

**Raid In West Point
Park Proves Failure**

(Continued from page one)
them can hit hard and often."
"Hard Hitters"
Roy Clement and the Wolfrom brothers do "hit hard and often," it must have been quite a blow they gave Mr. Labond Sunday afternoon, when three o'clock found them at their accustomed places in the West Point Park line-up. Clement in right field, Roy Wolfrom at third base, and Charles Wolfrom in center field. For Mr. Labond's team does not play just for the love of the game and the Detroit manager was able to offer quite an attractive financial inducement to the three West Point Park sluggers.
However, money isn't everything and the West Point players put it aside for the enjoyment and satisfaction of playing among their friends, before the home fans with whom they are popular, and who stand by the team in victory and defeat.

Crowds Grow
The fact that most of the West Point contests have been victories has had its effect recently. Crowds have been increasing continually and attendance this year surpasses all other seasons. Word is going around West Point Park has "a real ball club" and that good games are the rule rather than the exception.

One or two new players, and Carl Goers' fine pitching have given the team a great start. Manager Harry Wolfe is now able to devote all his time to directing the team and working out strategy, which appears a further advantage.
Addition of one more pitcher within the coming week will round out the squad.

The telephone system in Portland, Ore., had grown to 97,700 instruments at the beginning of the present year, and no doubt, the hundred thousand mark will be passed before the year is ended.

Phone In Your News Items.

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Economy Too!**

There are all kinds of "ham" and "cooked meats" on the market but the Wise Housewife knows that only one kind is sold here—the best. That assurance goes with every pound of food we sell you.

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"Everything For the Table"**
Farmington, Mich.

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Modern methods and up to date machinery give us the advantage. We can turn our repair work which is hard to duplicate. If a shoe is repaired before the side walls are broken its life can be continued almost indefinitely.

**Boston
Shoe Repair Shop**
Thomas James, Prop.
E. C. Grace Store—Farmington

**Ella's Lifted
Face**

By GENEVA COOK
(Copyright.)

ELLA MILLER was the despair of all the girls in O'Reilly's laundry. She had colorless eyes and a pale skin and white needs to have her face lifted," said Eileen Moriarty. "You're wrong," snapped Kathie Maloney. "she needs to have it washed."

Ella had worked in O'Reilly's laundry since she was fourteen. Now, three years later, she was a real trouper, on her own merits and on her own legs—seven to six, seven to six, and she was her own to live.

The home of Ella was a drab little house on the scraggly side of a scraggly hill, where lived and labored the mother of Ella and of her six younger brothers and sisters; and every night after the supper dishes were done and the kitchen floor swept clean of the day's litter, when Annie and Bessie were sent to put Johnnie and Mary to bed, Ella would say: "Well, Ma, guess I'll go up to bed," and another week would be over. Not even a thorough cleansing with cold cream, you see, to say nothing of taking it off with the tin. Ella.

Such was the life of Ella Miller until April 4, 1928. Now every one knows there is something a little magenta about April, a little breeze, a little someone, in the grass, in the tree, in the sky, maybe, or maybe just in people's eyes. Well, something must have been a tiptoe in Ella Miller this April morning, though she wasn't aware of it, for on this day she carried a yellow handkerchief.

It was through no intent of Ella's that she dropped the handkerchief. She had never played that game when she was a child, she had never been much imaginative. But a bumblebee had lighted on the third finger of her left hand, and being swatted at with all the fingers of her right hand, in righteous and concerted action, had venomously stung. Ella dropped the handkerchief.

It was retrieved and handed back to her with a courtly bow delivered by Jimmy Ward, who was pretty good at delivery. In fact, it was a delivery bag. Usually he dealt in such commodities as cabbages and onions, but on occasion he could deliver a very nice bow. That is what he was doing now. As he bowed, he smiled.

Now it is a curious thing what a smile from a male creature will do to such a one as Ella. I really cannot explain it to you, but I will tell you what happened and leave you to judge for yourself. When Jimmy Ward smiled at Ella, slow color crept into her sallow cheeks, and lights shone behind her eyes so that you could see they were brown. And Ella smiled back. She folded the handkerchief and said, "Thank you." Then she said "Thank you" over again, and "I'd hate to lose that handkerchief. I just got it."

"Gee, a cow one, huh? I bet you got it to match your dress."

Ella looked at her dress and became for the first time conscious of it. It was of clean white cotton shirting with a faded yellow stripe. "Yes, it matches this dress."

Jimmy swung his basket of vegetables to his right hip. "You look good in yellow," he said. "It goes with brown eyes."

As Jimmy looked at her, Ella's eyes grew browner and rounder, and the lights in them shone with a marvellous light. She remembered why she had dropped the handkerchief. She stuck out her finger for him to see.

"It stung me!"
Down swung the onions and the cabbages. "Let's see it." He took the finger in his hand. "Gee, I bet it hurts."

"It hurts." There were tears in Ella's eyes.
"Look, I'll do it up for you—or, no, I'll—I'll—" He bent his head swiftly and Ella Miller had received her first kiss.

"Oh, she gasped softly. Then, after a moment, "It doesn't hurt any more now!" It is probable that neither of them noticed that the sting was on the third finger of Ella's left hand.

On subsequent Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday evenings—these being the nights when Bryan's Groceries wasn't open, Jimmy Ward frequented the Miller home, already said. And on Wednesday, Friday and Monday mornings Ella Miller, her step sister, her head up, went humming down the street and into the door of O'Reilly's laundry.

