

MEMBERS OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB ON TRIP TO "VILLAGE"

Authority On Children's Work
Addresses Farmington
Women

About forty members and guests of the Farmington Woman's club enjoyed a delightful afternoon Wednesday at the Children's Village, visiting and inspecting the various cottages and the administration building of this unique and unusual home for children.

Miss Frances Knight, director, who was introduced to the ladies by Mrs. H. A. Leeson, was willing and eager to tell of her work among the children. There are 229 under her charge, most of whom are being taken care of in private homes. For those children at the village there are medical and dental clinics, and every detail, so far as possible, is carried out to give these children the atmosphere of a home. Since the Children's Village is an expansion of the Children's Home previously located at Farmington, it claims the vital interest of many Farmington residents. Three Farmington pastors' wives, Mrs. Leeson, Mrs. Schoen and Mrs. Palmer were the hostesses of the day.

Another appreciated feature of the afternoon was an informal talk by Mrs. Alice Walker, director of Social Service at Harbor Hospital. She related the splendid service rendered to individuals and families with whom the social service department comes in contact, through their hospital treatment.

Any member of the Club who wishes to attend the Oakland County Federation meeting at the Farmington Baptist Church on Wednesday, October 30, is asked to notify Mrs. Anna Brown on or before Saturday, October 26. Mrs. Evangeline Pettibone, Cor. Sec.

FARMINGTON BAPTIST TEACHERS TAKE COURSE

Unusual interest in and loyalty to Sunday School teacher-training work is being manifested by a group of Farmington Baptist church members. Five are attending the Sunday School teacher-training course conducted by the Detroit Council of Churches. The classes meet each Tuesday night for ten weeks, and the Farmington attendants have yet to miss a meeting.

Those attending are Sunday School Superintendent, L. W. Bury; Mrs. Harold Noble, Mrs. Frank LaHaye, and Mrs. E. W. Palmer.

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Walled Lake Fair Is Being Held This Week

The Walled Lake Junior Agricultural Club cordially invites you to attend the Walled Lake School and Community fair given on Thursday and Friday, October 24 and 25, starting at 4:00 Thursday and running all day Friday.

Be sure to get here early Thursday evening so as to see your extra fine exhibits of fruit, vegetables, grains, poultry and home economics. Do not miss Dr. Paul Peterson's address given at 8 o'clock in the High School Auditorium. Also see the Junior Home Economics girls for a hot bite to eat and the Junior Agricultural booth for some of our good sweet cider.

There will be a good football game Friday at 3:30 o'clock between Walled Lake and Milford. Between 5 and 8 o'clock you will be amused by the different feats put on by the grades in their respective rooms. At 8 o'clock entertainment, the Junior and Senior classes each give a one-act play, sponsored by Miss Ross and Mrs. Signor, respectively. This will be given in the High School auditorium. After the play you will go back to the gym where the fruit juice on exhibition will be auctioned off by a person selected from the Ag. Club.

Remember that this fair is sponsored by the Jr. Ag. Club under the supervision of Mr. Proctor and Mr. Nesman and ranks third of its kind in the state of Michigan.

Every one tell your friends and be sure to come yourselves for a good time is assured.

County Red Cross Have Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Red Cross membership of Oakland County will be held on Wednesday, October 30, at 2:30 p. m. in the Chapter Headquarters, 29 E. Lawrence street, Pontiac.

The main speaker is to be Miss Emma Kolz, Red Cross worker at the Government mental and nervous hospital, Camp Custer, Mich. The annual reports of the Chapter's activities for the past year will also be given and the Directors of the Chapter will be elected for the ensuing year.

The meeting is open to all Red Cross members and not merely to Directors of this Chapter.

Exhibits Prize Honey

At Walled Lake Fair Fred W. Sheill of North Farmington will have an exhibit of live bees and honey at the Walled Lake Consolidated School, October 24 and 25. The honey sale is one that won first prize at the Michigan State Fair where he received \$73 in premiums.

Sheill's strain of queens also won first at Michigan State Fair. As added features to the exhibit, there will be shown a display of variously molded forms of beeswax, and an exhibit of honey made candies.

AUTUMN LEAVES DIE THAT TREES MAY LIVE

The falling of autumn leaves is the annual sign that Mother Nature has made provision to save her trees from dying of thirst during the winter.

This explanation made by experts may serve to soothe the ruffled feelings of home owners who are now busy raking up the leaves.

On the average there are several acres of leaves—literally millions of them. Every leaf gives off water. But during the winter the tree's roots absorb very little moisture. Consequently, if the leaves remained on the tree and continued to tax the water supply, the tree would soon die. So Nature sentences the leaves to death.

The process used by Nature to make the leaves fall is complicated. Weeks before the first frost she begins to extract from the leaves all the food substances which the leaves manufacture, and which the tree needs, and gradually the leaves wither. Simultaneously, a thin-walled layer of cells is formed at the base of the leaf where it is attached to the twig. This layer is a zone of weakness so that eventually the leaf falls of its own weight or is blown off by the wind.

