

GOBLES NEWS

VOL XXXIX

GOBLES, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1928

NOV

LOCAL BREVITIES

Thanksgiving Day.
Walter Ruell brought back a fine deer.
Joe Holdeman was in town last Thursday.
Masonic election next week Thursday night.
Alex Zywiec has gone to Chicago for the winter.
John Reigle was the only deer-slayer in his quartet.
Odd Fellows election and supper next Monday night.
The Milling Co. shipped a carload of beans last week.
Martin Clement has a new Dodge Victory Six sport sedan.
Harvest home supper at Community church, December 6.
Mr. and Mrs. Will Metzger were in Chicago the first of the week.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powers returned Thursday from a visit to Ohio.
Mrs. Cassie Smith is in Galesburg to attend the funeral of Mrs. Wm. Smith.
Harry Myers of New York city was calling on relatives here last Thursday.
Philo Warner of Kalamazoo spent Sunday evening with his sister, Mrs. Eldridge.
Charles Little and family of Fennville were Sunday guests of Mrs. Maude Churchill.
We are thankful that Gobles is having a most prosperous year and we trust it continues to the end.
Charles Odell brought in an ear of corn grown on his place that weighed 2 1-4 pounds when husked.
Harvey Estabrook, wife and daughter, Madeline of Kalamazoo were Sunday guests at S. C. Walker's.
Mrs. Al Baker, Darlene and Junior of Kalamazoo spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chub Day.
Allen Wilcox of the Remington-Rand company delivered two new Remington Portables to the News agency last Thursday.
The Kendall Mite society will hold a bazaar and oyster supper at their building Saturday afternoon and evening. Everybody invited.
Mr. and Mrs. Vern Hudson, Miss Nicolai and George Schutt drove to Ann Arbor Saturday for the Iowa game and spent Sunday in Detroit.
The annual bazaar and chicken dinner of the Ladies Aid of Covey Hill will be held Saturday evening. Everybody come. Dinner starts at 6 o'clock.
Mrs. Myrtle Feely left Monday for Chicago to spend the winter with her daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Feely have returned to Kalamazoo.
Mrs. Edgar Allen of Mancelona, Mr. and Mrs. Hooker and son of Wayland, Mr. and Mrs. Raymie Warren and son of Kalamazoo called on Chas. Petty Sunday.
Estus Leversee and Alan Coulson have leased a part of the Southard building and will operate a Chevrolet sales and service station. We are glad to welcome another firm of young men to our midst.
Sheriff elect Jasper Buckley was killed by a train at St. Ignace Saturday evening when returning from deer hunting. Jack was widely known and has a host of friends who deeply regret his untimely death.
The children's division of the County Council of Religious Education will convene tomorrow Friday at Hartford Methodist church, morning and afternoon. A fine program with good speakers, is assured.
The Allegan American Legion are putting on one of their popular amateur boxing shows next Wednesday night. Every class is well filled and a big evening is expected. See ad on last page.

C. J. Barber was a successful deer-slayer.
Mr. and Mrs. Ed Myers are visiting in Litchfield.

Arthur Albricht and family are spending Thanksgiving in Chicago.
Dr. and Mrs. Riley are spending Thanksgiving with his parents in Toledo.

How the Club Was Formed
by an all star cast at the Community church last Thursday evening proved the event of many seasons and one of the most amusing that could be imagined and many who had to be urged to be there came near having to be carried away.

For real wholesome comedy of a high class this proved second to none and its portrayal by the local stars was of a quality seldom reached by amateurs. The admission was only 35c but any theater could fill the house with satisfied patrons at \$3 plus war tax, and any vaudeville house could well afford to hire this company at \$1000 per week, but of course the husbands can't spare them.

Carrie Howard Plummer as vocalist and Faith and Maxine Winters as instrumentalists helped to make a complete and perfect evening and all was another proof that one should never allow anything to prevent their being present when Gobles presents home talent.

A Great Tribute

If you are ever so fortunate as to visit our National Capitol at Washington, you will find many things there to thrill you. But none, perhaps, as stirring as one picture that hangs as a permanent gift to the American people and a fitting tribute to one of the most glorious deeds in all our nation's proud history.

This wonderful picture bears the simple title, "WE," and as its name suggests, depicts the gallant flight of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh from New York to Paris—the flight that thrilled the world, and gave it probably its most loved hero of all time.

And the best part of all this is, you can have a handsome copy of "WE," printed in twelve colors and measuring eighteen by twenty-four inches, to hang in your home.

You cannot buy the picture at any price. It may be had only through The Youth's Companion as its free gift to you with a year's subscription to the magazine.

In its new form as a monthly magazine, The Companion itself has more to offer than ever before—a full book-length novel complete in each issue; serials and short stories; feature articles, editorials, contests, puzzles, poems, recommendations of books and motion pictures, and special departments for both boys and girls covering their own favorite activities. In order that every American home may enjoy the inspiration of the famous picture "WE," we make the following liberal offer:

1. The Youth's Companion, 12 big monthly numbers, and
2. Two extra numbers to new subscribers ordering within 30 days, and
3. A copy of "WE" in 12 colors, framing size 18x24 inches. All for only \$2.

Subscriptions received at News office.

Sunny Day Club

Thursday, Nov. 22 the Sunny Day club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stolp. There was a goodly number present and all enjoyed a very pleasant day. At noon they all partook of a lovely dinner as usual. The afternoon was featured with the business meeting and program. Several boxes were sent to the shut-ins.

Plans were made for the dinner and bazaar to be held in Gobles at the Royal Neighbor hall Dec. 13.

Community Church

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

Rev. Mark Penoyer

Methodist Church

Sunday School, 10:00 o'clock.
Morning Worship, 11:00
Epworth League 6:00
Evening Services, 7:00
All services on Central time.
A welcome to all.

Rev. S. W. Hayes.

If your subscription to The News has expired, please call at once and settle.

Woman's Fortnightly Club

Thursday, Nov. 22 the Woman's Fortnightly Club met at the home of Mrs. Alah Smith. Meeting called to order by Pres. Stratton. Twenty-four members responded to roll call by naming "Men prominent in first Thanksgiving. Five minute talks were given on the following subjects:

Oysters, Fisheries, Minnie Brown. Soup, Macaroni, paper written by Nellie Taylor. Read by Mrs. Penoyer.

Cranberries, the Cranberry Fields, Maude Churchill.
Turkey, the Pilgrims' First Thanksgiving, Edna Tychem.

Pumpkin pie, Whittier's poem, Bertha Styles.

Coffee, from producer to consumer, Adah Wise.

Club adjourned to meet Dec. 6, with Mrs. Nellie Taylor.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank all who came to our assistance Nov. 12, when our house caught fire. Your help was greatly appreciated by Mrs. Ida Walters and Family.

WAVERLY

Remember the bazaar at the Waverly Grange hall Saturday, Dec. 1. Supper and sale begin at 6 o'clock. Everybody come.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Coffinger of Kalamazoo were callers at R. E. Sage's Sunday.

Otto Markillie and family were dinner guests of Seba Powers and family Sunday.

Bernard Blakeman underwent an operation on his hand at the university in Ann Arbor last Friday for the removal of a fractured bone which he sustained while playing football some time ago. It had caused him a lot of pain lately and an operation was necessary. He is doing as well as can be expected.

Notice of Hearing Claims

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Calvin D. Myers, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four months from the 21st day of November, A. D. 1928, 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 18th day of March, A. D. 1929, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday the 18th day of March, A. D. 1929 at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated Nov. 15th, A. D. 1928.

WM. KILLEFER, Judge of Probate.

Order for Publication

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

At a session of said court held at the Probate Office in the Village of Paw Paw in said county on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1928.

Present Hon. Wm. Killefer, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Mrs. Nathan Wilcox, deceased.

Wm. J. Richards, executor of said estate having filed in said court his final administration account and his petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered, That the 17th day of December, A. D. 1928 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Gobles News, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WM. KILLEFER, Judge of Probate.

A true copy, Mamie L. Shaefer, Register of Probate.

Order for Publication

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

At a session of said court held at the Probate Office in the Village of Paw Paw in said County, on the 14th day of November, A. D. 1928.

Present Hon. Wm. Killefer, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Sarah Coffinger, Deceased.

William E. Coffinger, son of said deceased, having filed in said court his petition praying for reasons therein stated that the administration of said estate be granted to said petitioner or to some other suitable person.

It is Ordered, That the 10th day of December, A. D. 1928, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is Further Ordered, That Public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy hereof for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Gobles News, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WM. KILLEFER, Judge of Probate.

A true copy, Mamie L. Shaefer, Register of Probate.

Notice of Hearing Claims

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Frank L. Fry, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four months from the 21st day of November, A. D. 1928, 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 25th day of March, A. D. 1929, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday the 25th day of March, A. D. 1929, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated November 21st, A. D. 1928.

WM. KILLEFER, Judge of Probate.

Birthday Club

The Brown District Birthday club met with Mrs. Clara Town Nov. 23, 1928. There were 17 members present and all spent a very enjoyable afternoon.

The hostess served a very dainty lunch, after which all enjoyed the program. At about four o'clock they adjourned to meet with Mary Sackett during the first part of December.

Mortgage Sale

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Anna Blanchard DeFrist, sole survivor of James K. Blanchard and Anna Blanchard of Pine Grove township, Van Buren County, Michigan to Elbert I. Barker, of the same place, dated the 10th day of August, A. D. 1925, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Van Buren and State of Michigan on the 10th day of August, A. D. 1925 in Liber 122 of mortgages, on page 367 on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal and interest, taxes and insurance paid the sum of One Thousand Two and 32/100 (\$1002 32/100) dollars, and an attorney's fee of Fifty (\$50 00) dollars, as provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Notice is Hereby Given, that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, on Monday, the 24th day of December, A. D. 1928, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the undersigned will, at the North Front Door of the Court House in the Village of Paw Paw, Michigan, that being the place where the Circuit Court for the county of Van Buren is held, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount so as aforesaid due on said mortgage, with seven per cent interest and all legal costs, together with said attorney's fee, to wit:

The Southwest Quarter of the Northeast Quarter and the North Half of the Southeast Quarter all on Section Number 21, Township Number 1 South and Range 13 West; also the North 26 acres of the South Half of the Southeast Quarter of said Section 21, containing 146 acres of land, more or less.

Cassius T. Barker, Frank W. Barker, Administrators of the Estate of Elbert I. Barker, Dec'd, Mortgagee.

Earl L. Burhans, Attorney for Mortgagee and Admsrs. of said Estate.

Business Address: Paw Paw, Michigan.

Constant Shifts of Land and Sea Areas

How the mountains of the eastern United States seem to have been in the habit, millions of years ago, of shutting up and opening out again, periodically, like an accordion—a procedure which they may not entirely have given up, was described by Charles Butts, of the United States geological survey, in a communication to the Washington Academy of Sciences.

Studies of rocks formed in different parts of what are now the Appalachian mountains several hundred million years ago, during what geologists call the Paleozoic age, have proved, Mr. Butts reported, that parts of these mountains were alternately under the ocean and exposed to the air.

These record, he said, "a constantly and gently oscillating crust or exterior shell of the earth which caused a continual shifting of the areas of land and sea."

There is no sign of sudden changes, lifting new mountains or engulfing former lands. The hand of nature worked so slowly that had men been there to see it the process might have passed unobserved.—Baltimore Sun.

Can't Do Away With Kiss

Men have gone to prison for stealing a kiss. The women of Athens once stopped a war by withholding their kisses until their husbands agreed to stop fighting. History was changed when Antony wasted a world for Cleopatra's kisses. And despite the fact that modern medical science inveighs against the kiss, that anti-kissing leagues have been formed and that in Russia the Soviet commissioner of health has forbidden kissing on the ground that it is unhygienic and a bourgeois practice, mistletoe continues to be bought in large quantities at Christmas, and lovers all over the world seem to be following the Biblical example of Jacob when he met Rachel at the well.—Exchange.

Doing Well, Too

"Is your son a success?"
"In his line."
"What's his line?"
"Oh, he demonstrates with the dressed young man."

Business Locals

Veal calves wanted. See or phone Lester Woodruff.

Indian relics wanted. See Van Ryno.

Buy Miller tires at Dorgan's filling station.

Hunting licenses at News office. J. E. Twitchell—Decorating.

Buy Goodyear tires at Gamboe's.

For good taxi service. Call S. W. Hayes.

Anyone wishing barn frames, heavy timbers or lumber should see me as am cutting a piece of timber. Lester Clark.

Doing a bigger and better business than ever. Quality goods at Lowest Prices possible. See us for prices before buying. The Quality Store, J. M. Gilbert, Pine Grove.

School Notes

Mrs. Niles' and Mrs. Lugars' rooms were one hundred per centers again for bank day last Friday.

Three months of the 1928-29 school year have already gone. Report cards for the third month were handed out Tuesday. While it is true that marks are not everything in one's school experience, it is also true that they are very important and should be taken seriously. Low marks should be the subject of investigation by student and parent alike in order to find out what the trouble is, and how it can be corrected.

The basketball boys are practicing hard, and with a good lot of support from students and townspeople we believe that they will go a long way. Plan on attending every basketball game and buy a season ticket so that it will be cheaper.

Many new books have been placed in the library this year. Among the recent books to be added are: Through the Brazilian Wilderness by Theodore Roosevelt; a life of Edison by Bryan; In Brightest Africa by Carl E. Akely; Woodrow Wilson As I Know Him, by Tumulty; the Rise of the American People by Usher; Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain; Book of Holidays, Florence Nightengale and many others. People of the community are welcomed to use School Library books.

The Student Council and Athletic Association have been reorganized into one body. Important committee announcements will be made later. The object of the Council is to make a more democratic school with students and teachers working toward a single objective.

We thank Mrs. Glenn Smith for the book "Silver Arrow" recently donated to the School Library. Other donations will be appreciated.

Don't forget the high school debate with Eau Claire on December 6th. No admission charge.

Junior play December 12th. Buy your tickets early.

The American History class is using the Literary Digest one day a week for the study of current topics.

Thanksgiving recess Thursday and Friday this week. Apparently this is satisfactory as no complaints from students have been voiced.

KENDALL

Mrs. Mable Waber has gone to Kalamazoo for the winter.

Sunday, Nov. 18 Mr. and Mrs. C. Ruell visited Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Earl of Bloomingdale.

Last Monday night a Hudson sedan turned over at Blackinton's corner. The driver was alone but was not hurt. The car was able to proceed on its own power to Paw Paw.

Mrs. John Ransler is planning to move to the hotel.

Mr. Russell Waite has returned from deer hunting but got no deer.

Sunday Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Earl

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.

1 month, in advance, 15c.
3 months, in advance, 45c.
6 months, in advance, 85c.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Business Locals, 5 cents a line per line.
Church Notices, half price.
All Poetry 5c per line, in advance.
Resolutions, 75 cents per set.
Cards of thanks, obituaries and notices are to be paid for in advance.
Obituaries, 25 lines free; all over 25 lines 50 cents per line will be charged.
Cards of Thanks, 50 cents.

Copy for advertising must reach this office not later than Tuesday noon. All that is later can be laid one side until the following week.
Copies of the paper, 5c each. Copies of paper are not included in obituaries or cards of thanks.
Member Michigan Press Association
National Editorial Association

FREE BATTERY charging

radio repair work. Luther Howard

Furs Wanted—Highest price paid. F. J. Austin.

Order Christmas Greeting Cards now at News office.

4-roll corn husker for sale only \$40. Earl McNamara, Menthla.

Ivo Radiator Glycerine and Alcohol. Dixie Service Station.

Day old calves wanted. See or phone Royal Keller, north of Kendall.

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

Dry cleaning and pressing. Will call for and deliver. Call Max Brown.

Have prospects for good farms in this locality. Write description of yours and I will see you personally. C. L. Richardson, Jr., P. O. Box 391 Gobles, Michigan.

Good cow, fresh soon, for sale. See Otto Markillie.

Lost—Bag of beans, near Will Gault's. Finder please phone Otto Markillie.

