

The U. S. Census of 1940 will include Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Alaska, the Virgin Islands, American Samoa, Guam, and all other outlying possessions as well as Continental United States.

The Census Bureau expects to use approximately 600 typewriters in the sixteenth Decennial Census to be taken in 1940. About 11,000 typewriter ribbons will be used.

Tooth Brush Industry
The value of tooth brushes manufactured in the United States in 1937 was \$7,069,536, according to preliminary reports of the U. S. Census Bureau.

Includes Many Subjects
The U. S. Census of 1940 will cover population, occupations, unemployment, agriculture, irrigation, drainage, manufactures, mines and quarries, and business.

Grow

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WHITE LILACS

By FLORENCE MELLISH
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"WHITE LILACS," Janet Ransom, I was afraid you wouldn't come. I expect Amos and the children every minute. My, but you look tired!"

"I was close on the train." "Step into the bedroom and freshen up a bit, you thought you'd wear your tan-colored dress."

"It's my best one, Sylvie."

"It makes you look all of a color, somehow."

Janet obediently straightened her collar before a small mirror. "All of a color," she echoed. "I didn't suppose anybody was going to notice my looks. Perhaps Gladys is old enough to be critical. Well, as Paul said, I am what I am."

She went to the open window and sniffed the fragrant air.

"White lilacs! My goodness! I wonder if that old book is in the case now. Yes, of course. Pretty sentimental, but I was just a girl."

She laughed indulgently as she turned the leaves. She had followed pretty rustic Millicent Brown's story eagerly until Reginald Harcourt came out of his thrilling adventures to claim her.

"And so romance had come to Millicent."

That was the last line. How well Janet remembered!

She had finished the book that afternoon when they had left her alone to go to Seth Kimball's funeral.

Then she had gone to stand under the white lilacs by the gate, listening to Uncle Amos's wagon, thinking that Millicent was very much like her and wondering how her own romance would come.

It had never come.

Still, Janet had been pretty once—in her quiet way. She had a faded, angular prettiness even now.

The next fall after her visit she had begun to go to singing school, and Dwight Burrows had been home with her two or three times. Then her father had fallen from the barn loft and broken his leg, and her mother had been laid up from sciatica.

After that, Belle's husband had been killed in the saw mill, and Belle had come home with the children.

Belle was never very strong or very dependable, and Janet had stood patiently in the gap. Dwight Burrow had transferred his attentions to May Logee.

If she ever thought of that half hour when she had stood under the lilacs, listening for her uncle's wagon and dreaming dreams, it was with a smile for her girlishness. Neat and trim from long habit, she seldom gave a thought to her appearance.

Now Janet was left alone. She had given herself without stint until it seemed to her in her late thirties that there was little left.

Now Amos Barlow, two years a widower, with his eight-year-old Gladys and his five-year-old Oscar, stood in her path confronting her like manifest destiny.

"They're coming!" called her cousin, "and dinner's just ready." Janet started and came out hastily. "Mrs. Harley Ball had left a pan of biscuits in order to get down the street."

"I'd know Amos anywhere by his walk. All the Barlows have that gait, and little Oscar is catching it. Gladys is ahead, as usual—a smart kid, but she needs training. Oscar's more docile, but he's bad habits and dreamylike. You'll wake him up, though. You have a way with children."

Janet looked startled. "Why, Sylvie, I haven't promised Mr. Barlow yet!"

"But of course you will. You'd better settle everything after dinner. I've started a little fire in the sitting-room fireplace to take off the damp chill. You can show Amos those pictures Addie got on her Western tour. I'll keep the children out, popping corn or something, and I'll show Harley back to the store. But don't look so down-hearted, Janet. Amos is a good provider, and he has no bad habits—steady as the kitchen clock. Such a nice disposition, too. He was patient itself with Charlotte in her long illness."

Janet sighed. "Yes, I know, Sylvie."

"I know what the matter is, Janet Ransom. I saw you poring over that old book of Mother's, 'Millicent's Romance.' Oh, I remember! It came to her in the shape of a city chap who called her."

"A violet by a mossy stone Half hidden from the eye."

"Well, romance didn't come to you, Janet, nor to either, unless you count Harley. I believe you are still in the romantic age. Ten years from now you'll be thankful for a good home and a good provider. That's right, Gladys. Come right in, folks. And here's Harley, too."

