

Letters To The Editor

Farmington, Mich.
March 19, 1930.

Dear Editor:

I wonder if you or somebody who reads the Enterprise can help me out on something that has been bothering me. I was advised to write to you about it.

A while ago I was talking to a friend of mine here in town. We were talking about different things, and all of a sudden he said, "Say, I'll give you a good one to figure out. You know something about cards, don't you?" I said, "yes," and he said, "Well, can you tell me what kind of a game it is where two queens and a jack can beat two kings. The knave leads first." I told him no I couldn't.

He laughed and walked away and said, "Well, you think it over for a while."

I see him almost every day and he keeps on asking me if I have got it figured out yet. A couple of days ago when he asked me I said, "Well, I don't know what it's all about, but I know that kings are higher than either queens or jacks. So how could the queens and jack beat them?"

He laughed and said, "Well, I guess I'll have to tell you the answer. The answer is that they don't. The kings are higher but they are one card shy. But behind those two kings there's an ace, a great big ace of hearts. When the jack leads first, like I told you, the ace steps in and takes him, and after that it's easy for the two kings to take the two queens. And the game is over. Now do you understand it?"

I told him I didn't have any idea of what he was talking about and I was more puzzled than ever. "Well," he said, "Why don't you write a letter to the Enterprise about it and ask, because lots of people will know if you don't and maybe somebody will tell you and you'll find out."

I'd like to find out what he meant because he keeps on laughing at me, and I don't want him or anybody else to think that I am just

—A Dub.

WALLED LAKE CLOSES A SUCCESSFUL SEASON

The Walled Lake High School basketball season came to an end Saturday night when Coach Hursh's boys fell before the St. Thomas five of Ann Arbor in the final game of the Class D District Tournament at Ypsilanti, 13 to 8. Victories over New Hudson, 15 to 2 and South Lyon, 41 to 9 enabled Walled Lake to reach the finals.

Walled Lake's defeat can be laid to the inability of Coach Hursh's boys to spread the meshes in the first half after they had displayed a marked superiority in floor work and ball handling. The St. Thomas quintet held the blue and gold without a field basket for three quarters and in the first half restricted them to a single foul toss. Captain Enos scored the only point of the first half for Walled Lake in the final minute of play from the foul strip.

Every man on the Walled Lake team played a fine defensive game throughout the tournament, but Harold Welch's steady ball handling and dribbling, and Campbell's ability to recover the ball for his team were features of the series. The Walled Lake offense was nothing to brag about except probably in the South Lyon game when a poor defense made the Walled Lake attack look good.

The St. Thomas quintet was led by a diminutive forward who had a knack of eluding his guard and tipping the ball into the meshes. The Ann Arbor team holds a regular season victory over St. Fredricks of Pontiac, who won the Class C tournament of their district at Pontiac, this week.

With the basketball season out of the way, the attention of the boys will turn to baseball. An added incentive for the players this spring is the fact that the baseball season marks the entrance of Walled Lake into the Southwestern Oakland County League, composed of five teams, Milford, Keego Harbor, New Hudson, South Lyon and Walled Lake. Schedules have already been drawn in baseball and football.

In basketball Walled Lake scored ten victories without a defeat against these four teams which gives them the unofficial basketball championship for 1929-1930.

High-grade printing at the Enterprise office. Everything from a calling-card to a catalogue. Phone Farm. 25-P2.—Adv.

The Political Secret

By LILLIAN MOSSELER
(Continued)

BILL CASSIDY put the cover on his typewriter and closed his desk. Tomorrow the whole world would be let in on what had been a political secret and his paper would be the first to divulge the news because he—Bill Cassidy—had been quick witted and on the job.

Only Bill knew the secret. Only Bill? Well—not quite. He had told his girl in the strictest confidence. She would never tell. Wouldn't she? Sampson had trusted Dellah. Well, this girl was not that sort. She was not a vamp—she was not tricky. She was just a simple, sweet, beautiful—but he was beginning to feel a little uneasy.

Well, he had told her, and that was that. She had not invited his confidence except by her habit of reticence—yet the words of his secret had poured into her ears. She had beauty without vanity—charm without guile—could she keep a secret? Tomorrow the world would know, but today no one must know. A political secret divulged to a woman! A scoop for the press—his scoop! What inherent weakness in him had made him respond to that impulse to tell? He had always been so absolutely sure of his strength where women were concerned.

