

GOBLES NEWS

VOL XXXVI

GOBLES, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1926

NO. 15

A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

LOCAL BREVITIES

Who said beautiful?
Shirley Cuthbert is visiting in town this week.

Miss Margaret Lober spent Sunday at Grant Brown's.

Mr. Hollander and family spent Xmas with Ur Hicks at Vestaburg.

The Michigan Central Railroad has an ad on the last page of this issue.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Walker spent Christmas with their son, Harry in Detroit.

Mrs. L. E. Churchill and Cleone spent Xmas with Chas. Little's in Fenntville.

Arleigh Brewer held the number that won the Victrola given away at Merrifield's.

Mr. Cooley, sr. had the misfortune to fall recently and break a bone in his hip.

Community potluck dinner at Wagertown Grange hall, New Year's day at noon.

Mesdames Brown and Lober spent the first of the week in Holland with their mother.

A prophetess in Washington foretells a bumper year for the farmers in 1926. Here's hoping.

The Epworth League will celebrate New Year's eve tonight. Big things are being prepared.

Marjorie Graham is home from St. Joe and Arleigh Brewer from Kalamazoo for the holidays.

Someone stole about 90 hens from M. Koss Christmas Eve. May the thief be caught and punished.

The Baptist Ladies Aid will meet next Wednesday, Jan. 3 at Mrs. L. O. Graham's. Election of officers.

If you would start the New Year with the greatest happiness, pay all your non interest bearing debts today.

Messrs. M. J. Walker and Wm. Everard with their families drove through from Petoskey and spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Koss.

Atty. M. F. Cole and wife of Ferndale, Mr. and Mrs. Will F. Young of Dayton, O. and Roger Cole of Alma were Christmas guests at Al Wauchek's.

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Adams and Mrs. Win Cook and children Mr. Griswold, Mr. Frank Austin and Mrs. Beck spent Xmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Will Metzger.

Steve Martin and family of Litchfield are spending the week at E. W. Myers'. Steve's foot ball team won the Hillsdale county championship and beat the champions of four other counties.

This is the 33rd Gobles News for 1924 all for the same price and from a few we have not received the price yet. If you would make us happy please remit before tomorrow morning.

Late Geiger's entertained at Christmas, Mrs. D. Geiger and sons, Warren, Henry, Dewey and M. Cleo Geiger.

Michigan, Our Michigan

is well under the snow this week, especially in this, the banner section of the state, but they say a liberal covering of snow is as good as much fertilizer and if this is true this section is fertilized for another 20 years.

Anyhow we have a wonderfully beautiful atmosphere and the boys and girls can enjoy the beautiful to the hilt. This also gives the farmers a chance to plan their work for the coming year, which is most essential for them, for the ones who plan systematically and work diligently toward these plans seldom complain on the results of their year's efforts.

Concerted efforts by the Michigan Tourists and Resort Association are putting Michigan on the map in this department as never before and this section has greatly benefited through tourists and resorters for years.

With continued efforts on the part of all we predict 1926 will be the greatest year this section has ever known.

To care for this trade that they may come again we must not be idle, but must prepare to care for the people properly when they come. These tourists are from all classes, and all classes expect fair treatment, they are willing to pay right prices for what they require, but regardless of class they object to overcharges, and one overcharge will do damage beyond remedy which may effect the entire community. Treat them as you would like to be treated and great will be the rewards in honest profits.

Plan to raise crops that are enjoyed as foods and with facilities for reaching ready markets you can hardly go wrong.

Plan to make this a good, honest year for yourself and you have a right to expect it and you and your community will benefit thereby.

The Methodist Church

The Christmas Pageant Wednesday night, Dec. 23 was a fine success in every way. Everyone did his or her part with much credit to themselves and that which they represented. The decorations were very beautiful indeed. The committee did their work splendidly.

Though the night was very stormy the house was well filled and all were highly entertained by those who represented the Birth of the Christ.

There were 148 Christmas boxes filled with goodies and nearly 200 popcorn balls given out and sent to others. And Santa he (she) capped the climax and brought the house down with his wit and humor, which livened things up very much. We wish to thank Mr. Percy Petty in helping to make the closing scene very beautiful. You all simply did fine. We thank you very much.

The offering for the Children's Home will reach \$20.

Look out for an interesting East program.

About 25 or 30 of the young people participated in the Epworth League devotional meeting Sunday evening which was followed by a fine social hour. It did us good to see these fine young people visit and enjoy themselves.

Next Sunday evening from 6 to 7, the Devotional hour. Leader, Paul Wilcox. Topic, "Christ in the Day's Work." This is to be followed by a social hour. You are invited.

Monday morning hour 10:30. Sermon, "In Him was Light," followed by the Holy Communion. Church school hour 11:30.

Make this first Sunday of the New Year a great day.

We extend to you all our New Year Greeting. May it be a good one to you all.

Kindly yours,
A. S. Williams

WAWERLY

Henry Bishop and family entertained Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bishop of Kalamazoo Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stevens entertained their children and grandchildren Christmas day.

Glenn Root and family of Kalamazoo spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. G. D. Root.

Mrs. Frances Frisbie entertained her children and grandchildren Christmas day at the home of Ed Markille.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Stevens entertained their children and grandchildren Christmas day.

Charles Slack of Kalamazoo spent Christmas at the parental home.

Will Niles and family spent Christmas day at Percy Root's of Kalamazoo.

Fred Mumford has moved from A. D. Frisbie's farm to the old Talling farm near Hipps corners in Alma township.

Obituary

George D. Root was born in Wawerly township on August 2, 1863 and passed to the Great Beyond on Saturday evening at 6:30 p. m. December 19, 1926 at the age of 62 years, 4 months and 17 days.

He was the first son of Stevens and Charlotte Root and the first one from a family of five children to pass on.

His boyhood days were spent in this vicinity having lived on the farm, where he died, for 28 years.

He was united in marriage on February 8, 1890, to Lucy Armitie Tibbitts. To this union were born five children, all of whom are left to mourn his death.

His health began to fail him about one year ago, but always being sturdy and well, it was hard for him to give up, so he kept going, with the aid of his ever faithful wife until a week before he died.

He leaves to mourn his passing, his wife, five children, six grandchildren, three sisters and one brother. His wife, Mrs. G. D. Root and children: Glenn A. Root of Kalamazoo, Mrs. Erma T. Messner, Mrs. L. Maud McIntire of Detroit, Fred H. Root of Benton Harbor and Mr. Paul A. Root of Kalamazoo. His sisters, Mrs. Geo. Sparks of California, Mrs. Frank Osborne of Kalamazoo, Mrs. Ezra Clark of Paw Paw and Edd Root of California.

Besides these he leaves a host of other relatives, neighbors and friends.

Father is not dead but only sleeping. In the sweet refuge of his Master's breast, far away from sorrow, pain and weeping. He is not dead, but only taking rest.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the many friends and neighbors for their kindness shown us during the illness and death of our beloved husband and father; also the Covey Hill Sunday School, the Rev Pease for his comforting words and the singers for their beautiful songs.

Mrs. G. D. Root and Children.

Tax Service

I have an enclosed car and can give you very good service at reasonable prices. I will appreciate your business. Will take you anywhere. Call Ruell's Grocery.

King Auto Top Shop

Automobile Tops and Side Curtains made and repaired. Also Glass Enclosures and Celluloid. In the Beals Building, Gobles, Michigan.

