

# CHURCHES

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

Salem Evangelical Church  
Rev. Carl H. Schultz, Pastor

Easter morning worship service, 10:30. Easter is the Feast of Feasts, the oldest, the most beloved, the most joyous, and the most important festival of the Church. This is the Day of Resurrection of our Lord. Its message is simple, easily understood by all: "Christ is risen; and because he lives we too shall live." Not only our Lord rises from the tomb today, but our humanity with him. Love has triumphed over evil, and man has been given the pledge of his salvation. It is with reason that Easter should be the most glorious and joyous of all the feasts and the chief of all festivals, about which the entire church year centers and arranges itself.

In connection with this service the Lords Supper will be observed in memory of the joyous Resurrection of our Lord. Our own members and all visiting persons who enjoy the privilege of Communion in other Churches are welcome to

participate in this observance with us.

Sunday School 11:45 a. m.  
Please note: The Union Service on Good Friday, which is to be held in the Evangelical Church, will begin at 1 p. m. The church extends to all a most cordial invitation to come and worship together.

Easter Monday dinner: The Ladies' Union of the Evangelical Church will serve a dinner Monday, April 18. They will start to serve at 6 p. m. The public is invited.

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, 10:30 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 7:30 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., and 12:00. Benediction after 10:30 mass. Daily masses at 7:30 a. m., and 8:00 a. m.

Community Church  
West Point Park

Palm Sunday services will be held at the church Sunday at 11:30 a. m. Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Wilkerson will render a duet and Rev. O. J. Lyon will preach the sermon. Sunday School at 10 a. m.

First Baptist Church  
Gilbert A. Miles, Pastor  
Morning prayer meeting 10:15.  
Morning worship 10:30.  
Bible School 11:45.

D. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m., for Juniors and Seniors.  
The mid-week Fellowship meetings are held Wednesday evenings at 7:30.

Methodist Episcopal Church  
Rev. Delmore Stubbs, Pastor  
Morning Worship at 10:30.  
Church School at 11:45.  
Men's Forum 12 noon.  
Epworth League Service at 6:30 p. m.

Eighth Church of Christ, Scientist  
Detroit, Michigan  
"Doctrine of Atonement" will be the subject of the lesson-sermon in all Christian Science churches throughout the world Sunday, April 17. Eighth Church, of Detroit, holding services in Redford High School, cordially invites your attendance.

"The Golden Text (John 10:30), is, "I and my Father are one." Among the Bible citations is this passage (Ephesians 2:13, 18): "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father." Correlative passages to be read from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy, include the following (p. 18): "Atonement is the exemplification of man's unity with God, whereby man reflects divine Truth, Life, and Love."

Eighth Church of Christ, Scientist also announces a free public lecture on Christian Science, Friday evening, April 15, at 8 p. m., by Charles V. Winn. Full details are given in an advertising announcement elsewhere in this issue.

She had stood by him through a great many crises, had advised and comforted and suggested. Rightfully enough she felt that credit for at least part of his success was due her.

She felt, too, that she knew what was best for her husband.

And that was the crux of the whole thing.

That was why Noel felt that he was misunderstood—because Erla wanted him to retire and live a quiet life, because she didn't think he ought to be so well, so frivolous.

Noel grieved over the matter, brooded over it, pitied himself and eventually decided that he wouldn't retire from business. No, sir. He'd continue going down to the office every day.

Most anything was better than staying at home under his wife's wing.

Erla didn't object.

On the contrary she agreed that in these trying times the office probably needed him.

There wasn't much for Noel to do the office routine had long since been entrusted to younger and capable hands; he found plenty of time to sit around and talk to people, and to notice Miss Clow.

He had, in fact, been noticing Miss Clow for some time.

She had been employed by the office manager a month before to assist Miss Fisher, who was Noel's personal secretary.

There was something about her that made Noel feel he wasn't old at all. Not even fifty-two.

She had a heart-shaped face and dazzlingly attractive eyes, and sometimes she asked her a question made Noel remember the days of his youth when he was good looking and considered somewhat of a lady killer.

Obviously, he thought that charm, which had made him that once had not left him.

Miss Clow had been attracted by it; there was no mistaking the admiration and distant, modestly concealed worship in her eyes.

Noel twiddled his mustache and thought.

It occurred to him that here was a girl of intelligence, a girl to whom he would enjoy talking, one who understood him and appreciated his oddities, one who didn't think him old and doddering and ready for the shelf.

Yes, he was sure that Miss Clow would be like that.

He knew women, did Noel.

It took a lot of courage for Noel finally to get around to mentioning to Miss Clow what was on his mind, and he made a rather clumsy job of it.