The children were introduced to Janet. Gladys looked at her approvingly and shook hands politely. Oscar held out his left hand bashfully when prompted by his father.

There was an air of constraint about the little dinner party.

Harley Ball made an attempt at genial conversation.

"You folks been fishing lately?"

"Not I," Amos answered. "I haven't had time."

"I've never been fishing," said Janet.

"That so? Then you've missed half the romance of life."

"And the other half, too, perhaps," she answered briefly.

Mrs. Ball began to talk volubly about the last bean supper.

Mrs. Ball opened the sitting-room door with a little hesitation, struggling with the knob.

She need not have hesitated. Janet and Amos were seated in front of the dying fire lit on the western photographs.

"I can't keep the children back much longer. Gladys is a sharp kid, and she suspects there's something going on. But, gracious! are you people looking at those pictures all this time?"

Amos looked surprised and slightly injured.

"I thought you wanted me to see them. There are three more packages."

Mrs. Ball put on her best despairing expression.

"If that isn't just like a man! I suppose Harley would have been just the same. And I thought you would have everything settled."

Janet's face was hard and quiet.

"I don't think there will be anything to settle, Sylvie."

Mrs. Ball faced Amos squarely. "Now, Amos Barlow," she demanded, "I recommended two other women for you, nice women, too, besides my cousin, Janet. I want to know why you have set your mind on her."

He turned to look at the children in the doorway—Gladys, eager and excited; Oscar, earnest and puzzled—and the smile that transformed his rugged face made it almost beautiful as he answered, "Because I know she will be a good mother to my children."

"There, Janet Ransom! Haven't you sense enough to know that to hear a man like Amos Barlow say that and to know that he means it is worth more than if he said you reminded him of all the flowers in Gray's Botany?"

Janet's face had softened.

A cascade of photographs had fallen to the floor.

"The children!" she breathed. "Don't drive them back, Sylvie."

She smiled and reached out her hands to them. She noticed then that Gladys's hair needed cutting and that Oscar had warts on his hands.

"You can settle everything in 10 minutes," declared Mrs. Ball. "Go out and get some flowers for the supper table." She drew a blue scarf over Janet's shoulders. "Why, Janet! Your eyes are blue as ever, and the fire has given you a color. Isn't she pretty, Amos?"

Again the transforming smile.

"She is beautiful," he said with quiet fervor.

"Well, go on. I'll keep the children with me."

Janet had thrown an arm around each of them.

"Oh, let the children come with us, Sylvie. We'll gather a big bowl of white lilacs."

Herbert H. Parker Dies; Leaves Widow and Son

Herbert H. Parker, who died suddenly Christmas morning, leaves a wife, Naomi, and a son, Warren. Mr. Parker had lived at 20578 Inkster for the past 16 years. He was 39 years old and was born in Johnston, Pa.

Funeral services were held at 2 p. m. Wednesday at the Heene funeral home with Rev. Delmore Stubbs officiating. The burial was at Green Lawn Cemetery. Mr. Parker was a sign painter with the Yellow Coach Co. in Pontiac.

Why Bills Were Called

"Continental Currency"

Continental currency flourished during the Revolutionary war period. This was the term applied to 40 issues of bills of credit or paper money which were put out by authority of the Continental congress from June 22, 1775, to November 29, 1778. In all, this currency amounted to a face value of \$250,000,000, recalls a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The bills were promises to pay, based upon the pledge of congress to redeem them in "Spanish milled dollars, or the value thereof in gold or silver." No date for their redemption was given.

The reason for their issuance was that the congress had no fiscal powers and no authority to levy taxes. There was, moreover, not enough faith in the prospects of the Revolution being successful for the congress to be able to borrow much money.

The notes, being unsecured by any real value, quickly depreciated, and at the beginning of 1779 they were able to pass for only one-eighth of their face value.

At the end of the year their ratio to specie was 38 to 1. In 1780 the congress itself recognized its inability to maintain their value and provided for their acceptance in place of silver at a rate of 40 to 1. In 1781 the ratio fell to 100 to 1, and in 1790, by the terms of a funding act of that year, provision was made for redeeming them, up to a certain date, at that ratio. Those which were unredeemed were thereafter without value and no longer circulated.