Tax Notice

Will be at Gobles State Bank Tuesday and Friday next week to collect Bloomingdale township taxes. Dog tax must be paid before January 1st or you will have to pay \$2 extra per dog.

Ernest Smith, Treas.

Fortnightly Club

The Woman's Fortnightly club met at the home of Mrs. Styles, Dec. 17. Following the business meeting the program was given. "Christmas in Scotland," written by Mrs. Stimpson, was read by Mrs. Estabrook.

Original Christmas story, Mrs. Gilchrist.

Solo, "Silent Night," Mrs. Harrelson, accompanied by Jean Reading, Mrs. Connery.

Solo, Mrs. Odell.

There was an offering of \$6.80 to be spent in bringing Christmas cheer to the shut-ins and those in need.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Benton Dec. 31.

BROWN DISTRICT

Some snow in the roads nowadays.

Goldie Steinman and Beulah Pike spent Christmas at Geo. Pike's.

John Hyde of Three Rivers spent Christmas with his family here.

Lloyd Hoffman is visiting in Kalamazoo a few days.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Thorpe and son spent Thursday and Friday in Battle Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Gilbert took Christmas dinner at Lee Confer's.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sackett, Mrs. Iva Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Champion were Christmas guests at Andy Sackett's.

Mr. and Mrs. Severn Neelson of Grand Rapids spent Thursday night at Dave Gilbert's.

Mrs. Alta Stamp is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Story.

BELL SCHOOL

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Confer, Donald and Marcia spent last week in Grand Rapids, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Severn Nelson. While there Mr. Confer took treatments at Barton hospital. Wesley and Opal held down the claim in their absence.

Mrs. Frank Weston spent Xmas in Battle Creek returning home Saturday. On account of the roads the son was obliged to leave his car and make the return trip by rail.

Mr. and Mrs. Walters entertained their children and Rose Irwin Xmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Wilkins and Virginia were Xmas guests of Mrs. Ed Carter.

Billie Corrigan spent the week end in Kalamazoo with his Grandma Etheridge.

Lee Carter has installed a new radio. Too bad to spoil a good man's habits as he now keeps late hours, but everything has changed since the flapper age.

Shirley Alan has been on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Fritz and A. J. Eastman and family of Kalamazoo and Lyle Bishop and family of LaPorte were Christmas guests at W. H. Ferguson's. In order to get part of the guests home they were obliged to tow them with horses and shovels to the state road where they made home all o. k.

Will Gault and family spent Xmas at John Gault's.

Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the C. M. Farmers Mutual Telephone Co. will be held at village hall 8 o'clock, January 9, 1926 at 1:30 P. M. the election of officers and the transaction of such business as may properly come before it.

H. B. Taylor Sec.

Water Tax Notice

Village water tax is due and should be paid at once to Frank Cooley, Village Marshal.

KENDALL

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Weston ate the happy parents of a little son, Frederick, born Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Odell had their children home for Christmas. Those from away were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Odell of Long Beach, Cal., Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hanson and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Regle and Mr. and Mrs. Leeder of Gobles, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lockhart of Douglass.

Clyde Leverger was quite seriously hurt Saturday afternoon while cranking a car. His right wrist was dislocated, laying him up for awhile.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lewis spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Leo Freeman at Kalamazoo.

Mrs. Carrie Waite is gaining slowly from her recent breakdown.

Newton Kennedy has come to make a holiday visit with his brother and sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Spencer spent Christmas with the former's people at Bangor.

Mrs. Alice Root Wood is quite ill at her home in Trowbridge township.

Mrs. Gladys Westler and children will remain here for the week, visiting her parents and other relatives.

Henry Waber and family came from Kalamazoo Friday afternoon for a late Christmas dinner with his mother, Mrs. Mabel K. Waber and remained till Sunday afternoon. They all drove to Kalamazoo Saturday afternoon to attend a show.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sweet entertained for Christmas, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Glen Sweet and three daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Roy at Kellar and three sons and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kellar.

The Bowers family had a family reunion at their fathers', John Bowers Christmas day.

Hosea Stott, who has been visiting his mother and sister the past week, returned to his home in Cleveland, O. Monday afternoon.

Glenn Wilkinson came from Detroit Thursday to spend the holidays with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Wilkinson.

Elmer Barringer informs us he has a new little granddaughter, born to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Barringer at Grand Rapids Dec. 24. A pretty nice Christmas present.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Richards spent Christmas day with the Morrisons at Otsego. It was a reunion of Mr. Richards' children and grandchildren.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Schoolcraft and children, Mr. and Mrs. Verrill Smith and Mrs. Bertha Shirley and daughter, Doris spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Homer Curtis at Kalamazoo.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Story and daughter, Bessie of Kalamazoo spent the holiday week end with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Bachelder entertained Christmas day, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Chamberlin and Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Chamberlin.

J. N. Waber entertained at a family Christmas party. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Jake Wesler and children of Kalamazoo, Mr. and Mrs. Vern Chamberlin and family and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Parker and sons.

The Sunday school program held at the M. E. church Christmas eve was a very pleasing one. Mrs. Chamberlin had her children well trained and there was an enthusiastic audience to enjoy it.

Jennie Powell Hogan of Kendall has returned from a trip to Southern California and the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

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

GOBLES NEWS

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING Entered at the Post Office at Gobles, Mich., as second-class matter. BERT TRAVIS, Publisher. Member Michigan Press Association and National Editorial Association.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE IN CANADA \$1.25 1 month, in advance 25c 3 months, in advance 75c 6 months, in advance 1.25

Business Locals

Fruit and ornamental trees and vines for fall setting for sale. Albert Hosner.

Used Buick touring car for sale. Dr. Wilkinson, Kendall. 3t

Veal calves wanted. See or phone Lester Woodruff.

Indian relics wanted. See Van Ryno.

Typewriter paper, good quality, low priced, for sale at The News office.

Cut flowers for all occasions, banquets and set pieces. Mrs. A. J. Poelsch.

Registered Duroc Jersey brook hog for service, \$1.50. John Abbott farmers phone.

Will buy veal and chickens every Monday forenoon. Will come and get them. O. J. Rhoades.

Full blood Polled Durham bull for service, \$1.50. Elmer Simmons.

Buy Miller tires at Dorgan's filling station.

Dance at Kendall every Saturday night.

Special prices on tires and tubes at Cash Supply Store.

Baled and loose hay for sale. Stanley Styles.

Genuine 13 plate battery \$16.50 at Harrelson's.

Brood sow for sale. See J. J. Ringel.

Wanted to Buy—A work team and good kitchen range. John Hyde, farmers phone.

Good, large house in Gobles, new roof for sale on contract. Why pay rent when you can pay for this on monthly payment plan? No interest. J. L. Clement & Son.

For tubular well work see Will Herman or leave or phone orders to E. J. Merrifield store, Gobles. 11-7

O. I. C. hog for service. See Fred Babbitt.

Will saw or buy your logs at my place early spring. See or phone Lester Clark for particulars. Nelson Clark.

Let Lohrberg grind your sausage for you.

Registered Guernsey bulls and bull-calves for sale. J. D. Russell, Route 1, Gobles, 3 miles west of Merson.

Will saw lumber at the Clement yard as usual in the spring. Chase & Carter.

A good position with rapid advancement through a course with the South Bend Business College. Resident or home study. Write for catalog.

