

## Daily Excursion to

## PUT-IN-BAY

**80c One Way (Return Same Day) \$1.25 Sundays Holidays**  
Leaves Detroit Daily 9 a. m. (E. T.)

The finest exclusive excursion steamer, the Put-in-Bay, noted for its large ballroom, makes this trip a memorable one. Orchestra and dancing aboard, without extra charge. Cafeteria aboard.  
Four hours crammed with outdoor pleasures at Put-in-Bay—bathing—dancing—golfing—hunting and athletic fields. See the wonderful Caves, and Ferry's historic monument.  
Connections at Put-in-Bay with steamers for Cleveland, Toledo and Lakeside.

## Daily to Sandusky

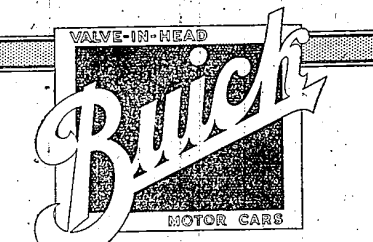
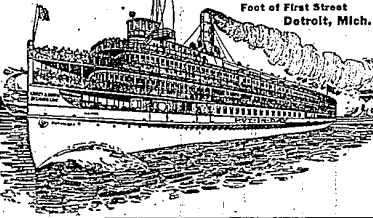
The Put-in-Bay goes to Sandusky every day. Fare—\$1.50 one way.

## Special Friday Excursions to Cedar Point (After July 4th)

A special excursion is made every Friday to Cedar Point—the fresh water rival to Atlantic City—the finest bathing beach in the world—large summer hotel, groves, and all outdoor amusements. Four hours at Cedar Point and seven hours at Put-in-Bay. Leaves Cedar Point at 5 p. m. and Put-in-Bay at 7 p. m. arrive back in Detroit 10:30 p. m. Fare—Cedar Point, \$1.75 round trip; Put-in-Bay, 50 cents.

Dancing Moonlight  
Leaves Detroit 8:45 p. m.  
Fare, Week, 75c; 50c Sat.  
Sun. and Holidays, 75c.

Write for Map Folder  
**Ashtley & Dustin**  
Steamer Line  
Foot of First Street  
Detroit, Mich.



23 New Buick Models at prices that make them the greatest motor-car values ever offered

Open Models		Closed Models	
Standard Sizes		Standard Sizes	
2-pass. Roadster	\$1150	5-pass. Double Service Sedan	\$1475
3-pass. Touring	1175	5-pass. Sedan	1565
		5-pass. Coupe	1575
Master Sizes		Master Sizes	
2-pass. Roadster	\$1365	5-pass. Sedan	\$2225
5-pass. Touring	1395	5-pass. Sedan	2495
7-pass. Touring	1625	5-pass. Streamline Sedan	2675
3-pass. Sport Roadster	1750	5-pass. Country Club Special	2075
4-pass. Sport Touring	1825	5-pass. Coupe	2225
		5-pass. Limousine	2325
		7-pass. Town Car	3225
Enclosed Open Models		Master Sizes	
(With Heaters)		Standard Sizes	
2-pass. Roadster	\$1190	5-pass. Roadster	\$2400
3-pass. Touring	1250	5-pass. Touring	1475
		7-pass. Touring	1700

All Prices f. o. b. Buick Factories. Government Tax to be added.

## Plymouth Buick Sales Co.

Phone 263 — — — Plymouth, Michigan

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them.

—Enterprise Liners Get Results—Try One—

WIDELY-KNOWN  
ORATOR COMING

Geoffrey F. Morgan to Lecture at Chautauqua Here.

Audience Will Hear Notable Address on Topic of Universal Interest.

"Success with Ease" is the subject of the lecture to be delivered at the coming Redpath Chautauqua by Geoffrey F. Morgan, well-known lecturer and humorist.  
"Success with Ease" is full of sound philosophy, good humor and common sense. It deals with the qualities that



GEOFFREY F. MORGAN

make for success in life, and is a Chautauqua favorite.  
Mr. Morgan has made for himself a high place on the lecture platform. Wherever he appears there are always insistent demands for a return engagement.  
He is known to thousands of people through his many contributions to leading educational publications.

## "New India" Subject of Notable Lecture at Coming Chautauqua

The interesting subject of "The New India" will be discussed at the coming Redpath Chautauqua in an illuminating lecture by Bhaskar Pandurang Hivale, a native of India.  
Mr. Hivale is a graduate of an Indian university and a post-graduate of Harvard. In India he was editor of Dyanodaya, the second oldest An-



BHASKAR HIVALE

gio-vernacular weekly published in Bombay. He knows India thoroughly and discusses his subject authoritatively.  
"He is a Christian, as were his ancestors for three generations. He speaks with a slight foreign accent, but his English is fluent and understandable. He has the faculty of introducing a delightful vein of humor into his lectures."  
"The New India" will be a distinctly notable lecture.