In fact, she went singing every day. And she might come cold cream, and some face powder, and a little compact of rouge, and she began to eat yeast and relains every day. Oh, you could see the change in Ella Miller—say, without half a year. And after a while she began buying towels and lunch cloths to embroider.
And it was after one of these evenings of the courtship of Jimmy Ward—that evening, I suppose, which like any other progress of like nature; the same lifted eyes and held hands, the same quickening pulse and—well, we all go to the "movies"—that the new Ella, with her glowing cheeks and her radiant eyes, called a gay hello to Eileen Moriarty and Kathie Maloney. "Well," said Kathie, "the earth has happened to that girl. The sun must have had her face lifted. If it hadn't, don't think so, I guess," said Eileen. "What I think—some one has lifted her heart!"

**The Odor of the
Chrysanthemums**

By BEATRICE VANDEGRIFT
(Copyright.)

JOHN SOMERS stood a moment before the open door of a florist's and breathed deeply. The cool, clean, airy odor of chrysanthemums swept to his nostrils and brought an ache to his throat. It was just a year ago that lovely, gay Rosalie Moore had told him that she never wanted to see him again.

They were coming home in the crush after a football game, her small, pretty face lifted to his among the scores of nondescript countenances that pressed meaninglessly around him. The yellow chrysanthemum that he had given her curled against the shoulder of her gray squirrel coat, a few of its petals slowly drooping to be crushed by the unheeding feet that followed.

She had never seemed so gay or so loving. She pressed close to him as if for protection and answered the touch of his hand on her arm with a quiver.
Between the halves, in the small respite from the excitement of the game, she had whispered to him she would marry him. After the game, at the door of the chic little apartment that she shared with another girl, she had said that she wouldn't—that her career meant too much.

John argued heatedly and old-fashionedly about women and their careers. He wanted her terribly, safe in his home, just as his wife. He loved her too much to share her with an old desk in a cold-blooded advertising house. She had laughed disdainfully at his views. Then she melted a bit. To compromise, she would marry him if he let her keep on working.

John answered passionately that he wanted a wife, not a part-time sweetheart. At that she said coldly that he had better go. She never wanted to see him again. After he had gone, she buried her bright blond head in her futuristic sofa cushions and cried.

John, standing before the florist's and breathing in his dead romance with the living scent of the chrysanthemums, did not know that she had wept. He only knew that she had dismissed him haughtily and that he had been too proud ever to seek her out again. But the woody, wintry fragrance of the yellow flowers impelled him to go into the little shop and order a dozen to be sent to her address. He left the address of his own apartment and tasted home, thoughtful and impatient.

In two hours the telephone rang and the florist's voice announced regretfully that there was no Miss Rosalie Moore, living at the address he had given and that so one seemed to know where she had gone. What should they do with the chrysanthemums?

"Oh, send 'em to some hospital," ordered John Somers drearily. "Don't forget to take off my card."

In a yellow-walled semi-private room of a city hospital, Rosalie Moore was surrounded by the soft-footed tread of nurses.

One of them, outside her door, listened respectfully to the doctor. "She should be pulling out of it," he said thoughtfully. "It was a pretty bad accident, of course, but not this bad."

"She doesn't seem to care about anything, doctor," whispered the nurse. "She just lies there and doesn't try."

"Hurt her any more?"
The nurse shook her head.
"Well, try to snap her out of it, anyhow," ordered the young physician. "There isn't a reason in the world she shouldn't get well."

"Maybe a few of these good-looking flowers will cheer her up," volunteered a passing probationer, stopping with an armful of curly yellow chrysanthemums. "Let's try 'em."

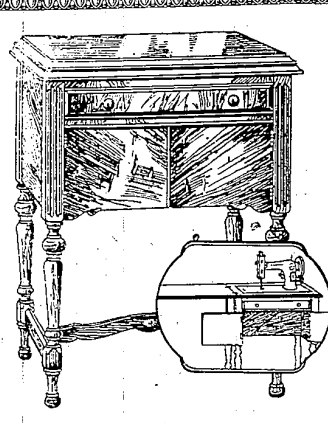
She arranged them attractively beside the white iron bed of the listless girl who did not even turn her head. Yet, after a while, their clean autumn fragrance began to penetrate her tired senses. . . .

A year ago. The football game, the close, pressing crowds and John who loved her. She had been a nymphet to send him away, but too proud ever to call him back.
The chrysanthemums swept her mind clean of pain and listlessness. Did he send these flowers in remembrance? There was no card. But perhaps he had seen them at a silent token of his love—if he still loved her.

"Nurse," she said faintly but with spirit. "Would you mind calling up Trauberg's and asking Mr. John Somers, if he's there, to come and see me?"
On the way to the telephone the nurse met the little probationer again in the hall, her arms laden with an amber-brown of bright yellow chrysanthemums.

"More of 'em," she sighed. "The eleventh dozen to come in here today . . . some rich woman sends them."

Church Pigeon Messenger
J. Palastanga, verger at the garrison church of Holy Trinity, Windsor, England, has trained a pigeon to notify his wife when he will be home by dinner after service. He takes the bird to church in a little basket and when he learns the rector's instructions for the services, he sends a message by the pigeon to Mrs. Palastanga. The pigeon was born in the tower of the church and its training began when it could fly.

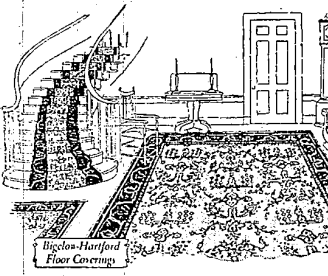


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