Pine wood for sale. Inquire A. M. Almy, Pine Grove.

Dry and green mixed wood for sale. John Abbott.

Commencing January 1, 1926, I will be in my shop every Saturday, all day, for repair work. Max Benton, Plumber.

Lost—New tire chain between Gobles and North Point. Finder please return to News office. Reward.

Seven 6 weeks old full blood Poland China pigs for sale. See J. J. Ringel. 3t

Good Portland cutter for sale, also good driving mare. See Carl Reese, south of Bloomingdale.

Woodins Oriental Ointment, a home remedy that should be in every home in this day of pneumonia danger. For your own sake put in a box of this marvelous ointment. If you are troubled with rheumatism, tonsillitis, or asthma don't fail to try this remedy on sale at Myers Bros., Gobles druggist.

Electric Devices Oust the Divining Rod

New Ways of Finding Ore Bodies in Earth.

Washington.—Man's long search for a magic wand with which to find gold and silver may soon be at an end. The forked twig or witchstick has been thoroughly discredited, but in electricity the United States bureau of mines believes an effective instrument for prospecting may be developed.

Electrical prospecting for metals is comparatively new. The work is still in the experimental stage, but several systems have been developed which, in the opinion of mining men, when brought to a point of greater certainty will be valuable in the preliminary searching for metallic ores.

One of these systems has been developed by the Arizona bureau of mines. The instruments record the difference of potential set up by electrical static or dynamic waves that are either induced or pre-existing in bodies of metallic ores. After the various differences of potential have been observed at a number of points in the immediate vicinity of the supposed ore body, a certain electrical field is plotted, at the center of which the ore body should be found.

Where these electrical methods are used, the federal bureau of mines points out, the geological condition must be taken into consideration, along with the results obtained from the electrical prospecting. The conclusions reached must then be confirmed by actual discovery of the ore by means of diamond or churn drilling or by underground prospecting methods. The value of the system is that by covering the area to be examined with a rapid electrical survey, the favorable spots for drilling or prospecting may be localized and much useless expenditure of money avoided.

Finding Oil Fields.
A portable field apparatus has also been developed by the federal bureau of mines. It may be used by prospectors or geologists as an additional aid in discovering new oil or gas fields. If water of underground origin traverses a gas or oil sand, it will absorb a definite quantity of hydrocarbon vapors, and will carry these vapors to the surface when tapped by a well. The apparatus makes it possible to determine whether the vapors are mainly of natural gas composition or are composed mostly of heavier petroleum vapors.

The use of a forked twig, or so-called divining-rod, in finding minerals and hidden treasure or detecting criminals still has a strong hold on the popular fancy, even in the United States, as shown by the thousands of inquiries received by the government departments.

The bureau of mines informs such correspondents that "the extravagant claims put forth by people who sell contrivances such as divining rods, mineral rods and the like have never been substantiated. Special instruments, such as the dip needle, the magnetometer and the dial compass, have been successfully used in prospecting for magnetic iron ores in this and other countries, but such instruments are not useful in prospecting for precious metals or ores that have no magnetic effect. The question of locating buried treasure is one on which it is impossible to give helpful advice of any kind."

Lost in Antiquity.
The origin of the divining rod is lost in antiquity. Students of the subject have discovered in ancient literature many more or less vague references to it. The "rod" is mentioned many times in the Bible in connection with miraculous performances. In the

Famous Statuary Crumbling Away

Paris.—There is talk of removing Carpeaux's famous group, "La Danse," from the top of the Paris opera house, which it has graced for so many years, and replacing it with a copy, so that the original may be preserved in a museum. The group is crumbling, and in a century or so there may be nothing left of it. The "Danse" is regarded as one of Carpeaux's finest works and as a masterpiece of his period.

Some Parisians oppose the idea of removing the group. "The Opera," they say, "is a public monument and a complete artistic whole. Changes can only harm it. 'La Danse,' too, was specially designed for the place it now occupies. It would be out of place in a museum."

Seventeenth century, use of divining rods had spread through the countries of Europe and aroused controversy. Its champions, among whom were some of the most learned men of the time, explained its operation on the principle of "sympathy" or "attraction and repulsion." Its adversaries condemned its use as a superstitious and vain practice. Another view suggested a demonic influence. In Cornwall, England, the belief is still common among the miners that the rod is guided to the ore deposits by the pixies, the fairy custodians of the mineral treasures of the earth. Scientific controversies over the divining rod have continued to the present day.

FIRE-WALKING ACT IS STILL MYSTERY

Observers Fail to Solve Tahitian Secret.

Papeete, Tahiti.—Despite investigations of competent observers, the famous fire-walking ceremony still remains a secret of a small company of natives in the Island of Raiatea.

The ceremony was given on this island recently for the first time in many years and outsiders were not excluded from witnessing any stage of the preparation of the fire pit.

When the proper time comes and the celebrants pass through the fire, any bystander asking permission may go through beside them without discomfort.

Outsiders who have passed through the fire say they felt no sensation of heat except on the face, although, when standing outside, the radiation made the pit difficult to approach.

Those trying to solve the mystery have pulled out a large stone from the pit while the ceremony was in progress and thrown it into a pail of water. The water would go up in steam. Some also have tried crawling to the edge of the pit and, touching one of the white stones with the finger. They were rewarded with ugly burrs.

Scientists who have seen the fire-walking have propounded a number of theories, but practical tests always failed to establish such explanations.

The ceremony, harking back to heathen times and the worship of the old gods, is frowned on by the missionaries and the Christians among the natives. Hence it is seldom performed, even in Raiatea, the place of its origin.

Tried Wrong Girl

New York.—Miss Leonora Bertini, twenty, knows how to deal with mashers. She chased one from an elevated station for several blocks and brought him down with a flying tackle. She was educated as a physical training instructor.

Hungarians, Lost Years Ago, Found

Captured by Russian Soldiers and Forgotten.

Budapest.—The unexpected return of a Hungarian soldier, believed long dead, has cleared up the mystery surrounding the disappearance of 1,000 soldiers of Austro-Hungary nine years ago. Known to have been captured by the Russian army in the Carpathians in 1916 and reported as having been sent to Siberia, all trace of the men vanished years ago and they were thought to have perished.

Now, by the return of the soldier, it is known that the 1,000 have settled in the bleak territory to which they were sent, founded five villages and traveled well on the way to the development of 400,000 acres of land allotted to them by the soviet government. Furthermore, they have married Tartar, Mongol and Chinese wives and are so well content with their lot that they will remain permanently in their new homes.

Soon Forgotten.
The villages of the prisoners are on the side of the Amur river near the Chinese-Mongolian border. They were exiled to the place by the old Russian government and were soon forgotten. Slowly they turned their attention to agriculture and various other trades. Most of them were former Hungarian

Once Fried Potatoes, Now Famous Artist

Paris.—Fame and wealth have come to a Montmartre artist who until a few years ago sold fried potatoes for a living. Emile Boyer had talent, perhaps genius; but he did not know it until one day a friend told him one of his pictures, which he had painted for his own amusement, was exhibited for sale at the gallery of a prominent art dealer. Prosperity had come to the little Montmartre home but fame came later, only through the caprice of a princess.

One day Princess Lucien Murat looked around in wonder at the picture nailed on the wall and ended by arranging to have Boyer paint her portrait.

army officers, nearly all university graduates. Among them are a university professor, three doctors, an architect, two Catholic priests, a rabbi, while all others are masters of valuable trades.