Try an Enterprise Liner—It Pays

Ned Saved Dad  
From Clutches  
of Highwaymen

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

(© 1924 Western Newspaper Union)

"It will win over your father yet, I tell you."

"Oh, Ned, I sincerely hope so! But he has changed—he is not like the dear old papa, who used to enter into all our joys and sorrows. I can't understand it."

"I can," asserted Ned Walters bluntly. "Your father was a fine business man. He retired too early in life. I guess he got out of a nature like his. The result has been—hypochondria."

"Oh, dear!" uttered Lella Taylor dismally. "What a dreadful sounding name. Is his hypochondria a simple 'Chondria,' exactly?" nodded Ned.

"A disease? Not in the true sense. It's fancy, imagination, but its victim suffers. A business man like your father finds himself at leisure, nothing to work for, nothing to occupy his mind. Result: the neuritis. He gets all kinds of ridiculous ideas in his head."

"Well, papa seems to be a new disease every day. He is crabbed and cross to all of us. You are the last object of his aversion. He has forbidden you the house—oh, Ned, hurry! there is papa now."

Robert Taylor came into view as his daughter spoke. She and Ned had met clandestinely at the garden fence. There was a hurried exchange of kisses. Pater familias, looking strong enough to meet a giant, but wearing a scowl and slouching along as if his feet had dead weights attached to them, came to the spot where his daughter stood.

"Lella, who was that?" he challenged sharply.

"Only neighbor, papa," reported Lella demurely.

"What neighbor?"

"It was Ned—that is, Mr. Walters—oh, papa, dear, don't be angry!"

"I've heard no such thing," snapped out Mr. Taylor viciously. "If I learn of your meeting that young man again, I'll—I'll lock you up."

"Yes, papa," said Lella meekly, and went into the house crying.

For a week the only consolation Lella had was a note from Ned, slipped under a loose stone near their favorite trysting place—the fence.

One day Mr. Taylor decided to walk to the bank to deposit a large amount of cash and some valuable securities he had received by express.

For a day he groaned, growled and complained about the dangerous excitement when he finally started out on his mission, he gloomily predicted a possible fall in the street—a dirty spell—the probable uselessness of his time lost.

Three nights previous an attempt had been made to burglarize the Taylor home. The faithful dog that its master had kicked had scared the intruders away. His own pet ailment instead of that incident was in Mr. Taylor's mind as he proceeded on his way. Instantly, however, the latter flashed into his thoughts as he passed a vacant lot two blocks from home.

"Hands up!" sounded an ominous voice.

Three men had suddenly sprung into view from behind some shrubbery. One pointed a revolver at Mr. Taylor.

"Keep a look out," he directed one of his accomplices.

Then to the third: "Get away with the stuff" and the man addressed wrenched from the grasp of Mr. Taylor the portfolio he carried under his arm and started to move away.

"You keep quiet for a spell, or I'll bore a hole in you," threatened the first holdup man.

He came a step nearer to his victim. Mr. Taylor was fairly terrified. However, the thought of being despoiled of over \$10,000 in tangible property added a frantic desperation to the situation.

In pressing upon him the leader of the footpads trod upon his sore foot.

A roar issued from the sufferer. He saw blood, he grew reckless. A frenzied impulse swayed him.

Swinging one arm as in the days before he had acquired the whimsies of a nervous man, Mr. Taylor brought his fist with a sounding crack directly across the face of his captor. The men went head over heels to the ground.

The lookout sprang now at Mr. Taylor. The blood of the latter, however, was fairly up.

Whack!—he landed out that powerful arm of his again. He tried to realize the latest strength he had harnessed. His second assailant went prostrate stunned.

"Stop thief!" next yelled the retired merchant, and he put down the street after the fellow who had moved away with the booty.

The latter had been proceeding at a reasonable pace so as not to attract attention. The man turned the corner just as Ned Walters was coming round it.

"I told you I would win father over!" chuckled the lucky Ned that evening, seated in a hammock with Lella, a welcome guest and an accepted suitor now at the Taylor home.

Father was strutting around the garden in great fettle. He had rigged up a punching bag and marked out a running course back of the house.

"Gee, Ned," he smiled expansively, "soon as I can get this extra fat off me, I'm going back into business again—with you as a partner."