Man's New fur coat, Morris chair and 2 large rockers for sale. F. J. Austin.

Time to order that new Remington Portable for Christmas. Any color at News office.

Will rent west half of my house and garage across from Methodist church. B. Luedeking or inquire at News office.

Reliable woman desires place on farm to work and make home for herself. Box 433, Gobles.

Barred Rock pullets for sale. W. E. Coffinger.

10 Gobles grown apple with spirea \$1 bought now. Nursery. 11-10t

Good load of good corn for sale. Warren Sanford.

2 good cows, 4 and 8 years old, good 2-horse wagon and box complete for sale. See or phone H. D. Valleau.

4 head young cattle for sale. See Will Day.

Registered O. I. C. stock hog for service. Lester Clark.

Washings, Mrs. C. Lamphere. Pine Grove Corners.

1925 Ford Fordor, Dodge touring and Ford truck for sale at Gamboe's

Car for sale, in good condition, cheap. See M. R. Giddings at Kelly's garage.

If you are planning on an Auction Sale, will be pleased to cry it for you. Rates reasonable. Glenn E. Woodruff, Gobles, R. 1.

Ford battery \$8.00 and your old battery. J. C. Gamboe.

Fire Insurance—I have the agency for the Dowagiac City and Village Mutual and will be glad to care for your needs in fire insurance. Charles S. Howard.

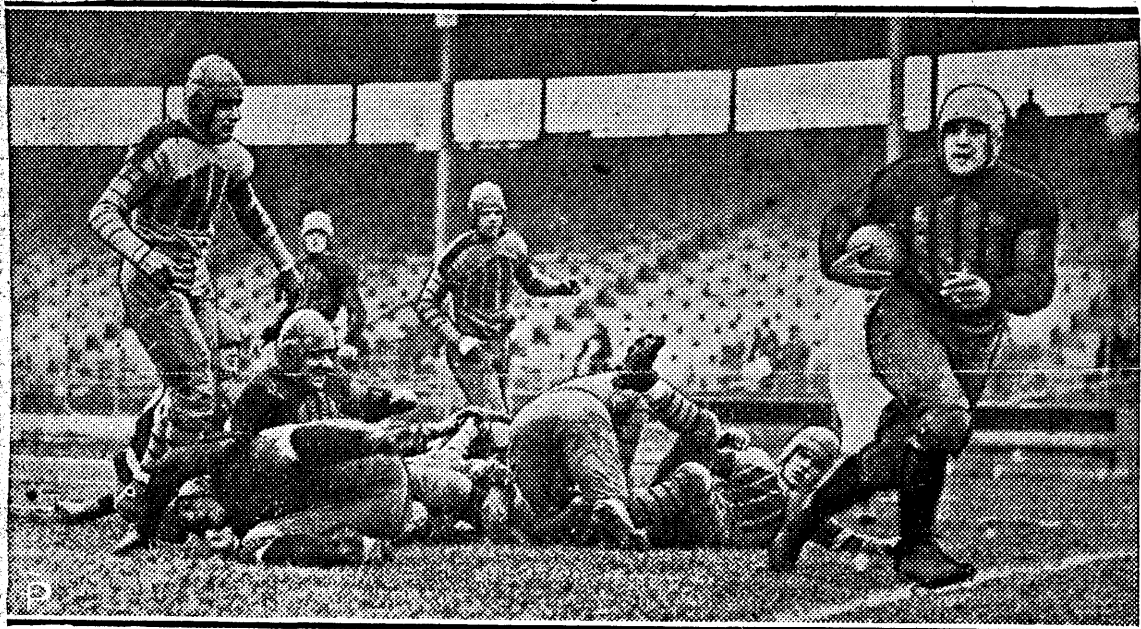
Aleming service for all makes of cars. J. C. Gamboe.

Good 40 acre farm for sale. Phone 33F6.

FOR SALE—1 violin, 4 saxophones in

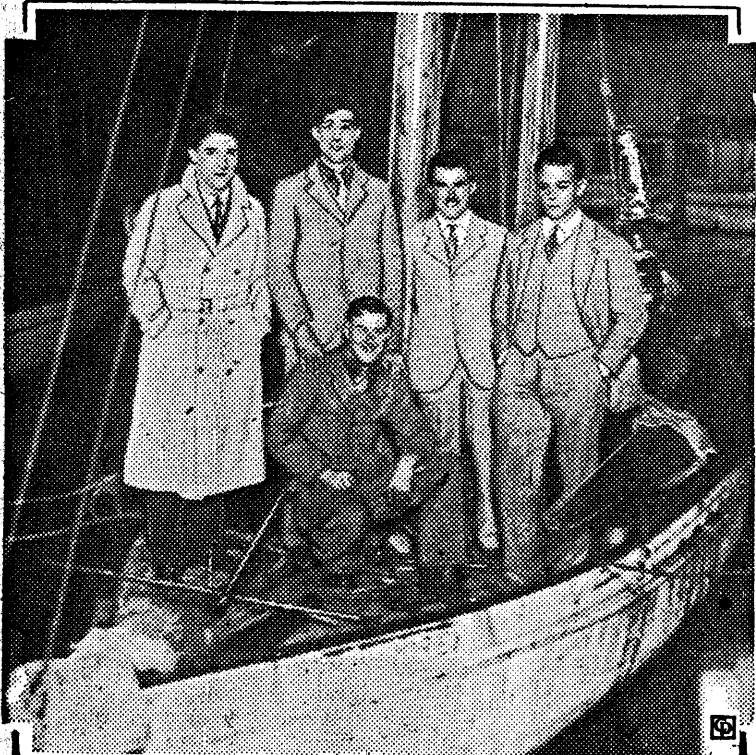
CAMERA NEWS

Carnegie Tech Claims Eastern Football Title



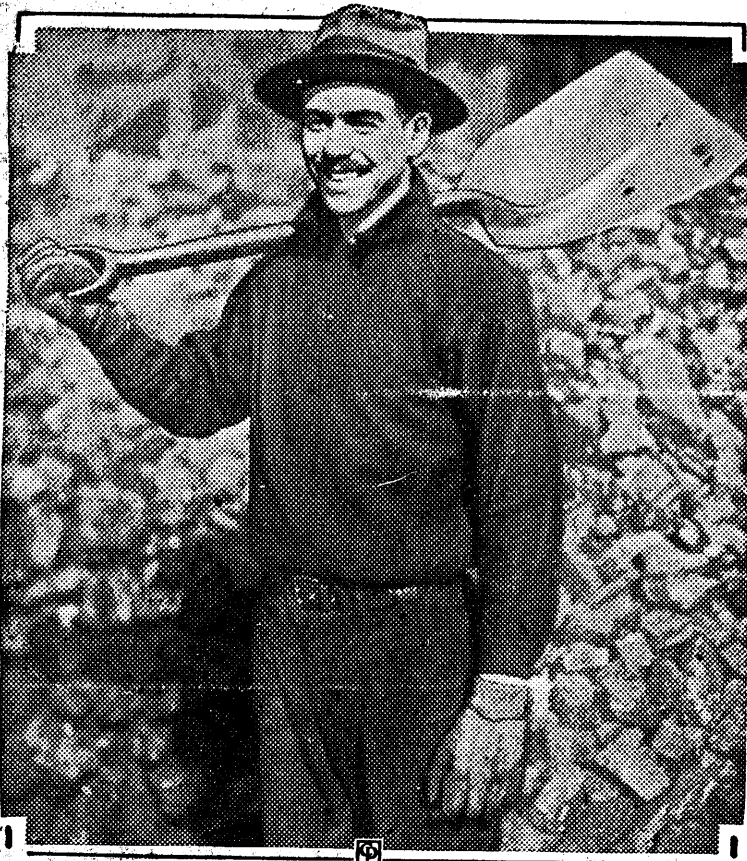
Central Press photo of Big John Karcis, Carnegie Tech star fullback, smashing through Georgetown's line in their game at Albany, N. Y., which Carnegie won, 13 to 0. Being the only undefeated major college in the east with the exception of Boston college, which has not had as tough a schedule, Carnegie grid followers claim the eastern title for their team. Carnegie has beaten Pittsburgh, Washington and Jefferson and Georgetown, and has Notre Dame and New York university left to play.

Youths Return From Viking Trip



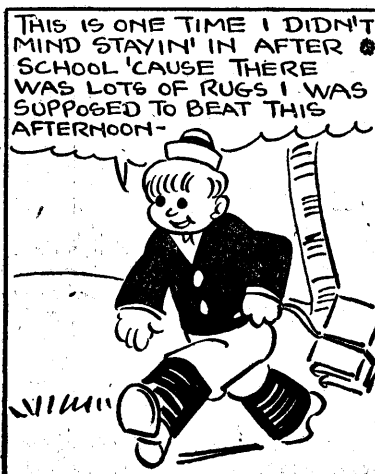
Five American youths, headed by Desmond X. Holdridge, 23, of Baltimore, Md., have returned after an adventurous trip of 5,000 miles through the icy regions of Labrador, where they encountered Commander Donald MacMillan, whose respect they gained as "intrepid navigators with the spirit of vikings." Photo shows the youths arriving at Baltimore.

Coal Baron's Son Totes Shovel



Each day George Getz, Jr., son and heir to the millions of his father, George Getz, Sr., spends 11 hours in his father's coal yard in Chicago. Dressed in a blue shirt, corduroy trousers, leather work shoes, white cotton gloves and a battered felt hat he labors for \$25 a week as a helper. He is preparing for the day when he will take over the management of his father's millions.

Jimmy Jams



New Ambassador?



According to reports the present Italian ambassador to the United States, Nobile Giacomo de Martino, is to be replaced by Ambassador Attolica, above, now representing Italy in the Argentine.

Peasant Premier



After 50 years of almost uninterrupted rule by powerful capitalistic and landed interests, greater Rumania has passed into the hands of a peasant government led by Juliu Maniu, new premier, above. The agrarian population is 16,000,000.

Sally's Sallies



A husband is seldom missed by the wife with a good aim in life.

STARVING DEER ARE PROBLEM OF STATE

Conservation officials are seriously considering a plan to prevent a repetition of a condition that has existed in certain parts of the upper peninsula during the winter months, says Albert Stoll, Jr., writing in the Detroit News. For a number of years back, during periods of heavy snow, it has been found that deer inhabiting lands that have been lumbered over become trapped in these areas and face starvation, he says. Ground forage is buried deep and what little browse is standing is hardly sufficient to take care of the isolated animals. This has resulted in attempted winter feeding by settlers and residents of the smaller towns and has not proven overly successful.

If the deer, before the deep snows set in, were driven to swamp areas they would be fully capable of taking care of themselves, Stoll declares. Under natural conditions deer will not starve to death. They face this only when cover has been removed and they are unable to travel to food and shelter.

"This condition has become particularly acute in the neighborhood of Hulbert in Chippewa county, set down in the midst of a vast acreage of cut-over land that has not had an opportunity to re-establish its tree growth as yet and offers little in the way of winter food," Stoll continues.

"The suggestion has been made that immediately following the close of the deer hunting season on November 30 that conservation officers should make an effort to drive deer from areas of this nature into swamp covers. This could be accomplished through the use of dogs. One hound with a good lusty voice will drive every deer to cover within a radius of several miles. With these dogs under the control of wardens there is little danger that deer would suffer any ill effects from the drive and it would place them in areas where the danger from starvation would be practically eliminated. This could be accomplished only before deep snows set in and may be the means of eliminating the possibility of the animals perishing through lack of sufficient food or becoming the prey of predatory animals while in a weakened condition.

Show \$16,279 Net Profit For Ionia Fair

A net profit of \$16,279.22 was made from the fourteenth annual free fair held last August, a report read Monday evening at a banquet tendered by the Ionia Free Fair association. A financial statement for the current year read by Treasurer J. H. Smith showed total receipts of \$64,866.08, as compared with disbursements of \$58,586.76.

The report compares favorably with that of last year despite a heavy falling off in patronage experienced in fair circles in all sections of the country. The greatest source of revenue was the receipts of the grandstand, which totaled \$27,480.80 for the six days the fair was conducted.

Gov. Green was re-elected president and Fred A. Chapman secretary of the Ionia Free Fair association. Green, after addressing the meeting, left for Seney on his annual deer hunting expedition.

Fennville First in Apples

Fennville high school won first prize in the special class for 10 standard varieties of apples at the twentieth annual horticultural show held at East Lansing in connection with the autumn flower show. Hart was second and Benton Harbor, third.

Prizes totaling \$50 were offered to the winning schools. J. W. Pickett, Dutton, was awarded first prize for his entry in the pear class, and H. Schaefer and Sons, Sparta, won in the grape class.

Agricultural department of the Hart high school sent a large display of several varieties of apples to the show, which was held in the new armory building.

State Demand Fish Be Chilled

Out of fairness to the commercial fishermen of the state, the conservation department is warning them that next year all fish taken must be immediately packed in ice. Next season the department will enforce Section 7, Act 159, Michigan Public Acts of 1919, which requires that "any person, firm, copartnership, association or corporation engaged in the taking of fish for commercial purposes from May 5 to September 15, shall carry sufficient ice to properly chill said fish at the time and place of their removal from the water."

It is the opinion of the fish division of the department that the provision tends to place the fish on the market in better condition, thereby benefiting both the fishermen and the buying public. The announcement that the law will be enforced is being made now so that commercial fishermen may make arrangements to store ice during the approaching winter.

The apple men now claim that two apples a day are better than one. Of cores they are.

The average man, says a government bulletin, has 60 buttons on his clothes. The figure is lower, of course for married men.

Form Artichoke Company at Edmore

The National Artichoke Products Co., with 100 growers and business men as charter members, has been organized here. W. D. Fast, a Big Rapids lawyer, was elected temporary president and A. H. Breese, Lansing, temporary secretary.

The purpose of the company will be to introduce and develop artichokes as a food and sugar supply. The company is seeking 1,000 acres of this vegetable for 1929 and announces arrangements have been made with the University of Michigan to refine the new crop, make sugar and experiment in the production of byproducts.

Stockholders of the company visited the 18-acre artichoke field owned by H. P. Albaugh, near here. Mr. Albaugh said Henry Ford had purchased a quantity of seed for experimental purposes and that the Michigan Sugar Co. had manifested interest in the project.

The following directors were elected: J. A. Doelle, Lansing; R. W. Thomas, Trufant; David Brake, Fremont; Robert A. Wiley, Grand Rapids; C. O. Jordan, Shelby; H. P. Albaugh, Edmore; C. E. Toms, Lansing; C. A. Cheney, Empire; G. E. Harter, Toledo, O.; C. C. Ludwig, Lansing; H. Curtis, Cadillac; F. J. Harger, Stanwood; C. L. Brady, Lansing; C. Heidelberg, Big Rapids; W. D. Fast, Big Rapids. The board will hold its first meeting Nov. 25 at Lansing and at that time will elect new officers.

Dairies Can't Keep Unfair Price Level

The president of the Michigan Milk Producers Association, N. P. Hull, Lansing, told 300 members of the organization at their twelfth annual meeting in East Lansing that it is impossible for any dairymen's association to maintain an unfairly high price for milk within a limited area.

Mr. Hull said that as soon as the price rose above a figure determined by supply and demand, dairymen from distant points would begin marketing their product in competition with the producers near the city in which the unfair price was being paid.

The Michigan dairymen's organization now has 15,000 members and the annual gross business done by the association amounts to \$20,000,000.

Professor E. L. Anthony, dairy department, Michigan State College, told the milk producers that the three problems facing them are: the stimulation of a higher per capita consumption of dairy products; the production of a better grade of milk and butter; and a lower unit cost in producing dairy products.

Directors elected at the meeting were N. P. Hull, Lansing; Fred Beardslee, Oxford; J. C. Near, Flat Rock, and William Hunter, Sandusky.

Egg Laying Records Set

New records for individual production, for the number of "300 egg" hens, and for consecutive day production, were established at the Sixth International Egg Laying contest just completed at the Michigan State College.

