

GOBLES NEWS

XXVIII

GOBLES, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1927

NO. 15

LOCAL BREVITIES

Frances Huff is home from Adrian for the vacation.

Harold Wilcox is home from Fern-dale for the holidays.

Howard Geiger is home from Chicago for the holidays.

Harold Dorgan spent the week end with friends here.

Emma Thayer is home from Kalamazoo for the week.

Start the new year right by subscribing for The News.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to all our readers.

Cecil Reynolds was home from Lansing for the week end.

Masonic regular January 5 at 7:30 sharp. Degree work.

Bernard Rich was calling on friends in town last Friday.

J. C. Gamboe spent Christmas with his parents at Tecumseh.

George Houseknecht is home from Grand Rapids this week.

Andrew Almy is recovering nicely from his recent operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powers were called to Toledo last week.

Mrs. Robert Dorgan is still gaining and hopes to come home soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lisle Clement were home from Chicago for Christmas.

Iris Wichman of Alma is spending her vacation at her home here.

Hart Messinger and family were home from Chicago for Christmas.

Robert Carpenter and Linus G. Winters are spending a week in Detroit.

Helen Colby of Chicago is spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. R. J. Wise.

Vern Hudson and family were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Wise.

Earl Hudson and family were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Hudson.

Faith Winters and Eva Carpenter are spending the week end with Esther Lukins.

Greta Powers is home from Chicago and Marjorie Graham from St. Joe for the holidays.

The children of the Baptist Sunday school gave a very pretty program at the Christmas tree Friday evening.

Master Neil Clark is spending the week at Len Smith's and calling on friends. Needless to say he has a lot of them.

It is a good plan to begin making over the 7 to an 8 so you can do it readily after this week. Its not so hard if you have the top of the 7 for the loop of the 8. Try it.

Mr. and Mrs. George Austin, Mr. Frank Austin and Mrs. Beck were Christmas guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Metzger and report a very enjoyable time.

Christmas guests at Jack Hodgman's were Claude Hodgman and family of Jackson, Jud Hyames and family and Robert Pyne and family of Kalamazoo and Mrs. May Hyames.

C. H. Merrifield and family spent Sunday with his son-in-law, Otto Wood, and wife, orchestra promoters, part of whose duties are to play for radio station W-O-O-D, Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. VanVoorhees, Carleton and Lloyd Van Voorhees ate Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Gibson Van Voorhees at Kalamazoo.

Dorothy A. Berry (nee Langer) beloved wife of William J. Berry, daughter of Hannah H. and the late Kasper Langer, sister of Caroline and William J. Langer of this place died at her home in Chicago Thursday, Dec. 15.

A card from Mr. and Mrs. Chris Kiefer relates that they are nicely located at 11726 Venetia, Los Angeles, that they surely like California, that saw, Mr. and Mrs.

Sooey and Rolla Lamphere and that all are well.

The Christmas cantata given by the Methodists and Baptists, jointly, Sunday evening, proved well worth the good attendance, and was another marked proof of good results of cooperation. More such programs would soon require a larger auditorium than the community has. Try again and often.

Among the Christmas greetings received by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thompson were announcements of two nieces and a nephew; little Frances Wilberta Stillson of Cassopolis, Carol Christine Gorton of Wolf Point, Montana and Bill Steckel of Columbus, Ohio.

In a letter to J. C. Gamboe Richard Stroud enclosed a price list of Fords in England which is rather interesting: The touring there is \$735 here \$395; roadster there \$710 here \$385; coupe there \$906 here \$495; Fordor there \$1054 here \$570; chassis there \$588 here \$325; truck chassis there \$857 here \$460. So you see if you are one of the millions of Ford owners you are fortunate if you live in this country.

1928

In closing the old year we note that, in general, business in Gobles for 1927 has been good. Not all report the best business ever and in some instances business has been a little below last year.

Upon inquiry we find that this is true in other towns, most of them as near as we can learn report business and collections below last year.

We are convinced however, that local business men have spent more money for free entertainment, souvenirs and bargains this year than ever before. We think the community appreciates this and as a result we believe that a greater percent of the business of this community has been done with the local merchants than ever before.

In all things that the farmer produces: eggs, milk, butter fat, fruit, beans potatoes, wheat, oats and corn Gobles prices are generally higher and bargains as published by our merchants each week compare most favorably with those of other towns on quality goods.

Local stores are well stocked with the best in their respective lines and the merchants are most agreeable to deal with and make great efforts to merit patronage.

These things being true, people feel safe to trade here and to recommend Gobles to the new comers.

The greatest growth this year has been on the shores of nearby lakes, all of them having added to facilities for caring for the summer visitors with new cottages. There is still room for more of these and we believe that their numbers will greatly increase during the coming years, and it is significant that our summer visitors are of the very best and people whom we would be proud to have as permanent residents, as many have already become.

Community spirit is strong, the old idea of village and country is rapidly disappearing and is being replaced by community life, the only life possible that can withstand the encroachments of the cities who are constantly striving for our money, our business, our donations and all that help to make them greater and our local service weaker.

We would that the community were the political unit but as this cannot be we must do our best to make it a unit in every other possible way. In church, in school, in the social life, and in our care for the unfortunate, this can be done to the betterment of all. Shall we co-operate and do it?

The News is a community newspaper and as such will do its best to further this community life for the greatest good. May 1928 prove the year in which this may be accomplished.

Patronize our advertisers.

BELL CORNERS

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nichols and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Ulan and family and Gene Allen enjoyed an oyster dinner Christmas at the home of James Rhoades.

Monday, Harry Shryock and family enjoyed an oyster dinner at the Rhoades home, and about supper time a nice dish of fresh fish ready to be eaten were presented to Uncle Jim by his son, Riley.

Last Monday, Mrs. Shirley Carter received the sad news of the death of her brother-in-law, Mr. Dennison of Chicago. They left Tuesday for the city.

Mr. Ellis Wilkins and family of Kalamazoo and Paul Carter ate Christmas dinner at Ed Carter's. In the afternoon a Christmas tree was enjoyed by the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Kesler and Mrs. Baker were entertained Christmas at Mark Kesler's.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Eastman and children were Christmas guests at I. Stockwell's and were entertained at George Leach's Monday.

Miss Dorothy Ringle enjoyed the week end at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Carter entertained Messrs. Glenn and Lenn Dornan of Glenn Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Fritz of Paw Paw spent Monday at Ralph Baxter's.

Mr. and Mrs. Doc Thayer are now real radio fans.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ayers and two sons and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bennett of Kalamazoo were entertained at the Orley Ayers' home Monday.

Mrs. Walters entertained her children Christmas and Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Walters were in Kalamazoo for the day.

Mrs. Ida Walters had the misfortune to fall one day last week and is suffering from a sprained knee and other injuries.

Mrs. Iva Baxter was sick the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Deyo Thayer of Paw Paw spent Monday at Doc Thayer's.

Mrs. Baxter of Kalamazoo entertained her children and grandchildren Christmas day. About one o'clock she was taken suddenly ill and was rushed to the hospital, where she is still confined.

Glenn Markillie and family were Christmas day guests of their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Cudeback of Paw Paw.

Obituary

Martha Amelia, daughter of George and Alice Gibson, was born in Deer Creek, Illinois, April 1, 1853, and passed away at the home of her daughter, near Paw Paw, December 20, 1927, aged 74 years, 8 months and 19 days.

In 1870, she was united in marriage to B. F. Myers. To this union two children were born, Mrs. Carrie V. Hill of Honolulu, Hawaii Mary A. Sander of Paw Paw, Michigan.

The early half of her life was spent in the state of Illinois, coming to Michigan in 1900.

She united with the Presbyterian Church at Washington, Illinois, in her early years, bringing her membership to the Covey Hill Baptist Church when she came to make her home here.

She was a noble and ardent christian. Her whole life was a self-sacrificing life, giving of her strength and love to others. She was a loving and devoted mother. "To know her was to love her."

She leaves to mourn her loss, the two daughters, also a son-in-law, Harry Hill, and stepson, Clyde Thayer, who have been to her like her own sons, one grandson, a sister and a few other relatives and a host of friends who will miss the cheery christian fellowship which she gave so freely too all.

KENDALL

G. A. Schoolcraft spent Wednesday in Kalamazoo.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Underwood are the parents of a baby boy.

Eldon Chamberlain left Tuesday for his new work in Battle Creek.

George Miller, James Heffernon and Winifred were Kalamazoo shoppers last Wednesday.

James Smith is driving a new Hupmobile sedan.

Mrs. Harriet Scott and Mr. and Mrs. George Miller entertained at Christmas dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cook and daughter, Harriet, of Detroit, and Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Wilkinson. Mr. and Mrs. Cook returned home Tuesday but Harriet will stay until after New Years.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sweet entertained at a family dinner Christmas.

Mrs. Nellie Waber and sons, Guy and Glen, are spending the week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Parker.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Haederlee and family of Detroit are spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leversee.

Mrs. Aleda Champion entertained at a family dinner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Lewis of Kalamazoo were here for the Christmas tree and program at the M. E. Church Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Keller spent Sunday at the home of Wm. Smith of Glendale.

Mrs. Mary Harring of Fennville spent Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Earl.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Young entertained at a family dinner Christmas, Mrs. Frank Kirshman and daughter, Virginia, of Newark, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. Neil McElroy of Michigan City, and Mr. Mrs. V. H. Young and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron Squires of Plainwell spent part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Chamberlain.

Mrs. Kinney, Ed Wertenberg and Donald of Kalamazoo were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wertenberg on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Russel Wait entertained at a family dinner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lysle Earl of Chicago spent Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Earl.

Fred Ockerman and family were the week end guests of Mrs. Geo. Leversee.

Harry Chamberlain spent the week end with his father, F. J. Chamberlain.

Mrs. Bertha Shirley and Doris spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Shirley in Kalamazoo. On Monday they were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Curtis where the G. A. Schoolcraft family dinner was held.

Steve Green and family spent Christmas at the home of his uncle, John Green of Plainwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Bachelder entertained at Christmas dinner Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Chamberlain, Eldon Chamberlain and family, Mr. and Mrs. Myron Squires and Vernon Chamberlain and family.

Card of Thanks

I take this opportunity to thank those who voted for me in the recent contest. I appreciate it very much.

Lillian Gault.

First Baptist Church

Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Morning service at 11 a. m.
We welcome any who desire to worship with us.

Notice

Will be in Gobles every Friday at First State Bank and Bloomingdale at First State Bank every Saturday until January 10 to collect Bloomingdale township taxes.

J. R. Daines, Treas.

School Notes

One of the objects of a high school education is to teach one "how" too study. A student graduating from high school should know how to attack a problem and work out the solution for himself. It may not be a problem in Geometry or Physics, but if it is a vital problem concerning life it will be just as difficult and will take just as much labor to solve it satisfactorily. An educated person is one who can sit down by himself and think a problem through to a logical conclusion. He may or may not be a high school graduate, or a college graduate, but a person having had the advantages of a high school or a college education should do it with less trouble. He usually knows "where" to find the necessary information and can understand its meaning after he has found it. The doctor must diagnose his case before giving a prescription: the lawyer must make a careful study and brief his argument before appearing in court, and it is the past experience gained by study that makes the solution possible. Just so with everyone. All necessary information may not be in the mind, but an education makes it possible for one to study the case impartially and arrive at sound conclusions.

A. R. Stratton.

BASE LINE

Max Dannenberg and wife entertained Christmas day Wm. Dannenberg and wife, Martin McAlpine and family, Albert Besencon and family, Rex Dannenberg and family of Grand Rapids and Mrs. Mary Larson of Battle Creek.

Lester Woodruff and wife, Rob't. Banks and family, W. A. Jacobs and wife, Glen Woodruff and family and Mrs. Sadie Smith ate turkey with Elmer Foester and family of Kalamazoo Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Woodruff and Mr. and Mrs. George James were guests of Earl James and wife of Kalamazoo Monday evening.