The foundation of these villages came with the Russian revolution. The prisoners had two choices; one was not to recognize the Red government and suffer further punishment as prisoners; the other choice was to join the Red army. Although all of them were against the soviet idea, still the latter choice was better for them.

They joined the army and they were placed in the same battalion. The Reds gave them about 400,000 acres of land, agricultural machinery, domestic animals and everything the farmers need, and they were to guard the border from Mongolian and Chinese attacks.

That was the beginning of the villages. They built houses, agricultural buildings, brick factories and a flour mill. Within a short time they had formed a small industrial center in a territory where only wild tribes existed.

Held to Language.
They all married Chinese, Mongolian, Korean and Russian girls, but an interesting thing is that they didn't forget their mother language. Not only that, but they created a new European civilization. They built churches and schools where the Hungarian language is spoken. Even their wives are adopting this language.

Money is a thing unknown to them. Business is done by the ancient methods of exchange. Most of their output is sold in Vladivostok, where their business also is transacted in the exchange of their produce for articles they need.

Wants Good One

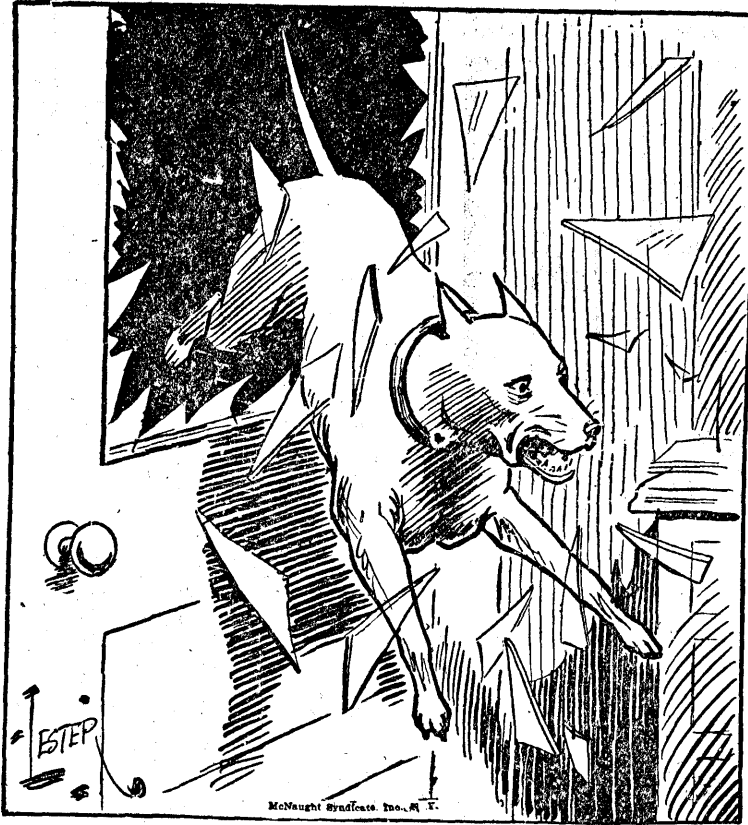
New York.—A high school boy has written asking Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony orchestra, to give him saxophone lessons.

The cost of traffic delays in New York city is estimated at \$500,000 a day.

Lore for Dog-Owners

By Albert Payson Terhune

HERO-DOGS OF TODAY



He Crashed Against the Pane of Glass and He Crashed Through It.

OLD MAN NEGLEY was listening to the Marcy children telling of a wonderful motion picture they had seen the night before. He was doing some early spring cleaning in the Marcy garden on Vine street, his little black-and-tan lying in a sunlit corner of the windy garden and watching his master lazily.

"There was the grandest dog in that picture-play, Mr. Negley," little Blanche Marcy was exclaiming. "A baby had been kidnapped in its carriage. The dog knocked over the kidnappers. Then he caught the handle of the baby carriage in his teeth and he pushed the carriage back to the baby's home, a mile or two, and he dodged it in and out among the street traffic and—"

"Pooh!" scoffed Harris Marcy, with all the skepticism of a big brother, twelve years old. "That was just a fake. In real life a dog couldn't do any stunts like that. They faked it!" "Maybe so," assented Old Man Negley, observing little Blanche's crestfallen air, "or maybe not. But I have known real-life dogs to do things much braver and more exciting than that. For instance:

"A few months ago all the papers told the story of a dog that did a real motion-picture stunt to save his master. I took the trouble to write to a friend of mine in the city where it happened and he swore it was all true. He knows the man it happened to. Another friend of mine in the same city knows him and he vouches for it, too.

"A storekeeper was closing up his shop for the night. He went back into his living quarters behind the shop where he and his pet bull terrier lived together. Between the shop and the sitting room was a door. The top half of that door was made of thick plate glass. It was more like a window than a door.

"The man remembered something he had left in the shop. He went back in there after it. As he went he shut this door behind him. The dog was asleep in the sitting room.

"The man found three burglars in the shop. They had gotten in so quietly he had not heard them through that door. They were at work on his till. There was \$400 in the till. As the shopkeeper came in the men were just nabbing that \$400.

"They saw him and they made a jump for him. He defended himself as well as he could. But he was not a big man and he was no match for three. One of them got behind him and knocked him over the head with a gun butt or some other weapon.

"Down he fell, half unconscious and too weak and dizzy to get to his feet. The three thieves made for the till again to scoop up the \$400 they had been taking out of it. The storekeeper tried to call out for help. He could only moan.

"But that moan did the business. It reached the keen ears of the bull terrier in the sitting room behind the shop. The sound of scuffling had already waked the dog from his nap. Now when he heard his master moan he galloped to the door. But it was shut. The glass half was too high for him to see through.

"The dog jumped on a table. From there he could see into the shop. One glance told him all he needed to know. He went into action without stopping to think.

"He launched himself through the air, with all his might, straight at the thick pane of glass that filled the upper half of the door. He crashed against it, and he crashed through it. The splintered glass cut him horribly. As he landed sprawling on the floor of the shop he was one mass of blood and cuts. But he didn't stop for that. Men were robbing his master. Men had attacked his master. That was not on the free list. He went for the robbers.

"They didn't wait long. At the crashing of glass and at sight of the charging and bloody monster, they turned and ran for their lives. They got away but they left the \$400 and

all the rest of the shop's valuables. They didn't get a thing, thanks to the heroism of one dog. Are there many better stunts in the movies than that true adventure?"

"Then, out West, near Coalinga, Cal., last winter a small collie was guarding a herd of calves when an enormous mountain lion sprang from a ledge and seized the nearest calf. The collie landed on the lion like a furry whirlwind and attacked him so fiercely he made the lion drop the calf and fight for his own life.

"A man on horseback, half a mile away, saw the whole thing and galloped to the rescue at full speed. But before he got there the gallant little collie had done what he set out to do. He had driven away the giant mountain lion and had saved the bunch of calves that had been attacked.

"A collie is no fool. That little dog must have known what price he was due to pay for attacking a monster four times as big and as murderous as himself. Yet he had not hesitated. By the time the horseman got there the lion was running away for dear life and the gallant little collie was lying dead in front of the flock he had given his life to save. Anything finer than that in the movies?"