The scar left by the falling of the leaf is well protected by Nature. It immediately becomes covered with a substance which is practically waterproof. Since the bark of the tree also is almost impervious to water, the entire tree is practically "bottled up" for the winter.

The long drought last summer was responsible for the early falling of the leaves in many sections of the country this fall. Nature hastened the leaf-dropping process, so that the tree would not be robbed, through evaporation, of the sap vital for its existence.

In the Romance Drug Store

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

(Copyright.)

IMOGENE was twenty-two, the prettiest girl in the block and the eldest child in a family of eight.

She had a bean, of course. He was young Bill Jennings, a likable fellow several years Imogene's senior, and holding down a good position in a downtown bank.

All during the hot summer Bill had been calling regularly on Imogene, piloting his wheezing siver through the hot streets to her home and being the life of the party at more than one family gathering, where the younger children fought all over the place, or played cracked pieces on the family phonograph, or made sly remarks about his sister and her fellow.

But what chance was there for Bill to propose?

And then came the evening when love enveloped Imogene in a pink cloud of pure joy.

And how unpropitiously the evening started! Almost the minute after Bill had parked his car at the curb in front of the Hetrick home young Jim Hetrick, aged seventeen, leaped into the driver's seat and announced that he was going to borrow the car for awhile. Imogene's heart sank as she saw Jim tearing down the street. Later Imogene's mother had been having her to take short rides with Bill in the ancient siver, and Imogene had been rather content in a ride this evening. Tonight she had felt was to be the night of nights, and yet here was the one best chance for Bill to speak gone to smash.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Imogene to Bill. "I just wish father was here—he'd not let Jim do a thing like that!" "I never mind," said Bill, a trifle ruefully. "Let's go in the house and play the phonograph. I've brought a new record."

Imogene led the way into the parlor. Much to her surprise it was empty. What luck. Perhaps now—

Bill played the record on the machine and started it. The piece was a fox trot. He held out his arms to Imogene and she flung into them.

"Dear," whispered Bill, softly, "let's—"

But Bill got no farther than that. For into the room dashed tempestuous Nellie, one of Imogene's younger sisters.

"See, it's a new record, isn't it?" cried Nellie, excitedly. "Did you bring it, BE?"

"Yes," said Bill shortly. Gently Imogene disengaged herself. "Oh, Bill," she continued, in a happy tone came to her, "let's go to the Family theater tonight. There's a good film there tonight."

"All right," said Bill.

But no sooner had they seated themselves in a dark spot well in the rear than ill fortune once more came her way. Imogene's parents entered the theater and unsuspectingly seated themselves in the row just to the rear.

Imogene felt Bill's discomfiture as an actual physical force depressing her heart. She was dismayed and fearful. Over and over again she kept telling herself, "It's tonight is not at all."

The picture seemed interminable to Imogene. But at last it was over. At last they walked out of the theater. Surely now there would be a chance for Bill. But Mr. Hetrick, feeling in a jovial mood, invited Imogene and Bill to have a soda at the drug store.

To all appearances the drug store was the last place in the world for romance. It was a busy place, crowded, and common in appearance. But here it was that romance came to Imogene. They had to wait for sodas at one of the tables, and when they did seat themselves Mr. Hetrick ordered sodas for all four.

"Perhaps you'd like something else?" suggested Imogene timidly to Bill, who was moodily examining the menu card. Bill said nothing for a moment or so. Then he looked up with a sudden light in his eyes.

"Here's what I'd like to ask for," whispered Bill to Imogene.

He extended the menu to Imogene, indicating a certain point on the card with his forefinger.

Imogene looked and then gasped. Her heart leaped. A shy color came to her face. For just a fleeting glance she looked at Bill with her soul in her eyes.

"Will you?" whispered Bill in a strained voice.

Scarcely could she taste the soda for the excitement she felt. And when they were once outside the store and she felt Bill take her arm tightly, she knew that the most wonderful thing in the world had happened to her.

At last, Mr. Hetrick and Mrs. Hetrick, said Bill suddenly, "Imogene has just said she'll marry me. We'd like to get married soon. May we?"

"Why—why, yes, of course," said Mr. Hetrick in a rather amazed voice. "But how—when—you say you just fixed it up?"

"Yes," laughed Bill joyously. "I asked her if she would by pointing to the name of a sundae on the menu."

"The name of a sundae?" repeated Mr. Hetrick blankly.

"Yes," cried Imogene. "It was called 'Marry Me Sundae.' And when Bill pointed to it and asked me if I would I said yes!"

Of course it was all commonplace enough to outsiders. But to Imogene it was romance, heart-warming, soul-stirring romance.

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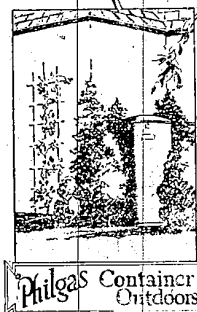
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