Dick Wilkinson a life-long resident of Merson, and everybody's friend, was found mired at the edge of Base Line lake Monday. When found he was still alive but so chilled and exhausted he died in a few hours.

Will Pullin and family, Mr. and Mrs. Anspach were Christmas guests of Jake Eastman and wife of Gobles.

Will Pullin and family visited in Kalamazoo Monday.

E. V. Wood and wife attended the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. Anna Whitney of Allegan, Monday.

H. Merriam and mother ate Christmas dinner at M. Wilmot's.

E. Wood and wife entertained their children and families Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Connery spent Christmas in Wayland.

Otto Lewis and family of Otsego spent Tuesday with the Merriams and Wilmots.

Methodist Church

Sunday School, 10:00 o'clock.
Morning Worship, 11:00
Epworth League, 6:00
Evening Services, 7:00
Prayer meeting Thursday eve at 7:00

You are invited to each of these services.

Rev. S. W. Hayes.

Annual Meeting

The annual meeting and election of officers for the Gobleville Milling Company will be held in the directors' room of the Gobles Bank Monday, January 16, 1928, from 1:00 to 3:00 p. m.

Wm. J. Davis, Sec.

Dated Dec. 21, 1927.
If your subscription to The News has expired, please call at 11726 Venetia, Los Angeles.

GOBLES NEWS

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
Entered at the Post Office at Gobles, Mich., as second-class matter.
J. BERT TRAVIS, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. IN CANADA, \$2.00.
6 months, in advance, \$1.00.
3 months, in advance, \$0.50.
1 month, in advance, \$0.15.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Business Locals, 5 cents a line per week.
Church Notices, half price.
ALL Poetry 5c per line, in advance.
Resolutions, 75 cents per act.
Cards of thanks, obituaries and resolutions are to be paid for in advance.
Copy for advertising must reach this office not later than Tuesday noon. All that comes in later can be laid one side until the issue of the following week.
Copies of the paper, 5c each. Copies of the paper are not included in obituaries or cards of thanks.
Obituaries, 25 lines free; all over 25 lines 1/2 cents per line will be charged.
Cards of Thanks, 50 cents.



Member Michigan Press Association and National Editorial Association

Business Locals

Veal calves wanted. See or phone Lester Woodruff.

Indian relics wanted. See Van Ryno.

Buy Miller tires at Dorgan's filling station.

Good house for rent. Inquire at the Bank.

FREE BATTERY charging and radio repair work. Luther Howard.

Farm for sale to settle an estate. Inquire at News office.

For Rent—7 room house in Kendall, \$8 per month. Inquire of Clyde Leversee.

Wanted—To buy potatoes. Will pay market price and haul them as usual. Can save you money on your feed and flour. Bishop Feed Line. Call W. H. Ferguson.

Don't forget dance at Kendall every Saturday night, Good music.

Ordered fruit trees yet? If not better see me for best quality stock. Albert Hosner.

Pine stump wood for sale. Loren Camfield, farmers phone.

Farm for Sale—Anyone wishing to buy Smith Kendall farm, 1 mile north of Pine Grove, send bid to Lela K. Boughton, Royal Centre, Ind. Route 4.

Good Jersey cow for sale. See Charles Boothby.

Have rented rooms in the Huff block for a real estate office. Will be open for business shortly. Stanley Styles.

120 acre farm for rent on shares, also about 12 tons timothy hay for sale. Jay Yount, 436 W. Vine St. Kalamazoo or phone 29760.

Good dry wood for sale cheap. See Fay Osmun at barber shop.

Good fence posts for sale. See Will Leonard.

Jersey Red stock hog for service. Glen Keeler.

For sale—Cutter in fine shape. Mrs. G. A. Stimpson.

For sale—Pair girl's skates; nearly new. Mrs. G. A. Stimpson.

Until further notice, I will work for the following prices: Marcel, finger wave or facial massage 50c each; shampoo 35c. Anita Stimpson at Fay's shop.

Lost—Lock ring from disc wheel. Finder please notify Lawrence Johnson.

Found—Some money. Owner can have same by proving property at News Office.

Lost—Universal auto chain, new. Please notify Lee Messer.

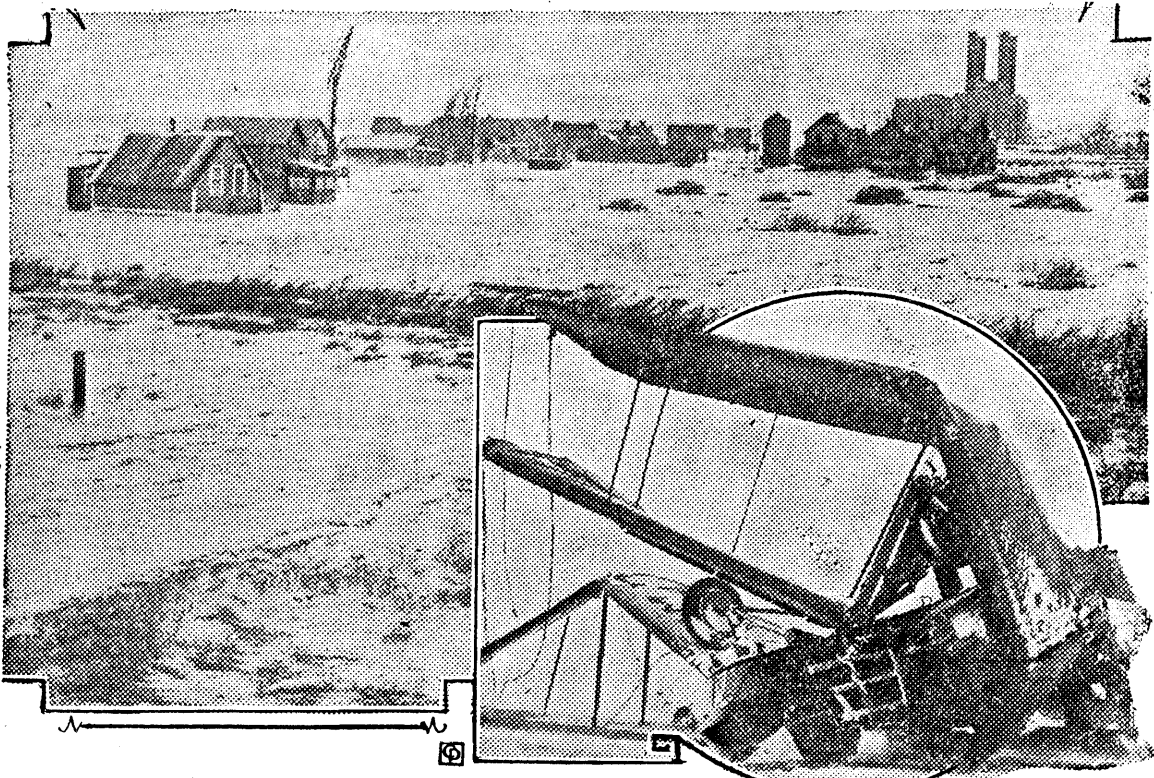
Mont. Cherry Trees, 16c to 24c traded even for equal pounds of Leghorn and Heavy Pullets at the Nursery. Grow more fruit trees. A pound of pullet pays the price this week, and a year of free Potato or Fruit Magazines with only \$1.00 orders.

Tax Notice

I will be at Kendall Tuesdays and Fridays and at my store in Gobles other days except Saturday until further notice to collect taxes.

John Reigle, Treas.

CAMERA NEWS



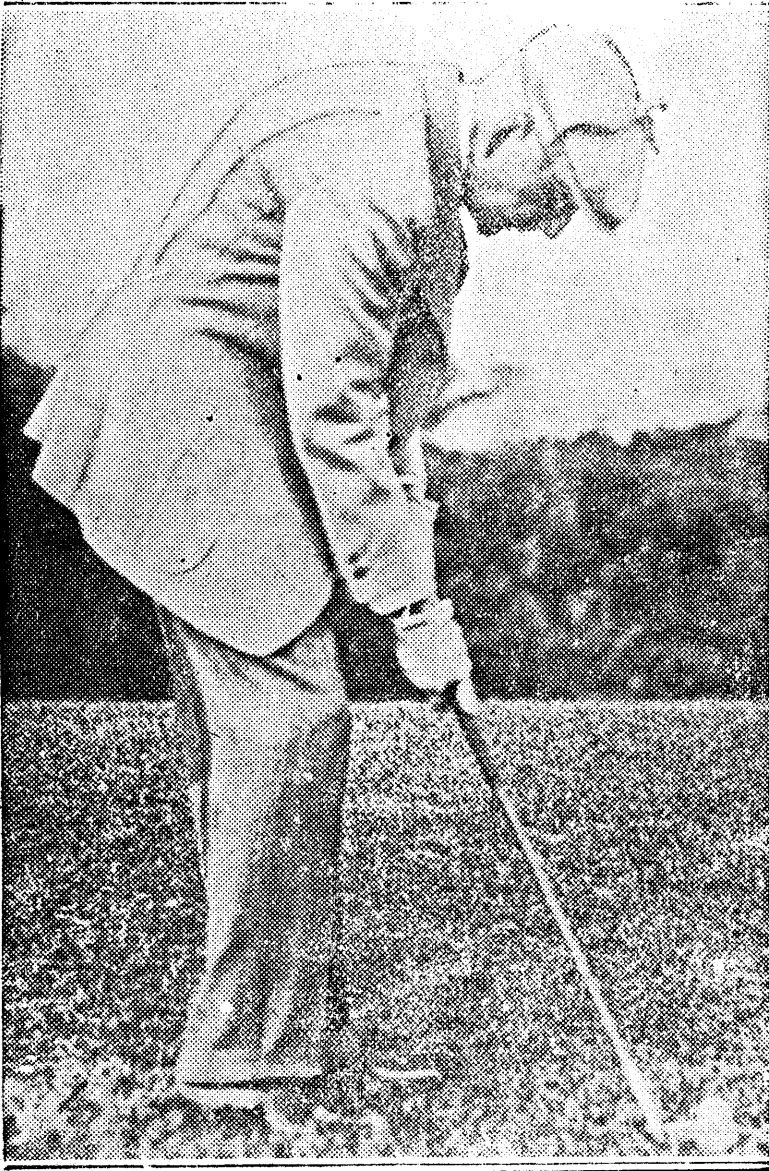
Property along the upper Niagara river at Buffalo, N. Y., under water when the stream, whipped by an 80-mile wind, overflowed its banks, causing heavy damage. Inset, a view of a \$30,000 Curtiss army bomber, at Buffalo, wrecked by the blizzard. Air field employees were unable to get the machine into a hangar because of its immense size.

Leads College Cadet Frolic



Mary Jackson, junior co-ed at Ripon, College Ripon, Wis., has been chosen to lead the grand march at Ripon's cadet frolic in January, a highly coveted social honor. She is honorary commander of the R. O. T. C. unit at the school.

John D. Resumes Golf in South



Away from chilling blasts, John D. Rockefeller, aged oil magnate, resumes his golf playing at the Ormond Beach, Fla., course, near his Florida estate.

To Stabilish Peace



M. Theunis, former Belgian premier, is president of a new permanent consultative economic committee formed by the League of Nations council at Geneva, Switzerland, to try to reconstruct and insure collaboration among all nations in conducting the world economic system.

Flower Festival



Miss Holly Halstead, as a Spanish senorita, will act as a page introducing California's float in the parade which is a feature of the annual Tournament of Roses held at Pasadena, Cal., on New Year's day.

Sally's Sallies



Every husband believes in economy—for his wife.