A White Leghorn hen owned by the Lafayette Poultry Farm, Ind., produced 326 eggs in 365 days as compared to the old record of 314 eggs. Ten hens in the contest this year produced 300 or more eggs. The largest number to obtain the "300 egg" class in previous contests was seven. Lafayette Poultry Farm had one White Leghorn pullet that laid an egg a day for 116 consecutive days. The first and only Barred Rock to lay more than 300 eggs in 51 weeks was entered by the Meadowbrook Hatchery, Avoca, Mich. This hen produced 307 eggs in 357 days, and at the end of the 365 day period has increased the total to 313 eggs.

The winning pen of the entire contest was entered by W. C. Eckard, of Paw Paw, Mich. His 10 White Leghorns produced 2,594 eggs for a total of 2,619 points in 51 weeks. The high pen among the Rhode Island Red entries is owned by the West Neck Poultry Farm, Long Island, N. Y. The high Barred Rock pen was entered by the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ontario.

The sixth contest was decided by the point system which rewarded hens producing eggs of desirable size and penalized those hens producing small or undersized eggs. Proof that desirable egg size can be obtained without materially reducing the number of eggs is shown in the fact that the first and second place pens won on points and the number of eggs produced.

Allegan Obtains Trout Fingerlings, Pheasants

Through the efforts of J. W. Schreckengust of Saugatuck, county conservation officer, A. L. Hughes of the state fish hatchery at Benton Harbor and members of the Izaak Walton chapter of Allegan, six trout streams in this county have been planted with fingerling rainbow and speckled trout. There were 60 cans of 50 each.

The streams where the fingerlings were planted are Bear, Silver, Miller, Goshorn, Swan and Mann creeks. The fingerlings were between four and five inches long. All streams are to be posted, prohibiting spearing, and the law will be rigidly enforced, Schreckengust states.

Two crates of 15 Chinese ringneck pheasant cocks also have been placed in woods with hen pheasants.

Poultry

PREPARE FOR HIGH WINTER PRODUCTION

When the big laying season is on, in the first half of the year, hens are producing eggs in quantity. The trouble is that everybody else's hens are doing exactly the same thing. And that keeps the price down. In the early winter, however, prices are practically double, due to the shortage of eggs. Developing hens for all year around laying is an important point in poultry raising. Hens that produce during the off season are the best profit makers. It's the old law of supply and demand.

Now is the time to get your hens into condition for high winter production. You can do this largely through proper feeding. Get enough feed into your birds, feed of the proper kind.

Pullets entering their first egg producing period should be matured during the six weeks following October 1st. Mature your pullets on growing feed before forcing them for egg production. Wrong feeding methods will retard maturity. Correct feeding will develop the pullets completely as to every function and will bring them to early laying with a nominal body weight. This is essential to maximum egg production.

Egg production is always reduced by moving pullets after they have begun to lay. This trouble can be eliminated by moving the birds to their winter quarters several weeks before laying. In the dark winter months sunshine is at a premium. The work of the sun, therefore, must be supplemented by feeding a good grade of cod liver oil. Due to its high content of vitamins A and D, cod liver oil keeps the birds in a healthy, rugged condition. To get the persistent laying habit fixed, feed liberally. Don't forget to feed a good grade of grit material, for a hen cannot function properly without the shell material to cover her eggs.

SUPPLY VITAMIN D TO THE FALL LAYERS

The mere cleaning up of the laying houses and moving the pullets into them will not insure heavy production of eggs during the fall and winter months. House and yard cleaning are important steps to take before the winter laying season opens, to be sure, but other items are necessary.

In the first place, the laying pullets must be supplied with vitamin D. This can be provided in two ways. First, it may be supplied to the pullets by using a good grade of glass substitute in the south exposure of the laying house. This material, used in place of window glass in a part or all of the windows, will allow the ultra-violet rays of the sunlight to reach the laying birds. This light builds up vitamin D in the body of the fowls.

The second manner in which vitamin D may be provided is through the use of cod liver oil in the ration. A good grade of oil should be used. By this, we mean that the oil should be tested for vitamin D content, because the primary value of cod liver oil lies in the vitamin D which it supplies to the laying birds.

Young pullets just coming into production need vitamin D even more than do heavy producing mature birds. It is necessary for these pullets to continue their growth for some time, at least, after they have started to lay. This is important, because a stunted, immature pullet will not be able to stand the strain of long continued winter production. If the best producers are to be kept for breeding purpose as old hens, the need for full growth and proper development is even greater.

In feeding a good grade of cod liver oil, 1 per cent by weight should be added to the ration. If the laying flock is being fed by the all-mash system, one pint of cod liver oil per 100 pounds of mash will give approximately this amount of oil in the ration. If the pullets are fed by the mash and scratch grain method, the cod liver oil should be added in sufficient quantities to the mash to be equivalent to one pint of oil per 100 pounds of mash and scratch grain fed.

State Reports Deer Plentiful

Reports from department of conservation officers in the hunting areas indicate that deer will be plentiful this fall. Contrary to reports, the 1927-28 winter must have agreed with the fleet-footed inhabitants of Michigan's northern woods for in almost every section signs point to large population.

The department's plan for the annual rush have been completed for the past two weeks. A new arrangement of the law enforcement officers this year is expected to result in stricter observance of the regulations. Employees of the forest fire prevention division are to be placed in the employ of the game protection division. These men are required by the nature of their work to know every inch of their respective sections. There is not a road or stream that is not known to them. When they join hands with the conservation officer the law-breaker will be confronted with an almost insurmountable wall of law enforcement. Last year special deputies were dispatched from Lansing, but they were seriously handicapped in their work by not knowing the country. The fire fighters will be virtually working in their own back yard and are expected to prove a big aid in protecting Michigan's deer from the hunter who chooses to gamble with the law.

BIRDS SANCTUARY EXCEEDS DREAM

That the Bird Sanctuary at Gull lake has gone beyond the expectations of the founder and owner, W. K. Kellogg, was the statement made by George H. Corsan, director, before the Michigan-Indiana Museums Association. "But I haven't started yet," he added.

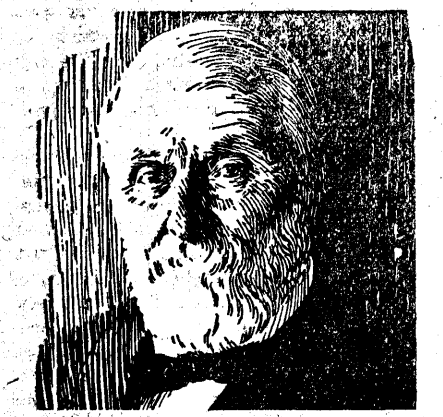
The 800 acres included in the Kellogg Sanctuary include Wintergreen lake, which is full of vegetation. Two hundred acres have been fenced against skunks and three acres form a special preserve. The purpose of the sanctuary is to preserve the forms of bird life that are threatened with extinction. And there is no observation organization to govern the activities there. The sanctuary is a power unto itself.

"There is nothing so particular as game bird propagation," said Mr. Corsan, "and we are planning to make ours a wonderful place. Ganders must be kept warm to insure fertile eggs. We have a nice large duck pen with some 600 ducks in it now, and a nice big swimming pool for the tender varieties of duck, also a pool for the geese. Away below zero they will go in to keep their feet warm. The birds are not kept confined. They are free to go and come, as they please. A few wing tips have been shot off, but very few."

Many new varieties are being added all the time. The Coscoroba, so named because of its call as it flies, is a water fowl being imported at great cost from Patagonia and Argentina, South America. Among the other swans threatened with extinction is the Whooper, which has been ordered from Holland. The Trumpeter is another one from that country.

Two big flocks of Canadian geese are at the sanctuary, one numbering 19 and the other 27. They have been hovering there for the past week, flying to lakes adjacent and one came up missing. A flock of Whistler swans went over the sanctuary but have not settled there as yet.

Mr. Corsan has waged war on red squirrels, blue jays and all owls except the barn owl, likewise cats, as undesirable around bird life.



DR. CALDWELL'S THREE RULES

Dr. Caldwell watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the most delicate system and is not habit forming.

The Doctor never did approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for human beings to put into their system. Use Syrup Pepsin for yourself and members of the family in constipation, biliousness, sour and crampy stomach, bad breath, no appetite, headaches, and to break up fevers and colds. Get a bottle today, at any drugstore and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open. For a free trial bottle, just write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois.

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Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

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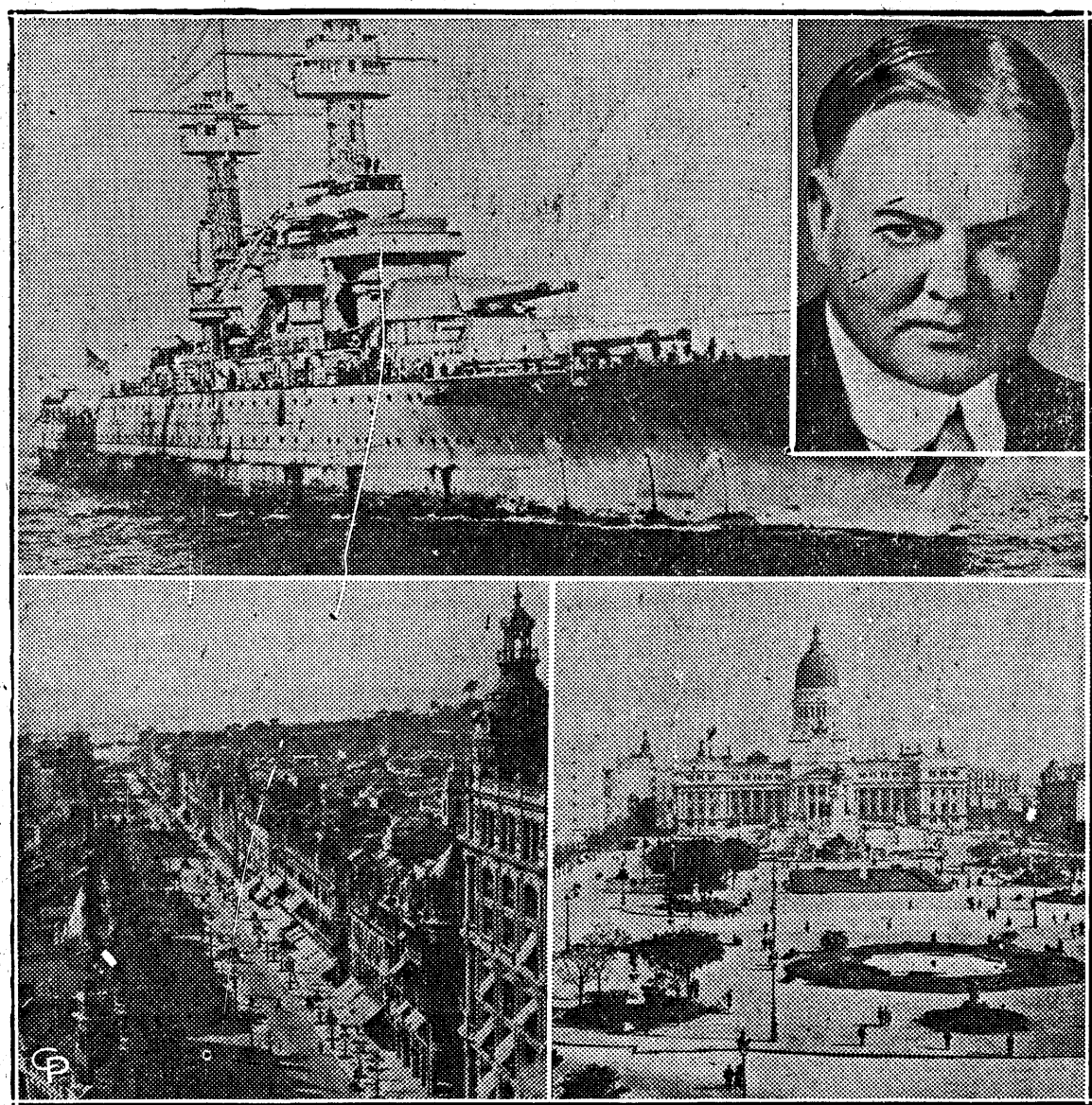
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DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

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Hoover on Goodwill Tour of South America



President-elect Herbert Clark Hoover decided to spend the time before his inauguration on a goodwill tour of Latin-American countries. Although a worldwide traveler he has never visited South America. Top photo shows the super-dreadnaught Maryland, assigned to the president-elect for the trip by President Coolidge, with inset of Hoover; below, left, Central avenue in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and right, Central Plaza in Buenos Aires, Argentina, probable ports of call on the goodwill tour now being made.

U. OF M. FORMS "GLIDER" CLUB

Organization of a glider section of the University of Michigan Aeronautical Society was accomplished at Ann Arbor recently under the chairmanship of Robert B. Evans, of Detroit. More than 130 members of the society expressed an interest in gliding last week by their attendance at a meeting where movies of gliding activities in Germany were shown. Addresses were given by Donald F. Walker, of Detroit, manager of the Evans Glider Clubs of America, organized last summer by Edward S. Evans, Detroit capitalist, and Forest Health, secretary of Gliders, Inc., Detroit manufacturers of engineless planes.

The glider section of the Aeronautical Society plans to purchase several gliders for use as soon as possible. The students are investigating the country around Ann Arbor to find suitable terrain for gliding. The Irish Hills on the Chicago Turnpike, west of Clinton, suggest good possibilities, members of the glider section say, but it is planned to locate nearer the campus if possible.

A "schooling" glider soon is to be purchased from Gliders, Inc. It is also planned to purchase a glider direct from Germany. Later gliders will be built in the shops of the aeronautical department of the university.

Mr. Evans has named the following committee of students to assist in carrying out plans: Daniel W. Smith, of Detroit, secretary; E. S. Evans, of Detroit, business manager; Jack T. Gray, of Bay City, technical adviser; George Tilley, of Ann Arbor, publicity manager.

A scientist says that the earth is revolving faster than it used to. And in this day of prohibition, too!

Ravenna Bank Shows Progress

First State Bank of Ravenna has made a rapid growth the past year, according to S. J. Linck, local cashier, who made it known the deposits had increased from \$91,000 to \$138,000 since Nov. 8, 1927.

The bank was organized and opened Sept. 8, 1926, to replace the old Ravenna Private bank, which failed in 1924. The new bank has \$24,000 in reserve, an excess of \$8,000 over state requirements. Today 274 patrons have active commercial accounts, while 321 have opened savings accounts. B. P. Sherwood of Grand Haven, president, makes frequent trips to Ravenna and keeps in close touch with the business. Since the opening of the bank in 1926, business has been stimulated in the village of Ravenna.

Directors of the bank are: B. P. Sherwood of Grand Haven, president; A. E. Jacobson of Grand Haven, vice president; S. J. Linck of Ravenna, cashier; W. H. Loutit of Grand Haven, A. E. Gale of Grand Haven and George Herman and H. S. Averill of Ravenna.

Buildings Cost \$2,000,000

More than \$2,000,000 worth of new buildings are now under construction or will be started before the close of the present year in and about Greater Muskegon. Included in this total are 14 definite projects, ten of which are under construction at present. Among the larger projects are: The \$800,000 addition to the Occidental Hotel; a \$300,000 addition to the plant of the Campbell, Wyant and Cannon Foundry Company; the \$250,000 Central M. E. Church building; the \$60,000 Reformed Church building; the \$70,000 Loeschner business block; the addition to the Muskegon Piston Ring Company plant; a branch bank building for the Muskegon Savings Bank and a Plant for the American Coil Spring Company. In addition to these structures, the Peoples State Bank for Savings recently announced plans for a ten-story bank and office building.

The General: "Jolly good sermon. Fellow deserves a better congregation. Hardly a soul in the place, b'gad!"

The Widow: "Wasn't it dreadful? Every time he said 'dearly beloved,' I felt as if I'd received a proposal!"

Attention, Furniture Workers

Cabinetmakers
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And other experienced furniture factory help.

Furniture Workers Free Employment Service
211 Erie Street, N. W.
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HALT HIGHWAY JOB WITH GUN

Claiming the state had offered them no payment for land it had condemned for state highway purposes, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Chanter, the former armed with a shotgun, successfully held at bay a squad of state roadworkers, and prevented them from carrying on a highway project on the Cooper street road, about three miles north of Jackson.

