

PERMANENT WAVE

Special

\$3

ALSO AT \$4.75 and \$7

Marcel and Curl, 50c

Finger Wave, 50c

Phone for Appointment

Farmington 310-F4

GEORGE E. YOUNG

BEAUTY PARLOR

28316 Grand River, Clarenceville



Lower

In Price Than
Ever Before!
But The Same

High Quality

That has won it so
many friends and is
bringing it more every
day.

"Baker Boy"

The Home-Baked Bread
Is Now

8c

Farmington
BakeryMonarch Canned Goods
Phone 75PUBLIX
REDFORD
THEATRE

FRI-SAT AUG. 7-8

The
BLACK
CAMELwith
WARNER OLAND
GALLY EILERSMICKIE
McGUIRE
COMEDY "Via Express"

SUN-MON-TUES

A Five Star Cast
Clive Brooks
Charles Rogers
Richard Arlen
FAY WRAY-JEAN ARTHURLAUREL & BOBBY
HARDY JONES
Golf Lesson

WED-THURS

Wm.
Haines
"JUST A GIGOLO"
BOY FRIENDS in
"BLOOD and THUNDER"
GLEN TRYON in "Honeymoon""WHAT
DID HE SEE
IN HER?"

By FANNIE HURST

FROM the day of her graduation, 15 years before, from the high school of a large mid-western city, Ada Gilbert had been baffled by the question which had first assailed her when her old sweetheart, Tom Cass, suddenly up and married her classmate, Evelyn Day.

Whatever of pique and chagrin Ada might have felt, were really beside the question, because she had eloped with the eldest son of the town's largest banker the week before the announced engagement of Tom and Evelyn.

But for years afterward, long after the Tom Casses had moved East, that question had flashed across the busy, variegated days of Ada's life.

What had Tom Cass seen in Evelyn Day, who was one of those colorless, nice-enough girls of dust-gray personality and no achievements. A girl, as Ada used to describe it, with no face in particular, and no graces of mien or manner that in any way matched up to the sparkling distinction of Tom, who had been a distinguished student at high school, had captured her at college, and from the start had seemed pre-destined for a career of honor and importance.

Not that Ada had any right to a sense of frustration. She became, upon her marriage, the town's resplendent and most outstanding matron. But just the same, one could not help asking, whenever she picked up a newspaper and read the name of Tom Cass, what did he see in her?

What did he, who was once in love with me, see in her?

It is certain that in the subsequent divorce between Ada and her husband, the conscious thought of her could have played little part. Nothing had been further from her mind than to disrupt the snug bed she had made for herself as the wife as one of the most important, as well as the wealthiest, men in town. But Ada had reckoned without her host.

Practically out of a clear sky, the husband of Ada underwent the indignity of establishing residence in a state where divorce was a matter of routine, in order to win his freedom from her on grounds of mental cruelty.

It was the most devastating catastrophe of her life. A famous beauty in her social world, a power, a woman of widest influences, the action came as a bewildering blow to her pride.

With all her cleverness, her nimble wit, her ability to lay her trump cards with outstanding diplomacy, she had had the supreme blunder of misjudging her husband's psychology. To her he had been the plodding, rather stupid man, who concentrates brilliantly in business, and bares his neck to the yolk outside. Most galling of all was the fact that his act had not been precipitated by a flare of passion for another woman. Nothing of that sort had entered into his life. His act was the deliberate cutting loose of a man who finds his marriage ties intolerable.

At thirty-five, still beautiful, well provided for, free, Ada found herself curiously cut away from the security and importance that had been hers as the wife of her husband. Life in the same town was no longer tolerable. Divested of the prestige, position and local importance she became merely a divorcee, living on a generous alimony.

It was then she decided to move to one of the large eastern cities where the social horizon was wider, the life more varied.

Once more it was the subconscious that must have settled her choice on the town in which dwelt the Tom Casses.

In all the years which intervened between her graduation from high school, she had not clapped eyes either upon Tom or Evelyn. In the interim Tom had become one of the most talked of magnates in the country. An entire township, devoted to his steel industries, lay just outside the city where he had built the famous Cass castle. His industrial innovations, his revolutionary biological schemes were beginning to have their effect on the country, if not the world, over. Tom Cass was a household word. His success had never faltered.

It was into his life, with magnificence of retinue, that Ada and her domestic caravan arrived with fanfare. Of course, contacts with the Tom Casses were immediately resumed. Strangely, Evelyn seemed enthusiastically glad to see her and regaled her with promises of what Tom's exuberance was sure to be upon his return from Europe.