TWO MICHIGAN GRAPE JUICE PLANTS JOINED IN MERGER

United Grape Products, Inc., a Delaware corporation which probably will be the largest grape juice producer in the country, has been formed to take over the plants and properties of seven grape juice and grape products plants in New York, Michigan and Ohio. The company, with headquarters in Buffalo, will contract to take the entire output of grape juice of three other plants and to purchase the surplus grape juice of a fourth important unit.

Plants taken over in their entirety are the Anglo Fruit Products Inc., Angola, N. Y.; Armour & Co. plant, Mattawan, Mich.; Bass Islands Vineyards Co., Sandusky, O.; Henry Card Co., Fredonia, N. Y.; DuBelle Grape Products Co., Silver Creek, N. Y.; Randall Grape Juice Co., Ripley, N. Y., and the Hungerford Smith Grape Juice Co., Lawton, Mich.

Immunization Against Hog Cholera Is on Increase

Special reports made to the United States Department of Agriculture from 30 states in which co-operative hog-cholera work is being conducted indicate an increased use of anti-hog-cholera serum as a protection against hog cholera. Apparently, the unusual prevalence of the disease in the fall of 1926 did much to impress farmers with the potential danger of the malady and stimulated action in the adoption of preventative methods.

The spring crop of pigs received extensive protection by the preventative-serum treatment, the number immunized ranging from 10 to 75 per cent of the entire production in the 30 states, according to the reports. There was also an increase in the number of herds immunized. These factors, no doubt are largely responsible for the sudden drop in the death rate from cholera compared with that of last year.

The reports also indicated at the time they were submitted that, with the exception of Arkansas, Maryland, Michigan, North Carolina and Kentucky, the other states had suffered no greater losses from cholera this year than they had in 1924 and 1925 showing a sharp decline in the disease from the destructive wave of 1926.

The department stresses the importance and value of sanitary measures in the raising of swine, not only as an aid in the prevention of hog cholera but in preventing other diseases. It also calls attention to the fact that cholera infection may reach well-kept herds as well as those in insanitary surroundings, and if not immunized one will succumb as quickly as the other. After all, the use of the simultaneous treatment is the only reliable safeguard against attacks of hog cholera.

Purchase of New Machine May Save Farmer Money

Sometimes it is more economical for the farmer to buy a new machine and discard the old one. Here are some figures to show how to compare the cost of operating an old machine and a new one.

A grain binder purchased in 1918, he states, would have cost about \$227. At the time of purchase, it was estimated that this binder would last 15 years, which would have just put it thru the 1932 harvest. But the end of the 1927 harvest finds the binder in such condition that it requires a heavy cost for new parts. A new binder will cost \$225, practically the same as the old.

It was estimated that the old binder would last 15 years, which gave it practically \$15 a year depreciation. It has been used 10 seasons, so 150 of its value has been charged off as depreciation. This leaves \$77 as the remaining investment in the old binder. Previous experience shows that one can keep a binder repaired for about \$12 per year. Interest at seven per cent on the average investment in the binder for its life is about \$8 per year. So the total yearly cost of operating the old binder up to 1928 has been about \$35 per year.

A visit to the implement dealer shows that it will cost \$80 to put the old binder in shape to run two more years. This would be \$40 per year, were there no other expense. The \$77, remaining value of the old binder, plus the \$80 repair, plus two years' interest of \$16 gives a total of \$173 for the two years, or \$86.50 per year.

To buy a new binder for \$225 would be to assume the unused investment in the old binder of \$77, making the total binder investment \$302. This gives about \$20 per year depreciation for 15 years. Estimated repair of \$12 per year plus \$8 interest gives \$40 as a yearly cost to buy a new one. It would cost \$86.50 a year to repair the old. Apparently one could afford to borrow money to buy the new binder in this case.

An unusually ragged tramp knocked at the door of a home and asked the mistress for alms.

"Aren't you ashamed?" she inquired. "You are so ragged and dirty that I am ashamed of you myself."

"Yes," reflected the tramp, "it is a reflection on the generosity of the community."—The Outlook.

Farm Train Is Projected for 1928

The successful outcome of the Upper Peninsula Development bureau's better crops train tour through the territory last spring, and the interest in agricultural improvement aroused through the bureau's better crop contests in the upper peninsula this year, make it quite possible that another agricultural train will cover the peninsula in the spring of 1928.

The agricultural committee of the bureau instructed George E. Bishop, secretary-manager of the bureau, to proceed with plans for a farm train to be run probably in April, 1928. The railroads will be asked for their co-operation, and Michigan State college officials will participate if the trip is made.

Officials of upper peninsula railway lines, state college extension and development bureau officials will attend a meeting at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago, when the project of an agricultural train to tour the upper peninsula in the spring of 1928 will be discussed. Among those asked to attend are E. G. Amos and M. L. Wright of the Michigan State college extension forces; E. E. Brewer, C. M. & St. P.; Ford Allen, C. & N. W.; J. A. Jeffery, D. S. S. & A.; H. S. Funston, Soo Line, and G. E. Bishop, secretary-manager of the Upper Peninsula Development bureau.

It is believed that a rural boys' and girls' club train can be arranged for next year, in recognition of the 6,000 boys and girls now engaged in club work on upper peninsula farms.

Feature of Raspberry Growing Rests with State

Raspberry growing will be made safe in Michigan if the state department of agriculture continues for the next four years to be as efficient in eradicating diseases from plantations as it has in the last two, in the opinion of Dr. C. W. Bennett, plant pathologist at Michigan State college.

Some growers are inclined to feel the state inspectors are ruthless in their destruction of diseased plants, Dr. Bennett said, but if Michigan ever is to conquer the ills of the raspberry drastic control measures must be practiced.

The future of the raspberry industry in Michigan rests largely in the hands of the enforcing agents employed by the state, Dr. Bennett believes. He lauded the co-operation obtained by Michigan State college from the state department of agriculture for the past two years, declaring the results have been beneficial to all interests concerned.

More rigid inspection of raspberry plantations, especially those from which nursery stock is sold, was urged in resolutions adopted in Grand Rapids in the annual convention of the Michigan Canners association.

The fruit packers recognized the importance of disease control if Michigan growers are to continue to grow raspberries and the canners to pack them. Infected plantations, they reported, produce light crops of inferior quality fruits.

Mulliken Bean Growers Raise Registered Seed

The 20 bean growers in the vicinity of Mulliken, who banded together this year and agreed to grow only one variety of beans and that from seed registered by the Michigan Crop Improvement association, secured a yield of 277 bushels, or an average of 15 bushels per acre, in spite of the dry weather which resulted in only half a crop in most cases.

This crop has been inspected by representatives of the Michigan Crop Improvement association and all will be used for seed among the bean growers in that vicinity.

New Egg Co-Op for Ottawa

The Ottawa Eggs and Poultry association of Zeeland is about ready to begin operation.

A manager will be appointed by the board of directors. The local board has delayed as it declined the idea of having one of its own members as a manager. Several competent men are on the list.

The plan of the association is to have the co-op in operation by Jan. 1. It already has rented the elevator at the Pere Marquette railroad spur. This building is to be used as the central receiving station. The shipments can be handled from this point. All the candling and sorting of the eggs will be done in this building. Trucks will be sent from this station to the various receiving stations in the rural districts to gather the produce, thus saving the producers the trouble of bringing in the products.

More than 400 members will be served. The number of hens will be 120,000. The four hundred are actual producers of poultry and egg products. With a foundation as great as the present showing, indications for a successful venture are promising.

The marketing of the eggs and poultry produce through this organization will lend a tremendous impetus toward the improvement of poultry in this section of western Michigan, which already is considered one of the greatest sections in the world for the raising of baby chicks.

The marketing will be done through the usual co-operative plan. The price for the eggs will be based on the quality of the produce after the candling and the sorting are completed.

POULTRY

LIGHTS FOR THE WINTER LAYING FLOCK.

For the most efficient production of farm eggs during the winter months, some system of house lighting is to be recommended. In a house that is equipped for artificial lighting the laying birds can be given a day that is fully as long as the summer days when laying is the heaviest.

One poultry breeder in the grain belt says that artificial lights mean at least one more full feed for the flock, together with an extra three hours of active exercise scratching in the straw litter on the floor. In many cases production has been increased as much as 40 and 50 per cent by the use of artificial light in the right manner.

One thing to remember in artificial lighting is that general illumination of the pen is as important as the illumination of the floor. It has been found that if the perches were dark many of the birds would remain on them in spite of the fact that the floor was lighted. One of the first things to consider in making plans for artificial lighting is the size of light unit to be used. One of the better units for this type of lighting consists of a 40-watt light with a 16-inch cone reflector, four inches deep. For the best results this reflector should have an aluminum paint reflecting surface.

A reflector of this shape will scatter the light sufficiently to light both the roosts and the floor with the proper amount of light. To do this the lights should be hung six feet from the floor, with the dropping boards three feet high. They should be half way between the front of the house and front edge of the dropping boards and spaced 10 feet apart along the length of the house. Lights equipped with this type of reflector and hung at this height will illuminate approximately 200 square feet of floor space. To estimate the number of lights needed in the house, divide the square feet of floor space by 200 and use the nearest whole number as the number of lights to install.

Birds should have a 12 or 13 hour day. Morning lights are the easiest to install for automatic control and make the flock management easier in many ways. When night lights are used they should be dimmed before being turned out or the birds will have difficulty in finding the roost. In case means for dimming the lights are not available an extra heavy feed a short time before turning them out will satisfy the birds and they will go to the perches beforehand.

If a lighting plant is to be purchased with the idea of using a part of its output for artificial lighting of the poultry house, special attention should be paid to see that a plant with sufficient capacity is being secured.

ILLINOIS ERADICATING AVIAN TUBERCULOSIS.

Eradication of tuberculosis in poultry, a livestock sanitation program which Illinois is developing through the veterinary service in the division of animal industry, state department of agriculture, has made a commendable start, according to reports tabulated in the office of S. J. Stanard, director of the department.

"Inspection of flocks for the detection and removal of all birds showing the taint of tuberculosis has just commenced," according to Dr. Stanard. "Reports are in from the three counties that have this work in progress—Edgar, Knox and Montgomery. The records show comparatively slight infection in the flocks tested. This is encouraging, in that it indicates that complete eradication of tuberculosis from the poultry flocks of the state can be accomplished by the plans for inspection, culling and sanitation this department has instituted.

"In Edgar county, 18 flocks were tested. Injections were made in 4,111 birds. Of these, 1,427 were mature fowls, and 2,674 were young ones. Only four flocks showed any reactors at all. The highest number found in any flock was nine, out of 224 birds. One shows five, among 525. A flock of 150 young chickens netted two reactors. The other flock, made up of 48 old and 160 young birds, revealed one old and one young reactor. In all, there were 18 chickens found to be tubercular—a percentage of .0044.

"All the tubercular birds detected by this test were removed from the flocks and the prescribed sanitary measures adopted. Flocks that did contain reactors, after their removal, and the adoption of preventive measures, should be, hereafter, entirely free from infection.

"In Knox county, 20 flocks were inspected. They total 5,576 birds, and among them 189 reactors were found. Examination of the reactors proved that of the lot, 96 were suitable for food, and 43 were condemned. The remaining 50 were autopsied for clinical purposes. The percentage of reactors in the Knox county flocks tested is .0337.

"In Montgomery county, 2,792 birds, in 13 flocks, were injected with this preparation. Reactors totaled 115, or .0411 per cent. Of these 69 were condemned, and 26 were used in clinics.

"Hearty co-operation of poultry owners in these counties has enabled this department to make a splendid start in this important work. Its importance is not limited to the prevention of loss caused by the disease among the flocks. There is an indirect benefit that farmers obtain from this service. Swine contract tuberculosis from poultry. Hogs from areas that are free from tuberculosis demand a premium on the market."

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

Won on the Last Card

By AD SCHUSTER

(Copyright.)