Yet Sampson had been sure of his strength with Dellah out of his hair! Was Margaret—lovely Margaret—his Dellah? No. She had not wanted his secret. She was not to blame—he had protected that she did not like secrets—they were a burden to her. Perhaps that was a trick to get it out of him—women—even the best of them—were full of tricks—they were born that way! Well she had gotten it out of him—shame to her! He would go to her. His secret must not be divulged this night! When morning came the news would be broadcast, but he must somehow, some way, keep her from seeing anyone tonight. She had had time—even now to let a word slip—just a few words and he would be ruined. His imagination traveled dark highways.

He had wanted to marry her. He had planned to tell her when the Big News—his political scoop—was flashed over the world. Then he would get a raise—then they could marry. But she was a reporter, too. She was on an evening paper—perhaps she had used his—no, he couldn't think that of her—she might let it slip in a feminine, stupid way—but she wouldn't use it to advance herself—wouldn't she? Sampson had trusted Dellah! He hurried to Washington place where he must walk up six flights of stairs before he could reach her apartment. He stood panting and out of breath as he rang the bell. She did not answer. The bell must have been out of order. He tried the knob. The latch had not caught and the door opened. He stepped into the corridor and paused.

Margaret was in the next room, talking. Only some heavy portieres separated them. He had not intended to stand there and listen but her words electrified him—suddenly there was murder in his heart!

"He told me a secret," he heard her say quite distinctly and she laughed delightedly. "He told me a secret." There was a pause. "Tomorrow, the whole world will know," her voice was so low he could scarcely hear—"and tonight, only you and I know—except—"

So she had divulged it! Perfidy, thy name is woman!

"Darling," she continued in a warm, resonant voice, "it is you, I love you only!" There was a sound of a long kiss. He clatched his fists.

"A wordless thing of beauty, that comes to fill the soul of me, in love. Love that is brought to me by you, dear. Love came not to me until you came. For only you could bring me love."

Bill groaned audibly. She had said the same thing to him with her eyes—that very day.

"Who is there?" she cried in terror. He hung aside the curtains. She was seated upon the rug in front of the fireplace with the firelight shining on her hair. She was alone. Bill glanced around the room quickly. Had the devil escaped? He looked at the girl who was as still as though she had been turned to stone. She was clasping something to her breast and looking at him in consternation. He stooped and snatched it from her. Then he wilted. His anger left him. He was filled with shame. He knelt beside her. She had been holding his photograph—she had been talking to him.

"Oh, Bill, you heard?" She hid her face on his shoulder. He raised it to his. Her beautiful mouth was soft and responsive and her hair was a golden halo about her head. "Bill, dear," she told him, when she was able to speak, "I discovered I really loved you when you told me the secret. Most men think women are capable of nothing but seduction and guile. Bill, it thrilled me through and through to learn that you really trusted me!"

"Oh, Margaret!" Bill looked at her with adoration in his eyes. "Oh, Margaret!"

Depressing Perfection

There are homes so spick and span that their very atmosphere—lifts you to higher levels and lands in you a great longing to upset an ash tray.—Life.

Gloria Swanson



Gloria Swanson's singing and talking voice recently was heard for the first time over the radio, over a coast-to-coast hookup. She sang and conversed with her in the Tressa's, her first all-talking picture.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

A TRUE STORY

A YOUNG man walked into the office of the president of one of our schools of technology carrying a bundle under his arm. Upon placing it on the table, he inquired if all the windows were shut and the doors locked. Being assured that this was the case, he proceeded, with great care, to open his precious bundle which represented many years of hard work and the expenditure of all the



L. A. Barrett.

money he possessed. The president of the school at once recognized that the article presented to him was a very important invention in the field of electrical engineering. He suggested inviting into the conference the hand of the department in the school, but was immediately rebuffed by the young man with words, "No this is mine, no one can ever have it but myself!"

After meditating on the advice given him by the president of the school the young man returned. This time the windows were permitted to be opened and the doors unlocked. The head of the department of electrical engineering was permitted to examine the invention. He recognized that it was of rare merit and if it could be manufactured and put to popular use would be of practical value. The young inventor was persuaded to trust to others his invention with the result that before many months he had the satisfaction of seeing the product of his skill made in large quantities, and from which he received a royalty which proved to be a substantial income.

This true story suggests an interesting paradox. The only way we can have anything is to first give it away. If the young man had decided to keep his invention all to himself he might still have it wrapped up in a bundle and still be carrying it under his arm; but when he was willing to let the public have it he received his reward. When we keep to ourselves whatever we possess, we lose it, and when we give it away, it is returned to us many fold more.

This rule holds true in the field of human virtues as well as in economic values. We possess whatever we give away; we lose whatever we try to keep.

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"When a girl has a heavy date she may be said to lean toward obesity."



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The Farmington Enterprise