William Rotheman, foreman of the gang, appealed to Sheriff Thomas Lovitt for aid, which was declined, and State Highway Commissioner Frank F. Rogers was appealed to by telephone by Richard Price, attorney for the Chanters. Because of Roger's absence, no decision could be obtained and the work was halted.

Denied Bus License, Firm Tries Evasion

Appearing before the Michigan Public Utilities Commission to show cause why they should not be restrained from operating freight-carrying busses over fixed courses without a license, representative of the Star Transfer Lines, of Grand Rapids, advanced the unusual defense that their company was simply a contract hauler for the United Freight Forwarding Co., a Delaware corporation.

Questioning brought out that the United Freight Forwarding Co. was organized by the officials of the Star Transfer Lines after the latter company had been denied a license to operate bus lines in Michigan. Contracts for carrying freight are made in the name of the Delaware corporation, but the hauling is done by the Star Transfer Lines. Daily trips are made between Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo, Battle Creek, Lansing, Muskegon and Howell. The same territory is served by the Associated Truck Lines, a licensed company.

The United Freight Forwarding Co. has been authorized by the secretary of state's office to do business in Michigan but never has been licensed to engage in the carrying of freight.

Members of the commission said recently that if a company could escape the necessity of obtaining a license in the manner devised by the Star Transfer Lines, the State no longer would have any control over the hauling of freight by busses. The decision in the case was reserved, but the members made it plain they were not satisfied with the company's showing. It is likely that the attorney-general will be asked to obtain an injunction restraining the defendants from further operations.

5,346,411 Visit State Parks During Summer

Figures compiled by P. J. Hoffmaster, superintendent of the state parks for the conservation department, show that 5,346,411 persons visited the parks up to Sept. 15. There was an increase in attendance of 4.6 per cent over 1927.

Only one state in the Union failed to send a visitor to one of the 47 camps. Last year 48 states were represented at some time during the season.

Start Reserve Corps At Tech with 150

Lieutenant Donald S. Burns, U. S. A., who has arrived at the Michigan College of Mining and Technology to organize an engineering unit of the Reserve Officers Training Corps, says the corps will start with an enrollment of approximately 150 men, of whom ten or more will take advanced work. It is believed it will be the largest unit of its kind in the country in proportion to the total college enrollment.

There will be a two-year basis course and a two-year advanced course. The work will fit in nicely with the engineering courses now being taught. In addition to the regular training, the R. O. T. C. men will attend one camp for a period of six weeks during the summer between the sophomore and junior years. They will receive transportation to and from camp, their subsistence while in camp and \$29.40 in pay. Students enrolled in the advanced course will receive 30 cents per day or approximately \$9.00 per month for two full academic years and one regular summer vacation period, less a period of six weeks of summer camp. They will also receive an allowance of \$30 for uniform the first year of the advanced course and \$6 the second year. The last is to cover the cost of necessary repair to uniform.

Both basic and advanced courses require a certain number of hours per week in subjects designated. The total for the first year basic course is 96 hours and the same number of hours for second year. Advanced students put in 160 hours the first year and 162 the second. The training will include military courtesy and discipline, map reading and military sketching, combat principles, military explosives and demolitions, military roads and railroads, military bridges, fortifications, military law and O. R. O. regulations, military history, engineering organizations and duties of engineers, and map making and reproduction.

Military training, it is explained, is not designed to enhance the military spirit, but is of value to the student in his civic career, whether or not he ever is actively associated with the cause of national defense. In case of a national emergency, R. O. T. C. units would serve as a source of supply of efficient officer material.

Tonnage Record At Soo Broken

Record breaking freight tonnage carried through the locks of the St. Mary's Falls Canal in October brings the total tonnage for the season to Nov. 1 to 75,278,228 tons, just 14,260 short of the tonnage for the corresponding period last year, it was revealed by publication of the monthly lock report. All October tonnage records were broken last month when 13,602,971 tons of freight were carried by 3,032 steamers. Only three times before in history did October tonnage pass the 13,000,000 mark. The present season is up with last year despite the fact that 1928 started out short 4,500,000 tons by virtue of the fact that there was no movement this year in April. Indications are that the 1927 tonnage will be bettered by 1928 by two or three million tons if the present brisk movement continues throughout November.

Irate Customer: "Here look what you did!"

Laundryman: "I can't see anything wrong with that lace."

"Lace? That was a sheet!"

Colds Checked

By modern vaporizing ointment—Just rub on

VICKS VAPORUB

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CANCER FREE BOOK

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Tells cause of cancer and what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today, mentioning this paper. Address Indianapolis Cancer Hospital, Indianapolis, Indiana

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NOVELTY GARDEN CITY

100 Market Ave., S. W.

SEEK CHANGES IN STATE BANKING LAWS

Several changes in the state banking laws are to be sought at the coming session of the legislature, according to R. E. Reichert, state banking commissioner.

None of them, however, will be of drastic nature. They will, if passed, be modifications of existing statutes and aimed to keep Michigan abreast of her growing financial status.

One of the proposed measures, according to Mr. Reichert, will give banks more latitude in the investment of their savings funds and make it possible for them to invest in more liquid securities.

A bill changing the requirements of banks doing a trust company business is also sought. Under present requirements banks must set aside a portion of its capital for that purpose in an amount equal to that fixed for trust companies in their community and in addition are required to set aside proportionate sums from their surplus and undivided profits.

A third measure which will be presented to the legislature would make changes in assignments from earnings to surplus. Under present statute banks must place 10 per cent of their earnings into its surplus until its surplus equals 20 per cent of its capital stock. The change would be to 25 per cent of its earnings until its surplus equals 50 per cent of its capital stock.

A measure in this direction was passed by the legislature at its last session, but was vetoed by Governor Green at the request of the banking department and the legislative committee when an error was found after its enactment.

Traverse Lands Sought for Oil

Reluctant to sign away city property and yet loath to deprive the city of oil well profits, if any are to be had, the city commission has laid on the table a lease offered by C. H. Nason of Traverse City for 1,100 acres of municipal land near the Brown bridge dam for oil drilling purposes.

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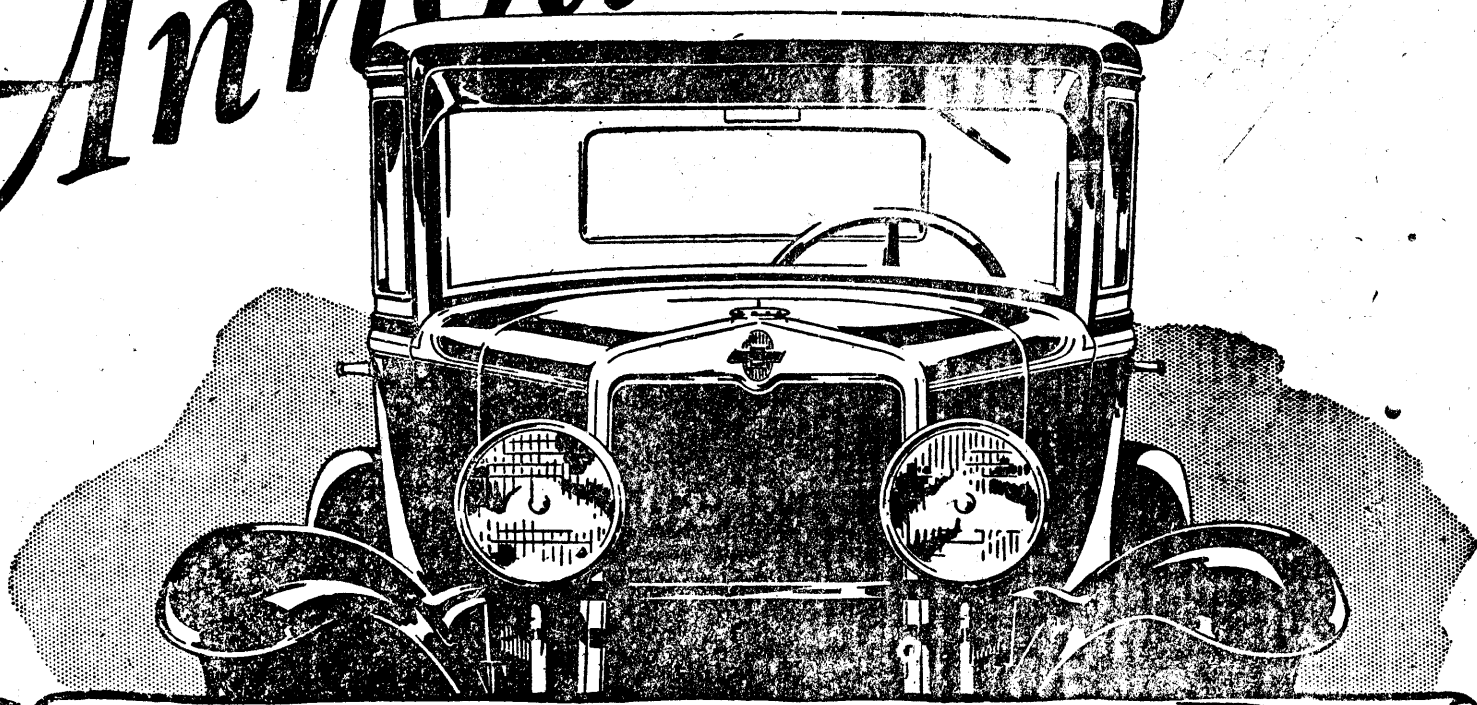
Sample Free, "Citigra," Dept. 2, Madison, Wis.

Mother!

Child's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"

Hurry Mother! A teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" now will thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love its pleasant taste. Tell your druggist you want only the genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother, you must say "California." Refuse any imitation.

Announcing -



The Outstanding Chevrolet of Chevrolet History

- a Six in the price range of the four!

The Chevrolet Motor Company announces The Outstanding Chevrolet of Chevrolet History . . . a Six in the price range of the four!

Spectacular as Chevrolet's achievements have been in the past . . . notable as its engineering triumphs have proved themselves to be—this remarkable new car dwarfs every previous Chevrolet accomplishment. Not only does it introduce into the low-priced field an entirely new measure of performance, comfort, beauty and style—but it is sold at prices so low as to alter every previous conception of motor car value.

The new six-cylinder valve-in-head engine—developed from more than a hundred motors designed especially for this sensational car—stands out as an engineering masterpiece. With a power increase of approximately 32% over the previous Chevrolet motor . . . with sensationally greater speed and faster acceleration—it offers a type of performance that is literally astounding—even to those who have been accustomed to driving cars costing hundreds of dollars more. And it affords an economy averaging better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline!

In appearance, this Outstanding Chevrolet is destined to become an automotive sensation—so smart, so stylish and so distinctively appointed that it rivals the

costliest custom creations. The marvelous new Fisher bodies are longer, lower and roomier with an adjustable driver's seat in all closed models—and reveal the matchless artistry of Fisher designers. With their modish new colors, their smart dual mouldings and their distinctive concave pillars, they achieve a degree of original beauty that has seldom been equalled in motor car design.

You are cordially invited to visit our showroom and secure complete and detailed information on this sensational new car which will be ready for delivery beginning January 1st.

The Roadster . . .	\$525
The Phaeton . . .	\$525
The Coach . . .	\$595
The Coupe . . .	\$595
The Sedan . . .	\$675
The Sport Cabriolet . . .	\$695
The Convertible Landau . . .	\$725
Light Delivery Chassis . . .	\$400
1½ Ton Chassis . . .	\$545
1½ Ton Chassis with Cab . . .	\$650
Sedan Delivery . . .	\$595

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Advance Showings

The Outstanding Chevrolet of Chevrolet History will be displayed in a series of advance showings in the cities listed below:

New York, Nov. 24-29, Waldorf Astoria Hotel and Chevrolet Retail Store, Broadway at 57th . . . Detroit, Nov. 24-29, General Motors Bldg. . . Washington, Dec. 1-4, Mayflower Hotel . . . Chicago, Dec. 1-6, Pure Oil Bldg., Wacker Drive & Wabash Ave. . . Los Angeles, Dec. 1-6, Ambassador Hotel Auditorium . . . San Francisco, Dec. 8-13, Civic Auditorium, Larkin Hall . . . Cincinnati, Dec. 8-14, Hotel Sinton . . . St. Louis, Dec. 8-14, Arcadia Ballroom, 3515 Olive St. . . Atlanta, Dec. 18-22, Auditorium—Armory . . . Dallas, Dec. 18-22, Adolphus Hotel Junior Ballroom . . . Portland, Ore., Dec. 18-22, Public Auditorium.

Harrison Chevrolet Sales Co., Paw Paw
L. & C. Chevrolet Sales, Gobles, Local Dealers

QUALITY AT LOW COST

They Discovered the Snapshot

By JOSEPH DALE

(Copyright.)

GALLATIN brought back to Templeton the news that Fred Ballard had got those Tulsa oil wells of his by marrying a squaw. Gallatin and Ballard had had nothing in common in Templeton; moved in quite different circles. Judging from what Gallatin said to Mary Holden at the Kismet House Wednesday dance they had had nothing in common in Oklahoma.

According to Gallatin, Ballard was one of a party of prospectors that guessed out a pool of oil under a quarter section owned by a Cherokee. They found the Indian sick in his shack and being fed teaspoon doses of Jamaica ginger by his stolid, moon-faced daughter. The others left Ballard to make a deal with the Cherokee as soon as he came out of his jim-jams. Instead of which Ballard rushed the girl of to Tulsa that evening and married her, leaving the old man alone. When they got back next day the Cherokee had gone to the Happy Hunting Ground and Ballard's wife was the owner of a couple of million dollars' worth of remarkably fine oil land.

"You're not going back?" inquired Mary.

"No. Only the blackguards succeeded out there. Besides, it's a rotten hole for a fellow's wife." It was a boldly significant look that Gallatin bent on the girl, and he pressed her fingers as he took her hand to lead her out on the floor.

But Mary, declaring the orchestra's selection "simply dreadful," sent Gallatin off to dance with neglected little Edith Prince. Then, finding her wrap, she went out on the veranda to be alone.

So that was the sort of man Fred Ballard was, after all! Gallatin could have had no reason to invent or embellish the story, for neither he nor any of his friends was aware that she was even acquainted with Fred. Oh, well, what had she known about him, really? Only he had seemed so genuine, so dependably fine and honorable. And—yes, she might as well admit it—she had loved him.

Ballard had been rather a nobody in Templeton, from the viewpoint of her set—just an under-executive in her father's factory. But their eyes had met one day last spring, and since then—well, she had had her dream. What a cad he must be! Yet how secretly proud of him she had been, when on the one occasion when he had called on her he had said so manfully:

"Miss Holden, I am going away to try to make some money. If I succeed I shall come back and try to make you love me."

He had never written. There had been a sort of tacit understanding that he should not. In her secret heart she had been looking for his return.

And now! A taxi rolled up to the curb fifty feet away. Even while its occupant was paying the driver Mary recognized him and shrank back into the deepest shadows. Gallatin, searching for Mary, met Ballard face to face under the electric globe in front of the entrance. It was strange, Mary thought, that Gallatin, after what he had said, should greet Ballard so effusively.

"I have shaken hands with squaw men," she heard Fred say, "but it was when they stuck." Then she saw him pass Gallatin by and enter the hotel. Gallatin stood uncertainly under the light for a moment, then he too went in and almost immediately emerged again, hat and coat on, and hurried away just as Ballard came back to the veranda.

He was strong and sturdy looking and not too big. Mary stopped short in her tracks, and looked at him, straight in the eyes. Ballard stopped, too, futilely speechless. But into his eyes there came a look, so glowing with candor, so full of the frank worship that had sent him away and brought him back, that all at once Mary knew that Gallatin had indeed lied.

"You didn't marry an Indian girl out there," she said, shaking her head slowly. "No, you didn't marry a squaw!"

