

STRAIGHT TALKS WITH AUNT EMMY

ON A NARROW ESCAPE.

"Oh, Aunt, I just have to talk to you," said Maud, bursting in on Aunt Emmy. "Those bonds Tom's father gave us for a wedding present have matured and Tom has the money. A man is trying to get Tom to invest in a radio company. I want your opinion on it."

"Don't hurry; tell me everything you can remember," said Aunt Emmy. "Well, Tom didn't seem enthusiastic. Then Mr. Brown, the salesman, said that if he bought stock in this company and lent his money at any time, Tom would buy back his stock."

"Are you sure he said that?" interrupted Aunt Emmy. "That is a claim that is not made by people connected with dependable investment houses. Unless you have an agreement with the company clearly stating that it will repurchase its stock, signed by one of its officers, you would have great difficulty in getting the company to buy back your stock. A company cannot be compelled to repurchase its own stock. Do you know who Mr. Brown is?"

"No," replied Maud. "Neither does Tom, but he seems awfully nice and Tom liked him right from the start. He is good looking, well dressed, and has beautiful manners."

Aunt Emmy sniffed. "Did he offer to sell you preferred stock on which dividends are guaranteed?"

"Why, how did you know, Aunt?" exclaimed Maud. "That is exactly what he did."

"I thought so," said Aunt Emmy. "Reliable stock salesmen don't promise that a company will repurchase its stock, nor do they promise guaranteed dividends. Unless a company operates profitably, it cannot pay honest dividends of any sort, guaranteed or otherwise. You can see how foolish it is to believe that you can get dividends just because some one says they are guaranteed. The only guarantee in the world for dividends is the successful operation of a company. Guaranteed dividends is a glib phrase used by unscrupulous persons to get money from unthinking ones. A while back the country was flooded with fake oil stock. How dishonest promoters are trying radio stock."

"What shall I do?" cried Maud. "Tom is with Mr. Brown now at the store to buy the stock with the bond money."

"You just go to the phone and call Tom," said Aunt Emmy. "Ask him and Mr. Brown to meet you at the bank at ten o'clock. Tell him not to buy the stock until you talk with him again. Half the money is yours. Then call the bank and make an appointment with the vice president to discuss an investment."

About noon Aunt Emmy's telephone rang. It was Maud. "The queerest thing happened, Aunt," she said. "Mr. Brown agreed to meet us at the bank at ten o'clock, and Tom and I waited until eleven and he never showed up. Then Tom told the vice president about it and he said we had a lucky escape. Only last week the bank looked up the company Mr. Brown represented and it is absolutely no good!"

A. B. Ayres.

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HIS MATCH

A taxi driver recently put the worst of a wordy bout.

An old man with a wheelbarrow wouldn't get out of the way, and the taxman shouted:

"You ought to be wheeling a baby buggy."

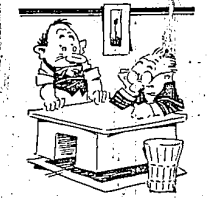
"And you ought to be in it," replied the old man.

A Business Getter

A small boy called on the doctor one evening. "Say, doc, I guess I got measles," he said, "but I can keep it quiet."

The doctor looked up, puzzled. "Aw, get wise, doc," puffed the small boy. "What'll you give me to go to school and scatter it among all the kids?"—Bottles.

TRIALS OF WEDDED LIFE



Radio Fan—Have you a loud speaker in your house?

Longsuffer—Yes, loud and incessant. I'm sometimes sorry I married her.

Supply and Demand

Supply and demand serve to lighten the gloom. There are always more problems than we can consume.

Conditions Changed

He: You are very extravagant in your dress. She: Before we were married anything that was for the you never thought extravagant, no matter how much it cost.

He: I wish I never said what I thought then.

Contemplation

"I have heard that you contemplate retiring to private life." "I do," answered the Greater Sorghum. "The same as I contemplate going to heaven. It's a sweet and blissful prospect, but somehow you don't feel in any particular hurry about it."—Washington Star.

Old, but No Fool

She (to old suitor): You know what people would say—that you're a fool enough to let me marry you for your money.

He—Oh, no, my dear; they would say I was too smart to let you get it any other way.

WHY HE FAINTED

A young wife went into a grocer's shop and said: "I bought three or four hams here a month or so ago, and they were fine. Have you any more of them?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the grocer; "there are ten of those hams hanging up there now."