The Casses lived in a magnificence that seemed towering even to the accustomed eyes of Ada. The sweeping lawns, the baronial halls, the superb art wing and spacious nursery quarters were on a scale gargantuan. Evelyn's roomsters, true to form, were neither mentally nor physically remarkable. A nice enough brace of children, a boy and a girl who had inherited much of their mother's dustiness and apparently little of their father's glamor.

Evelyn herself had not changed. In

fact she had not even aged. The moth-gray quality in her was apparently a dust cover to the years. Quiet, unobtrusive, completely listless, she was the same quiet enigma who had started her community by capturing the brilliant Tom Cass.

When Tom returned from what had been the flying business trip to London his delight upon re-meeting Ada was all that Evelyn had promised her it would be. Here was recreation, a new toy, a new delight, a new face.

The years had dealt lightly with him, as life had in general. He was a personality among personalities, assured, tremendously jovial, magnetic, even beyond what he had been. Success had idealized him.

Curious, the bantering, ser-conscious, excited relationship that was immediately re-established between him and his old colleague. It was as if the intervening years had been merely hiatus, and here they were again, tip-toe as they had been in their youth, allied with the awareness of each other, tantalizing to each other and strangely exciting.

During these months the beauty of Ada seemed to take on a new sheen. Her dolly blue eyes became brighter, her hair more jaquill yellow, the natural pink in her cheeks more surprising. She was taking the particular social set in which she was "fitting place for herself," chiefly it is true, through the Casses, by storm. Her dinners, her functions became focal points of the city's gaiety. Not only Tom, but the town was agog with her.

What did he see in Evelyn? More and more the question began to torment Ada. Why, here within arms reach, except for this drab woman with no face in particular, was happiness beyond anything she had dreamed. Not the person to err twice, her second alliance would not only be crowned with success, but it now became evident to Ada that all through the years of her marriage to another man, her one grand passion had been for Tom Cass. And here he was, ready except for the intolerable impediments of a plain wife and plain children, ready to march himself back into her heart.

Fool, fool, fool that she had been, ever to miscalculate in those years back there—to let slip for the want of imagination, yes, it had been just that, the youth with a future, for what seemed to her to be the youth with his future in his hand.

Fool, Fool, Fool. What does he see in her? Of course, the expected happened. There came a time when Tom, as if to announce to the world he was no more than human, began to be seen about more than was discreet in the company of the golden grass-widow, inevitably there was talk. One or two of his friends even ventured to remonstrate. But Tom was involved. Tom was smitten. Every one with the exception of Evelyn, saw that. Plain as the nose on your face. Tongues wagged.

Tragic! Even with all his security, a scandal burst a man like Tom. But always he remained devoted to Evelyn. Well, serves her right, letting herself remain drab. Can't expect to hold a dynamo like Tom Cass. Poor Evelyn. Wonderful woman. Such a sense of humor, but dumb!

Never a word out of Evelyn; Never a lapse in her carrying on of the gigantic household, her duties to her children, to her social position, to her husband.

Funny thing, said Ada, aloud to her mirror one night. I've a feeling she is laughing at me. Fool!

There came the crisis. Ada lost. A skeleton, revolted. Tom suddenly jerked to his senses, staggering from her presence with a sense of finality and self-loathing.

Strange, but Tom, too, had the sense as he lay with his head in Evelyn's lap and his arms flung about her knees, that she was laughing at him.

"No, darling. I am not laughing. It's just that I am so much wiser than you are, sweetheart. I've been watching it happen, praying for how it would end—and somehow knowing my had boy to be just the youngest member of this family, feeling so sure . . . so sure . . . I just had to see the funny side . . . or go under."

(© 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate) (WNSU Service)

Not Gaily A well-known barrister had successfully defended a man charged with picking pockets. After the accused had been acquitted he expressed his gratitude to the barrister and offered to take him to London in his car, and offer the other was not anxious to accept.

"No, thank you," he said politely, "I'm afraid I haven't the time."

"But," persisted the man, "if we start now it won't take long. What time is it now?"

"I don't know. I haven't a watch. Haven't a watch! You wait a minute and I'll slip out and get you one."—London Tit-Bits.

So-So Vincent Astor, back from a yachting trip in the Mediterranean, was talking about Spain.

"The Spaniards eat strange fish in the south," he said. "In Boliches, a Malaga village, I saw an old Spaniard one day carrying home a devil-fish."

"Are devil-fish really worth eating?" I said to him.

"Well," he said to me, and he gave a little chuckle and shrugged his shoulders, "well, caballero, devil-fish are pretty much like wives. When they're bad they're awful, and when they're good they're only so-so."