"No," said Ballard. "Gallatin did." "You see," said Ballard afterward, "Gallatin thought I was starting, with some other oil men, for China and wouldn't be back for many months. It was an easy story for him to tell; because he knew it from experience. He came to me, broke, out there. I gave him a job with a scouting party. It happened just as he told you. Only it was he that tried to turn the trick for himself instead of for his employer. He married the girl, all right. But there wasn't any oil under her land after all. A month ago he sold the land to a speculator for his fare and jumped out, deserting the squaw."

"But I don't understand, even yet, what made him tell me that horrid lie. He didn't know that we—that I—oh, you know what I mean!" "Why, er-r," Ballard stammered, "you see, my car got dinged out there one day—rotten roads—and I was spilled and knocked out. They ripped my clothes off, looking for the damage. There was a picture—a snapshot. Gallatin was along. He must have seen. Do you think—it was taking a—a liberty?"

"Next to your heart? All this time? Fred!"

Amateur Boxing Show

DECEMBER 5, 1928

Sponsored by the American Legion, Oscar Briggs Post No. 89, Allegan

Three Allegan County boys that are working in Grand Rapids: Stan Bozek, Lyle Blaine and Jud Judkins, all past performers in other shows. Jerry Molliter of Otsego, Allegan County Champion in the light weight class will be a favorite.

Young Merriman, Allegan County normal student will take part in the heavyweight class.

Joe Levy will shine in the welterweight class, an Allegan boy.

Irl Crawshaw will referee.

Joe Smith and Wm. Battreyall, professional seconds, prominent figures in all amateur boxing will officiate in the corners.

The Kalamazoo Limousine Body Co. have purchased 60 ringside seats. We plan to fill the house (above the J. C. Penny store) which will hold 900 people. There will be 18 or 20 good bouts.

Tickets on sale at the Riggs Smoke House and the Maskey Pool Room. RINGSIDE \$1.50 GENERAL ADMISSION \$1.00

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THE NEWS

"M" ANNOUNCES FELLOWSHIPS

The decision of the Board of Regents to put the Alumni University, proposed last year by Dr. Clarence Cook Little, president of the University of Michigan, on a "tangible and working basis" by February has been revealed. To this end, the regents at a recent meeting appropriated \$12,000 annually for the next two years for the institution of "alumni fellowships."

The Alumni University is essentially a plan for intimate co-operation between the university and her graduates. According to Dr. Little's plan, the alumni fellowships will be used to employ several alumni who will act as liaison officers between graduates who are seeking to establish stimulating contacts with the university and the faculty.

It will be their duty to encourage fellowship between university and her former students on an intellectual basis, continuing the inspiration received while in the university. Although no definite plan has been made, it has been tentatively outlined by proponents of the Alumni University that graduates in the professional and other fields will be aligned with their university departments so that an interchange of ideas can be made. In this way the university student in his field and the alumnus in return can contribute much in the way of practical knowledge and advice to the university. It is hoped the university can be brought actively to the alumni and the university will profit through alumni support.

According to E. J. Ottoway of Port Huron, president of the University of Michigan Alumni Association, the appropriation of the \$12,000 by the regents to put the scholastic side of the Alumni University into effect through alumni fellowships, and officers and faculties of the university, offers the first instance in the history of American universities in which an organized plan has been instituted to reclaim alumni scholastically as part and parcel of their alma mater.

The alumni University also is designed to bring about the satisfaction of the university's "special needs" by the end of the 10-year period ending in 1937, when the centennial anniversary of the founding of the university will be celebrated, Mr. Ottoway said.

Oakland County Girl Wins Art Scholarship

Miss Genevieve Secord, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Secord of Leonard, has been accorded a high honor by the Chicago Art Institute. She was selected for the Rome scholarship in sculpture. Miss Secord will be given a year's study in Rome.

Miss Secord was graduated from the Pontiac high school in 1920 and then attended the Michigan State Teachers' College at Ypsilanti, where she was graduated in 1925. She since has taught art in the public schools of Newark, N. J., and recently received another degree from Columbia University.

Her work in clay modeling won her wide recognition and she expects soon to publish a book on "Art Takes Its Place in the Public School."

Library Association Will Gather Next At Grand Rapids

Michigan State Library Association will bring perhaps 500 visitors to Grand Rapids next summer when the annual convention is held here, it was stated by City Manager Fred H. Locke. The manager received word from William Webb of Flint, president of the organization, that the city's invitation to the group had been accepted.

Woman in Automobile Is Shot by Hunter

Mrs. Lawrence Harbolt, wife of a farmer living one mile east of Bloomington, was seriously injured by a shot fired by a hunter while she and her husband were motoring on a road three miles north of Berlamont. Examination disclosed the fact that a 22-shot had penetrated the woman's neck.

Poems That Live

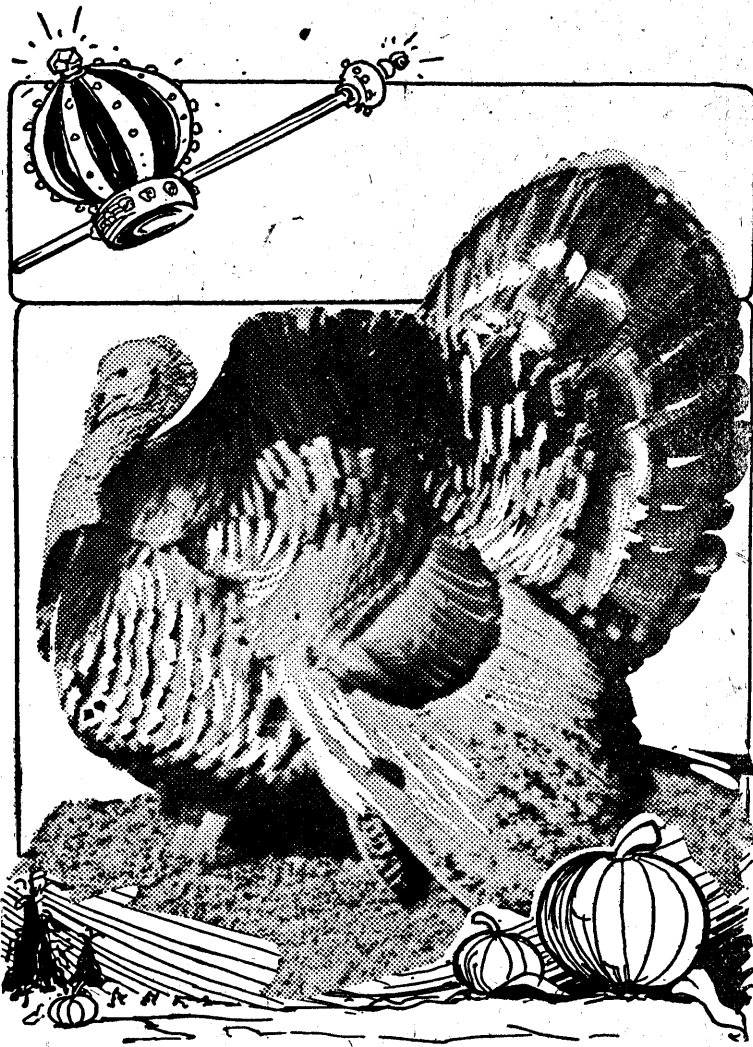
A WIFE'S SONG

O well I love the Spring,
When the sweet, sweet hawthorn
blows;
And well I love the Summer,
And the coming of the rose;
But dearer are the changing leaf,
And the year upon the wane,
For O, they bring the blessed time
That brings him home again.

November may be dreary,
December's days may be
As full of gloom to others
As once they were to me;
But I, to hear the tempest
Beat loud against the pane!
For the roaring wind and the blessed
time
That brings him home again.

—William C. Bennett (1820-1895)

He's King For A Day



GIRL ATHLETES TO BUILD CABIN

To serve as headquarters of the association, a log cabin will be constructed by members of the Women's Athletic Association at Michigan State College during the latter part of this term, according to plans which have been announced.

The site selected for the cabin is a clearing in the College Woods, about one and one-half miles from the campus.

The underbrush surrounding the section has been cleared away, and the grounds will be landscaped. It is planned to arrange a miniature golf course, a tennis court, athletic field, and outdoor fireplace, the latter to be used by camp craft classes and large hiking groups.

The cabin will be used for a stopping place for all-night hikes and will accommodate about 30 co-eds. The athletic association has borrowed \$1,500 for its construction. Numerous "benefit" events will be staged in order to secure the funds for repaying the loan. The association also has secured the concession on green and white balloons which are being sold at home football games.

According to Miss Helen Grimes, head of the women's physical education department, construction of the new cabin will be started within a few weeks, and will be completed as rapidly as possible.

Musical Fraternity Admits Six M. S. C. Girls

Six co-eds were initiated into Mu Eta Omicron, newly organized musical fraternity, at Michigan State College. They received the crimson and navy colors, which are the badge of the society. The initiates are: Miss Virginia Willison, Hastings; Miss Lucille Morris, Lansing; Miss Mabel Horning, Brooklyn; Mrs. Ruth Mack and Miss Francis Ayres of the music department faculty.

Sharfman Made Economics Head

Professor I. Leo Sharfman, acting head of the department of economics of the University of Michigan since 1927, has been named head of the department, it has been announced. Professor Sharfman succeeds Dr. Edward B. Day, who resigned last year and is now affiliated with the Rockefeller foundation. Dr. Day also was dean of the school of business administration. Professor Sharfman came to Michigan in 1912.

Holland Pastor Has New Finance Scheme

Rev. John Y. Broek, son of a former Holland pastor, will sponsor a new method in raising a fund of \$20,000 in connection with the proposed celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the organization of Trinity Reformed church at Plainfield, N. J., of which he is pastor.

According to proposed plans subscriptions will be obtained on the basis of \$50 a family or more, by an every member canvass. These will be paid at local banks, each subscriber receiving a savings bank book, bearing interest at 4 per cent, the deposit being made payable to the church.

3,000 Holland Students Write on Fire Hazard

Nearly 3,000 answers to the fire hazard question have been received by Frank Lieve, secretary of the chamber of commerce of Holland. Questionnaires were given to the students of the Holland schools.

Teachers College Drum Major Pens New School Song

Central State Teachers' College now has a college song that is wholly its own. Both the words and music to "Hail to Central" were composed by Milton Converse of Mt. Pleasant, a senior.

Co-ed Bumped By Train, Wins Bet



Because she remained on a railroad track until struck by a train, Miss Lillian Ramsey, freshman at Oberlin College, Oberlin, O., has won her bet with a young man companion that she could remain on the track longer than he. Her victory has cost her a trip to the hospital, however. She sustained a broken collarbone and other serious injuries.

Ypsilanti Youth Becomes Master Harpsichordist

Two years ago one of the foremost authorities on antique music was a boy of nineteen taking piano and organ instruction at Michigan State Normal College Conservatory of Music.

During the last year of his work under Professor Frederick Alexander of the normal conservatory, John Challis, son of an Ypsilanti jeweler, became interested in a harpsichord made by the Arnold Dolmetsch studios, Hallemer, England, which was in possession of Professor Alexander. The interest in the harpsichord led to the clavichord and other ancient musical instruments dating back to the time of Bach.

John set to work. The result was a harpsichord which was an almost exact duplicate of the one he had seen. Arnold Dolmetsch, of the Dolmetsch studios, when an opening appeared, employed John Challis as master craftsman to learn the work. At the end of the first year his work was pronounced exceptionally good and he was awarded the scholarship of 150 pounds by the Dolmetsch Foundation established by wealthy persons of London for the furtherance of this work.

John is now in Ypsilanti on a leave of absence and is filling several engagements.

Miss Madge Quigley of Highland Park plays the clavichord and Mr. Challis the octavina and harpsichord.

Traverse Women Back Landscaping

Further beautification of Legion park, the acre-and-a-half plot of land at the north approach to the Cass street bridge has started, the city commission and the Friendly Garden Club co-operating.

Mrs. C. B. Hopper, chairman of the committee the club has delegated to bring about the beautification, appeared before the city commission to request official co-operation. She asked for two trucks and six men to work for three days at the park and the commission speedily assented.

The trucks will bring gravel for two walks. A rustic garden house and a small boat landing will be built and at either side of the landing will be a rock garden.

Ravenna Editor Lines Up Editors from H. S.

Ravenna high school pupils will assist in publishing the local Times-Enterprise, edited by Tom F. Rogers. Rogers spoke to members of the junior and senior English classes on journalism and at the close of the address it was decided the school would not publish a paper of its own, but would turn all material over to the Ravenna editor. A wider circulation and a financial saving to the high school were factors in bringing about a change.

The following pupils were elected to the staff: Editor-in-chief, Myrna Krantz; assistant editor, Harry Maleck; news editor, George Wood; news reporter, Oscar Schultz; sport editor, Ira Daggett; girls' athletic editor, Anna Rieves; joke editor, Arden Jones.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

MENU HINT

BREAKFAST

Sliced Peaches Buttered Toast, Jelly Cooked Whole Wheat Cereal, Cream Poached Eggs

DINNER

Baked Beans Brown Bread Cabbage and Celery Salad Baked Peas Raisin Cup Cakes

HOME LUNCH

Baked Sweet Potatoes and Apples—Peel and slice cooked sweet potatoes. Arrange in layers in a buttered casserole, alternating with sliced raw apples. Sprinkle each layer generously with brown sugar and dot with butter. Top with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven about 45 minutes.

DINNER

Baked Potatoes With Apples Creamed Corn Lettuce and Tomato Salad Peach Custard Lemon Snaps Coffee Milk

The luncheon that is carried is again taken into account in today's menu. A thermos bottle or similar receptacle is necessary to carry the soup to keep it hot. The amounts in the recipes are for four. Canned peaches may be used in place of the fresh in the dinner dessert.

Baked Sweet Potatoes and Apples—Peel and slice cooked sweet potatoes. Arrange in layers in a buttered casserole, alternating with sliced raw apples. Sprinkle each layer generously with brown sugar and dot with butter. Top with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven about 45 minutes.

Peach Custard—Use one and one-half peaches for each serving. Slice into buttered individual custard cups or baking dish. Sprinkle with sugar and let stand while preparing custard. Two cups milk, three egg yolks and one white, two tablespoons sugar, pinch of salt, one-fourth teaspoon vanilla, few drops almond extract, two egg whites. Beat together all ingredients except the two egg whites and pour over peaches. Set in water and bake in a slow oven. Make a slightly sweetened meringue of the whites, and when custards are beginning to set, pile the meringue on them in large fluffy spoonfuls. Allow meringue to brown. Serve cold.

The World and All

ONE BIG JOB

The railroads are going to be with us for a long time. If you are counting upon the elimination of the railroads by competition of automobiles and airplanes, count slowly.

Never is a word that I do not know the meaning of, so I shall not say that the railroads will never be eliminated. But the civilization that we know cannot do without the railroads. Cars drawn over steel rails must carry the long-distance freight and many of the long-distance passengers for centuries to come, at least. As the automobile and the aerial vehicles relieve the railroads of much of the passenger, mail and express load of today, the country will be growing in wealth and population, and there will be more and more freight to be carried.

So the improvement of railways and the safeguarding of life at railroad crossings should go on. Improvement should be on a permanent basis.

One of the biggest jobs before the next generation of Americans will be the electrification of American railways. The work has barely started. But the earnings of most of the roads are large, and growing larger. The more prosperous roads will be electrified first, and the work that has been accomplished thus far is mostly in and near big cities, where profits and volume of business justify the expenditure.

The big engineering and financing job of this generation is the elimination of grade crossings. This is more urgent than electrification. It is now under way in New York state. New York has a definite program, already well advanced, which will leave no railroad grade crossing in the state a few years hence.

On a recent automobile trip over ten states, I was decidedly impressed with the urgency for grade crossing elimination. When one is touring, one reads the automobile accident news interestedly each day. One notices the wreckage near the grade crossings. In Ohio one is reminded of the tragedy of the crossings by groups of white crosses along the roadside. These crosses are meant to inculcate caution, and they are helpful. But the groups of crosses continue to grow. For one reason or another, automobiles and trains still collide, despite all safety warnings.