"Ever hear of the glorious St. Bernard dog, Harry? He lived in a monastery in the Alps. In storms he was sent out to rescue lost travelers. He rescued dozens of them, saving life after life. One day in a storm a traveler fell into a drift and hadn't the strength to get out. Before he could freeze to death Barry came to his rescue.

"The traveler was so scared and so confused that he mistook the heroic dog for a wolf and killed him. But Barry kept alive long enough to drag to safety the fool who had murdered him. Perhaps there's a better dog in the movies than Barry?"

"Yes, the world is full of dogs that are finer heroes than any motion picture man can put on the screen. Thousands of them have laid down their lives, eagerly, for the humans they loved or for the live stock they guarded."

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Ancients Hatched Eggs by Artificial Means

Although hot-air and hot-water incubators were not known in Europe until the last decades of the Eighteenth century, the Chinese and Egyptians practiced artificial incubation of fowls' eggs thousands of years ago. The ancient Egyptians built enormous ovens of semi-dried bricks, often covering an area of as much as 6,000 square feet. Similar egg ovens are in use in Egypt today, the craft having been handed down through the centuries, from father to son. Through the center of the egg oven runs a passage which opens up on each side to circular vaults, in which the actual hatching is done. Fires are kept alight in each vault, and all surplus heat and smoke escape from a large hole in the roof. During incubation the porous egg shell admits a slight amount of oxygen and allows the escape of other gases. Every day the shell grows more brittle, so that when the time comes for the live chick to break forth it has no difficulty in doing so.

In Her Father's Footsteps

Claire Stinnes, favorite daughter of the late German industrial magnate, has inherited her father's mercantile instincts. Although only twenty-six years of age, she has established and is conducting in Berlin's West end a store where she sells automobiles and industrial machinery. She declares that she is happiest when with motor cars and machinery, and that while she is now operating on a small capital she hopes to build up her business until it ranks with the largest of its sort in the German capital. As a mere girl she was sent by her father to South America to represent him in oil negotiations there. She attributes her habits of self-reliance to her father's training.

POULTRY

IMPROPER FEED IS CAUSE OF BIG LOSS

One of the greatest losses in the poultry business is caused by improper feeding of baby chicks. There are many people who still fail to consider that a chick when hatched does not require food for several days and that it will live more than a week without food. Most poultry raisers who hatch their own chicks have learned this, but many who buy chicks are still inclined to overfeed at first.

Great care should be taken to start feeding the chicks gradually. This applies regardless of the feed that is used. Chicks should be at least 56 hours old when given their first feed. Before this they should be allowed to run on sod or good, clean litter of chaff or finely cut hay.

After the chicks are 56 hours old we give them the first feed. A clean board with strips projecting about one-half inch around the edges, should be provided. This board should be large enough to accommodate all the chicks at one time—several boards being necessary in most cases, as a board 1 by 2½ feet is about the right size for 75 chicks. A little of the feed should be sprinkled over this board, and the chicks allowed to eat for about ten minutes. Then the board should be cleaned off and a little sand sprinkled on it. This in turn should be removed in a few minutes as grit should not be used too freely until the chicks are ten days old. Water should be supplied in small fountains at the same time food is placed before the chicks, but not before.

Sour milk or buttermilk may be used in the place of water for the first feed. Milk is very beneficial when fed properly, but it should be borne in mind that it is necessary to keep up the practice once it is started, and that milk must be fed in galvanized vessels. It is also important that it have the same acid content as each feeding—alternately using sweet clabber and buttermilk or very sour milk is injurious.

Water should be kept before the chicks continuously after the first feed. It is best to supply fresh, clean water at least three times daily and to temper or remove the chill with a little hot water.

Some authorities insist that the baby chicks should be fed five times a day, but we prefer to feed three times a day. In this way we can start by leaving the feed before them only ten minutes and gradually increase the time until we have the mash before them all the time when they are ten to twelve days old.

In mixing one's own feed, we suggest the following mash for the first feed and until the chicks are ten days old: Two-thirds rolled oats rubbed fine and one-third soft wheat bran. This is fed on the boards as mentioned before, and should be increased gradually as described. A little sand and fine charcoal should be added at each feeding or just after. When the chicks are ten days old the sand or fine chick grit can be left before them.

Some form of animal protein should be provided. If sour milk is used, this is supplied. Otherwise it is best to use hard-boiled eggs that have been grated fine. About three eggs per day should be used for each 100 chicks.

So far we have considered only the "chick starter" or mash feed. After the chicks are four or five days old we begin to use a little commercial chick grain or finely cracked corn and wheat. This grain should be used to keep the chicks exercising and should be fed with that idea alone in mind. It should be fed in the litter, just enough being used to keep the chicks busy.

After the chicks are ten days old a mash composed of the following should be added gradually, allowing about a week to change feeds: Twelve pounds soft wheat bran, 12 pounds white shorts, 15 pounds corn meal, 5 pounds rolled oats, 5 pounds screened meat scraps, 2½ pounds bone meal, 1 pound fine charcoal and ¼ pound fine salt. This mash should be mixed thoroughly.—Noel Hall, Extension Specialist, Missouri State Poultry Experiment Station, Mountain Grove.

Protect Meritorious Breed

A meritorious old breed should be recognized and protected to the limit; at the same time, a new breed or variety should not be condemned until its status has been established. This is the safe and sound way domesticated races of fowl can be properly classified and established. By commercializing the new at the expense of the old breeds we undermine the foundation of the standard-bred poultry industry built up by fanciers in this country as well as in all other countries.

Supply Some Mineral

When beef-scrap feeding is discontinued, mineral in some form should be supplied. A very good mineral formula may be made up as follows: Fine salt, 15 pounds; powdered sulphur, 10 pounds; calcium carbonate (or ground limestone), 10 pounds; bone meal, 50 pounds; unleached wood ashes, 5 pounds, and charcoal, 10 pounds. Four or five pounds of this mineral mixture should be used in each 100 pounds of dry mash. The scratch grain should be fed liberally.

Exhibits in Orange and Olive Show



The annual Orange and Olive exposition at Oroville, Cal., drew huge crowds from all sections of the West. Photograph shows Anna Kast and Maxine Silva displaying cotton grown in the central part of California.

1925-1926



By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

RING out the old, ring in the new." Do you remember the time when no article on the New Year was orthodox unless it contained at least a part of "Ring Out, Wild Bells," Alfred Tennyson's melodious verses from "In Memoriam"? And have you noted that nowadays they are no longer in fashion? This is to be regretted. Though they were written 75 years ago, they are still as appropriate and as suggestive as they are melodious. For "In Memoriam" is far more than a splendid memorial to Tennyson's closest friend, Arthur Henry Hallam. It is an utterance of the imperishable hopes and aspirations of the human soul passing through the valley of the shadow of death. It is the English classic on the love of immortality and the immortality of love. It feels the forward movement of the world. It voices the hope for better things that springs eternal in the human breast. It pays due respect to law and order. It breathes sturdy and thoughtful patriotism. There is a profoundly religious spirit in it. It is full of the ultimate spiritual instincts and cravings of humanity:

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter rumors, purer life.

Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

The foregoing verses, once so popular and now rarely quoted, are in themselves suggestive of the changes time has wrought since they were penned. "Ring out the old, ring in the new," sings the poet. Glancing at the "Sixty Years Ago Today" column in the daily newspaper, we see that the Daily News of London was editorially denying that the claims of the United States against Great Britain because of the Confederate cruiser Alabama's destruction of Union shipping were a sufficient cause for war, and 2,000 guests were present at a New York reception to General Grant. Great Britain paid the United States \$15,000,000 damages because of the Alabama; the United States saved Great Britain in the World War; today the peace and stability of the world hangs on the friendship of the two great English-speaking nations. General Grant was made President by the North because he was the leader who won the Civil War. Today we have a reunited country, cemented by the common service of the Blue and Gray in the Spanish-American and World Wars.

Twenty-five years ago today John Alexander Dowle, the American healer, was being mobbed in London by medical students; today the music of Dowle's Zion is heard over every American radio.

Ten years ago today Germany agreed to pay an indemnity to the United States for the 115 lives lost when the Lusitania was torpedoed, but refused to apologize for the sinking of the liner. Today Germany is working out her redemption under the Dawes plan and the world is discussing the appeal to women to "crap the submarine" of Lady Astor, an American-born woman in the British parliament.

AGAIN sings the poet, "Ring out the false, ring in the true"—which is to say: New truths for old fallacies; discoveries, inventions, improvements, increased efficiency in all walks of life. Along this line progress is too rapid to be appreciated; a new improvement is announced before the last can be recorded. For national prosperity is in large measure due to the constant expansion of the application of scientific discoveries to the industry and commerce. Electric power and light, the gas engine and radio have revolutionized and are still improving modern life. Yesterday was announced the discovery by federal government scientists of the secret of red nitrogen, indispensable for the making of munitions and fertilizer. Today a California scientist reports the existence of a new ray, stronger than the X-ray and with one thousand times greater frequency. Tomorrow what?

And what of the radio in 1925? Guess for yourself! It was in 1897 that the first Marconi station

was erected. Its experiments covering a range of about 14 miles; January 24-30 will be International Radio week with its broadcasting among fifteen nations. Radio is now instructing and entertaining the world. It is sending photographs; boiling a kettle on a cake of ice, and stopping railroad trains with emergency brakes. What next?

TENNYSON writes, "ring out the feud of rich and poor." In the larger sense this feud has been rung out in America. There are no longer any "poor" in the meaning of this word as Tennyson used it. America is the most wealthy, most prosperous and happiest nation of earth. The prosperity of the American people this year has made possible the highest standard of living in all history.

Specific illustrations of this prosperity meet the eye at every turn—streets full of automobiles and taxis; sidewalks full of men and women dressed in accordance with fashion's latest whim; homes equipped with radio; millions of spectators at football games at a cash expenditure of untold millions; millions at play in the middle of winter—in warm-weather sports in the South and California and in winter sports in New England and the national parks of the West; the Florida land speculation rivaling the "Mississippi Bubble" of two centuries ago; a record-breaking building construction of \$7,000,000,000.

Moreover, labor is now one of the heaviest investors in the commercial and industrial enterprises of capital. Best of all is the fact that conditions apparently point to a continuance of this prosperity in 1926.

AGAIN, there is the line, "Ring in redress to all mankind. 'Redress' carries with it the suggestions of wrong inflicted upon the helpless and unfortunate and of acknowledgment, reparation and rehabilitation. Doubtless there is need in many places of earth for redress in the fullest meaning of the word—but not in the United States. This is increasingly the land of liberty, equality of rights and opportunity and pursuit of happiness. This nation is the one nation of earth dedicated to these precious things and the passing years but confirm the dedication. All the world knows this; if we were to throw open the gates of America the rush of immigration would be beyond imagining.

The equality of opportunity here is beyond anything history has ever seen. It is literally true that the highest positions in the land are open to all. Even the Presidency is open, the single restriction being that of native birth; President Calvin Coolidge is a farmer's boy who worked as hard during his youth as any young American. The high executive positions in the federal and state governments and the seats of congress are full of self-made men. The great salaries of the "high-ups" in business world are in the large majority of cases drawn by men who have worked up from the bottom.

Education is free. Efficiency is well rewarded. The young American of today has only himself to blame if he does not amass a competence, establish a home and found a family. There are no class distinctions to bar his rise. Theoretically there are no oppressed who should have "redress." In practice there are flies in our ointment; when human nature improves these will be removed.

AND again Tennyson sings, "Ring out old shapes of foul disease." Many have been rung out and more are going with every ringing of the bells. Yellow fever and the bubonic plague—world scourges—have been eliminated from the

map. Smallpox is no longer epidemic. The tropics have been made habitable for the white man; the death rate of the Panama Canal zone is less than that of many cities of the temperate zone. The health of massed populations, long one of the world's greatest problems, has been assured; of the death rate of cities of over 1,000,000 people Chicago's is lowest with 11.2 a thousand, Paris' is highest with 14.3.

The toll of tuberculosis (Chicago 1924 figures) has been reduced to 8.11 a 10,000; of pneumonia to 9.84; of cancer to 10.50. Heart disease is now the worst of the dread list; it kills 18.78. Chicago, like other great American cities, is living too fast—working too hard, playing too hard. Man's avocations are as strenuous as his vocations. Our modern civilization is too fast and furious to be sane or safe.

Herein lies the value of the new National Outdoor Recreation conference, which would make us understand that wholesome outdoor recreation amid scenes of natural beauty is the God-given antidote for many of the ills of our Twentieth century civilization.

TENNYSON voices a present-day world cry in the line: "Ring out the thousand years of old, ring in the thousand years of peace." It is now seven full years since the armistice. These have been years of all the passions of war without. Today, for the first time, the horizon is bright with hope. Europe has come to a realization of its desperate plight. It now sees that no European nation won the World War; that on the contrary that war brought disaster to all, victor and vanquished alike. No nation possesses the resources to accomplish its rehabilitation unaided. To regain even an approximation of their pre-war domination of the world the nations of Europe must combine and co-operate to an extent hitherto unthinkable. The situation has resolved itself to a question of self-preservation.

So the Locarno agreement is more than a gesture of willingness to abstain from war. It means the wish for constructive peace, the desire to begin the work of rehabilitation and the hope of restored world pre-eminence.

The New Year will presumably see a Pan-European congress, working independently of the League of Nations. It will endeavor to break down nationalistic divisions, bring about general disarmament and establish an organization somewhat resembling a "United States of Europe." No, Europe has not accomplished a spiritual regeneration. It is a plain case of realization that something of the kind must be done to avoid complete collapse. United Europe against the world—or Europe's day is done.

FINALLY, writes Tennyson, "Ring in the Christ that is to be." Would that the New Year bells could fulfill his wish, for in Christianity lies the only hope of a reformed human nature and a regenerated world. The World War has brought forth the charge that Christianity is a failure. Certainly crime is rampant. The churches and factions within the churches are quarreling. Nevertheless, Christianity is still the driving force of civilization. The Bible continues to be by far the world's best seller. It has been translated into most of the languages of earth and the presses cannot begin to supply the demand. Has the Christianity of the Jesus Christ of that Bible ever been tried by the world? One thing is sure: New Year's day is a day when every good American should take stock of himself and resolve to do his mite toward making the wish of the poet come true.

Guide Evidently Had Little Ear for Music

Mr. Fritz Kreisler is not one of those ardent souls who devote vacation times to expending three times as much physical effort as they ever would endure under the guise of work. When he rests, he rests, and last summer, spent in a camp in the Maine woods, was no exception to the virtuoso's general rule.