"Well, if they're off the same pig I'll take three of them."—Tit-Bits.

Advertise in the Liner columns of The Enterprise.

The Next Best Thing

By JAY HEMINGWAY

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IF YOU believe that that implacable old lady Fate doesn't stick her chessmen a little shove sometimes, one way or another, after they are in place for the game of life, just listen to the story of little Mary Ellen O'Hagen and her romance.

For a whole year Mary Ellen's behavior had been simply inexplicable. Mrs. O'Hagen was exasperated. Not that she wanted her beloved daughter to marry an unworthy fellow, but that she wanted her to be a good girl. But whatever did she expect with all those nice fellows who came assailing and asking her out to parties and things, and her acting so foolish-like. Did she think that the prince of Wales, perhaps, would be coming back to ask her to share his throne? It looked that way, it did indeed.

But at last the pressure had been too much for her, and the evening Mary Ellen had promised to go to the party Caroline Murphy was giving for her mother's sister's boy who was visiting them, and Carrie had invited Tom Eldridge, especially. It was his having how crazy Tom had been about her.

As Mary Ellen was getting into her beaded gettogether with the sleeveless blouse and buttoning up the little bronze slippers that she had worn for so long, she sat thinking.

No one but herself knew the beginning of the romance that Mary Ellen had put in little brown slippers and tripped off to the party with solid, dependable, Tom Eldridge.

It was almost a year since Mary Ellen had donned those same slippers the first time and hurried out to spend the afternoon with the Parker. She went through the park as usual, and in crossing over to the bench where the squirrels played, she caught one of the very high birds that did had scolded so about between two stones and off it came. Picking it up she hobbled over to the bench. As she sat down on one of the big bronzed slaps in a uniform dress from the other. "Beg pardon, Miss, but did you turn your ankle? I have a sister who is always doing that very thing."

It was then that Mary Ellen knew romance had come into her life. She didn't say a word, but held out the wooden travesty of a heel in explanation, and the boy took it gingerly between his big thumb and forefinger.

"Such a thing for a girl to be wearing of!" he scolded, for all the world as though he had known her years. "It's no wonder you tripped on it. It's suits you might as well be wearing, instead of those slippers."

"Did you make a great fuss when I brought them home? But they are pretty," and she tipped her head over on one side and smiled shyly.

"Here, let me have your shoe," he demanded masterfully, and when she had taken it off and tucked her stocking foot up under her, he went over to the gravelled path and pounded the heel into place with a flat stone.

Of course one can't run right off when a young man has been so very kind. So Mary Ellen lingered on her side of the bench and discovered that the soldier was in town to attend a Legion meeting, and that he hadn't cared much about girls since he had gotten home from France, and that it did seem good to him to find that there were some of his kind left. And he didn't discover a single thing. He asked if a squirrel couldn't introduce them. He said he would be on the very self-same bench at the very same time the very next afternoon.

Then they said good-by and Mary Ellen went on to Sue's. There she found a phone message telling her to come straight home, Aunt Ellen Hilton who lived out west had died, and the whole family were to leave at seven the next morning for the funeral. Of course the adventure was over.

For a whole year Mary Ellen had waited, hoping against hope. And now she had stopped hoping, and was on her way to the party with Tom Eldridge.

When they got to Caroline's the girls were herded into the parlor and the boys told to smoke on the porch until summoned. When they came in they found a curtain stretched across one end of the room and all that could be seen of the girls were twenty pairs of pretty slippers of every sort and description. Each boy in turn, according to a number he had drawn was to choose his partner for the evening—Cinderella fashion from the feet under the curtain. Of course it was thrilling. Everyone's heart was beating high. They imagine the consternation when a deep Irish voice began to speak. "No stress, Cousin Carrie—I am not going to wait my turn. You said I was the guest of honor at this shindig, and I'm going to claim a guest of honor's privileges. I take the girl with the bronze shoes." And to the amazement of everyone, retreating little Mary Ellen O'Hagen stepped out from behind the improvised curtain, and went straight into the guest of honor's arms.

"I sat on that bench every afternoon for a week," he whispered "and you didn't come. But I felt it in my bones we would meet sometime. I wasn't discouraged but it did seem a long time coming."

