

### Daily Excursion to PUT-IN-BAY

80c One Round Trip 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. Colletier aboard.

Four hours evening with outdoor pleasures at Put-in-Bay—bathing—dancing—golf for lunching and athletic clubs. See the wonderful Cave, and Perry's historic monument.

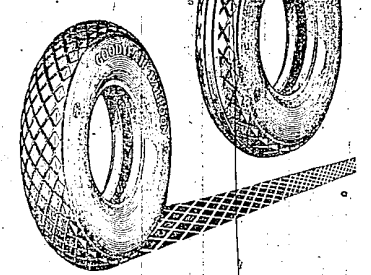
Connections at Put-in-Bay with steamers for Cleveland, Toledo and Lakeside, Daily to Sandusky. The Put-in-Bay goes to Sandusky every day. Fare—\$1.50 one way.

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 10 a. 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 West. Thurs. 60c Sat., Sun. and Holidays 75c.

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



### Do You Want a Goodyear at a Bargain Price?

You know what the name Goodyear on a tire means. It means the best.

We can give you this famous quality at a bargain price—a bigger bargain than you ever got by shopping around.

Just investigate our prices on genuine Goodyear Tires—

Regular types and sizes, cord or fabric; balloon tires to fit present rims or the new small-diameter rims.

HERE ARE A FEW EXAMPLES OF THE BARGAINS WE ARE OFFERING IN GENUINE GOODYEAR TIRES

30 x 3 1/2 Clincher Tires from	\$ 7.40 to \$13.50
32 x 4 Straight Side Cord from	14.10 to 20.25
32 x 4 Straight Side Cord from	14.80 to 21.00
32 x 4 1/2 Cord	\$23.65
33 x 5 Cord	30.30

Olin Russell Tel. 161 GOODYEAR

—Enterprise Liners Get Results—Try One—

#### An Ancient Oyster.

An oyster eighty years old has been taken from Delaware bay. Scientific investigators agree and assure that the age of an oyster is indicated by the ridges or waterlines on its shell, just as the age of a tree is indicated by the annual rings that form on its trunk.

A ridge appears on an oyster every year, according to these experts, up to the fortieth year. After that the shell takes on one only every ten years. This venerable oyster had 44 ridges; hence it was eighty years old.

#### Ghost of Cock Lane.

The name "Cock Lane Ghost" is given to a famous hoax perpetrated in London in 1782 by one William Parsons, his wife and daughter, at their house, 33 Cock Lane.

According to the account a tumorous figure resembling one Mrs. Kent, a deceased woman who once resided in the house, was seen, while certain knockings and scratchings were heard every night in the room formerly occupied by her. Suspicions were aroused that the ghost by customary ghostly rappings. The duke of York, Doctor Johnson, Horace Walpole and others visited the house and investigated the affair. Examination proved it to be a conspiracy on the part of Parsons and his wife for the purpose of extorting money from Kent. They were tried for imposture and defamation of character and condemned to the pillory and imprisonment.

#### A Helpful Hint

Tearful Lady—I've come to tell you, sergeant, that I've missed me husband again for a fortnight.

Desk Sergeant—Well, perhaps if ye took a few lessons ye'd be able to throw straighter!—*Sydney Bulletin.*

#### U. S. Vs. Foreign Plays

At least our stage is not dependent on the foreign playwright. The fact is (and facts are inexorable) that of the hundred forces and comedies and dramas of one kind or another which were produced in the playhouses of New York in a recent season 70 had been written on this side of the Atlantic and only 30 had been provided for us by European dramatists. Fifty years ago I doubt if one-tenth of the pieces acted in New York were to be credited to native authors. Today two-thirds are of our own manufacture.—*Brander Matthews in Scribner's*

Nearly everyone reads and likes the novels of Oppenheim. We offer as a serial

## The Mystery Road

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The author of "The Seven Conundrums," "The Great Prince Shan" and about 70 other novels (what an astonishing record!) has here written a story in which a little country girl of France, an English titled lady and a Russian grand duchess create most of the incidents and interest. The honors go to the little country girl. She is the heroine.

The First Installment Will Appear THE FARMINGTON ENTERPRISE

### Aged Parents Find Stage Is Not Degrading

By KATE MUNROE (C. 1924 Western Newspaper Union)

AS THE lights went down a hush of expectancy settled over the audience at the theater. Most of the faces were slight with anticipation, but the old man and woman in the back seats of the first balcony looked very grave. They were country people, and they had never been to a theater before.

"Praise God, it isn't true, Mary!" said the old man.

His wife pressed his hand gently. She knew how deeply he felt upon the subject.

It was, for those simple minds, a tragic situation. The old peasant Lucy had left the farm three years before. And some middle-class busybody had told the old people that she was actually an actress!

To their simple minds there could have been nothing more degrading. The stage was the acme of all that was vilest in the world. They had come up to town, without announcing their intentions, and were now awaiting the verdict of the critics upon the first act of "The Merchant of Venice."

Portia does not appear at the beginning of that play. And before she had come to the stage the old people were staring in wonder at the magnificence of the setting. More than that, in place of the immorality which they had expected to find incultured, they found a story, so gripping, so pathetic that they were spellbound.

But when Portia appeared they leaned forward with a revival of their old terror. Portia was Lucy!—Miss Margaret Lake, as she was billed. It was true, indeed.

There was almost an expression of pride, but there was also bewilderment. His Lucy! Their little girl! How could this be she!