"I WAS going to say," Mr. Parfinkle's housekeeper lifted her chin, "I was going to say I was a bit sorry to quit your service, but being as you have called my intended a goat, my feelings have altered."

Parfinkle sighed. "Ellen," he said, "nobody in the United States can cook pancakes like you. I admire the quiet way you have of running about your duties, but as much as I treasure you as a housekeeper, I would not stand in the way of your happiness if I thought the man worthy. I repeat, Rufus Twigg is a goat and you'll live to see it."

"I gave notice for two weeks from today and I stay by what I said. If it hadn't been I'd worked for you so long that I know how to take your peculiarities I'd quit on the minute. Rufus is no more of a goat than you are."

"Two weeks," said Parfinkle to himself when she had retired to the kitchen. "I have just two weeks to change her mind or show up Rufus in his true colors. Well, I'll have to start at once."

It may be said for Mr. Parfinkle that his thoughts were not altogether selfish. The whole town, except for Ellen, knew Rufus Twigg as a fat and indolent man who saw in Ellen a good cook and the possessor of a savings account. Rufus had been calling at the Parfinkle house for a year, had smoked the Parfinkle cigars and, at last, when the box was locked and Parfinkle had displayed frank enmity, had proposed.

"Mr. Twigg," Parfinkle started in on his campaign early next morning. "is a man who eats a great deal. I have an idea he will demand that his wife spend most of her time in the kitchen and that the grocery bill will be high."

"There is nothing I like better than cooking," the housekeeper replied, "and nothing I see through easier than your tricks."

Parfinkle checked off the first attempt as a failure and was more careful with the second.

"Ellen, you are a trusting girl," he began, noting the response given the designation, "just the sort who could be fooled by a designing man." He lowered his voice and tried to speak as a father. "Have you never noticed that Rufus is wild? He stays out nights, he . . . But Ellen laughed.

"If Rufus is wild," she observed, "I'll tame him. And I may add without meaning impertinence, that you are not coming up to my expectations. Very clumsy and crude, I call it, trying to belittle a man like Rufus behind his back."

Parfinkle knew she was right. He had gone at this thing wrong from the start. Because this woman had respected his opinion in the past, it did not follow she would listen when Rufus was concerned. He would have to find another way.

The next day Parfinkle was humble and resigned. "I have decided," he said, "that I am getting old and crabbed. You will notice the cigar box is no longer locked. Invite your friend to call in my library. I will make amends and some day, who knows? after you are married you may invite me over for a feast of your pancakes." Parfinkle looked sad and Ellen beamed.

"There, now," she said, "you are talking like the regular gentleman what I know you are."

"That evening when Rufus arrived to pay court within reach of the Parfinkle cigars, he found Parfinkle setting up a stereopticon.

"Just a minute," Parfinkle said, "I have a new purchase here and some interesting slides. I will bother you but a moment, but I'd like you and Ellen to see these pictures."

He hung a sheet on the wall, pointed the lantern, arranged seats for his audience, and turned off the lights. The lantern threw a shaft of light across the room while Parfinkle, altering the focus, made the bright circle on the sheet expand and contract. There were but a few pictures, then he turned the lantern, throwing the beam full upon the face of Rufus.

It was

a fat face, bald at the top, and peered at the camera with a nervous and pointed beard. Rufus faced the lantern, blinked and turned away so his profile was mercilessly in view. The light pierced the pointed beard and showed the outline of face beneath. Parfinkle turned out the lantern, clicked on the lights, and departed.

Next morning Ellen served pancakes for the first time since the argument had started. Parfinkle knew there was something on her mind and was content to wait.

"You think you're smart," said Ellen, "and I guess you are. Anyway you won on your last card. I'd never marry a man with a chin like that and I guess you knew it."

"Ellen," said Parfinkle blandly, "these are the best pancakes I ever ate."

Devotion to Duty

"What do you regard as the highest duty of a statesman?"

"To serve his country," answered Senator Sorghum, "and incidentally to keep getting re-elected, so that his country will not lose the benefit of his services."

Notice of Hearing Claims

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Van Buren.

In the matter of the estate of Elbert I. Barker, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four months from the 9th day of December, A. D. 1927 have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court at the probate office in the village of Paw Paw in said county, on or before the 9th day of April, A. D. 1928, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday, the 9th day of April, A. D. 1928, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated Dec. 9th, A. D. 1927.

WM. KILLEFER, Judge of Probate.

Card of Thanks

I want to thank everyone who helped me to win the wrist watch in the Popular Voting contest. I especially thank Mr. Taylor and Mr. Eldridge.

Blanche Mahieu.

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WAVERLY

Mr. and Mrs. John Russell spent Christmas with their brother, Newton Rippey and family of Bloomingdale.

R. E. Sage and family and Roy Sage and family spent Christmas with Walter Schwieman and family of Kalamazoo. Albert remained for a longer visit.

Leonard Brown and family of Kalamazoo and Harold Brown and family of West Waverly spent Christmas at L. G. Brown's.

Gertrude Adviance and Glenadore Blakeman of Romeo were at home for Christmas.

R. B. Taylor was called to Canada by the serious illness of his mother Monday. He and Luther started at once.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Herron of Kalamazoo and Arthur Herron and family ate Christmas dinner with Will Tomlinson and family on the Town Line.

A. C. Blakeman and family entertained relatives last Saturday to a bountiful Christmas dinner. All enjoyed a very pleasant day; there were 29 present.

The teacher, Miss Ringle and pupils of the Armstrong school gave a fine entertainment at the school Friday eve, which was enjoyed by all.

Howard Rice and family of Battle Creek and Cyrus Taylor and family of Chicago were visitors at R. Taylor's Monday.

WAGERTOWN

Grange Thursday evening, Dec. 29.

Frank Hoskins spent two days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Holdeman and Mr. Geo. Neal spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. F. Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Truax spent the week end with relatives in Kalamazoo.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Brant, Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Eastman and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Eastman, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Goble spent Monday at Geo. Leach's.

Margett and Frances Reed spent the week end with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Holdeman.

Rex Brant is spending the week with Bernith Eastman.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Healy and family, Lucile Healy, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bell

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Hotel Rowe

spent Christmas day with Mrs. Dora Haven of Bloomingdale.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Brant, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Goble, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Eastman spent Thursday eve at G. Leach's.

Arthur Healy and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Lee Pullman.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the many friends for the kind offerings of sympathy and beautiful flowers and to the singers in our time of sorrow and grief.

Mrs. Nellie Bowers and Children.

BROWN DISTRICT

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roberts spent Christmas day at Ellwood Hughson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Gilbert visited in Pine Grove Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dell Camfield ate Christmas dinner with their son, Loren Camfield and family.

Master Jack Corder is spending the vacation with his relatives in Kalamazoo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pike entertained at Christmas dinner: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Pike and Beulah Pike of Kalamazoo.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thayer entertained over Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Lindbeck, son and daughter of Schoolcraft, Mr. Dolph Thayer of Detroit and Paul Thayer of Kalamazoo and Mr. and Mrs. O. Walker of Base Line.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Healy and family ate Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Lee Pullman.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Keller took dinner Monday with Mrs. Lillie Bowles and Fred.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thayer and sons, Paul and Dolph called at G. A. Pike's Sunday evening.

Mrs. Sylvia Herman and son, Roy are very grateful to the Baptist Ladies Aid, the business men of Gobles and any who contributed to her Christmas joy of goodies. Words cannot express her thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Healy drove to Terson Healy's Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Gilbert visited at Lee Confor's Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern Niles and children of Orsego visited at Arthur Healy's Monday.

Mrs. Loren Camfield, Mrs. Dave Gilbert and Mrs. Dell Camfield enjoyed a lovely chicken dinner with Mrs. Frank Roberts last Thursday.

Lucille Healy, who is attending school in Chicago is spending her Christmas vacation with her brothers here.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Ruell and children of Woodland spent Christmas at Ed Covey's.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Sackett entertained for Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Champion and family of Mattawan, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sackett of Kalamazoo, Mrs. Iva Shepherd and Frederick Sackett and Greta Sackett.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dunn and family of Kalamazoo called at Ed Covey's Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sevey of Kalamazoo called at Dell Camfield's Monday.

Mrs. Bert Coffinger and daughter called at Dell Camfield's Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan DeWaters of South Haven visited at Sylvia Herman's one day last week.

If you have business in the probate court, request Judge Killifer to have the printing done at The News. He will be glad to accommodate you and you will save your home paper.

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Obituary

Beecher Henry Bower, son of John and Eliza Bower, was born in the village of Bangor, February 27, 1890 and passed away very suddenly while on the road home from Lawton December 9, 1927, aged 37 years, 9 months and 12 days.

As a boy he came to Kendall and made his home there with his parents until September 21, 1912 when he was united in marriage to Nellie Osborn. To this union three children were born: Frances, Clarence and David.

Besides his bereaved wife and children he leaves to mourn his loss his mother, Mrs. Eliza Bower, two sisters, eight brothers and many other relatives and a host of friends.

Having spent most of his life in this community his sudden death came as a great shock to his many friends and neighbors.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank those who in any way lightened our burden during the sickness and after the death of our dear mother.

We especially wish to thank the singers and those who furnished cars and sent flowers, also the Rev. Epley for his comforting words.

Mrs. Mary Sander,

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hill,

Mr. Clyde L. Thayer.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTIES

The New Year's Wish Tree is an old idea. Everybody has wishes and hopes for the New Year that is just beginning, and an invitation to a wishing party would be most appropriate. A good game to play at such a party is What Would You Do If -----? Each player is given a piece of paper, numbered, and a pencil. At the top of the paper the player must write the query: What Would You Do If -----? And beneath it any question in the player's mind that fits on to the beginning of the sentence already written. The papers are then folded and returned to the host, who gives each player another piece of paper numbered differently from the first piece that he has received. At the top of this paper the players are instructed to write: "I would -----" and beneath the answer to any question they may have in mind. These papers are then given to the host and they are paired off with the first set, and read aloud. Thus both papers numbered one would be read together, first the question and then the answer. As these will have nothing to do with each other, the effect will be ridiculous and laughable. Here are a few examples from papers written at a party last New Year's Eve:

1. What would you do if someone were to give you a million dollars? I would go to the first farm on the right, look at the pigs and ask for a glass of fresh milk.

2. What would you do if you were president of the United States? I would sit in a rocking chair and twirl my thumbs and never do a stroke of work again.

3. What would you do if you had a half holiday? I would take a course in bookkeeping. Etc.

But the idea of the wishing tree is carried out in the table decorations. The top of a Christmas tree may be used and a gilded wish bone attached to a tiny envelope, one for each guest. should be tied to the branches. These are afterwards taken from the tree by the host and distributed to the guests who open the envelope and read aloud in turn the good luck wish contained therein. Good luck pieces may be used for favors.

Another novel party is a New Year's Eve Costume party. The 12 girls are invited to come, each one representing a month of the year, and 12 boys are asked to represent a holiday or something typical of each month. When the guests are assembled the boys and girls find their partners by locating the holidays and the months that go together. For example: January and the New Year will pair off, February and St. Valentine will go together, etc. The host was dressed as Father Time. Much fun can be had at a costume party and such a one as described is especially appropriate for New Year's Eve.

Father Dillon Priest 25 Years

The Rev. Fr. David L. Dillon, pastor of St. Philip's Church at Battle Creek recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood by singing a solemn high Mass. The sermon was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Michael J. Gallagher, D. D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Detroit.

Father Dillon, since assuming the pastorate of St. Philip's Church, several years ago, has become widely known as a leader in religious and civic affairs of Battle Creek. He is the first pastor in Battle Creek to celebrate a silver anniversary as a priest in this city.

Prior to coming to Battle Creek, Father Dillon was assigned to churches in Mt. Clemens, Clinton and Fenton. He was ordained priest in Detroit by the late Bishop John S. Foley, after completing his theological studies in Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, O. Father Dillon also attended Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.

