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HOW LAND SWINDLERS AND LOAN SHARKS DEFAUD THEIR PREY

W. R. Morehouse Reveals Further Schemes by Which Poor Widows Are Bereft of Their Savings—Unbelievable Frauds Are Worked on the Uninformed.

By W. R. MOREHOUSE, Public Relations Commission, American Bankers Association.

LAND swindlers are almost as common as sand on the sea-shore. Here is one. A widow was left alone in the world with but \$6,000. She was urged to take a free ride into the country to look over a new town site. Just a pleasure ride, she was told. No obligation on her part. She accepted the invitation with no intention of parting with her precious \$6,000, but she fell among high-pressure salesmen and in an unguarded moment she affixed her signature to a contract to purchase a vacant lot for the \$6,000 cash she had in a savings bank.



W. R. Morehouse

Thirty days after she drew out her account for what she supposed was a business lot she received a notice that her monthly installment of \$6,000 was due, being a \$1,000 payment on each of six \$6,000 lots. Strange as it may seem, not until she received this notice did she read the contract she had signed. Instead of buying one \$6,000 lot and paying for it, as she meant to do, she had signed a contract to buy six \$6,000 business lots and the \$6,000 she drew from the bank had been applied as a first payment of \$1,000 each on the six lots.

Had she gone to her banker she would have saved herself the loss of her inheritance, but doubtless the reason she had not consulted her banker was because she was not sure that bankers render such a service.



A Widow Fell Among High Pressure Land Salesmen

Sad is the lot of the savings depositor who, after losing his savings through wild speculation, is driven to desperation for funds and finds it necessary to borrow money to meet an emergency such as sickness or unpaid rent. Let me give the facts about two cases of the many with which I have come in contact.

The loan shark at work. The principal characters in the first case are a man, who must borrow \$350 to place his wife in a hospital to save her life, and a loan shark, who demands every ounce of blood. In desperation the borrower applies to this loan shark for the loan of \$350. This is what it costs him—the amount is almost unbelievable but I obtained the exact figures first hand and I can vouch for their correctness—this man was obliged to give his note for \$345 for a loan of \$350. The day he got the note the shark sold it to an innocent holder and it became an obligation binding upon the borrower. Think of paying \$25 for a loan of \$350!

Here is another. This time there is a woman in the case. The woman needed \$150 to meet a payment on her furniture or lose it. She turned to

SOUTHFIELD
(Continued from page 5)

Ave. drove to Alto, Mich. Saturday, to visit Mrs. A. M. Ross and to Lansing, Sunday, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Melville Ross, returning home on Monday.

Mrs. H. Towars entertained the Fairweather Club, on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rife and family were guests at a birthday party Saturday evening in honor of Mr. John Rife at his home in Dearborn.

Mrs. M. Her. Grace Ave. entertained Dr. and Mrs. H. Her. of Detroit, on Sunday.

Mrs. H. Lambert and daughter Dorothy, of Gwendolyn Ave. Spent Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. Criddle in Redford.

Mrs. M. Her. and family, of Grace Ave. and Miss Rose Kirby of Statham, were recent visitors at the home of Mrs. Her's son Louis in Ford City.

The next meeting of the S. C. A. Ladies Auxiliary, will be held at the home of Mrs. Edna Blaine, Emmet Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lefever of Plymouth were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Truman Oliver, West Ave.

H. Hardt and family of Detroit are now occupying the Perry home on Byron St. Mr. Hardt has just opened a new barber shop on Gd. River at Fourth Gate Road.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Newton, of Royal Oak, spent Sunday with Mrs. Newton's mother, Mrs. Eva Tisch, Emmet Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kent and family, had a very enjoyable trip to Bois Blanc Park, on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Johnson and family, drove to Lansing, Saturday, visiting with relatives over Decoration Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Wright, 9 Mile Road, had as their Sunday guests, Mr. and Mrs. G. Wright, of Plymouth, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Ragan and family, of Detroit, spent Sunday and Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Ries, Farmington Drive.

Mrs. Hugh Collins, of Detroit mother of Chas. Collins, Farmington Drive, spent Sunday and Monday with Mr. Collins and family.

New Distinction

A friend of ours said that he intended to reverse the old saying and bring his son up to be heard, but not seen. He wants the boy to be a radio announcer.—The Outlook.

Doubly Beneficial

He who civilly shows the way to vice, who misleads it is as one who has lighted another's lamp from his own lamp; for none the less gives light to himself when it burns for the other.—Emile.

Presidential Sobriquets

President Johnson was sometimes spoken of as "Sir Yeto"; Arthur, "America's First Gentleman" and "our Chet"; and Cleveland, the "Man of Destiny."