Of course he took her home from the party. Tom manually giving up his prerogative, in his favor, and when he was introduced to the O'Hagens the next day Mary Ellen put her arms around her mother's neck and whispered: "He's so much nicer than the prince of Wales, mamma. I don't think I will wait for his majesty after all."

Radio—The New Champion For a Universal Language

By GENERAL J. G. HARBORD
President, Radio Corporation of America.

Broadcasting is still in its radiant youth, but its effects on American life may already be seen in several directions. There is a well-marked trend toward a universal language, a considerable broadening of the horizon at home, and this year promises innovations that may almost revolutionize our old political methods.



Gen. J. G. Harbord

In the last few years, but little interest has been shown in a Universal Language. The subject has merited more attention than it has received, for its potential influence on international culture and commerce and above all on international peace might easily change the course of human history. There now appears, however, a new champion for a Universal Language, a huge powerful giant whose influence envelops the earth and pervades the surrounding ether—Radio.

The United States, because of its geographical situation, has not yet felt the need for a common medium of international broadcasting, though in all forms of telegraphic communication a universal language would be exceedingly useful. Such broadcasting as may be carried on by our restless neighbor to the south has no place in our radio picture. Canadian broadcasting offers no stimulus to a study of the subject because that country speaks our own tongue.

International Broadcast. Some day international broadcast communication will be an everyday occurrence with Europe, South America and the Asiatic shores of the Pacific. It will not be for entertainment only, but for the more important considerations of our commercial and political life. Will Radio, peculiarly the instantaneous method of communication, wait while messages are being translated in the same way that dots and dashes are now deciphered into language and then interpreted into native tongue?

Esperanto and Ido have already received an impetus through the air. But it is doubtful if any synthetic language can ever overtake in the race for universality our own English. It will probably never displace existing languages, but with radio as a carrier it promises to become

a common means of international expression.

English Speaking People Lead in Radio.

America, an English-speaking land, leads the world today in broadcasting. Several of its nearly six hundred broadcasting stations reach out to Europe and South America and at no distant day will cross the Pacific. The British Isles, Australia, New Zealand and the remainder of the British dominions, speaking the same tongue, stand next to us in broadcast development. The stations of these widely scattered states are heard by adjacent nations, who will be listening constantly to English programs. It is inevitable that such listening will seek to understand the more frequently recurring expressions of the broadcaster. Curiosity and a desire for knowledge, spurred by the fascination which radio exerts over all of us, its disciples, will bring the wish to learn the language most frequently heard over the ether.

The commerce of English-speaking nations, touched in a hundred ways every worth while country in the world. English is the best language today for foreign nations who need to borrow money. Improved communications break down language barriers. The differences in speech that still linger—for example, between New England and Virginia—are evidences of a day when they were a month apart. Today in China, Japan, India and the Near East and in the major countries of Europe, English instruction is being eagerly sought. The World War jugged English. Two millions of Americans and other millions from the British Isles and the imperial dominions for several years taught English and English customs in French, German, Belgian and Italian territory. There is hardly an individual in those countries who cannot boast of at least a few words of English. With the added force of radio broadcasting crossing the seas, with programs and announcers in English, our language will reach understanding ears whether they belong to Germans, French, Italians, Dutch, Spanish or the ancient races of Asia. Some day the Siamese coots and the Malay rajah may enjoy entertainment broadcasted from our Pacific coast; the student in Constantinople may receive instruction by radio from Columbia University; the Burmese maiden, "looking eastward to the sea" may listen to a station on the old Mountain Pagoda broadcasting "On the Road to Mandalay" in the tongue of the Bard of Avoyn.

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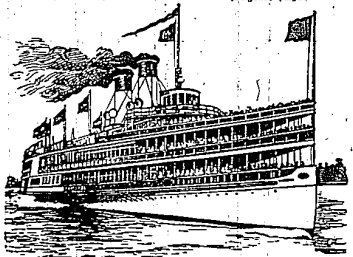
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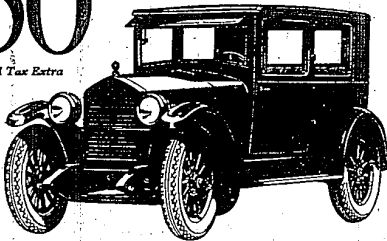
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