pose for artist," I informed him gently.

He regarded me steadily. "She will pose for me. You shall see . . . I will paint her."

And something in the blue depths of his unflinching eyes hushed the denial which rose to my lips, and I was silent.

I saw him again two months later. He was sitting in the garden of a hotel, once tended by friars' hands, in Taormina. Etna waved her exalted plume above the uncovered hairiness of his hair, and the geranium hedge behind him was in full bloom. He did not notice my approach, nor was he conscious of my presence until I called him by name. Then he swung about, frowning in his endeavor to recollect me, and I revealed my identity.

"Ah, signorina," he said. "I know what it is that you are wondering."

He beckoned to a passing waiter and spoke to him briefly in Italian. Within ten minutes, the proud beauty of Costanza Tibaldi confronted me.

The painting was as he had visioned it; it was more; it lived—it had a soul.

"Wonderful—wonderful!" I cried.

"But how did you obtain the signora's consent to pose?"

A slow, sad smile lined his gaunt face, and the sweetness of it lay across those unwavering eyes, blue, so blue, like the mountain toward which they had turned as if in strengthening communion. And he said:

"Four months the doctor gave me to see. Yesterday, the time expired. But the good doctor, they have err . . . Always, always, I see the signora . . . in the candlelight . . . With emerald at her throat."

Convicted 162 times for allowing his horses and sheep to stray, John Bellman, a farmer of Tasmania, paid over \$20,000 in fines.

Blue-eyed people, say aviation experts of England, are more easily trained and make better air pilots than those with brown eyes.

Two hundred and sixty-one dwarfs in Hungary have formed a union to petition for half-price tickets on trains, trams, and buses, and also for theaters on the ground that their size does not justify full payment.

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