Michigan markets 62 per cent of its hog crop annually.

Letters to the Editor are always welcomed by this newspaper.

WEST POINT PARK

The Community Hall was packed Wednesday night for the Christmas entertainment and treat prepared by the joint efforts of the P.T.A. and Ladies' Community club. A feature of the program was the special music provided by Mr. Coffield's harmonica band and by Susanna Gillespie and Shirley Ault of Miss Dorothy Edwards' room, playing together in duet for a treat which consisted of a fine grade of pure candy and selected nuts was provided for all children of Pierson school and also those of preschool age.

Mrs. Albert Owen was hostess to a large family dinner party on Christmas day. The guest list included Mr. and Mrs. Austin Ault and daughters, Virginia Christy and Helen Ruth, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Voorhees, son Donald, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Gedig, Mr. Gedig's mother, Mrs. Owen's father, John Rowe of Detroit and her son, Mrs. Mabel Hinkel, daughter, Dorothy, also of Detroit.

Miss Barbara Middlewood was the weekend guest of her aunt, Mrs. Alma Stewart of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Arlor Sheets and children, Donna Belle and Gloria May arrived here from near Ft. Wayne, Ind., Saturday evening to spend the Christmas holidays with Mr. Sheet's sisters, Mrs. Homer Coolman and Mrs. Russell Ault. They were accompanied by Mr. Sheet's nephew and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Redmond.

Mrs. Roger Graham, who has been on the sick list for several days is considerably improved.

Robert Hunter was the Christmas dinner guest of George Misner and his mother on Eight Mile road.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dupuis and Mrs. Oakley of Detroit were Sunday evening guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harold McVicar.

Mrs. Harold McVicar and sister, Miss Jeanne Addis, were guests Wednesday of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Freer of Detroit.

Shirley Ault is on the sick list. Through the efforts of the Livonia Civic Association, a music needed improvement has finally been accomplished, namely the installation of a "Stop and Go" sign at the intersection of Eight Mile and Farmington roads. There have been several bad accidents at this corner. The sign should help to eliminate these in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. Zwaahlen and their daughter, Janet, and George Mack of Detroit were Christmas dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Zwaahlen.

Edward Coolman of Gary, Ind., who is visiting relatives in Detroit, was a visitor at the home of his son, Homer Coolman, Saturday.

Mrs. Lucian Gilbert is in bed with flu.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mathson and their daughter, Doris, of Detroit, were Sunday evening callers of Mr. and Mrs. William Zwaahlen.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McVicar of Bay City were Sunday and Monday guests of their son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Harold McVicar.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Freer, Mrs. Nellie Barker of Detroit, were Monday afternoon guests at the home of Marvin Addis.

Mrs. Albert Martin spent the Christmas holidays with her son, Carl Eorland and family Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Johnson and son, Edwin, Jr., left Thursday afternoon for Jackson, Miss., which they expected to reach in time to spend Christmas and a few days following with Mrs. Johnson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Ault. Accompanying them on the trip was Mrs. Marvin Addis.

James Eastman was the Christmas dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Thayer of Detroit.

Art of Horseshoeing Doomed in Niles

Michigan's automobiles have doomed the art of horseshoeing. But that's just as well, in the opinion of three blacksmiths of Niles, Mich., interviewed by a Federal Writers' Project research worker.

The Niles' horse population is placed at seven.

T. D. Causey, veteran of 35 years at the forge, complained that his left foot was crippled by the hoof of a wild horse he slipped. Ed. Miller said horseshoeing was hard work and dangerous. And Harry Weatherspoon said his jaw, arm, and back at times had been broken by horses that wanted to go barefoot, and that he had been kicked in other places too numerous and discouraging to mention.

Bank Will Hold Annual Stockholders Meeting

Stockholders of the Farmington State Bank will hold their annual meeting, in accordance with the statute, at 3 p. m. on Tuesday, Jan. 10, in the Community Room of the bank.

At the meeting, a report of the operations of the bank for the year 1933 will be made to the stockholders, directors will be elected for the ensuing year, and any other business which may come before the meeting will be transacted.

All stockholders are urged to be present at the meeting.

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The Farmington Enterprise