City Woman Bakes Pies with Apples Harvested in 1903

Mrs. B. H. Ouster of Eaton Rapids claims the long distance apple drying championship and in support of her contention exhibited pies made from fruit packed at her home in Orange township, Ionia county, 24 years ago. The fruit was of the Northern Spy variety and was kept in tin cans, tightly sealed. When the containers were opened the contents could not be told from fruit of this year's crop, and Mrs. Ouster's family will bear out her assertion the pies were delicious.

M. S. C. Students Are Handed 9,000 Jobs in One Year

About 9,000 jobs were given Michigan State students last year through the Y. M. C. A. employment bureau in East Lansing. These jobs resulted in earnings of about \$30,000 for the students, according to John G. Biery, who is in charge of the office.

According to present indications jobs given this year will surpass previous records. Starting with the first Saturday of the school year Biery has placed students on hundreds of jobs. Some of the jobs turn out to be regular ones, while others are just one day jobs.

Debating Coeds Also Beauties



Although chosen for their ability in debating, these young women might easily be mistaken for beauty contest winners. They are the Rockford College, Rockford, Ill., coeds, chosen to meet the National Union of Students' debating team of England. The subject is, "Resolved, that this house deprecates the corrupting influence of democracy upon modern life." Left, Miss Virginia Vanable of Chicago, senior; top, right, Miss Myra Byers of Evansville, Ind., junior, and below, right, Miss Genevieve Blane of Petersburg, Ill., sophomore.

Youth and Life

A Clearing House for Boys and Girls and Their Problems By BOYD R. SWEM

Working for the Government.

Dear Boys and Girls: When you begin to wonder what you will do for your life work, do you consider the possibility of working for the government?

I suppose the first thing you think of when you read that is "politics." But very few positions, in comparison to the total number of government employees, are political positions.

By political jobs, we mean those that are secured by popular election, or by getting appointed by some other official who himself is elected. Even in this group, however, there are many, many positions which are really not political—the clerical workers, assistants, etc., who are kept on a job year after year, even when change takes place in the party power.

Then there are those jobs which are partly political, but because of the Civil Service examinations have become also a matter for application on the basis of real ability and preparation. Yet even when all these are included as political, there are still thousands upon thousands of totally different government jobs open to you and to me. So don't overlook the opportunities in working for your country.

How About Politics.

You are fairly familiar, no doubt, with the principal political opportunities—city and state officials, legislators, congressmen, cabinet men, ambassadors and consuls, etc. Do not let anyone taint your mind with that foul, putrescent attitude toward the word "politics" which looks upon it as a

game only for crooks, sponges and lazy folks. It is simply appalling how many folks praise our democratic form of government, and in the same breath condemn politicians as a class unworthy of their sincere respect.

Our government is run by politicians; if politicians as a whole are bad, then we have a bad form of government!

But that is not so. If you love your country, don't, DON'T let anyone teach you that politics is a dishonorable or an undesirable vocation. George Washington was a politician; Theodore Roosevelt was a politician; so were Woodrow Wilson, Abraham Lincoln and Grover Cleveland. So the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence and The Constitution of the United States.

I know there is much that is indecent and ignoble in American politics. But so is there in American business, in industry, and in professional life. We must judge a vocation by the best in it, by what you can accomplish in it, not by the worst; and judging the best, the opportunities in political life are very great and worthy for those who are willing to make them so.

Later I will discuss the non-political government jobs. In the meantime, if you are interested in any particular governmental field, I shall be glad to prepare an article for that special field, if you will write me about it. If a stamped envelope is enclosed, a personal reply will also be sent. Address Creston Station, Grand Rapids. (All rights reserved)

I Have Said in My Heart

By Idah McGlone Gibson BEAUTY

Have you ever noticed that beautiful women are the ones who think they're beautiful?

One almost comes to believe, when looking at beautiful women who are over forty, that thought is the greatest factor in beauty, and unless one is really sure in one's own mind that one is looking well, one will never reach the pleasant acme of beauty.

Have you ever watched a famous beauty for any length of time?

You must have noticed her assured air.

She knows she is beautiful and realizes that others know it also. Consequently she speaks, moves and acts just as a woman who is famous for her beauty should be.

She has formed a habit of being beautiful.

You probably are familiar with Thackeray's famous quotation, "Sow a thought, you reap a word; sow a word, you reap a habit; sow a habit, you reap a destiny."

Habits rule over lives, and if we wish beauty to be a part of our destiny, why not make a habit which leads to its possession?

"As a man thinketh, so is he." This is just as applicable to the cultivation of beauty as in other lines. If you would be beautiful after maturity, you must think beautiful thoughts and look out upon beauty everywhere.

Ugliness is always a lack of harmony, and this means ugliness of soul as well as physical ugliness.

When you see only the beautiful side of life, because you see only beauty in everything, you will take a long step on the road which leads to the formation of the habit of being beautiful.

So, if you would be beautiful in the true sense of the word, form the

habit of being what you wish to be. Work hard to develop beautiful characteristics. They are the most potent beautifiers known.

Try to be happy under all circumstances, for happiness is not only a state of mind, but one of the finest cosmetics known.

Feel that the world has nothing but beautiful things to give you, and even when things do not exactly suit you, strive to realize that whatever is, is best.

When you can find something to help you in every emotional experience, every circumstance of life, your own particular little heaven has come.

Memo: Carry the habit of being beautiful into every part of your life and it will reflect to others and so bring back to you that which you desire.

ROAD TO SUCCESS NOT STRAIGHT

Direct lines to success are indeed rare. There is no such thing as uninterrupted progress. In any kind of work for self-development, in business life—in practically everything we attempt—there come times when a blank wall looms in our path, when perhaps we seem even to slip backward and lose in a day what it has required years to gain.

Then we weaken and give up. Possibly one more week, even one more day of struggle, would have brought the goal in sight. Fully half the failures in the big aims of our lives could be traced to this mistake of regarding a temporary reverse as decisive defeat. You and I would be appalled today if we knew the vast number of unnecessary failures—men and women who were deceived and cheated by this Moloch, Discouragement.—Psychology Magazine.

U. of M. Graduate Author of Prize Historic Novel

The largest award ever offered for a purely literary composition, a cash prize of \$25,000, will be handed to Miss Katherine Holland Brown of Quincy, Ill., as soon as she can be found.

She is at present traveling somewhere in the south, and the only mailing address she left behind was "General Delivery" at Orlando, Fla., a point she is expected to reach sometime in the course of the next few days.

The prize, offered jointly by The Woman's Home Companion and The John Day Company, publishers, is awarded to her for a 90,000-word novel of ante-Civil War days entitled "The Father," which was adjudged the best of 1,391 manuscripts submitted by authors from every state in the Union and several foreign countries.

Another prize of \$25,000, which was to have been given for the best novel submitted by a man, goes unawarded because none of the manuscripts submitted by men was considered good enough. About 500 men tried for the prize, but the judges—two men and two women—dismissed their offerings as unimpressive. The best manuscript submitted by a man was outclassed by at least a dozen of the manuscripts submitted by women, declared one of the judges.

The contest, announced a year ago, insured equal opportunity to both unknown writers and established authors by requiring that all manuscripts be submitted under pseudonyms, and the final decision was reached before the identity of the winner was disclosed to the judges, who included Gertrude B. Lane, editor of The Woman's Home Companion; Richard J. Walsh, president of the John Day Co.; and two distinguished writers, Dorothy Canfield and James Branch Cabell.

Miss Brown is a graduate of the University of Michigan, and has already written several books and short stories. Her latest book was a collection of short stories from the Bible. She was an honor student in college, winning the Phi Beta Kappa.

Her prize novel, "The Father," deals with the fortunes of a father and daughter, who lived in southern Illinois about 1850. The father was a printer and a violent opponent of slavery. One of the characters in the novel is an obscure local lawyer who was a close friend of the family, but who was much more favorable to the institution of slavery than the rabid old printer. So they quarreled continually, Lawyer Abraham Lincoln taking a conservative ground in defense of slavery, while the printer endeavored to win him over to the abolitionist cause.

Greenville Senior Becomes Lecturer, Showing Own Views

Thomas Metzger, Greenville high school senior and 1927 football captain, entertained his schoolmates with an interesting motion picture travelogue showing pictures he took with his own camera on his trip to Europe last summer.

He showed pictures of sections of Belgium and Holland, the battle-ground of Waterloo, the gardens and palace at Versailles, his trip down the Rhine and many points of interest in England, including Warwick castle. Most thrilling were his accounts of his three-day trip in the Alps where from one of the loftiest peaks he took some marvelous views. His descriptions were vivid.

Olivet College Plans New Recitation Hall

With the carpenters putting the finishing touches on Olivet's new gymnasium, attention of the college trustees is now being directed to the need for a recitation hall to remedy the present unsatisfactory classroom situation. Such a building is included in the objectives of the Olivet endowment and building fund campaign.

Construction of the recitation hall will not be started until the college's endowment fund has been increased to at least \$600,000, but plans for the building are already coming under consideration. It will house the administrative offices in addition to providing space for the classrooms now scattered over the campus wherever there may be room. Cost of the building will be approximately \$100,000.

Former Ironwood Teacher in Follies

A former Ironwood school teacher now "does her stuff" as a member of the Ziegfeld Follies in New York, it is disclosed in recent news dispatches. She is Miss Lee Russell who taught the second and third grades at the Northside school of Ironwood in 1922-23.

Miss Russell's home is Eau Claire, Wis. She first studied dancing and took part in home talent dramatic productions in her home city. Later she taught school in Chicago and while teaching she studied at the Pavley-Okransky ballet school.

In Chicago, she met a representative of Florenz Ziegfeld, who advised her to go to New York, where Mr. Ziegfeld immediately engaged her for the 1927 production of Follies Playlets and Portrays.

Spanish Shawl Vogue



By MME. LISBETH.

Spanish shawls are enjoying the vogue in Paris, at the moment, as articles of formal attire.

A beautiful shawl of black and silver shot lame is pictured. It is trimmed with long black and silver fringe.

The most effective methods of draping a shawl about the person are well worth study. Not every woman can wear a shawl and look distinguished. The manner of draping the model pictured is especially attractive.

Veteran Teacher Presides at Holland Church Fete

The First Reformed church featured the close of its eightieth anniversary celebration with a social event. Rev. S. C. Nettinga of Western Theological seminary delivered an historical address and several numbers were rendered.

Bastiaan steketee was asked to preside in recognition of the fact he was the oldest teacher in the Sunday school. Mr. Steketee retired about a year ago after serving as teacher when 17 years old. He taught classes of various grades and was in charge of the normal class for nearly 30 years. His former pupils are scattered over the globe.

"Where's the car, dad?" asked the son of an absent-minded professor.

"Why, dear me," he said, "I really don't know. Did I take it out?"

"You certainly did. You drove it downtown."

"That's very remarkable," replied the professor. "I remember now that after I got out I turned around to thank the gentleman who had given me the lift, and wondered where he had gone."—The Outlook.

Star Gazing

New York—As soon as "Wings," Paramount's large-sized air drama, has zoomed down on all parts of our broad land, there will probably arise a cry for information about a certain young man.

The young man is Richard Arlen, handsome fellow with a face that sheik-sickened cinema seekers are prone to label "super-manly." He leaped into fame overnight here in New York, thanks to his excellent work in "Wings."

Linked in the picture with Buddy Rogers, an extremely good-looking youth, and Clara Bow, a very popular star in her own right, Arlen made the first nighters forget about the other two.

Arlen, though his name will be new to most people, isn't by any means a newcomer to the screen. He's had small parts here and there. He was seen—and probably forgotten—in "Behind the Front," "Paddedock," and "Old Ironsides."

