

ORPHEUM THEATRE

Now operated by W. S. Butterfield Theatres Inc.

Starting **SUNDAY NIGHT** Jan. 30

A permanent stock engagement of the

WRIGHT PLAYERS

Direction of W. H. Wright

OPENING PLAY—WEEK JANUARY 30 TO FEBRUARY 5

The all-surpassing mirth-provoking farce

The Alarm Clock

It will wake you up with riotous laughter.

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STATE THEATRE

PONTIAC

KEITH VODVIL AND PHOTO PLAYS

STARTING NEXT SUNDAY

W. S. BUTTERFIELD'S

21st Anniversary Week

TWO GREAT SHOWS

ANNIVERSARY WEEK FIRST HALF SUN. TO WED.

INVOCATION SHOW

Six Big Keith Acts with Jack Sydney Master of Ceremonies

SCREEN FEATURE SUNDAY TO WEDNESDAY

Adolphe Menjou in "Blonde or Brunette"

NEXT WEEK THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

ANNIVERSARY WEEK LAST HALF SHOW

BOYLE WOOLFOLKS, "SURPRISE SHOW"

7—BANG UP ACTS—7 A KEITH UNIT SHOW

SCREEN FEATURE NEXT THURS. TO SAT.

CHARLES RAY in "PARIS"

USUAL STATE THEATRE PRICES

FAMILY POPULAR PRICES

STRAND THEATRE

PONTIAC

ONE SOLID WEEK

STARTING

SUNDAY

Announcing the Re-Creation and Superb De Luxe Picture Policy of the New Strand Theatre under the Management of W. S. Butterfield Theatres, Inc.

Your Favorite!

Everybody's Favorite

LON CHANEY

ELEANOR BOARDMAN, WILLIAM HAINES

And a Selected Cast in

"TELL IT TO THE MARINES"

Lon Chaney, "The Man with a Thousand Faces" as "Hard Boiled O'Hara," a tough sergeant of the Marines. A photograph as big in thought and theme as "The Big Parade."

PRESENTING FOR YOUR APPROVAL AND DELIGHT

Cliff Weigand and His Peppy CONCERT ORCHESTRA OF 8

NEWS TRAVEL NOVELTY GOLDEN VOICED ORGAN.

Sister That Wasn't a Wall Flower

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright)

A YOUNG man and a young woman in evening dress stood in the shadows of the veranda of the brightly lighted country club.

"You've got to promise before you go in," said the young man rather sharply. "I'm certainly not going to let you carry on the way you did at the Bensons' last week."

"Well, I couldn't help it," protested the girl. "If the men are so foolish as to want to dance with me—only, it isn't my fault. I should think you'd be proud of having a sister that wasn't a wall flower."

"Well, I wasn't proud of the way you carried on—eight or nine men hanging around you all evening and a dozen girls sitting out every dance. So I'm telling you right now that unless you promise you won't dance at all so long as there are other girls sitting it out—promise you'll make the men dance with the wall flowers—promise you'll show more concern for the shy young fellows that can't dance very well and don't know the other girls, I'll take you right home."

"Oh, all right," said the girl, and with an indignant little toss of the head she went into the light that shone from the club house. Her brother followed.

Bob and Nancy Crane were comparatively newcomers in the neighborhood. This was the first time that they had attended one of the country club dances. Nancy was both very pretty and unusually fascinating—moreover she danced divinely. But through dance after dance that night she sat at one end of the rooms.

If the rejected young man ventured to sit down beside her she would keep the conversation general, sharing him with the girl or girls beside her. Sometimes she would suggest to a young man whom she had refused that he had better dance with one of the other girls not dancing, and it was only when she had contrived to find partners for all the wall flowers that she felt free to dance herself. A tall, slender young man in faultless tuxedo seemed to have taken root among the wall flowers. Mr. Hill—Fred Hill—was his name. He had been brave enough to dance twice with enormous Sally Jones. Sally was a nice girl and rather jolly, but Sally weighed two hundred pounds and was not easy to dance with. Then Fred Hill had worried through a dance with a girl who said she had never danced but once before. Later he contrived to sit and talk through a dance with a girl who stammered, but said she didn't want to dance as she found conversation so much more worth while.

Once when Nancy had somehow contrived to provide the last wall

flower with a partner Fred Hill wandered over to her and hardly looking at her, said in a tone of forced cheerfulness: "May I have this dance—I haven't been presented but that doesn't matter at this club." Then he looked at Nancy and realized how very pretty she really was.

"Funny little girl," Fred said to her after they had danced for a few minutes. "Sitting all alone with the wall flowers when you're the prettiest girl in the room—and the best dancer I ever met."

When this dance was over Fred asked Nancy to go out on the veranda with him, and Nancy accepted. After all, she thought, he had been dancing with the wall flowers—didn't seem to know any of the popular girls. Bob had told her to be good to the shy men. After that she insisted on going back to the place of the wall flowers and at her bidding Fred danced with the girl who weighed two hundred and later talked with the girl who stammered. After that she felt that they both deserved a respite and they tumbled down a path toward the golf course.

"Funny little girl," Fred was saying as he kissed her hand. "I feel as if I had known you always. I'm not going to let you forget me. I'm going to come and see you tomorrow—and the next day and the next day and every day after that."