WANTED

HAULING OF FILLING DIRT AND EXCAVATING OF BASEMENTS. Call

SAND AND GRAVEL
CLAYTON GOERS
Phone 67-F21 Farmington

ORCHARD GARDEN

G. W. Merritt, Prop.
Chicken and Steak Dinners
Cor. Orchard Lake and 13 Mile Roads Farmington

BASEBALL GAME

Shoreham Park vs. Oakland Motors at SHOREHAM PARK Sunday, June 6 at 3 p. m.

When George Caught Dorinda

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD (Copyright.)

WHEN twins came to Darling and Dorinda, that world renowned acrobatic pair, there was great rejoicing in Circus Town.

"They'll be some kids on the tight rope!" prophesied one, and "Gosh, what a future to stunt dancing!" foretold another.

As the years passed, Geoffrey Darling seemed the only one likely to carry on the family reputation. True, his brother George could get away with a mediocre performance now and again.

By the time the boys had reached the age of discretion if not of great wisdom, the elder Darlings had passed in one brief and tragic accident to that land where their peculiar documents were presumably of no more use to them. Geoffrey was left to carry on their reputation—and George to look after Geoffrey.

That he did so was particularly evident in the matter of Dorinda. Who was Dorinda? She was the sweetest, prettiest, sunniest, daintiest little equestrienne of them all. The bills that so proudly bore her name, and George would have tacked you down had you questioned it.

Yes—even after he relinquished all hope of ever having her for his own. For one night George had stumbled out of his tent at the sound of voices close at hand. Unobserved, he had stepped back quickly when he saw Dorinda in the arms of his brother and heard her murmur, "Darling, I thought you would never propose."

Next day when he had happened near her she had acted strangely disturbed, but George, mastering his emotions, had gone straight over to her and gripped both her little hands "it's splendid," he said, "just splendid, Dorrie, about you and Geoff. Now I can really be to you the brother I have always wanted to be."

Then he had left her abruptly, his heart torn with anguish.

Geoffrey's engagement to Dorinda kept him straight for just about one month. Then his former habits gripped him.

George gradually found himself bothered about his brother's act on the bill, in which, as a breath-taking finale, he se caught Dorinda as she leaped from her horse straight into his arms as he balanced precariously on a bit of apparatus all but suspended in mid air.

Geoffrey was neglecting his practice and, as all circus men know, a man who wants to maintain steady nerves and perfect coordination of eye and muscle cannot drink.

There came an afternoon when Geoffrey swayed into George's tent in a sad state.

"Can't go on—can't do it, of man. You got to make my place."

George repeated the desire to dine him out of the tent, brother though he was. Then, "That's foolish and you know it," he said.

"Got to," insisted Geoffrey. "No body knows the difference between alkali!" But suddenly he braced himself. "Feel queer," he muttered. "Guess I can do it. Let me sleep an hour. Then wake me."

The hot August afternoon was drawing to its sultry close and the packed mob in the huge tent were craning their necks to get every bit of entertainment generously provided by the triple ring.

They laughed at the clowns up-roariously, they shivered at the snarling leopards, and they loved the dainty Dorinda. Her partner they had not so much use for. He had muffed one or two of his stunts and had staggered in a foolish manner, usurping the role of the clowns, but at last he went out and left the little equestrienne to get through some of her own special performance.

The crowd could not know that just outside Geoffrey fell and that it was George who came on again.

As a matter of fact, Geoffrey, overcome by something more deadly than mere intoxication, had collapsed and his brother, hastily summoning the circus doctor, had stripped off the tawdry garments, donned them and dashed in so that Dorinda's act should not be ruined.

Could he put it across? There was no way in which he could first communicate with Dorinda and prepare her. Moreover, it was peculiarly better that she should not know of the substitution for her own sake.

George was familiar enough with his brother's part and went through the patter and accompanying hand springs expertly. What worried him was the final catching of Dorinda. Was he risking the life of the woman he loved?

Then, before he could hesitate further, the moment itself was upon him. He climbed mechanically, he balanced, he poised with outstretched arms—Could he hold it—ah—Dorinda was in his arms! He held her there and then leaped lightly to the ground. It had been in him, after all.

But what was she saying, as she still clung to him while the applause thundered?

"Thought you wouldn't make it, Geoff. Oh, how can you keep on with wicked ways—and after all your promises to me—and knowing that you was me on a fake—that I agreed to marry you thinking you were George! Oh, what have I done—what have I done!"

But, really, I think she knew all the time!

Heavy Forest Fire Lots

The greatest enemy of the forest is fire. In an average year 33,000 forest fires occur in the United States. They burn about 7,000,000 acres and do a damage to property alone of \$16,500,000.

Sartorial

Another mild tragedy is when pants is pants and vest is vest and never the twain meet.—Duluth Herald.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our appreciation of the kindness and sympathy shown us during our recent bereavement. Especially grateful are we for the many floral tributes and for the condolence of the pastor.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Green.