Someone, however, must have seen his possibilities, for he was entrusted with a trying role in "Wings" and just romped off with the picture. The one picture made Arlen.

In the fashion of movie producers he was snapped up and hurled into "She's a Shiek," as leading man to Bebe Daniels. You may have seen that picture by now. It didn't do him a bit of good. The role made him look too weak. Just such roles hurt Conrad Nagel when Nagel looked like our best bet among the rising male stars.

Arlen's history is quickly told. Born in Charlottesville, Va., he was educated in St. Paul, Minn. He started his college studies at the University of Pennsylvania. War intervened and he entered the conflict in the ranks of the British Royal Flying corps. He attended the University of Minnesota comes a tragedienne. And, if you are one of those who like a good cry now and then, many jobs. Heand then in the sheltering darkness entered a broker's office, was a swim-of a movie theater, you'll think she is ming instructor, and sport editinggreat.

LIVIN LOI

By Mrs. Virgil LOVE CAN'T BE

When one person lo. very much it seems as if .. must force love in return. But lov. won't be forced. All one can do is to be worthy and trust that the love we crave will naturally turn to us.

"Dear Mrs. Lee: I am 21 and in love with a girl of 17, but she only cares for me. She says she is trying to love me, as she wants to very much, but something is holding her back. Ever, Jim I ask her to marry me she says yes, but we will have to wait, because her father needs her help and she doesn't want to leave him. I tell her we will help him, but she says no, because he would not accept it. Please advise me what I can do.

"Buddie." You can do nothing, Buddie, until the girl is ready to marry you. I know it is hard to wait, but what she needs just now, evidently, is your love and understanding until she feels more sure of herself and that she can leave her father. After all she is very young to marry, and it would only bring misery to you both if she became your wife and then found you were not the one.

Every time a young man bewails the lack of "old-fashioned" girls, several of them write to console and reassure him. The next two letters are such answers. George had been disappointed in love.

"Dear Mrs. Lee: Please publish this so George will read it. I have been in love, too. At least I thought so until the real love came along. I was discouraged, too, but now I am happy. Absolutely, George, there are still true pals in this world. Be brave and you will find one. Edith Mae."

Lawrence hated all women and had the "wanderlust."

"Dear Mrs. Lee: Please let me say a few words to Lawrence. Say, Lawrence, you aren't fair to the women. You say you hate them. Perhaps some woman has done something that made you lose faith, but they aren't all like that. Please think better of us. We aren't such heartless things. You'll find that we are real pals to the right man. Tiny Tot."

Songs of a Housewife

THE SIN OF NEATNESS There may be lint upon the floor, Or tracks of muddy feet; There may be dust behind the door, But sh-h! My house is neat!

I put the daily papers by, Arrange the magazines, And slip debris that meets the eye Behind convenient screens.

I straighten rugs and tidy chairs That meet the casual gaze, No one would guess the floors and stairs Have not been swept for days!

I am a shameless wretch, of course, For neatness is a sin That ought to fill me with remorse When it hides dust within!

"Harold, I am really surprised at you putting out your tongue at people!" "Oh, that was all right, mother; it was only the doctor going past."—The Outlook.



GRETA GARBO

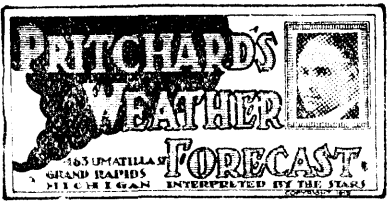
in Duluth, attempted to win a fortune in the Texas oil fields, and finally landed on the coast.

He persevered in small parts and finally got his chance in "Wings." Arlen is married to Jobyna Ralston, screen actress and once leading woman for Harold Lloyd.

Not the slumbering passion of yore but tragedy lurks behind her lovely eyes of Greta Garbo in her latest picture just released.

When Greta first came to sunny Hollywood lots from the cold shores of Europe she was cast as a sort of combination vamp and heroine. Her success was remarkable.

Now, in her latest effort, she be- attended the University of Minnesota comes a tragedienne. And, if you are one of those who like a good cry now and then, many jobs. Heand then in the sheltering darkness entered a broker's office, was a swim-of a movie theater, you'll think she is ming instructor, and sport editinggreat.



General Weather Conditions: On the whole it is expected that the week of January 1 in Michigan will not be a bad winter period. Precipitation will not be overly heavy during the storm period days with the probable exception of the end of the week. Mean temperatures for the week will average closer to 27 degrees over southeastern counties; 25 to 26 degrees over central counties and about 22 degrees over northern counties. The most storm activity will fall around Monday and Tuesday and again at the close of the week.

Detailed Weather Forecast: The opening days of the week and the year are expected to be warmer than usual for this time of year. However, any undue warmth at this time should lead no one to believe spring has come. At best, this time will bring forth only an early January thaw that will, nevertheless, soon be forgotten in the hurry to put on more firewood or coal.

Cloudy weather with snow flurries are due in most parts of Michigan around Monday and Tuesday. During the middle days of the week temperatures will have dropped to low readings. Shipments of goods easily affected by temperature should be carefully guarded at this time, since the drop will be rather sudden in most parts of the state.

While there may be some storminess with snow and wind close to the middle of the week, we believe decided storm areas will hold off until the end of the week. At this time a storm center will produce heavy precipitation in most parts of Michigan. This will be mostly in the form of snow and sleet, accompanied with high winds, locally severe. There is a probability of some electrical manifestation during the closing days of this week or beginning of next.

DINNER STORIES

The head of a large business house bought a number of those "Do it now" signs and hung them up around his offices. When, after the first few days of those signs, the business man counted up the results, he found that the cashier had skipped out with \$20,000, the head bookkeeper had eloped with the stenographer, three clerks had asked for a raise in salary, and the office boy had lit out for the west to become a highwayman.

They sat each at an extreme end of the horseshair sofa. They had been courting for something like two years, but the wide gap between had always been respectfully preserved.

"A penny for your thoughts, Sandy," murmured Maggie, after a silence of an hour and a half.

"Well," replied Sandy slowly, with surprising boldness, "tae tell ye the truth, I was jist thinkin' how fine it wad be if ye were tae gie me a wee bit kissie."

"I've nae objections," simpered Maggie, slithering over, and kissed him plumply on the tip of his left ear.

Sandy relapsed into a brown study once more, and the clock ticked twenty-seven minutes.

"An' what are ye thinkin' about noo—another, eh?"

"Nae, nae, lassie; it's mair serious the noo."

"Is it, lassie?" asked Maggie softly. Her heart was going pit-a-pat with expectation. "An' what might it be?"

"I was jist thinkin'," answered Sandy, "that it was about time ye were paying me that penny!"

Fooled!

The sergeant sang out at company parade, "All those fond of music step two paces forward!" With visions of soft jobs in the regimental band, half a dozen men stepped forward, smiling broadly. "Now, then," yelled the sergeant, "you six chaps get busy and carry that grand piano in the basement up to the officers' new quarters on the seventh floor!"

No Loss

William Howard Taft loves to tell jokes on himself. This one concerns one of his first campaigns, during which he had to face down an unfriendly audience. He wanted to get over some points and finally appealed to the presiding officer, saying:

"I have been talking for a quarter of an hour but there is so much noise that I can hardly hear myself talk."

"That's all right," shouted some one from the back row. "You're not missing anything!"

HE MADE THE SALE.

Booth Tarkington, while seated in the coach of a west-bound train, was accosted by a young lad selling books and magazines.

Tarkington beckoned to the boy asking, "What have you worth reading, son?"

The youngster scanned his wares and replied: "Here's a good novel called 'The Gentleman from Indiana,' b Booth Tarkington."

Whereupon the novelist remarked: "Well, it happens that I am Booth Tarkington; I wrote that novel."

Then lad, taken momentarily with surprise, quickly responded: "Then now 'ut 'Three Weeks' by Elinor Glyn! You ain't Elinor Glyn, are you?"



THE LADY CALLED FATE

BY JOSEPHINE K. LITTLEJOHN



From dawn to noon, from noon to dusk they had ridden the mountain trail beneath leaden, sullen skies. And now, with the dusk, came the rain. Great wind-driven sheets of it swaying from cliff to cliff down the valley, curtaining the mountain peaks from view and veiling the rocky gorge of the Fresno in cold wet mist.

John Moore watched it come, swore to himself, "Damn the rain! She can't stand being wet. She's exhausted now."

The horses were picking their way among the rocks of the river bed. This was now merely a sandy wash, confined between great rock walls. It was the route the Ambassador had chosen—unless it should rain. John wondered how long it would be before a swift torrent might be tumbling over these rocks. He had heard of the sudden floods of this country.

He scanned the sides of the gulch. Straight and sheer they towered upward. Even these cow-ponies could not scale them! And according to Ramon they extended some four or five miles farther. Could the horses make it in time? They were tired. The girl must be desperately so. She might be unable to go much farther without rest. She had ridden steadily all day, except for the two hours at noon. She must have rest and shelter from the rain, a fire against the cold night air, and hot food.

It did not occur to him that he might be unable to compel shelter for her from this wilderness of rocks and hills. Shelter she should have.

"Miss Henshaw," he said, "let's stop and hold a council of war."

Both horses stopped.

Ruth looked up at the man beside her. The cold wet wind had whipped the pink into her cheeks and beaded her hair with mist. But there were deep shadows beneath her eyes and her slender body drooped wearily in her saddle. Her hands rested one above the other on the saddlehorn while she waited for John Moore to speak again. She waited passively. She was too tired to wonder why he hesitated.

He was gazing down at her with a cheerful, pleasant expression—the one he had worn all day. She did not know that at this moment it required all of his will to maintain that expression; nor that the muscles of his throat had contracted until he could not speak.

"I am killing her!" he thought. "She is completely worn out and I have to make her go on still. He gripped his horse with his knees until the animal moved uneasily. "If I dared let her rest awhile—if I might lift her down from her saddle—she is only a tired, tired child now—and let her rest."

He forced his gaze away from her, up the mist-filled gorge. But the refrain in his heart beat its way into his consciousness and throbbed there. "Let her rest—in my arms—in my arms."

The gray curtain of the rain swung nearer and a few drops struck his upturned face. Immediately he turned and spoke as he swung himself down from his horse. "It looks as if we are in for a wetting, young lady. Take off your coat. Quickly!" He pulled Morton's fancy green sweater over his head and handed it up to her. "Put this on under your coat."

"Not your sweater; you'll be cold, too."

"Rot! Do as I tell you. Here. Hustle. I'll put on my coat."

He untied his coat from the back of his saddle and slipped into it. Then he stooped to pick up small twigs littered among the rocks.

"Are you going to build a fire here?" Ruth asked.

For answer he stuffed the twigs into his pockets and then proceeded to fill all the crevices of the saddle bags with them, smiling as if amused by the while.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

"You have found me out, Miss Henshaw!" he confessed to her as he mounted his horse again. "I collected those sticks so that I would surely have dry ones when I did want to start a fire. Getting ready for trouble before trouble comes. That's a failing of mine." He smiled somewhat ruefully.

"Why don't we build a fire now and make coffee?"

"Because we have to turn back to the beginning of this gorge and take the other route. Ramon said that if there was water in this stream not to attempt it; to take the trail to the left. The horses are so tired that I'm afraid to push on with that rain. We'll have to go back. And we must use all the daylight we have."

"We don't have to go back," said the girl. "There is a pass through the rocks up to the ridge a little way above here. I supposed you meant to take that. It is just ahead."

"You are sure?"

"Yes. I have ridden all over this country. Ramon didn't think of our coming part way up this gorge you see."

"Have you known all the country we have traveled today?"

"No. But I know this. This is the Arivaca ranch."

"All right. Where does the ridge trail bring us out?"

"On the Ruby road; the road from Nogales."

"How far from Arivaca?"

"Fifteen or sixteen miles, I think. It is a longer way around."