"I'll tell you something funny," continued Fred. "My sister Alice and I have belonged to this club forever. I've been coming to dances all summer and there are always a number of very popular girls of the sort the men are always swarming around. Well, I've always been one of the swimmers, I never cared a rap for a girl who wasn't hotly pursued by at least a dozen other men. Well, my sister Alice told me that it was disgraceful—the way all the men hung round the few popular girls and a lot of really nice little girls had to sit out their dances. Alice made me promise tonight that I'd devote myself to the girl who didn't have so much attention. Well, I thought they were all hopeless. But Alice was right."

"Alice was very kind to make you dance with us," said Nancy simply. "Fred was holding Nancy's little hand in his and bent and kissed it almost solemnly. "Blessed little wall flower," he said—"I love you."

The next day began an intensive sort of courtship and a week later Fred and Nancy were engaged.

"I told Fred the quiet little girls who weren't so very popular were really more worth while. Alice boasted. "And now he knows I was right."

Another year of prohibition has passed. Or hadn't you noticed it?

None of the "open winter" birds have called on us the past week.

Line up your candidates for the city and township elections.

Hard to Keep Track of Volcanic Islands

The report from Alaska that one of the Aleutian islands, which 18 years ago split off, is again "on the move," will doubtless revive speculations, occasionally reported from distant parts. Numerous disturbances of the earth's crust have been reported from the Aleaskan coast in the past few years, and, of course, from Japan. Less known, however, even to those who have read the books of Conrad and other writers of sea stories, is the apparently agitated state of part of the bottom of the China sea off the coast of Borneo and the westernmost of the Philippine islands. A glance at the chart of that region shows numerous spots marked "submarine volcano," and others with reported islands which have apparently disappeared later. This is due in part to the fact that the region has never been adequately surveyed. But everything goes to show that the earth's crust in that neighborhood is still readjusting itself and that many of the shoals and other formations discovered there one year and apparently not found again, are the result of local disturbances, and are not at all permanent.

Giant Dredge Will Be Used by Gold Seekers

A monster American dredge, weighing 3,000 tons and filling 75 freight cars when it left the factory in this country, is now on its nine months' journey by sea, rail and boat and by 200 miles overland portage to a spot in the heart of Asia, where it will begin next summer scooping gold-bearing earth out of the Lena river in Siberia near the Mongolian border. This giant digger will operate by electric power, gnawing at the bottom of the stream with its endless chain of 101 steel buckets capable of excavating 17 cubic feet of sand and gravel in each bucket at a depth as great as 80 feet. It will increase the speed and lower the cost of mining to a point that will make it economically possible for companies to operate in the Lena river Siberian mining field.

Improved Dental Alloy

A method for more thorough analysis of dental gold alloys than has hitherto been possible has been perfected at the United States bureau of standards. It is now possible to make accurate studies of the various effects, derived from putting different kinds and qualities of metals in the alloys. Manufacturers in consequence will be able to guarantee with more certainty the exact qualities of the product they can supply to the man who manipulates the little drills. Forty different alloys of the kind used by dentists throughout the country were recently analyzed.

A Mixture

Shirley is a youngster who has a penchant for inventing expressions rivaling that which Lloyd George one time coined when he said, "That is something for which I have nothing but the very slightest use." Her latest took place in this manner:

She and her adored older girl confidant were discussing the latter's reluctance to take a walk at the time her fiancé was to call. "But why," persisted Shirley, "But why do you don't want to for?"—Indianapolis News.

His Walk

"Trouble, trouble all the time!" sighed Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "Pears like there's something the matter from one year's end to another. No sooner do the children get over the mumps than they hetch the measles, and they get over the measles just in time to get the influenza, and they don't much more than get over that till they start a-courting or getting their selves courted, as the caso may be. Ah, Lawd, what a world, what a world!"—Kansas City Star.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

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 17th day of January, A. D. 1927.

Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of LENA GIES, Deceased.

Sophia Liverance having filed in said court a petition praying that the administration of said

estate be granted to the petitioner or to some other suitable person,

It is Ordered, That the 21st day of February, A. D. 1927, 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 once each week 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.

Florence Doty, Deputy Register of Probate.

(Jan 20-Feb 3)

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 10th day of January, A. D. 1927.

Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOSEPH C. GRAVILLIN, Deceased.

Harriet Gravlin, administratrix of said estate, having filed in said court a petition praying that the time for the presentation of claims against said estate be limited and that a time and place be appointed to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said deceased by and before said court.

It is Ordered, that the 6th day of June, 1927, at eight o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims against said deceased.

ROSS STOCKWELL, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.

Florence Doty, Deputy Probate Register.

(Jan 20-Feb 3)

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 5th day of January, A. D. 1927.

Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of RUSSELL S. ANGELL, Deceased.

Harriet A. Angell, administratrix of said estate having filed in said court her final account and petition praying for the examination and allowance thereof, determination of the heirs of said deceased, assignment of the residue of said estate, and the discharge of said administratrix.

It is Ordered, that the 14th day of February, A. D. 1927 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.

Ruth Imnick, Deputy Probate Register.

(Jan 20-Feb 3)

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 3rd day of January, A. D. 1927.

Present, Hon. Ross Stockwell, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of KATE E. UTLEY, Deceased.

Isaac Bond, executor of said estate, having filed in said Court a petition praying for the examination and allowance of his final account, assignment of the residue of said estate, and the discharge of said executor;

It is Ordered, that the 14th day of March, A. D. 1927 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.

Florence Doty, Deputy Probate Register.

(Jan 13-27)

Advertise in The Enterprise.

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