It will cost a great deal to eliminate grade crossings all over the continent, but not as much as it costs to leave things as they are. At one grade crossing near Cleveland there were sixty white crosses erected before elimination of the crossing was begun. Those sixty persons, by their normal labors, had they not been killed, could have earned enough to eliminate a score of crossings.

LIVING AND LOVING

By MRS. VIRGINIA LEE

"How happy I could be with either with 'tother dear charmer away,' seems to be the attitude of many young people. They don't know whom they love, and write to ask me. Well, if one can't decide which of two people to marry, don't marry, say I, because whichever one you take, you'll likely wish it had been the other. There are bound to be ups and downs in this marriage business, and the first down that comes along in your domestic affairs you will probably think could have been avoided if you had made another choice of a mate.

"Dear Mrs. Lee: I am a girl of 21. I have a friend that I went with for three years. I liked him real well, but he was never true to me. I met another fellow and liked his company. He asked me to marry him. At the time I consented, thinking that I loved him. But after a little I couldn't get the other friend out of my mind. What shall I do? I am so undecided which to take. I like them both. The last fellow that asked me to marry him is of a different religion and he wants me to turn for him. I have an uncle who is a minister and I always wanted to be married by him, and he disapproves of this fellow. But my friend wants to be married by his own priest. The other will be married by anyone I say. What shall I do?"

Don't marry either. You surely cannot love them enough or you would know which you liked best. One cannot sincerely change their religion to suit the occasion. Wait until you are sure you are in love. That will be time enough to marry.

A Misunderstood Mother and Mother-in-Law writes to reprimand me because I occasionally think the young people should have more liberty and more understanding from parents.

"Did it ever occur to you," she writes, "that there are two sides to every difference or family trouble? I very seldom saw a parent, especially a mother, who wouldn't go to any reasonable length to secure their children's happiness. All too often you sympathize with children who say that parents are keeping them apart, or in-laws are butting in. Mrs. Lee, it is very hard for a mother to sit quietly by and see her child, even though it is grown up, marry some one whom they—by virtue of their mature wisdom—know to be unsuitable. These mothers, no doubt, know what is best for their children. Then the much abused daughters-in-law. Have a heart, girls. He was your mother-in-law's baby and her son and companion for years, and when he leaves her home, perhaps forever, try to think how she misses him when she is, perhaps old and in poor health."

Perfectly true, my dear mother and mother-in-law! Love and consideration from both sides are necessary to an ideal situation when son or daughter marries, and too often young folks are thoughtless, but being a parent myself I know that maturity does not always give superior wisdom, and that few parents are capable of choosing their children's mates. We must remember our own youth. We preferred to pick our own, didn't we? And were we always as thoughtful as we might have been? Have a heart, mothers-in-law, too, say I.

T. A. L.: I am sorry, but I cannot conduct a matrimonial bureau through this column.

Carmelita has had an experience similar to that of "Bad Loser," and wishes to sympathize with him.

How to Achieve Beauty

Perfect Cleansing Important to Youth and Loveliness

When I talk to you about cleansing your skin, M. J. B., I suppose you think immediately in terms of soap and water. You're quite right, too. A bland soap and water is all right—as far as it goes. But that's just exactly the trouble—it doesn't go nearly far enough! At its very best, and I do most sincerely hope that you'd never use anything but the very best for your skin, it only cleanses the surface tissues. When you stop to consider that the epidermis—just the outer skin, has seven layers, and under that we have the dermis with more, you can readily see that soap and water isn't going to be nearly enough for real, hygienic cleanliness.

I approve of proper washing for the face. Approve of it so much that I have gone to great labor to perfect a really good, penetrating washing preparation. Nevertheless, no washing, however well it is done, or with what penetrative preparations, is all-sufficient for perfect cleanliness. Most women have found this out. However, should you doubt it, go right in to your bathroom now. Wash your face as thoroughly as you know how. Then spread a little cleansing cream on your skin, rubbing it very gently into the corners of your nose and around your chin. Leave it on for a few minutes. Then with a soft old cloth or a couple of cleansing tissues, remove the cream. Examine the cloth or tissues. I assure you, it won't need a very close examination. It will be quite evident to the most sceptical, that warm water and soap is not a perfect cleansing agent.

To go even further into the matter, I am going to tell you here that I do not consider cleansing cream wholly adequate either. Hardly any woman I know gives herself sufficient time to really remove every bit of the cream she puts on her face. As a consequence, a little surplus may remain deep in the pores. Naturally, that's very bad. Pores must be kept scrupulously free of all foreign matter if they are to function correctly. To be on the safe side and to prevent future pore complications, such as blackheads and whiteheads, I always advise the practice of complementing your cleansing cream with a washing preparation that will get deep enough into the pores to cleanse them thoroughly.

Now that I have suggested two practices of the professional beauty treatment, let me suggest this routine to you, M. J. B.

First of all, relax. Try and loosen up those tense muscles of yours. If they persist in being unrelenting, draw yourself a warm bath. Sprinkle a handful of coarse sea salt into it. You can obtain this in the drug store, and it is most inexpensive. Soak long enough to let the ache come out of your muscles and the hopelessness from your heat. It will happen. I've often said that there's hardly a physical or mental wear that a warm, scented bath won't soften!

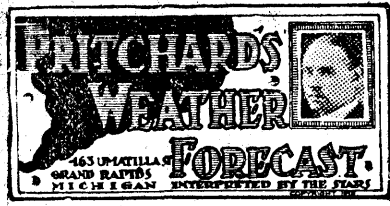
Now go into your room and leave commands that you're not to be disturbed except for a dire necessity. Tie your hair up in a towel and put on a loose robe that can slip off your shoulders. Take just enough cleansing cream to cover two fingers. Spread it over face, neck and throat in long sweeping upward strokes. Then lie back in your chair and close your eyes. After you've rested a bit, remove the cream thoroughly. Take a little pad of cotton and wet it with a good stimulant. Pat it smartly over your face, avoiding the eye area.

Now we come to the nourishing and tightening process, and as they are so important, I'll devote another article to just that one subject.

An English One on Lawyers Farmer: "An' 'ow be Lawyer Barnes doin', Doctor?"

Doctor: "Poor fellow, he's lying at death's door."

Farmer: "There's grit for ye—at death's door an' still lyin'!"



WEEK OF DECEMBER 2

Warm weather for the season will be in progress at the very beginning of the week of December 2 over most parts of Michigan. The sky on Sunday will be clear to threatening. By Monday light rain or snow storms will be in evidence in many parts of the state and will continue over Tuesday.

There is some probability of the weather clearing slightly about the middle of the week, but another storm is expected not later than Thursday. With this second rain or snow area the temperatures will be more on the downward grade. As a result there will be a rather sharp change to colder shortly after the middle of the week.

During the closing days of this week the temperature is expected to remain more or less cold for this time of year and the sky will be mostly clear.

Farmers and hunters rival one another in the early fall in predicting the character of the winter weather to be expected by means of various activities of nature. Whether these are dependable is a question, since there are both kinds of forecasts for the same season. As these particular methods are based on effects rather than causes, there is some question whether they are to be depended upon.

Going back to the cause as we find it necessary in making out weather forecasts, we are of the opinion the coming winter will be rather wet. In fact, some parts of the state will receive an unusual amount of precipitation between December and March. Temperatures will average colder for this same period with a few moderate spells. On the whole, we look for a fair representative of a "good old fashioned winter" in many parts of Michigan.

The reason some girls can't make pies like their mother used to make is because they haven't the crust to try.

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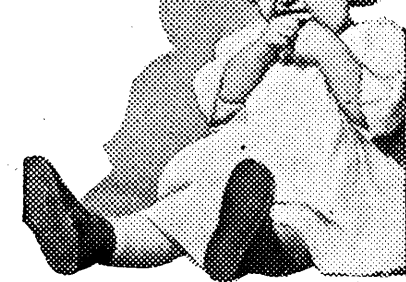
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CASTORIA

RESTLESS LOVE

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CHAPTER XXXV

Harmer startled them all by suddenly swinging forward and banging a big hand flat on the desk. "Stella Bagot, if you know anything about those gunmen, it is your duty to give your information at once to the selectmen."

"So you could have time to warn them?" asked Stella, hotly.

"Miss Bagot has done better than that, Mr. Harmer," put in Wilbraham, coolly, studying the bearded face. "She has caught them, two of them."

"Caught them . . . ?"

"The murderer, and one of his pals. The identification is positive, and I think will stand in court. I am prepared to go before the grand jury tomorrow."

"And let me give you fair warning—" Stella—"that if any of the queer political influence which has been so strong in this county of late is brought to bear to help those murderers, there is one definite thing I can do. I will publish the whole story in a magazine of national circulation that is, fortunately, altogether out of your reach."

Harmer was still leaning forward, pressing that big hand on the desk. His forehead was wet. His eyes stared. He breathed heavily. But with determined effort he composed himself. Quietly leaned back. "Stella," he said, "if you have, as Mr. Wilbraham seems to think, been instrumental in capturing these men, you have placed us greatly in your debt. We seem to have grown a bit heated here. I'm sorry, of course, that you've permitted yourself to take a rather hostile attitude toward myself. But that isn't important. After all, however, we may differ in detail, we all, I am sure, have the interests of the town deeply at heart. We are all eager for justice to act."

"Are we?" Stella was at him again. "Mr. Harmer, I'm afraid I can't permit you to dismiss the business as lightly as that. Catching the murderers is one thing. It is important, yes, though I confess I shall breathe a sigh of relief when those men are really tried, sentenced and disposed of. There's a great deal that can happen to prevent, God knows. But the central problem remains untouched. Are we going to blink that? How about Jazzland? How about the Age? When you come down to it, how about old Ackland? . . . You see, Mr. Harmer, my business is to write about Ackland. Are we cleaning up, or are we just sunk . . . hopelessly sunk?"

"I think," said Harmer, with husky dignity, "that the welfare of Ackland can pretty well be left to the properly constituted authorities."

"Can it?" Stella was blazing now. The other two were watching her; Wilbraham with a keen question in his eyes, Homer in frank confusion. "You, Mr. Harmer, are head of the selectmen. You're a pretty properly constituted authority. Yet this very evening you talked over the telephone, right here, from this home, with one of the men now held for murder. You told him not to call you up, but to communicate with you through Horwitz. You . . ."

"That is a lie!" cried Harmer. "You are bringing a charge!"

"Yes, I'm bringing a charge!" Homer had leaped to his feet; but Wilbraham sat motionless, watching. "And it is not a lie. I heard it myself, heard exactly what he said and what you said. You can thank the telephone company for that. I was trying to call you. From the railway station. The man was there, too, in another booth. The operator plugged me in on your line, by mistake. Then I saw the man. That's how we were able to catch them."

The vigor had gone from Harmer's face. The shrewd eyes were dull and sunken.

"And that's not all. Mr. Harmer, you know that man. You knew the voice. You knew that that voice was, for a time, the only clue to the murderers. You kept quiet. How will that look, in print, on every newspaper in the United States? You know and I know. We know what decent people will think of a man who will permit himself to be dragged into such a criminal mess just to protect a few thousand dollars."

Homer strode to a window and back. Stella was springing the catch of the bag in her lap. "You said, on Friday evening, that you couldn't move against Jazzland without real evidence. And you confessed yourself unable to find any. Well, how about this?" She opened the bag and set the pint bottle of Scotch on the desk. "Is that real evidence? I bought it at Jazzland last night. Bought it, without the least trouble, from Albert, the head waiter. And he had no notion as to whom I might be. He just coolly sold it. For four dollars, cash. Is it evidence? Isn't it?"

Harmer, sank in the swivel chair. His fingers, which had been gripping the arms, went limp. There was color now just over his cheek bones, but his forehead was white and wet. During the silence that fell, his breathing was the only sound in the room. Finally he raised a shaking hand; let it fall; cleared his throat; asked brokenly: "What do you want me to do?"

They were there for another quarter hour. Stella, her task done, found herself spent and restless. Wilbraham took command of the situation in his quietly efficient manner. Homer didn't talk at all. And at last they went out. Joe Harmer, haggard about the eyes, escorted them to the door, and even made an effort to speak of the pleasant weather. He stood on the doorstep, a pitiful figure of a strong man who had over-reached. Stella hurried down the steps and to her car. Her knees felt weak. She knew that she must catch hold of some physical support. She didn't want these men to know that she had collapsed. She could sit a moment in the Ford and get her breath. When she reached

it, however, she couldn't, for the moment, lift herself in. She steadied herself and looked back. The front door was slowly closing. Harmer had shut himself within. He would drop back into that swivel chair and painfully light a cigar.

Wilbraham and Homer were walking toward her. She couldn't talk. She got into the car and sat there. With a sense of hurry, she started up the motor.

Wilbraham and Homer were walking very white, lips compressed, pushing a twig with his foot. Suddenly impatient, she wished he'd say something. But he didn't. Whatever he might be thinking, he apparently couldn't.

So she said: "Well, that's over! I'll have to dash along. Good-night." If she'd waited there a moment longer she'd have gone off into another of those silly hysterical attacks. As it was, out in the street, she sobbed aloud. But there was nothing in that. She wondered, in fatalistic mood, how she was ever to get the Ford home right side up. The street bore an unfamiliar appearance under the electric lights. The green looked different, strange, as with every nerve strained near to breaking, she piloted the little car around it and headed out on the state road. There was an alarming amount of traffic. An endless stream of cars heading eastward toward Boston. All the usual Sunday drivers out in force. Tired families in Fords. Boys and girls in roadsters. The crowding sort of drivers, cutting in all along the line. Glaring lights. Lights, lights, lights! They hurt her eyes. They affected her brain with a touch of hypnosis. For a cent she'd steer straight into any pair of them. Who would care, really? The idea was almost amusing, in a jangly way. But you didn't do that crazy sort of thing, of course. You couldn't heedlessly damage property and endanger other lives.

CHAPTER XXXVI

She didn't know how she got the car into the barn and pulled the big door across and snapped the padlock on, nor how she got by the lilacs to the front steps. Then she found herself leaning against a post. She dragged herself within. The family was sitting in the living room. Just sitting there. Not reading. Not talking. Her mother had the mending basket out. Martha was over by the window, sitting on her foot, staring out into the dark.

She must, she thought, keep up appearances. These good people had been worried enough. So she paused in the doorway and brushed her hair out of her eyes and smiled. "I'm going straight to bed," she remarked. She even managed a nervous little laugh. "I just don't dare begin to talk now. But I've got a tremendous lot to tell you tomorrow. We've won, all along the line."

Step by step she got upstairs. Endless, those stairs. It seemed to her that she'd carried it off pretty well before the family. But she didn't feel victorious. She felt beaten. She was nearly undressed when Mrs. Bagot tapped at the door.

"Are you sure you feel all right, dear?" she asked, almost timidly.

Stella regarded the worn, patient face. Suddenly she found herself crying. But what of it? . . . Why not just be honest? "The plain truth, mumsie, is that I feel awful. I've had a rather terrific twenty-four hours. But it's over, thank God, and we can begin living again." Her blurred vision rested on the covered glass by her bed. "There's that fool bromide . . ."

"I left it," said her mother, hesitantly. "I thought perhaps you would . . ."

"I'll take it now. If I don't do something I'd likely be screaming all night. Keeping all of you awake. Nothing in that."

Mrs. Bagot busied herself about the room, picking up scattered articles of clothing and adjusting the windows. Stella lay quietly in bed, following with her eyes. The older woman was taking a good deal of time. Stella understood. They were not a demonstrative family, not outspoken. But something . . . so ran her quieting thoughts . . . had to be said. Or done.

She called softly: "Mother!"

Mrs. Bagot came to the bedside. "Mother . . . I've been through a good deal that . . . I haven't quite played the game with you and Dad, but . . ."

She couldn't go on with that. She reached up impulsively, drew the gray head down, and kissed it.

Mrs. Bagot slipped out, softly closing the door.

Stella moved. Opened heavy eyes. Was she never to have a real sleep? It did seem to be daylight, but . . . The door appeared to be opening.

"Well, how about it?" Martha's voice.

"What did you wake me for?"

"Don't be cross. It's ten minutes past one."