"Jove! And how far is it to the Ruby road from here?"

"Only three or four miles."

"That's an auto road, isn't it?"

"Yes. You mean they might—"

"No, no," interrupted John. "I was wondering if there wouldn't be houses along it where we might get shelter for the night?"

"I don't think so. There might be an engineer's camp. But I don't think there is anything until we reach Montana mine; and that is a deserted camp of roofless, crumbling abodes."

"Well," said John Moore, with cheerful carelessness, "we'll find something. Let's start."

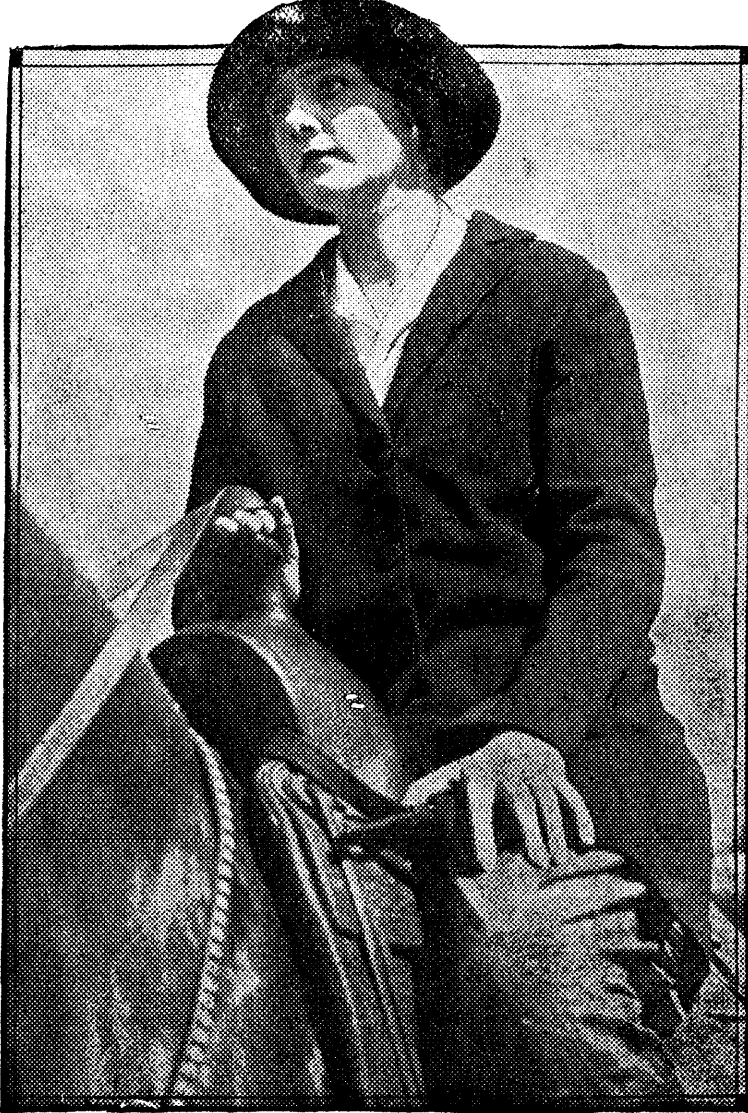
But as their horses stumbled forward again over the rocks his thoughts were not so cheerful. He was tired enough himself to know that the girl could not ride twenty miles further tonight. He must find shelter for her—but where? Look where he would through the deepening dusk he found only boulders of rock or stunted trees clinging in crevices of the cliffs above them.

"There is the trail," said Ruth.

"And the rain!" exclaimed John.

He saw her shrink as it beat down upon her; saw her gather all of her courage and sway to windward as if to rest her weary body upon the strength of the storm.

"I can't watch her," groaned John Moore to himself, "or I'll make a fool of myself. She's got to go on. She'll live through it. Don't talk about it."



If he had turned back he might have seen that Ruth was sitting erect in her saddle once more.

Along he said: "I'll ride ahead of you up the trail and see just what we have here."

It was a steep ascent; no more than a footpath for the horses and overgrown here and there with thorny mesquite bushes.

"Wake the brush," he called back to her.

Once she cried out. Before her cry had died on her lips John Moore stood beside her, clutching her saddle horn, white faced with fear. "What is it? What is it?" he demanded. "You are hurt—what is it?"

"It was only a mesquite branch. I'm sorry—it is because I am tired, I think."

He stared up at her and even in the twilight the girl saw clearly enough the words he was quivering to speak. But he did not utter them. He turned abruptly away from her and remounted his horse.

If he had turned back he might have seen that Ruth was sitting erect in her saddle once more. He might have seen her raise her hand to the cheek that had been struck and touch it gently, almost caressingly. But he did not.

He pushed resolutely forward. And presently they reached the high narrow mesa above the gorge; a treeless plain of grass and straggling chaparral suffused with rain. The trail was broader here and the man and girl rode abreast.

It grew rapidly darker, but not as dark as John Moore had expected. Even through the rain he could see quite clearly the girl beside him; and when the pale lightning waved across the sky, lifting the rack of clouds or flitting wings of light, he could see the ridge winding far on before them and on either side, the fall to the valleys below.

"I was expecting fireworks. Your lightning is pretty weak, Miss Henshaw."

"It is the winter lightning," came the girl's slow answer.

"She can't go much farther," groaned John to himself. "But no fire would burn in this downpour. I've got to find shelter! If I can't I deserve to be shot! We'll keep on until we strike the road. There ought to be something that would serve."

It was easier going here and the horses jogged steadily forward. On and on through the cold and the dark and the rain; an hour of it with never a word between the man and the girl. Ruth was too tired to talk and John knew it.

The trail topped a rise and descended again head first, as it were, into a six-foot earth bank.

"What the devil," began John, as the horses scrambled up it, "why, this is the road!"

"Yes. The highest point of the pass. The road cuts a horseshoe curve around this valley—look!"

The darkness lifted and fell again.

"By Jove!" exclaimed John Moore in some excitement. "I saw something that looked like a cave across

there! Near the point of the mountain. Right on the road."

"There is a tiny little cave there!" answered Ruth in a quickened tone. "I remember it now. I had forgotten it."

"Forgotten it!" cried John Moore. "Forgotten a cave that was put here at the beginning of time for us to light! On a road they built just to lead us to it. Why, Miss Henshaw—"

"If we had taken Ramon's road we would have missed it," interrupted Ruth.

"Nonsense," retorted John. "We couldn't have taken Ramon's road. We had to take Her road."

"Whose road?"

"Fate's! I warned you yesterday." He rode very close to her. She did not draw away but she held her head very high. When he began in this vein he aroused every tingling, resisting instinct in her. For a little she forgot even her fatigue.

That party at the Santa Rita was Beechy's party. Do you know him?"

"Yes." "And Stuart Long was there! That party ended in my going off in Roderique's car. And now we are swinging back to Stuart Long again. Don't you see how it all fits together?"

But Ruth Henshaw shrank away from his arm. "No, no," she cried brokenly. "Those awful things at the ranch were not meant to happen! And if they were—if what you say is true—then it's all like some horrible web and I am caught there, in the center, with my uncle and Wong—" She covered her face with her hands as if to blot out some fearful sight.

And then John Moore's arm went around her and held her close. "Listen," he said, "listen to me! There is only one thing in the world that counts. You and I are riding here together! Just that! After all the years, in the dark and the rain, you and I riding here together!"

The lightning glow revealed the girl's face upturned to his, the fearless poise of her head, the brooding dark of her eyes; the black rain falling around her, the darker wall of the mountain rising behind her and dropping away to sheer depths below. For that instant it seemed to John that they swung again between earth and sky as they had done in the belfry tower.

His exultant mood vanished. His arm dropped to his side. He spoke slowly. "I love you," he said. "I believe I was born and have lived to love you; to serve you at your need. I believed it almost from the first moment I saw you. I think I suspected it when I met the Ambassador in Sababe."

"And I believe that some day you will know as I know now, about you and me. Wait!" as she turned to him.

"I'm not asking anything of you now; I know you are too exhausted to think about anything. But your speaking of those others as you did drove me mad! You are not to think of them! Leave those others to me!"

"I'll try," said the girl tremulously.

"And, Mr. Moore—"

"Yes?" said John Moore.

"I am too tired to think clearly tonight, but I know that there is something between you and me; it made me trust you from the first and depend upon you, as I am doing now! But I don't know what it means, and, Oh, please, I am so tired!"

John Moore rode very straight and still in his saddle; the cold rain upon his bare head; a singing tumultuous exaltation in every fibre of him. He had received his accolade.

"Bless you for saying that, you Princess!" he said. "Only you would have done it! Bless you!"

The tenderness in his voice wrapped her around as with a garment against the night and the wind, the rain, and her fears, even against himself.

"I want a fire!" she pleaded. "Even if it has to be in your old cave!"

"You'll have it," he promised her. "Come on, let's ride!"

"But what if we pass it?" laughed the girl, as the horses began to trot. "In the dark."

"We'll have a little lightning in a moment. There!" he boasted, "right ahead here. I knew we were near it."

"You did not," scoffed the girl. "You didn't know until—"

"Right here we stop!" John swung off his horse and came to her side.

"How do you know?" protested the girl.

"I know everything," interrupted John Moore with buoyant impudence, "now down with you, young lady!"

"I'd laugh if your cave—"

"You won't get a chance to laugh at my cave, Miss Impertinence! On your feet! Now, stand here."

A match flared in the cupped hollow of his hands. "Look!" he vaunted. "A perfectly good cave!"

"It's awfully little," protested the girl, in mock derision, "and we'll have to stoop down to enter."

"A little humility will be good for you, young lady! Here, stand still while I bring your saddle."

She waited where he had left her, just inside the cave entrance. She heard him talking to the horses in cheerful, clipped phrases, and then he was back with the saddle, the stirrups striking the rocks on the cave floor. Again a match flared and went out.

"Fine, fine!" he said. "This place at my feet was invented for a saddle—upholstered chair. Give me your hand—this way—you and I seem always to be leading each other about in the dark. Remember in the church at Tubutama? I'll bring in the other saddle and the bags."

"Your precious twigs!" she said.

"Right."

Weary and chilled, huddled there in the dark on her saddle she began to shiver with the cold.

He brought in the leather bags and the saddle and put them down only to go out again. "In two, shakes I'll have some wood up here," she heard him call.

The rain beat a dreary tattoo upon the hard road and the numbing cold crept to her brain. She had scarcely a conscious thought; she was simply waiting for John Moore.

In the next lightning glow she saw him across the road dragging a small tree up from the slope below. He dragged it into the cave and the branches filled the low archway.

"Now," he said, "we'll have a fire! Thoughtful of the fellows who made this road to cut this stuff and leave it for us! If you'll hold a match—"

She took the lighted match from his fingers with her own shaking ones.

"By Jove!" he cried sharply.

"Isn't it silly?" she laughed weakly between chattering teeth. "While you were gone I fell to shivering. It was so cold and the dark and all."

John Moore made no reply. He knelt on one knee examining in the light of the match the pages of a little loose-leaf notebook. Some he passed over, some he tore out and crumpled up. "Light another match," he said.

"What are you doing that for?" Ruth asked. "We have those dry twigs you picked up. They'll only take a little longer."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

"I didn't know you were so cold as that," he said, abruptly, almost roughly. He dropped the papers together and placed the twigs from his pocket against them, forming a little tepee.

He lit it; the papers blazed up,

igniting the twigs. He broke sticks from the wet tree besides him and dropped them carefully into the flame; now and then he added other pages from his notebook.

"Don't do that!" protested the girl. "The fire will burn. Give me that book!"

He handed it to her without looking up from his task.

It was a black leather loose-leafed notebook filled with figures and jotted notes; she could see them clearly in the firelight.

"Oh, you shouldn't have burned these! Why, look!"