AGENTS WANTED

Highest Cash paid weekly with part expenses for men and women to take orders for guaranteed nursery stock! Experience unnecessary. Outfit free. Write The Hawks Nursery Co., Wauwatosa, Wis. 30-4-p

LINER COLUMN

FOUND—Bunch of Keys. Owner can secure at Enterprise office by paying ad charge.

FOR SALE—Three window awnings, like new, 58 inches wide G. R. Switzer. 30-1-p

WANTED—Teamster or man to work by the month. Harry Young Phone 35 F 6. 30-1-p

WANTED—A good seamstress to sew on shirts. Phone 25 F 3.

AUCTION SALE — Saturday, June 15, at 1:30, household goods at my residence, first house west of power house, Grand River Ave Fred Hanchett. 30-1-p

FOR SALE—A trio of Thoroughbred White Wyandottes, Riding cultivator and other farm tools. Charles R. Talbot. Phone 130 Farmington. 30-4-c

FOR SALE—Team heavy work horse, harness and wagon, cheap if taken at once. Thos Lovell Nov. 30-1-p

LOST—Thursday morning in Farmington, Red Cocker Spaniel dog, about 3 months old. Return to Lyman Farrand, Phone 87-F4, Farmington. 30-1-p

FAMILY WASHINGS WANTED

—Done in private home by home methods. Wet wash, dried and starched or ironed, delivered. Mrs. R. G. Clark, Farmington, Rt. 2. Call Mrs. Hayden, Farmington 65-F-4. 30-3-p

FOR SALE—Tomato, cabbage and aster plants. Schulkins, 3rd house east of Orchard Lake road on 10 Mile road. 30-1-p

FOR SALE—Sectional book case dark oak. Call 12-F3, Farmington. 30-1-p

FOR SALE—A large reed baby buggy, reversible gear. Mrs. Clarence Bell, Phone 11. 30-1-c

TO RENT—Apartment in Cook Block. F. L. Cook & Co.

BABY CHICKS OF QUALITY Pure bred, strong, vigorous, profitable English Leghorns, Reds, Rocks, Wyandottes, \$14 per 100. Place your order now for June \$12 per 100. Circular free. 20% discount on brooders and supplies.

OAKLAND HILLS POULTRY FARM

Farmington, Orchard Lake Road Phone 69-F2 We do custom hatching, \$4.00 per 100 eggs.

FOR SALE—Frame building on city property next to Enterprise office. Present bids to Leo Glidemister. 29-2-c

FOR RENT—Store on Orchard Lake Road and 13 mile (Nichols Siding) next to Oil Station, suitable for Groceries-Lunch-Convenience section. Empire 8039 N-701 West Philadelphia, Detroit. 29-3-c

TO RENT—Five room house corner Independence and Roseville streets, one block north of Grand River. Inquire at Bond Grocery store. 30-1-p

FOR SALE—Modern semi-bungalow, 5 rooms and bath. Inquire E. J. Warren, Maple Ave. 29-4-p

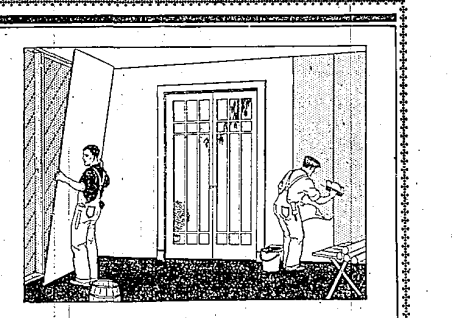
WANTED—A good seamstress to sew on shirts. Phone 25-F3.

AGENT WANTED in Farmington territory. Sworn proof of \$75 per week. 11.50 an hour for spare time. Introducing finest and colors. Low prices. Auto furnished. No capital or experience necessary. Wilkitt Hosiery Co. Dept. M63, Greenfield, O. 29-3-c

FOR SALE—Potatoes, \$2.75 per bushel. See John Hess, Warner farm. 29-2-c

WANTED—Woman to do waiting at the Novi Hotel. Phone 201 Northville. 29-2-p

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Speed up your new building—or remodeling job—by using Sheetrock, the fireproof wallboard. A standard building material—in broad, ceiling-high sheets ready to nail to joists or studs. Makes enduring walls and ceilings that can be immediately decorated. No waiting for walls to dry—no danger of freezing. Nothing better for winter building; dependable and economical at all seasons.

Because Sheetrock does not shrink, warp or bulge, and has a wonderfully even surface, you can use any decorative scheme. Satisfactory results are obtained with wallpaper, paint or calcimine—with or without panels. Easy to erect—easy to decorate—never wears out.

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C. G. HOGLE, Manager

Phone 20 Farmington

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