This odd conception of rest did not appeal, however, to the personal guide attached to Mr. Kreisler by the management of the camp.

"He no fish; he no hunt," the guide complained. "Pay me \$4.50 a day, and all I got to do is sit around and listen to him play d—n fiddle."—The New Yorker.

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum
When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisite face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum), 25c each everywhere.—Advertisement.

"Put on the Dog"

Little Mary Catherine was paying a social call at a near neighbor's house when the lunch hour arrived. She was invited to stay but replied that she would have to ask her mother. Home she went and in a short time was back, face all smiles, her mother having agreed that she could accept the invitation.

"And now, Mary Catherine, as you are going to stay for lunch, I guess we will have to put on a little dog," said her hostess. "Indeed, I don't believe I will be able to eat any of the dog," said the little guest, "but I will have some of the gravy."

Maine Potato Yield

Aroostook county, Maine, raises 80,000,000 bushels of potatoes on the average yearly. It has 85,000 acres devoted to them. The average yield per acre is about 250 bushels.

Miss M. Moyea Newell, authoress of Westchester, N. Y., has gone abroad to make a study of India and the Gandhi situation.

TWO MORE SICK WOMEN BENEFITED

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for Their Illness

Detroit, Mich.—"I have found that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does me a lot of good. One day I saw your advertisement in the 'News' and told my husband I was going to try it. I had bearing-down feelings and was very weak. After the first bottle I began to feel better and I took six bottles. I feel like a new woman and have recommended it to others, and they say the same. I keep a bottle of it in the house all the time for sometimes I have a backache and I take the medicine and am all right."—Mrs. Wm. Kraft, 2838 Vinewood Avenue, Detroit, Mich.



Rockford, Illinois.—"I have had nervous break-downs many times, but not since I started to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was weak and run-down, but the Vegetable Compound has helped me and I feel better now. I recommend it to all women who need more strength."—Mrs. GUST. GREEN, 401 Lincoln Park Blvd, Rockford, Illinois.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 1-1926.

The Peg

John Hays Hammond was talking in Washington about the Damascus uprising and General Sarrail's failure to meet the emergency there.

"General Sarrail's case shows us," he said, "that it isn't till a man gets into a hole that we find out definitely what kind of a peg he is."

It Is Safer

Man's clothing may not be simple and hygienic as a woman's, but he feels safer.

MONARCH

Coffee and Cocoa



Quality for 70 Years

Hate on Phonographs

Hymns of hate on phonograph records are the latest wrinkle in the anti-foreign campaign being waged in China. Some of the records seized in a raid on a shop in the heart of the business district in the international settlement are said to have been manufactured by a Japanese concern. They were sung by a Chinese employed at the Great World, Shanghai's little Coney Island. They contained references to the shooting May 30 and were designed to stir up hatred against all foreigners, especially the British. The Japanese manufacturer will be haled into court before a Japanese assessor.

Prime of Life in Sexes

With a woman, the "prime" of life—that is, the period at which she is at her best mentally and physically—is, on the average, between the age of twenty-five and forty. With a man, the age is from thirty to fifty-five.

Some men are so absent-minded that they are constantly forgetting themselves.

33,000,000 Papers Daily

The 2,100 more or less daily newspapers in the United States issue approximately 83,000,000 copies daily, according to latest information. In addition to the 2,100 dailies there are something like 15,000 weekly, semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly periodicals issuing other millions each publication day.

Snow Fleas Like Wet

Snow fleas can stand cold but not dryness, says Nature Magazine. Evaporation is so rapid through the delicate skin of these soft-bodied little insects that dry air is quickly fatal to them.

Release From the Strain

"Who is the very stangy chap you were just talking to?"
"He's a teacher of English enjoying a day off."—Exchange.

Production of motor cars and trucks was 379,300 cars and trucks, compared with 452,392 in the preceding month and 232,248 in November, 1924.

Watershed
The Only All-Waterproof Cloth Overshoe

IT'S just what you've always wanted—a sheet of waterproof material between a durable cashmere upper and warm fleecelining! It combines the all-waterproof protection of a rubber overshoe and the lighter weight, neat appearance and warmth of a cloth gaiter. Stubbard toe protects uppers against snagging. Look for the 'Big C' moulded in the tough White Tire Tread Sole.

'Cabooses'—They call it the "world's best work rubber" because it outwears two to three pairs of ordinary rubbers. For economy in all rubber footwear—for all the family—look for the White Top Band.

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CONVERSE RUBBER SHOE CO., 618 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Factory: Malden, Mass.

See the **BIG C** CONVERSE LINE Rubber Footwear

LOOK FOR THE WHITE TOP BAND

Thy Pleasure Comfort

"Come when thou wilt
and
depart when thou wilt

—since for thy
Pleasure and Comfort
all is ordered
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Who Won Those Bets

By H. IRVING KING

(Copyright.)

JOHN CRAMNER asked Amelia Washburn to be his wife and she said to him nay. "Oh, what do I care?" thought Johnny to himself. "I'll look around—go for a trip abroad maybe. I'll find some girl who can appreciate a first-class offer of marriage."

And Amelia thought: "Johnny Cramner always was a conceited creature. Why, he acted as if he thought I would drop into his mouth like a ripe plum. This will teach him a lesson. There are plenty of young men fully as desirable as Johnny."

The fact was that, in addition to being naturally endowed with the gift of self-appreciation, Amelia and Johnny had been brought up to think extremely well of themselves. On the night of his rejection by Amelia John sought out a disreputable friend of his with whom he played cards until all hours in the morning. To this friend he confided the fact that Amelia Washburn had rejected him.

"Heart broken?" inquired the friend. "Not a crack," replied Johnny. "Then it's your vanity that has been wounded," declared the friend. "Something is worrying you."

"Nonsense," cried Johnny. "I haven't any vanity and nothing is worrying me. Deal the cards."

Amelia's sleep was broken that night. She was afraid she had not been gentle enough in her dismissal of Johnny—but then, he only got what he deserved. No, she did not regret her action in the least. She would not marry John Cramner if he asked her fifty times. She could look higher, she hoped. At breakfast the next morning she reminded her father of that trip to California upon which he had been promising to take her. And, the idea falling in with the father's inclinations, it was agreed that they should start for the Climate state at once.

"It is high time I was considering the subject of matrimony," she told her father. "The first thing you know you will have an old maid on your hands. I want to look around the world and see people, and pick out a suitable person for a husband."

"Well, look around then," replied Washburn. "See the many men of many climes; but I bet you a new car you marry a New York man after all."

"Against that car I'll bet you a new hat that I pick up a husband in my travels," retorted Amelia.

"I am going to sail on the Platonic next Wednesday," Johnny told his friend. "I shall take a good look about the world and probably bring back a wife with me when I return. I am tired of a single life—it's time I settled down."

"Bet you a hundred you come back single as you depart," said the friend.

"Bet you the same I find a wife abroad," said Johnny. And so it happened that while Amelia was speeding West by train, Johnny was speeding East by steamer, both on a similar mission. When Johnny had tired of Europe he went on to India and beyond. And when Amelia had tired of the Pacific coast she pushed on to the Hawaiian Islands and beyond.

Kipling has said that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." But he was wrong about that—geographically, at any rate. They meet at the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, about half way across the Pacific, where you gain a day or lose a day, depending upon which direction you are traveling. Also if one person starts west and keeps going, and another starts east and keeps going, there is every chance that they will meet somewhere on the trip. And thus it happened that Johnny and Amelia met in Tokyo, at an exceedingly expensive hotel and were actually glad to see each other.