But what little embarrassment he may have felt was instantly dispelled by Miss Clow's round-eyed and emphatic response.

"Why, Mr. Windthrop, I'd just love to go out to dinner with you! I think it would be wonderful."

Noel called Erla on the phone and told her he wouldn't be home because he had to entertain a client at dinner.

Then he went down to the club, changed into the tuxedo he always kept there, hired a taxi and drove to the corner where he had arranged to meet Miss Clow.

She was waiting, and she insisted that they walk to the night club.

It was such a nice night and she just loved to walk, she told him. Then she tucked her arm in his and Noel, even at fifty-two, felt a thrill.

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## TOO FRIVOLOUS

By STANLEY CORDELL  
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AT FIFTY-TWO Noel Windthrop became a self-appointed member of that vast and pitiable army of misundereasured husbands.

Noel had achieved an early success in life, and possessed a tiny fortune to prove it.

He had also achieved a noticeable bulge at his waistline, tufts of gray hairs behind his ears, a bald spot and an occasional touch of rheumatism. But for all this Noel wasn't old, or thought he wasn't.

He didn't feel like settling down and enjoying his wealth as most self-respecting men of fifty-two might be expected to do.

He didn't like going to bridge or stilted parties or even a moderate amount of travel.

He had been a stern, hard-thinking business man all his life and he wanted to be well, frivolous.

Noel's wife, Erla, was in favor of the quiet retirement.

Erla was large and capable and sensible.

She had married Noel when he was a clerk in an advertising agency office.

She had stood by him through a great many crises, had advised and comforted and suggested.

Rightfully enough she felt that credit for at least part of his success was due her.

She felt, too, that she knew what was best for her husband.

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It was such a nice night and she just loved to walk, she told him. Then she tucked her arm in his and Noel, even at fifty-two, felt a thrill.

They walked an extra two blocks to reach their destination, and Noel thought it was because Miss Clow wanted to be alone with him.

He thought so even when she stopped abreast of a woman's dress shop window with an exclamation of wonder and awe.

The object of the exclamation was, of course, a dress.

A wistful look came into Miss Clow's eyes.

It pleased Noel, gave him a feeling of superiority and self-confidence to promise her that on the morrow the dress would be hers. And when she squeezed his arm and

laughed delightedly he received thrill No. 2.

The night club was crowded; they had to stand in the foyer for fifteen minutes before getting a table.

And Noel, already beginning to feel a little stiff from the long walk, eased himself into his seat with a little suppressed groan of relief.

The stiffness, however, was forgotten when Miss Clow began to order.

He marvelled that such a tiny girl could want so many things to eat all at once.

It amused him and he laughed.

The champagne came and they drank a toast to each other.

Noel glanced around, smacked his lips and felt a warm glow of contentment.

Here was life, gayety, youth, the sort of thing he wanted and needed. This was what he had been missing.

The orchestra began to play and Miss Clow began hopping around in her seat.

"Let's dance!" she exclaimed.

But Noel smiled and shook his head.

"Let's wait for a waltz," he suggested. "These new dances—well, I'm not used to them."

But Miss Clow didn't want to wait, and when she saw a boy at a nearby table whom she knew, she smiled and he came over and asked Noel if he might dance with Miss Clow.

Noel winced.

The boy was the son of a business acquaintance, and the business acquaintance was only fifty-one!

Noel drank some more champagne, and when the next number was played he got to his feet with something like grim determination written in his eyes.

"Let's dance," he said to Miss Clow.

Miss Clow looked a little frightened; she looked as if she hadn't expected that Noel would go that far. But she assented, and Noel swept her out on the floor.

"This is the proper word, for when Noel danced he required space, and was to be an unfortunate who got in his path.

They circled the floor once and then Noel gave her a twist. A sort of sinking sensation took hold of him.

He remembered his rheumatism and recognized the symptoms.

The twinge repeated itself.

Noel gripped the buckled and then straightened again.

Noel suddenly became aware that people were staring at him and grinning.

It made him mad and he hung on to Miss Clow quite desperately.

The same knee buckled again.

At the moment they were lumbering past a mirror and Noel caught a glimpse of himself. The slumped revealed a doddering, baldheaded old man whose clothes didn't fit him very well and whose knees seemed to be giving way.

It required several minutes before he realized that the reflection was that of himself; that the slip of a girl who was clutched in his arms was Miss Clow.

The thought flashed across his mind that Miss Clow was young enough to be his daughter, but probably had been mistaken for his granddaughter.

Breathing heavily and with sweat

**Dr. Joseph W. Norton**  
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