"One! Heavens!" Stella sat up. The midday sunshine streamed into the room.

"Homer Pew's downstairs."

"Who?"

"Oh, cut out the Harvard indifference! I said Homer Pew. He's been calling up all morning. Mother wouldn't let me wake you. We've finished dinner. He doesn't look as if he's slept or eaten."

"Where are my slippers?" Stella complained. "Who's . . ."

"Your slippers, my dear, are right in front of your feet. If I were you I'd take a quick cold tub. You've had a good fifteen hours."

"I needed them," said Stella, with dignity. "Who did you say was downstairs?"

"It doesn't matter. But he might feel he couldn't wait. Better hurry." With which concluding remark Martha sailed out and banged the door.

Mrs. Bagot sat in the little straight chair by the center table. Homer

sat by the window. Stella, very shaky, pausing in the doorway, noted the strips of plaster still on his forehead. Then she made herself go on in and take his hand. He said: "Hope you're feeling all right," rather stiffly. And she said, with a quick laugh, "Oh, yes! As soon as I can shake the sleep out."

Martha called from the back hall: "Mother! Mother!"

Mrs. Bagot, with an "Excuse me, please," went out there.

Homer, still with that stiffness, spoke quickly: "Stella . . . rather an important matter . . . if I could speak with you alone . . . perhaps somewhere outside."

She led him out and around the house. They walked slowly up the deep-shaded lane toward the woodlot. There were pines and oaks and hickories and beeches out here. The first old gold of the golden rod was breaking out in the occasional patches of open ground.

"It's rather difficult to say." Thus Homer, studying the ground as he walked. "But I've got to try. Yesterday morning . . . well, you talked pretty frankly with me down in New York, and yesterday when I saw you with Mr. Hallam . . ."

"Oh," said she, quick, confused, "I'm so glad you brought that up! I've so wanted a chance to . . ."

"Please! I'm having a devil of a time getting this out. I didn't even lie down last night. I want you to know that . . ."

"But, Homer, if you'll just let me . . ."

"Please, Stella!" It sounded a little as if they were quarreling. "I've got to apologize to you for what I've thought, and . . ."

"But Homer, you see, what happened . . ."

He talked her down. Doggedly, like a boy reciting a bitterly learned lesson. "I know, I'm not altogether what they call modern, Stella. But there's one thing I do know . . ."

"Homer, now really, if you'll just let me explain . . ."

"I didn't come out here to let you explain anything, Stella. I came to ask if you'll be my wife. If you love the other man and don't love me, all you've got to do is say so. But if there's a chance for me, I want to know it. I want to know it right now. Which of us gets you, that man or me?"

He stopped and was picking at the ragged bark of a hickory tree.

"You do," said Stella.

Funny! He'd simply asked a straight-forward question in the Yankee manner. And she just answered it. There'd be time enough to say the rest of it. A lifetime.

(The End)

The Gondolier

F. A. Durivage

O, rest thee here, my gondolier,
Rest, rest, while up I go,
To climb up light balcony's height
While thou keep'st watch below.
Ah! if high Heaven had tongues as well

As starry eyes to see—
O, think what tales 'twould have to tell
Of wandering youths like me.

—Moore.

The traveler of today who visits Venice sees but few of the melancholy remains; few tokens to remind him that she was once the queen of the Adriatic, the emporium of Europe. But at the period of which we write the "sea Cybele" was in the very zenith of her brilliancy and power.

It was the season of carnival, and nowhere else in Italy were the holidays celebrated with such zest and magnificence. By night millions of lamps burned in the palace windows, rivaling the splendors of the firmament, and reflected in the still waters of the lagoons like myriads of stars. Night and day music was resounding. There were regattas, balls, and fiestas, and the entire population seemed to have gone mad with gayety, and to have lost all thought of the Council of Ten, the Bridge of Sighs, and the poniards of the braves.

On a bright morning of this holiday season, a group of young gondoliers, attired in their gayest costumes, were sitting at the head of a flight of marble steps that led up from one of the canals, waiting for their fares. A cavalier and lady, both gayly attired, and both masked, had just alighted from a gondola and passed the boatmen on their way to some rendezvous.

The gondolier who had conducted them, an old, gray-headed, hard-looking fellow, had pocketed his fee, nodded his thanks, and pushed off again from the landing.

"There goes old Beppo," said one of the gondoliers on shore. "He will make a good day's work of it. I can swear I saw the glitter of gold in his hand just now."

"Yes, yes!" said another. "Let him alone for making his money. And what he makes, he keeps. He's a close-fisted old hunk."

"And what is he so scrimping and saving for?" asked a third. "He is unmarried—he has no children."

"No—but he is to be married," said the first.

"How! the man's past sixty."

"Yes, comrade, but he will not be the first old fellow who has taken a young wife in his dotage. Have you never heard that he has a young ward, beautiful as an angel, whom he keeps cooped up as tenderly as a brooding dove in his tumble-down old house on the Canal Orfano? Nobody but himself has ever set eyes on her to my knowledge."

"There you're mistaken, Stefano," said a young man, who had not hitherto spoken. He was a fine, dashing, handsome young fellow of twenty-six, in a holiday suit of crimson and gold, with a fiery eye, long, curling locks, and a mustache as black as jet. "Let's hear what Antonio Giraldo

has to say about the matter!" cried his companions.

"Simply this," said the young man. "I have seen the imprisoned fair one—the peerless Zanetta—for such is her name. She is lovely as the day; and for her voice—why—Corpo di Bacco! La Giannina, the prima donna, is a screechowl to my nightingale."

"Your nightingale! Bravo!" cried Stefano, in a tone of mocking irony. "What can you know about her voice?"

"Simply this, Master Stefano," replied the young gondolier. "When floating beneath her window in my gondola, I have addressed her in such rude strains of melody as I best knew how to frame. She has replied in tones so liquid and pure that the angels might have listened."

"By Heaven! the fellow's in love!" cried Stefano.

"Long live music and love!" cried Antonio. "What were life worth without them?"

"You're in excellent spirits!" cried Stefano.

"And why shouldn't a man be, on his wedding day?"

"Mad as a march hare," cried Stefano.

"Mark me," said Antonio. "That girl shall never marry old Beppo—my word for it. She hates him."

"She'll elope with some noble, then."

"To be cast off to wither when he is tired of her charms? No! the bridegroom is a gondolier."

"With all my heart," said Stefano.

"But come, comrades, it is no use waiting here. Let us to our gondolas, and row for St. Marks. You'll come with us, Antonio?"

"Not I—my occupation's gone."

"How so?"

"I have sold my gondola?"

"Sold your gondola?"

"Aye—that was my word."

"But why?"

"I wanted money."

"Your gondola was the means of earning it."

"Very true—but I had occasion for a certain sum at once."

"And why not have recourse to our purses, Antonio? Light as they are, we would have made it up by contributing among us."

"I doubted not your kindness—but my self-respect would not permit me to ask your aid. Good-bye, comrades; we shall meet again tomorrow."

"Tomorrow. Addio!"

There was a brilliant masquerade that evening at the palazzo of Count Giulio Colonna. Invitations had been issued to all the world, and all the world was present. The finest music, the richest wines, the most splendid decorations were lavished on the occasion. Perhaps, among that brilliant company, there was more than one plebeian, who, under cover of the mask, and employing the license common at these saturnalia, had intruded himself unbidden.

Old Beppo, the gondolier, was in attendance at the vestibule of the palace, feasting his avaricious eyes on the glimpses of wealth and luxury he noted within doors, when a gentleman in rich costume, and wearing a mask, beckoned him to one side, and desired a moment's interview.

"Do you know me?" was the first question asked by the stranger.

"No, signor," replied the old gondolier.

"Do you know these gentlemen?" asked the mask, slipping a couple of gold pieces into the miser's hand.

"Perfectly," replied the boatman, grinning. "What are your lordship's commands?"

"Is your gondola in waiting?"

"Yes, signor. It lies below, moored to the landing."

"This well; hast thou any scruples about aiding in a love intrigue?"

"None in the world, signor."

"Then I'll make a confidant of you."

"I will be all secrecy, signor."

"Briefly, then, gondolier," said the mask, "I am in love with a very charming young person."

"Well?"

"Well—and this young person loves me in return."

"Good; and then you are going to marry her?"

"Not so fast, gondolier. She has an old guardian, who, at the age of sixty, or more, has been absurd enough—only think of it—to propose to marry her himself."

"The absurd old fool!" cried Beppo, not without some twinges, for he thought of his own projects with regard to Zanetta.

"Now, then," said the mask, "I have resolved to run away with her to-night. I have the opportunity—for she is here in the Palazzo Colonna. Now will and can you aid me? I will recompense you liberally."

"Ah! my lord—your lordship has come to the right market," said the old sinner. "I'm used to affairs of this kind. Has your lordship a priest engaged?"

"I have not."

"Then I can recommend one. Hard by is a chapel dedicated to Our Lady, where there is a very worthy man, accustomed to affairs of this kind, who will tie the knot for a moderate fee, without asking any impertinent questions."

"His name?"

"Father Dominic."

"Good! He is the man for us—and you are the prince of gondoliers. Get your gondola ready, and I will rejoin you at the foot of the stairs with the lady in a moment."

Old Beppo hastened to prepare his gondola, and while so doing, muttered to himself—

"Well, well—this is a good night's work. I'm getting old, and I must soon retire from business. Every stroke of luck like this helps on the day when I shall call Zanetta mine. So, there's another old fool to be duped tonight! Serves him right! Why don't he keep his treasure under lock and key, as I do? But men will never learn wisdom. Here they come."

The young cavalier reappeared upon the marble steps, leading a lady, masked and veiled, but whose elastic step and graceful bearing seemed to designate her as one moving in the highest circles. The young lovers took their seats in the centre of the light craft, and drew the curtains round them, while Beppo pushed off, and his vigorous oar soon sent the

shallow dancing over the waters of the lagoon. After a few moments the motion ceased, and Beppo informed his patron that they had arrived at their place of destination. After making the boat fast, the gondolier landed and entered the small chapel which stood on the brink of the canal. In a few moments he returned, and informed the masked cavalier that all was prepared. The gentleman then handed out the lady, and both entered the chapel, Beppo keeping guard without, to prevent or give notice of any intrusion.

The marriage ceremony was performed very rapidly by Father Dominic, for he was just going to bed when the gondola arrived, and was duly anxious to dispatch his business, that he might consign his wearied limbs to rest.

"Is it all over?" whispered Beppo, in the ear of the cavalier, as he came out with his lady.

"All right," replied the mask, in the same tone of voice. "But one thing perplexes me. I have no place that I call my home, tonight. The lady will be missed; my palace will be watched—I should incur the risk of swords crossing and bloodshed, if I sought to take her thither, tonight."

"If my house were not so very humble," said the gondolier, hesitatingly.

"The very thing," said the mask, joyfully. "No matter how humble the roof, provided that it shelters us. Tomorrow we can arrange matters for flight, or for remaining."

"Then get into the gondola, my lord, and I will row you thither in a few minutes."

The party re-embarked, and soon reached the gondolier's residence.

After fastening his craft, he unlocked his door; and striking a light, conducted his distinguished guests upstairs. As he passed one of the chamber doors, the old gondolier, addressing the masked lady as he pointed to it, said—

"You have made a moonlight flitting, tonight, signora, and I wish you joy of your escape. But if you had been as safely kept as a precious charge I have in this room, you would never have stood before the altar to-night, with your noble bridegroom."

"You forget that 'love laughs at locksmiths,'" said the cavalier.

At the door of their apartments, the old man, before bidding them good night, passing, said—

"Pardon me, signor, but I would fain know the name of the noble cavalier I have had the honor of serving tonight."

"You shall know tomorrow," replied the mask. "Buona notte, Beppo. Remember it's carnival time."

The next morning Beppo was up betimes, anxious to learn the mystery connected with the married couple. He was not kept long in suspense. His patron of the preceding evening soon made his appearance, but masked as before.

"Beppo!" said the stranger, "you rendered me an inestimable service last night."

"You rewarded me handsomely, signor, and I shall never regret it."

"Give me your word, then, that you will never upbraid me with the service I imposed on you."

"I give you my word," said the old man, surprised; "but why do you exact it?"

"Because," said the stranger, raising his mask, "I am no Venetian noble, but simply Antonio Giraldo, a gondolier like yourself."

"You! Antonio Giraldo! And the lady?"

"Was your ward, Zanetta. You locked her chamber door, and took the house key with you—but a ladder of ropes from a lady's balcony is as good as a staircase; and as I told you last night, 'love laughs at locksmiths.'"

Of course old Beppo stormed and swore, as irascible old gentlemen are very apt to do in similar circumstances, but he ended by forgiving the lovers, as that was the only

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His Honor and the Mayor

By AD SCHUSTER

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WHEN Young Luther Wendle was elected mayor of Minden, he sat back in his chair that he might survey his reflection in the door of his bookcase.

"There are no two ways about it," he said, "I am the big frog in the little puddle and it is up to me to act the part modestly."

It occurred to him that a big frog might jump from a little puddle to a large one. He thought of congress, the cabinet, and, with the excuse that every American has the right to aspire, pictured himself as the occupant of the White House.

After all, it had been rather remarkable; his rise to position. The son of old Luther D. Wendle, who was regarded by the town as a harmless old fellow, had disproved the predictions that success could not be won over so many obstacles. Young Luther went to college wondering how his father had managed to save the necessary money. He set up an office and when he won his first case, was convinced he was on his way to heights. Other cases came and Luther, gifted with powers of oratory, impressed his fellow townsmen with his knowledge. He was elected mayor. He leaned back in his chair and smiled at the reflection of a young man who was getting a little stout. There was something commanding, he thought, about the way his forelock dropped his brow.

Luther looked out of the window and saw his father walk by. The smile became a frown. It was like father not to try to live up to the new responsibilities. In the old days Luther had stood for that funny cap with its rabbit ears buttoned at the top, the slouchy walk, and the general disregard for appearance. When he was a lad the older man used to take him to the fields to study the birds and, more particularly the rocks. Those were wonderful days—fine for a boy, Luther agreed. But Luther had his eye on the state capital, congress and beyond while the father continued to pick up rocks and study the specimens which he received from other places.

They had drifted apart. Luther regretted it but he knew it was the father's fault. How could a young man, a wide-awake man, find interest in the pursuits of an old one who poked about in the hills and spent long hours writing long articles concerning the things he found. Of these articles the father never said anything, for he sensed the lack of interest in the son. Luther wondered if they brought much money. It was even possible they had sent him to college.

The father disappeared up the street nodding to acquaintances as he went.

"They all laugh at him," said Luther, "laugh at his queer clothes and his queerer manners. I must tell dad to spruce up. He must begin to look the part for my sake—the sake of my future."

In his new capacity the young mayor of Minden received many letters of congratulation, invitations to speak, and communications of importance. There came one day, from a distant city, a message which was even more than he dared hope. A delegation would arrive in Minden on Thursday, it said, and it hoped to have the privilege of conferring upon him an honor he richly deserved.

"It must be," Luther reasoned, "that they appreciate the fact that I went into the race for office single-handed—the youngest candidate to aspire. Maybe it is because I won so handsily and it may be they have heard of my record in office. My inaugural address, if I do say it, was unusual."

The delegation must be received in fitting manner. Luther decided the council chambers would do and issued invitations to city and country officials to be present. For once the father seemed alive to the son's importance.

"Of course you can come," said the son slowly, "but—er—can't you get a new suit?"

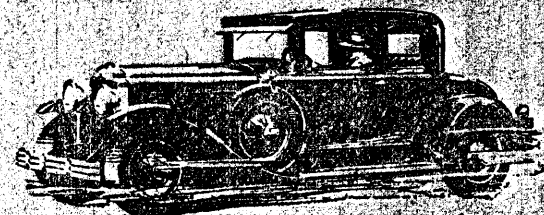
Luther sat in the mayor's chair, an expectant expression on his face. He was surrounded by official Minden and the county's leading men. Of those present the little old father in the back row seemed the only one out of place and ill at ease. Then spoke the chairman of the delegation, looking around as he began:

"In behalf of the university," he began, "we are here to confer a degree upon Luther Wendle." He paused, drew forth a paper and read, "Luther Dexter Wendle whose services to geology . . . There was more but young Luther did not hear. Suddenly he felt very small and the mayor's chair seemed huge and uncomfortable. "Luther Dexter Wendle! Geology!"