EVEN A FIELD STONE

COVETED THESE DAYS

Hard times may have affected the cemeteries, or at least the cemetery field stones, it was brought out in Farmington traffic court recently. One field stone, valued at \$20.00, has been purloined as desirable loot from the back yard of John Ryel, Wednesday, Joe Brockmeyer of Royal Oak, and George Nestra of Ferndale were arraigned before Judge John J. Schulte, and were charged with receiving stolen property, that is, one field stone. The man stood mute, pleading "not guilty" and were released without bond on their personal recognizance, to appear in court at a later date.

Deputy Marie Pettibone served the warrant on the recommendation of the Berkley police, M. F. Coe, assistant prosecuting attorney there, making the recommendation.

PERSISTENT OPERATOR

FINALLY "GETS HER MAN"

A long distance telephone call came from Chicago, so long ago to Valley City, N. D., for a man who was working with a threshing crew in a town somewhere near that place. This was all the information, aside from the man's name, that Miss Esther Davidson, the operator, had in order to complete the call, which was urgent.

First she tried the town of Sabin, calling every farmer who might be threshing, but without result. She then used the same methods at Oriskany, Rogers, and Leal. Referring the call back to Chicago for additional information, all she could learn was that the young man drove an old Ford, but with this added clue, she tried all the garages in a number of towns, together with depots and post offices, but still without success. Finally she located one farmer who said his neighbor was threshing that day, and here the young man was found. This intensive search over a wide territory was accomplished by the telephone operator in just forty-five minutes.

SHIRT SPECIAL SATURDAY
EVENING ANNOUNCED

This Saturday evening, F. L. Cook and Co. are featuring a special sale on men's fancy dress shirts, at far below the regular prices. The shirts with collar attached formerly sold as high as \$4.00 and will go at the special prices of one for \$1.19, 2 for \$2.18 and 3 for \$2.97.

The special is for Saturday evening only. Residents who attend the band concert may avail themselves of the opportunity to attend the sale, both before and after the concert. Specials on men's wear feature the weekly offering.

Enterprise liners bring results

New 17th District
Planned By Legion

A preliminary meeting to consider the formation of the new 17th District of the American Legion which was held recently at Rochester was attended by four Farmington Legionnaires, M. Carrier, C. Lueke, M. Pettibone, and Guy Morrell.

A discussion of the method by which the transfer would be made was the business of the meeting. Election of a temporary chairman and secretary took place.

Carrier was named temporary chairman, and R. F. Combee, secretary. These officers will serve until the new district is formed. The next meeting will be held September 25 at Plymouth.

Save

1/3

On Coal

Put in only 2 shovels for every 3 in your furnace this winter. You can make this big saving if you will invest in

FURNACE AND
CHIMNEY CLEANING

Accumulation of soot, dirt and dust prevents your furnace from giving you the full amount of heat from your coal—hence, requires more coal.

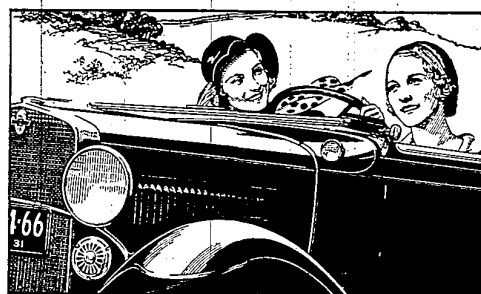
Our 34 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

in
Furnace Cleaning, Repairing
Boilers, Hot-Air Furnaces

Assures you of satisfaction and money-saving.

John McCarthy

Leave Calls at Enterprise Office. Phone 25-J

Drivers of sixes
never want less

because it takes six cylinders to give the smooth, silent power that makes driving really enjoyable

CHEVROLET Drivers of sixes are spoiled for anything less. Drivers of sixes are sold on multiple cylinders. They would no more think of giving up "six" performance than any other real advancement of motoring. For them, the whole cylinder question has been settled. Slip behind the wheel of a Chevrolet Six, and you'll know why these drivers feel as they do. Step on the starter, let the motor idle—and notice its silence. Throw in the

clutch, shift into "low"—and feel that smoothness. Change into "second," hit a faster and faster clip, slip into "high," sweep along at top speed—then throttle down to barely a crawl. The smoothness and flexibility you always get are six-cylinder smoothness, six-cylinder flexibility. Annoying vibration is gone!

Over two million owners have tested and proved this six-cylinder Chevrolet engine. They have found that it costs less for gas and oil than any other. They have found that it actually reduces upkeep costs, by holding vibration to a minimum. They know a six is better in every way—and they would never be satisfied with less!

Twenty beautiful models, at prices ranging from \$475 to \$675. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan, special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

See your dealer below

Farmington Motor Sales

PHONE 505 R. E. BECKLEY FARMINGTON, MICH.