"Hang the book!"

His tone cut her like a whip across her face. She shrank back into the shadows.

The fire burned clearly between them. His face was brooding and set.

And he had spoken to her like that. All day he had been so kind, and back there on the road he had said— But now he had spoken to her like that— She closed her eyes against the sudden bewildering misery of it. What had she done? Was it that she had talked too much about the book? But she hadn't meant— Oh! she couldn't have him speak like that when she was so tired.

She opened her eyes and found him still scowling down at the fire. The smoke blew into his face and he moved around toward the back of the cave and very near to her.

Hesitatingly she leaned towards him; very gently touched his wet coat sleeve. "Are you angry about the book?" she asked almost timidly, "or was it what I said?"

John Moore turned his eyes from the fire to the hand on his arm.

"What book?" he asked monotonously. "What book?"

The girl drew back her hand, but the man caught it in both of his and she found herself gazing into eyes close to her own. Wide-awake and breathless, she was caught up into the deep thrill of his speech.

"I've hurt you! I've let you get too cold! I'm a brainless fool who doesn't know enough to take care of his own girl when he finds her!"

"Oh, but I'm not hurt!" denied the girl breathlessly.

"You are trembling."

"Oh, no, I wasn't hurt; I thought you were angry."

"Angry? With you? How could you think that? You mean you did, and you cared? Do you mean that? Tell me! Tell me!"

"Oh, I don't mean that! It was just the book."

"What book? You are my Girl! Don't you KNOW that? Don't you? You are going to!"

"Oh, wait, it was this book." She thrust it before his eyes with her free hand.

He drew back and looked at it; pulled it away from her and caught her hand.

"Oh, please! I didn't mean that!"

"Not yet?" asked John Moore, pleading.

The girl shook her head, once, ever so slightly; she could not speak.

And then John Moore bowed his head on her hands and kissed them.

(To be continued)

U. W. No. 818—12-26—1927

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IT'S FUN TO MAKE THINGS

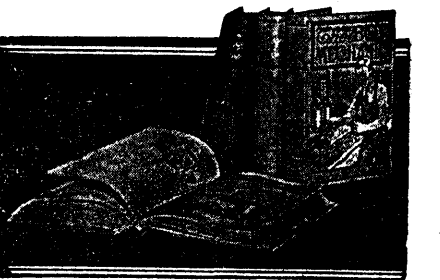
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indoor appetites. Small 15c. 10 lb. cans 55c
Heinz Spaghetti in tomato sauce with cheese. Keep a spare can
in the pantry. Per can 10c
White Flour, 24 1/2 lb. bag. White Flour is giving excep-
tionally good results 79c
Shredded Wheat, the all wheat breakfast food. 12 biscuits in
pkg. Per pkg 10c

New Paw Paw Theatre PROGRAM

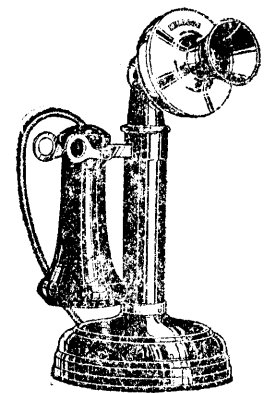
Thurs. Dec. 29--
The famous fire and police drama
Heroes of the Night
Featuring
Cullen Landie and Marion Nixon
ALSO NEWS AND COMEDY
Friday-Satur., Dec. 30-31
Hoot Gibson in
The Prairie King
ALSO TWO PART COMEDY
Sunday, Jan 1--
The biggest laugh on the screen
"Painting the Town"
With Patsy Ruth Miller, Glenn Tryon
and George Fawcett
ALSO TWO PART COMEDY

Mon., Tues., Jan. 2-3--
The Temptress
Featuring
Greta Garbo and Antonio Moreno
Supported by
Lionel Barrymore and H. B. Warner
ALSO TWO PART
COMEDY

Wed., Jan. 4--
The First Night
Featuring Bert Lytell,
Dorothy Devore and Harry Myers
ALSO TWO PART WESTERN

Standard Time. 7 o'clock week days, 6 Sundays

An Ideal New Year's Present



Tri County Telephone Company

A Happy New Year
is the wish to you
from

LOHRBERG BROS.
Meat Market

At This Time of Year

you need our "Columbus Coal," the cream of Kentucky coals, the best
of the No. 4 vein coals. Hotter than blazes! We do not handle the
cheap Ohio and Illinois coals.

Your live stock do not use coal, but they do need and use a lot of fuel in
the shape of dairy and hog feeds. We have a full stock: Cottonseed
and Oil Meals, Meat Scrap, Scratch Feeds, Bran, Midds, Hexite, Milkma-
ker, Salt, Oyster Shells, etc. etc.

Run over and see us. Courtesy and fair prices have made our business
grow in 1927 and we expect to increase it in 1928 by the same methods.

W. J. RICHARDS, Kendall

Coal
Coke
Meat Scrap
Feeds
Salt
Oyster Shells

For 1928 Send
The News



HERE'S a good business proposition! Invest
in a Remington Portable
and reap dividends in the
form of bigger and better
rest at night.
Much faster than writing
by hand, this little Rem-
ington enables you to fin-
ish your long reports or
theses—not fall asleep try-
ing to finish them. Not
only that, but think how



**Remington
Portable**

THE NEWS

for a Square Deal--

The Square Deal Cash Cream Station
Van Ryno

For Sale

Used Ford Sedan and Coupe

Place Your Order
Now for

A New Ford

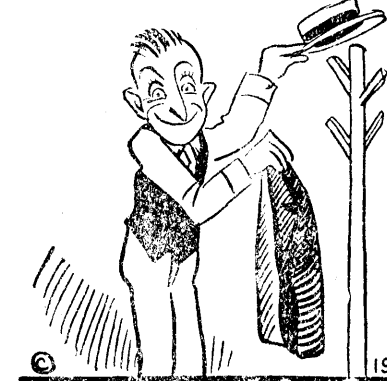
Same will be filled in order
received

J. C. Gamboe, Inc.

Gobles Michigan

Open until noon Sunday and Monday, Jan. 1 and 2
Open Wednesday and Saturday evenings

It takes a brave man to face a
little woman at the head of
the stairs at 2 a. m.
FULLER PEP



Solvay Coke Pocahontas Coal

Others are burning these
with most satisfactory re-
sults.

Other Coal for All Purposes

Everyone best values at
prices offered.

The Gobleville Milling Co.

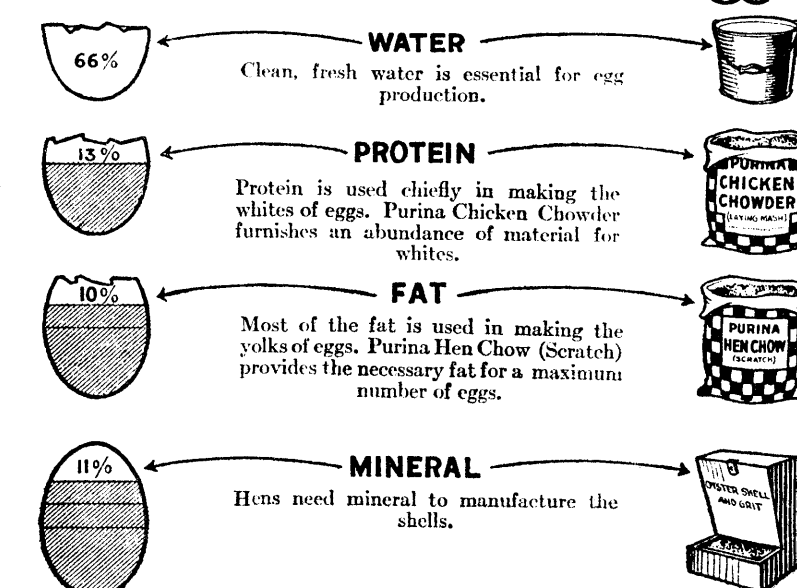
"The Mill With the Checkerboard Front"

Both Phones

W. J. Davis, Mgr.

Gobles, Michigan

What it takes to make eggs



EGGS will make money for you now! To get eggs,
you must feed for them. Purina Poultry Chow
will furnish your birds the egg-making materials in the
proper proportions. If it's eggs at less cost and more
profit you want let's get together on your problem of
feeding for eggs.

The Gobleville Milling Co.

BOTH PHONES

If Its Lumber or Building Material

WE HAVE IT. We have the best stock ever in a wide variety. Patent finishing
barn windows and general stock.

Our experience is at your service in figuring all building needs

J. L. Clement & Sons



May These Three
Health, Happiness and
Prosperity
be with you
throughout the New Year

THE FIRST STATE BANK

GOBLES, MICHIGAN

"BANKING FRIENDSHIPS THAT ENIRCLE THE COMMUNITY"



We Extend to All a
HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR

Avoid colds by using Cod Liver Oil
Relieve them with our Cough and Cold Remedies

McDonald's Drug Store
GOBLES, MICHIGAN

The Best of
Everything in Drugs

Hundreds of People

buy their bread from us at

3 Loaves for 25c

Why Pay More

when you can get the best at wholesale
Other good things to eat for the Special dinner

WE HOPE YOU WILL ALL HAVE A
VERY PROSPEROUS HAPPY NEW YEAR

Quality Bakery
Herman R. Schowe

Butterfat is HIGH The Thermometer is LOW

Your cows need lots of fuel to make milk this weather.

Feed Farm Bureau Milkmaker, the greatest 24 per cent dairy feed. Other
feeds may cost more, but Milkmaker does the work.

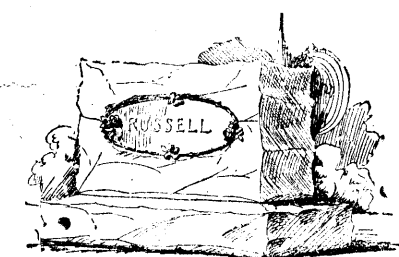
If you want a 16 per cent feed use Kellogg's "HEXITE," the ONLY
16 per cent feed we know of that contains no screenings! Why pay for
screenings?

Excellent for lambs and bred ewes and far superior to midds for hogs and
pigs.

Milkmaker and Hexite at W. J. Richards, Kendall; Mrs
Beals at Gobles and the Mill at Bloomingdale

A. M. Todd Company, Mentha

WE DISTRIBUTE KELLOGG AND FARM BUREAU
FEEDS IN THIS DISTRICT



In Closing Another Year

We again express our appreciation of the patronage of Our
Home Community. This has made it possible for us to
continue to give you the latest and best in our line at right
prices.

WE WISH ALL A
HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR

**GOBLES MARBLE
& GRANITE WORKS**

Bishop Feed Line Retail Store

Located at W. H. Ferguson's
Residence in Gobles

We have a complete assortment of manufactured feeds and
whole grain. We specialize in corn and oats direct from Indiana,
corn on ear or shelled. Special prices in 100 bushel lots.

A Few of Our Regular Prices

Basic Egg Mash, cwt. \$3.35 Bran, cwt. \$2.00
Basic Scratch, cwt. \$2.35 Oil Meal, cwt. \$2.85
Basic 24 p. c. Dairy, ton. \$48 Cracked Corn, cwt. \$2.35
Oyster Shells, cwt. \$1.00 Cod Liver Oil, gallon \$1.25
Stock Salt, cwt. 85c 3 blocks Salt. \$1

Complete Line of Dr. Hess Remedies

Let us quote you prices on Flour and Sugar

WE BUY POTATOES AND APPLES

We wish you all a Happy New Year

R. M. CURTISS & CO.

We wish to thank our customers for favors of the
year of 1927 and hope to merit continued pa-
tronage during the coming year.

Those whose account shows a balance still due
will aid us greatly by paying same NOW. This is
the same old store under new ownership and we
MUST settle accounts for E. J. Merrifield before
we can operate on our own.