An old man rose from the back of the room and came forward to receive the honor. It was he who saved the face of the boy mayor.

"I thank you," he said, "the honor is doubly great to have this ceremony take place here in the council chambers where my son is mayor. That is why we planned it thus."

Luther nodded his forehead. The visiting delegates were shaking his father's hand and the old man was talking to them easily, as one scientist to another. Nobody noticed the mayor.



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What the Gypsy Said

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"SO THE Welfords are coming home," observed Mrs. Blaine from her deep chair in the shaded corner of the cool portico.

"When?" asked Dorothy briefly. "Mrs. Welford does not say," Mrs. Blaine tossed the letter to her daughter. "I suppose, my dear, you are especially interested in Robert—hoping that he will be here in time for your party?"

"Right," said the girl. "Have you heard from Madge yet, Dorothy?"

"Yes—she's coming." Dorothy's clear-cut features looked very discontented.

"Why, I thought that you wanted her to come, dear—there was no obligation to ask her, you know."

"Had to—the Rayners are old friends. Hope Bob Welford will get here in time."

"I hope so, too," said her mother. Days passed until two weeks had gone by with the garden party looming in the near future. Madge Rayner arrived.

So came the night of the garden party. The Blaine place was a thing of beauty with its tall trees, its high hedges and red brick walls. Chinese lanterns swung everywhere and there was a gayly striped marquee where a gypsy fortune teller sat.

Dorothy was everywhere, attending to her guests. Mrs. Blaine watched her slim little form in the charming pink frock.

"I hope Bob Welford will be here," thought the mother anxiously. And then she saw him, a tall handsome figure, bending low over Dorothy's hand, with some gay laughing remark—and Dorothy? Mrs. Blaine turned away with a little sob in her throat, for Dorothy's piquant face had revealed her secret—she loved Bob Welford!

And close beside them stood Madge Rayner, shining eyes, gleaming hair, pink and white flower of girlhood, with her perpetual smile, while she waited for Bob to finish his belated greeting to their hostess. A little later Bob Welford came to Mrs. Blaine.

"When I came in, Mrs. Blaine, you were surrounded three deep and I have come to report myself to you." They talked together a few minutes and then Bob went in search of Dorothy Blaine. "You have not paid me any attention Dolly. I shall claim a dance now—perhaps a bite of supper together if you are free, and then we shall go and have our fortunes told."

Dorothy smiled, but her face was white. "Oh, Bob, Madge has just told me that you met her party when they were abroad last spring—and she has told me of the beautiful time you had together—and how it ended, just as the story books have it—and I do hope you will both be always happy. Madge is charming!"

"So are you," retorted Bob curtly. "What do you mean? Was she joking?"

"I'd hardly call it a joke—" began Bob, but he did not finish the sentence, for now they had joined the dancers, and he was looking down at Dorothy's dark head with a peculiar expression in his eyes.

Just then Madge Rayner drifted past them, and her large, blue eyes lingered on Bob's face. She smiled dreamily at him, and poor Dorothy felt a tug at her heartstrings.

"Really," she said coolly, "I should not be dancing with you—my guests need me, and you, Bob, should be dancing with your fiancée."

"My—my what?" he clipped sharply.

"Why—Madge, of course," replied Dorothy.

Bob placed his hands on Dorothy's shoulders and looked searchingly down into the wide dark eyes.

"How come, Madge?" he asked.

"She said so—that you trailed her all over Europe—and everything—"

"Everything, including being engaged to her while I was in love with another girl?"

"I thought she meant that," murmured Dorothy, "though she did say that you had not given her a ring yet—what a mean cat I am!" she suddenly exclaimed and slipped away from Bob, just as Madge and another girl came along.

"Well, little daughter?" Mrs. Blaine smiled down at Dorothy.

"Don't you think it is going well, mother?" asked the girl.

"Wonderfully, my dear—and here is Bob—"

"Dorothy and I are going to the fortune teller," smiled Bob over his shoulder. "Wish me luck."

"All the luck in the world, my dears," smiled Mrs. Blaine.

The fortune teller studied Bob's well-defined lines. "A pretty man—darkly lovely as you are fair, sir—small, generous, a perfect wife, and one who loves you dearly. Think you, sir," and then to Dorothy she smiled and murmured softly, "A brilliant lover—true to you all his days, lady. You will be married at the harvest moon, lady, and he will seal his betrothal with a ring with a dark blue stone. And then the two of them were outside, walking across the lawn under the shadowing trees hung with gay lanterns. Suddenly they paused, and Bob put his arms around the girl that he loved.

"Will you make my fortune come true, darling?" he asked.

And Dorothy said yes.

Most Troubles Fade

When Bravely Faced

Anticipation makes trifles loom gigantic. The thing that frowns, in threatening and terrific guise, often ceases to terrify when we draw closer to it. I saw a picture some time ago which represented a rising storm. Seen at some little distance it appeared as though dark, black threatening cloud-battalions were speedily covering the entire sky and blotting out all the patches of light and hope. But when I went a little nearer to the picture I found that the artist had subtly fashioned his clouds out of angel faces, and all these black battalions wore the winsome aspect of genial friends. I have had that experience more than once away from the realm of picture and fiction, in the hard ways of practical life. The clouds I feared and worried about, and concerning which I wasted so much precious strength, lost their frown and revealed themselves as my friends. Other clouds never arrived—they were purely imaginary, or they melted away before they reached my threshold. "Be not anxious for tomorrow." Live in the immediate moment. Practice the art of omission. Leave out some things and concentrate upon the rest. The best preparation for tomorrow is quiet attention today.—J. H. Jowett

The new Ford has a very simple and effective lubrication system



THE lubrication system for the engine of the new Ford is as simple in principle as water running down-hill.

A gear pump in the bottom of the oil pan raises the oil to the valve chamber reservoir. From here it flows on to the main crankshaft bearings and the front camshaft bearing. Overflow oil drops into the oil pan tray and runs into troughs through which the connecting rods pass.

As the ends of these rods strike the oil they scoop up a supply for the connecting rod bearing. At the same time they set up a fine spray that lubricates the pistons and other moving parts.

From the tray the oil runs into the bottom of the pan, and is again drawn up through a fine mesh screen and pumped to the valve chamber.

This system is so effective that the five-quart contents of the oil pan pass through the pump twice in every mile when you are traveling at only 30 miles an hour. Yet there is only one movable part—the oil pump.

As a matter of fact, the lubrication system for the new Ford is so simple in design and so carefully made that it requires practically no service attention.

There is just one thing for you to do, but it is a very important thing . . . watch the oil! Change the oil every 500 miles and be sure the indicator rod never registers below low (L).

If the oil level is allowed to fall below low, the supply becomes insufficient to oil all parts as they should be oiled.

To insure best performance it is also advisable to have the chassis of your car lubricated every 500 miles. This has been made easy in the new Ford through the use of the high pressure grease gun system.

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When Gasoline Was Dumped Into Ocean

In the process of distilling petroleum, the lighter oils, naphtha and gasoline, are first obtained, and these were considered waste products for many years. Kerosene, the heavier oil, constituted the greater demand, and gasoline had only a limited use in exceedingly small quantities, such as the cleaning of fabrics. Not only was gasoline practically useless in the "good old days," but it was dangerous because of the attendant risk of fire which was ever present whenever quantities were stored. Millions of gallons were loaded into huge tanks on barges, transported far out to sea, and there dumped. Thus was the fire hazard averted.

The advent of the internal combustion engine changed all this, and gasoline in a few years became the principal product of the petroleum trade. Kerosene lost caste with the coming of the electric light. The development of the automobile made the petroleum industry one of the richest of the nation, and the "dangerous byproduct" became one of our principal articles of trade.

In the early days of the automobile, when fuel was cheap, few manufacturers paid much attention to operating costs of their cars. Automobiles were costly, and the men who purchased them were wealthy. Gasoline was comparatively cheap, and the early automobiles used plenty of it.

Modern times have changed all this, and economy of operation is one of the essential requirements of the present-day automobile. Exhaustive tests are made and every available scientific aid is used in this research.

Great Britain Noted for Varieties of Cows

Recently a local contemporary informed its readers that a certain Siamese gentleman, whose interests in the dairy industry are well known and meritoriously popular, has Australian cows. He said that he hadn't that his cows were Zebu, the Indian humped cow, or the purely native one.

Which leads us to remark that of all the lands on earth Great Britain preeminently has the greatest number of breeds of cows. The Royal Agricultural society recognizes the Short-horn, Hereford, Sussex, Welsh, Long-horn, Aberdeen-Angus, Belted Galloway, Galloway Park, Dairy Shorthorn, Lincolnshire, Red Shorthorn, Devon, South Devon, Red Poll, Blue Albion, British Friesian, Ayrshire, Guernsey, Kerry and Dexter. Which would seem quite a lot for the small area that is their habitat.—Slam Observer.

The Native Doctor

The native trained in medical work is becoming a main factor in bringing about the new day in Africa, states the Missionary Herald, an English Baptist monthly. It says further: M. Louis Franck's humorous description of the native medical assistant confronting the witch doctor could be echoed by every missionary. "Standing before the witch doctor he says to that ancient charlatan—'You are an ass,' and then proceeds to prove it." "Look," says he, "through the lens of my microscope at the minute creature shown there. This is the cause of disease, not the entrance of an evil spirit. You know nothing at all about it. I am the one who knows." Hence the end of the witch doctor's influence."

Primitive Counting

While enjoying a holiday in Finland, writes an English traveler, I flew across by seaplane to spend a day in Reval, the capital of Esthonia, and I was very interested to see that in all shops they still use the ancient and primitive abacus, the frame with colored balls, used in kindergartens, for purposes of adding. I went first to a bank to change a sovereign. They accepted the coin with some suspicion and checked the notes they gave me on one of these ball frames, and when I went to the post office to get a set of stamps as a souvenir they totaled the amount I had to pay by the same method. I am no mathematician, but I got my total first.

Danger in Transplanting

Trees, like people, lose adaptability with advancing age, and a comparatively minor change in their environments may be fatal. Entomologists of the Department of Agriculture say that transplanting almost always is a severe test for trees of considerable size and many transplanted trees are attacked by insects. If most of the large trees in a grove are killed, leaving only a border of trees or small groups, the survivors often suffer serious damage and die. This may be the result of a disturbance of moisture conditions and a change from general shade to large areas of sun-baked soil. Borers then may complete the deadly work.

Milky Way

The most stupendous of all celestial objects is the Galaxy, more commonly known as the Milky Way. In fact it is our whole universe, of which the sun with all its attendant family of planets, including asteroids and satellites, as well as comets, forms a very humble member. Its appearance as a dim white band crossing the heavens is merely a matter of perspective; that band marks simply the plane of greatest extension of the Milky Way—the direction in which the stars, in reality fairly uniformly distributed, appear congested by the effect of distance. Many of these stars are immensely brighter than the sun.

Some Branches of Bittersweet

By J. NET C. M. R. T.

"Did you hear?" gasped Miss Fletcher as the district manager left the room. "Did you hear him, Lucy?"

"Yes," Lucy replied, "I heard you hear him, Lucy?"

"The—the big—goose!" substituted Miss Fletcher for a more descriptive word to apply to a chief who up to that moment had been the most polite and considerate of men; "all about some branches of bittersweet on my desk." She rearranged the brown twigs, heavy with rich red and orange fruit, and held her fingers in position to resume her work at any moment. "Barked at me, he did. Says he, 'What's that?' and I says, 'Bittersweet from the country, and all it needs is some wild clematis, all gray and feathery and—' 'Humph!' he barks again and goes off. What are you tittering at, Lucy Lee?"

"You are so funny, Jane! Try to bark 'Humph!' yourself and see—"

"You are shallow," interrupted Jane Fletcher, as she rattled the keys of her own machine. But occasionally her eyes roved to the closed door of the private office.

Behind that closed door Cleve Larabee stood motionless, his broad shoulders blocking out the light from the western window. A wonderful view could be had from this high window, but Cleve Larabee saw nothing save frost-touched leaves dropping around like tinted blossoms; the orange-red fire of bittersweet tangled with the curly gray tendrils of clematis, and Annabel Day—standing there. He turned from the window and sat down heavily in his chair. He had almost forgotten Annabel Day!

Fifteen years ago he had left Mossdale and sought a living in the city. His parents had been dead a year, he had little patrimony, and no prospects in the Vermont village. So he had said good-by to Annabel, refusing to bind her by any promise.

For a while they corresponded, but after a couple of years she had stopped writing.

He had come to be the district manager of a great corporation; and he had believed he was happy—until this afternoon, when the sight of a branch of bittersweet had stirred up all the old boyish love of the countryside where he had been born and raised, and where Annabel Day had lived and loved him.

His brooding eyes gradually came to notice the flat package on his desk—the name of a well-known photographer was in one corner.

Idly he lifted a knife and severed the string and opened the papers; half a dozen photographs were soon scattered around him, enlargements of smaller pictures—and now, everything vanished and he was back in the hill country again—on the right was the deep gorge filled with snow and on the other side the tall hemlocks weighted with the fleecy of winter. Once when they were children he and Annabel had played these were Christmas trees and hung them with all sorts of bright baubles; before him was the slope of the mountains, snow-capped and friendly; here to the left was a bit of autumn road—there, a glimpse of some quiet pond reflecting the old bridge and the bending willows—

Suddenly he woke up and gathered the photographs into a pile. Then he searched the wastepaper basket for the wrapping paper. He put on his hat and overcoat, locked his desk and passed out of the office.

"So," mused the pale clerk at the photographer's as he scanned the photographs on the counter. "I remember now Mr. Kulow sent them over for your approval. They are very popular among people who are from Vermont. Great country up there, and this is fine photography. There's a girl up there who does it all herself—makes a good living at it, too—some artist, she is, too—see the grouping of those trees—and this—that's a fine dog—goes with her everywhere, she says. We have a picture of her. Here it is."

Cleve Larabee stared at the strong, graceful figure vividly portrayed against a background of dark hemlocks, freighted with snow. She wore knickerbockers tucked into high boots, a heavy sweater and a man's hunting coat. A knitted cap revealed the soft masses of dark hair.

"Annabel!" muttered Larabee. "That's her name," volunteered the clerk.

"It must be her daughter. I knew her years ago."

"She isn't married. Miss Annabel Day's her name, Mr. Larabee."

"How did you happen to send the pictures that she took to my office?" The clerk pondered awhile; at last, "Oh, she wrote to Mr. Kulow and suggested that he send some of them to you—picked out the very ones you've had in your hand—that's all, sir!"

"That isn't all, young man, it's only the beginning!" and the fully awakened Mr. Larabee dashed out to call a taxicab, for there was a train to be caught at once if he was to reach Mossdale in the morning. He must be there to meet Annabel, who had refused to grow old, who had dared to send the message of the pines to his dull life. And as the train sped northward his heart grew lighter, for he knew that his love was not dead, but that the snow had kept it warm and alive.

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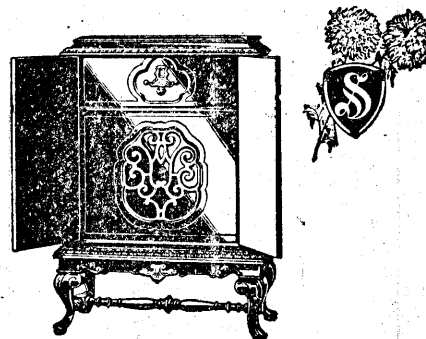
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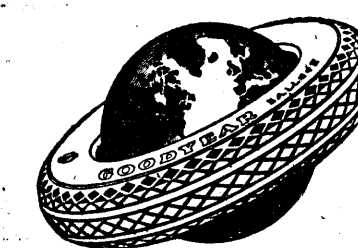
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