So the play went on toward its dramatic finale. And now William Mullins and his wife were following the developments with bated breath. And the life-long horror of the stage was forgotten. And when the great trial scene came on, and Shylock sharpened his knife, and things looked bad for his enemy, tears came into their eyes.

"He'll get him, Mary!" whispered her husband.

"Sh!" rang out the angry whisper, and he subsided into his seat in dismay at the storm he had raised. But when Portia came in, attired as the doctor of laws, William Mullins knew her immediately.

"That's Lucy!" he whispered.

"Mother! That's our girl! Look at her!"

He sat bow like a man entranced, staring at her. And when she confounded Shylock with her learning, when, after appealing to his humanity in vain, she ruthlessly unmasked the laws and drove him, suppliant, before the judge's seat, the father could restrain himself no longer.

He stood up in his seat and waved his hand.

"By Czeky, Lucy, you've got him!" he yelled.

"Good girl! That's the way! Teach the rogue a lesson! Tell his honor not to let him get away with his life! No mercy!"

There were no longer whispers of remonstrance. Instead, there was an uproarious outburst of laughter, with a salvo of hearty handclapping in its follow. And the old parents, shrieking back into their seats, the observed of every eye, saw that Lucy had seen them.

They sat still in their seats, bewildered and dazed, long after the curtain had fallen and the theater had begun to empty. An usher came toward them.

"Mr. and Mrs. Mullins" he inquired blandly, casting curious glances at the old couple.

Miss Margaret Lake would like to see you in her dressing room. Will you step this way, please?"

Their daughter was waiting. She was attired in her street gown, and she had carefully washed every trace of paint from her face.

As the old couple halted, rather sheepishly, at the door, Lucy ran toward them, and was clasped in their arms.

"Father!" she cried. "So you have found me out! And mother, too! Why didn't you let me know, and I would have had a box for you!"

"By gosh, Lucy, what would we do with a box?" ejaculated her father.

"Why, Lucy, we wanted to be somewhere where we could see you. We couldn't have seen you in a box, Lucy. The way you did up that Drylock fellow was scrumptious. Some derved old tabby told us you were on the stage, and we come down here to save you from ruin—but I guess we don't mind now as much as we did—do we, mother?"

And then Lucy insisted on introducing them to her friends—to Mr. Grosvenor, the "star" and to various subordinate members of the company. Altogether it was a night of surprises for the old people.

But, as they went out together, Lucy made an excuse to run back for something, and she caught Mr. Grosvenor by the arm.

"I wish we had told them everything!" she whispered. "Shall I, Phillip?"

He nodded, and she went on.

"Did you ever stop to think, my dear, it's just old people like these—old fathers and mothers in far-away villages—that make the stage as good as it is today, and keep so many of us better than we would be, perhaps?"

### Plantation Jubilee Singers Popular Chautauqua Attraction



The Plantation Jubilee Singers, colored singing organization of note, will be heard at the coming Redpath Chautauqua in splendid programs ranging from rollicking plantation melodies to religious hymns or spirituals.

The Plantation Jubilee Singers have appeared with great success before representative audiences everywhere. They are educated people and trained musicians who represent the best attainments of their race.

The music which they will feature here is that of the American negro. It was conceived during the old-plantation days in the United States. This type of music possesses a rhythm and melody found, perhaps, in the music of no other race. Negro folk songs and plantation airs are familiar to everyone.

The programs of the Plantation Jubilee Singers will contribute greatly to the enjoyment of Chautauqua audiences here.

FARMINGTON — AUGUST 19TH TO 22ND

**SRAB**

No 1.....Soft  
No 2.....Medium  
No 3.....Med. Hard  
No 4.....Hard

Blaisdell PENCIL COMPANY PHILADELPHIA U.S.A.

700 Broadway, FARMINGTON, N.J.

Pencils

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—Tashmoor Park—Algonac—Sarnia—Port Huron and Way Ports—Sugar Island and Toledo

#### Out of DETROIT

Str. Tashmoor leaves Detroit for Port Huron and way ports daily 9:15 a. m. Returning, arrives back at 8:40 p. m. Str. Owasco leaves 2:30 p. m. Passengers taking the 2:30 boat can ride as far as St. Clair Flats, Tashmoor Park or Grand Point, returning on the Tashmoor and enjoy one of the famous Tashmoor dinners. The trip to Port Huron is one of the most picturesque out of Detroit.

Fare: Port Huron and return, \$1.00; Flats and Tashmoor Park 50c week days, \$1.25 Sundays.

Leave Port Huron for Detroit daily 8:00 a. m. and 3:45 p. m. For Toledo and Sugar Island: Str. Greyhound daily 9:00 a. m.; City of Toledo, 4:00 p. m. Fare: Sugar Island and return, 50c week days, 75c Sundays. Toledo: Port Huron and return, 50c week days, 75c Sundays. Moonlight, 8:30 p. m. Every Saturday and Sunday, 75c. Finzel's orchestra for dancing on boats and at the Flats.

#### Out of TOLEDO

Str. City of Toledo leaves Toledo daily for Sugar Island and Detroit at 9 a. m. Str. Greyhound at 2:30 p. m. Fare: Detroit and return, \$1.00 week days, \$1.25 Sundays. Sugar Island (R. T.) 50c week days, 75c Sundays. Moonlight 8:30 p. m. every night. Foot of Cassford 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 scores. Why not spend a fishing week-end at the Flats?