STRAIGHT TALKS  
WITH AUNT EMMY  
ON INVESTING THE LEGACY

"I really wish I could understand investments, Aunt Emmy," said Jane. "Since we received that legacy I have tried to get some money—some sense into my head. The financial news in the papers are just a jumble of words to me. I can't make out the difference between stocks and bonds for the life of me, and what's more, I can't make an investment and another a speculation."

Aunt Emmy laughed. "Lots of people puzzle over those things, my dear. But your first problem is simple enough," she said. "Suppose you buy a bond, a \$100 Liberty 4 1/2."

"What you really do is to lend Uncle Sam \$100 on his promise to pay that money back on a given date and to pay you a specified sum each year—that is, interest—for the use of your money."

"If your \$100 bond pays four and a quarter per cent you get four dollars and a quarter every year; you hold it until it reaches maturity—that is, the date when the time of your loan is up and Uncle Sam returns your money."

"When a bond reaches maturity it should be turned over to your bank for collection, because after maturity you will get no more interest on the money invested. Therefore, when a bond matures take it to your bank, have the money placed in your account and consult your banker about reinvesting it."

"Yes—but remember the promise behind a bond is good only if the government or the corporation issuing the bond is good," said Aunt Emmy. "Next time you come I'll tell you more about money and finance."—ANNE B. AYRES.

"When you buy stocks you buy a share of a business. Corporations issue stocks, as well as notes and bonds, but governments only issue bonds or notes. You do not get any promise that your money will be paid back when you buy stock. To get your money back you have to find a buyer for your stock. If the business prospers you participate in the profits according to the amount of stock you hold. If the business suffers, you share the loss with the rest of the stockholders. So again it is not wise to buy stock in a company you do not know all about unless you first get your banker's advice."

"Thanks, Aunt Emmy. I think I know the difference between stocks and bonds now," Jane said. "If you buy stock you buy a share of a business and take your chances with that business for success or loss. If you buy a bond you really don't buy at all, only get a sort of receipt for your money and promise that you will get it back at a given time and receive interest meanwhile."

"Yes—but remember the promise behind a bond is good only if the government or the corporation issuing the bond is good," said Aunt Emmy. "Next time you come I'll tell you more about money and finance."—ANNE B. AYRES.



Enterprise Liners Bring Results—Try One

With Additional New  
Equipment

We are prepared to turn  
out still better

Printing  
of All Kinds

All work promptly  
done



Phone 25

ENTERPRISE  
JOB PRINTING OFFICE  
FARMINGTON

TWO BIG BOATS DAILY FROM DETROIT TO  
The Flats—Tashmoo Park—Algonac—Sarnia—  
Port Huron and Way Ports—Sugar Island and Toledo

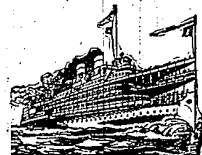
## Out of DETROIT

Sir. Tashmoo leaves Detroit for Port Huron and way ports daily 9:15 a. m. Returning, arrives back at 8:40 p. m. Sir. Orana leaves 2:30 p. m. Passengers taking the 2:30 boat can ride as far as St. Clair River, Tashmoo Park or Grand Point, return on Sir. Tashmoo and enjoy one of the famous Tashmoo dinners. The trip to Port Huron is one of the most picturesque out of Detroit.  
Fare: Port Huron and return, \$2.00; Flats and Tashmoo Park, 50c week days, \$1.25 Sundays.  
Leave Port Huron for Detroit daily 8:00 a. m. and 3:45 p. m.  
Per Toledo and Sugar Island: Sir. Greyhound daily 9:00 a. m.; City of Toledo, 4:00 p. m. Fare: Sugar Island and return, 50c week days, 75c Sundays. Toledo, \$1.50 (R. T.) \$1.00 one way. Moonlight, \$3.00 p. m. Every Saturday and Sunday, 75c. Fin-elle's orchestra for dancing on boats and at parks.

## Out of TOLEDO

Sir. City of Toledo leaves Toledo daily for Sugar Island and Detroit at 9 a. m. Sir. Greyhound at 1:30 p. m.  
Fare: Detroit, \$1.50 (R. T.) \$1.00 one way. Sugar Island (R. T.) 50c week days; 75c Sundays. Moonlight, \$3.00 p. m. every night.  
Foot of Griswold St., Detroit  
Foot of Madison St., Toledo

## White Star Line



## Like Fishing?

The Flats have been known for years as the Fisherman's Paradise. Bass, Muskellunge, Pickerel, Pike and other game-fish abound in lakes. Why not spend a fishing week-end at the Flats?