A whole year had passed since that little proposal and rejection affair of theirs, and if you had witnessed their meeting you would have supposed that they had forgotten all about the trifling incident. But they hadn't—and each was exceedingly curious to know if the other had been married, become engaged, or fallen in love in the meantime. Amelia was the first to exhibit her laudable curiosity. "Are you still unmarried?" she asked lightly.

"Yes," replied Johnny; "and you—are you Miss Washburn still?"

"I am," she replied calmly. "Amelia," began Johnny earnestly, "just one year ago—" She looked at him keenly. There could be no doubt what he was going to say—he was going to renew that year-old proposal of his.

Amelia grasped the situation in an instant and broke in hastily: "You asked me if I was still Miss Washburn. I am—but I shall not be so very long, I think. I expect to be married as soon as I return to New York."

Johnny sat silent for a long time and then asked dolefully: "May I ask who is the fortunate man?"

"Why," laughed Amelia, "it's you—you goose. I have reconsidered my refusal of last year."

Now that is all right, and as it should be—but who won those bets?

Entirely Personal
He—if it's all over between us, perhaps you'll return the ring?
She—"Don't be absurd. I've no fault to find with the ring!"

It Was Too Bad About Dick

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright.)

DOCTOR MORGAN was walking along the one main street of the little mountain community where he practiced medicine. He was on his way to see Alice Prince and he wanted to have time to think. He was thinking about Alice Prince and Myra Gray. There was the big difference between them—that Myra was one of the natives and Alice was one of the summer people who came for a month or more every year to enjoy the fresh clear air of this little mountain community. But there was nothing provincial about Myra. She was a sophomore in a college of good standing, she wore clothes that seemed to Dick as smart as those worn by Alice, and she could hold her own in any gathering of young people anywhere.

Still Doctor Morgan had felt sure that he loved little Myra—had been sure of it until Alice appeared—and now he was walking along the main street of the mountain village wondering whether he could give up Myra, whether he really loved Alice enough to ask her to be his wife, wondering above all whether she would accept him.

Dick Morgan found Alice sitting alone under a group of pine trees that shaded the side of a knoll beside the Prince's summer cottage. At least, thought Dick, here was an ideal setting for a proposal. There seemed no chance of an interruption. He sat down beside Alice, trying, as an introduction, to appear quite casual. Then Dick led the conversation to one of the girls in the summer set who had recently become engaged to a young man likewise in the summer set.

"I wonder who will be the next?" ventured Dick. "There might be several—don't you think?"

"Perhaps," said Alice, not warming at all to the topic of discussion, and then adding: "By the way, have you gone out to the flume this summer? They say the stream is quite high—so much rain, I suppose."

"Don't let's talk about the flume," said Dick. "Let's talk about engagements. I've always felt a little sorry for the men I've known who have been engaged—but now I seem to have changed."

"And some girls," said Alice, "are rather pleased at receiving proposals. They take them all as compliments. Personally, I don't think a girl should ever permit a man to propose to her unless she intends to accept. It doesn't seem quite fair."

"But how can a girl help it?" insisted Dick drawing his camp chair closer to the rustic chair where Alice sat. "Besides it wouldn't be fair not to let a man propose—because he might be able to persuade the girl, even though she didn't know she cared for him. Do you see what I mean?"

"Oh, Dick dear," Alice said, "I wonder whether you'd walk down to the post office with me. Dad asked me to get the afternoon mail. And let's stop at Myra Gray's. You know she's the nicest girl—a native of course—but we're going to get her to go hiking with us tomorrow and she's been asked to join the tennis club."

So for that afternoon Dick Morgan had no further opportunity even to think of proposing to Alice. That evening some of the younger people met at a neighboring cottage to dance. "Too bad about Dick," commented Alice to one of the girls noted for her inability to keep anything to herself. "You know he's crazy about Myra Gray. But she's so popular." And later when she was dancing with one of the young married men, who always told everything he heard to his babbling wife, she said, "It is too bad about Dick, isn't it? He's eating his heart out on account of Myra Gray."

So before another day had passed word had come back to the young doctor from several quarters that it was generally understood that Myra Gray had spurned his offers of marriage.

It would have been ungentle, Doctor Morgan told himself, flatly to deny that he had ever had any definite intention of proposing to Myra, much less that he ever had actually proposed to her. Still it was very annoying to him to have all the community pitying him. After a few days Doctor Morgan began to feel a sort of resentment toward Myra—almost as if she actually had spurned him. Perhaps she was like Alice—didn't want a man to propose unless she wanted to accept him. Meantime Dick had forgotten about Alice, and all the time the resentment toward Myra increased.

One day Myra bowed when he passed her, stopped and then called his name, and he drew to the curb and then backed his car so that he could speak to her. She invited him to supper that evening. Doctor Morgan accepted. When he and Myra were sitting on the veranda, Myra began:

"People have been saying things about us—perhaps you have heard?"

"They've said that you had no use for me, seriously," said Dick.

"They're all wrong," whispered Myra and her pretty head dropped forward in hot embarrassment.

"You mean you would have me, Myra?" he said without premeditation. And then he found himself sitting beside Myra and his arm was around her and he was kissing her.

"I wonder who ever started that nonsense," he said. But Myra was too happy to bother her previous about it.

Introducing Pa and Ma Jongg

By PH. E. STEVENSON

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

THOUGH a mother of three, I had fallen hard for the new game drawn by my modern children. "The new game" was an unfortunate thing to call it, because it antagonized Pa. All new things were "fandanglers" to Pa. The radio? Mah-jongg? Never! Not for Pa. The newspaper and pin-ochle were good enough for him.

While Jane, Hilda, Ben, Jr., and I (their mother) were slowly demolishing our miniature wall of China, Pa sat rustling his Farm Weekly, near enough so he could cast a pitying eye upon us and commenting on the game with a fierce sarcasm.

"White dragon," said Jane. "Pung!" exclaimed Hilda. "Punk!" growled Pa.

And a little later: "North wind," said Hilda. "Br-r-r!" said Ben, snoring, rustling the paper.

"Pung!" My son picked up the tile. "Junk!" from Pa.

"Honestly, Pa," Ben, Jr., began, "if you'd only try the game once I bet you'd like it. It's different—good fun—and you're always—"

We were counting our scores. "I owe you double, Ma, I'm East Wind."

"You're full of wind," Pa chuckled. The next night, I think it was, when we got out the mah-jongg set, the rule book was missing. The children began a noisy search for the pamphlet, accusing each other of carelessness, and left me with Pa. As I watched him with the light on his gray hair, recollection came to me of my months of pleading for a talking machine. They had all been in vain; and yet, Ben, I knew, was not hard. Finally, one day he had driven home from town with a large crate in the truck—and brought it in, scratching his head at my curiosity.

"Now, where do you suppose this came from?" he grumbled. "Probably my Cousin Amiel back in Chicago took a notion to send us a gift or some pun."

At length, prodded by me, he got his hammer and carefully unpacked our first gleaming phonograph machine. But it was months before he would admit having sent for it himself.

My reflection was interrupted by the return of the children. We decided to play anyhow, trusting to memory for the complex scoring. Pa stood up and watched us as we shuffled the tiles about, asking questions every now and then. "What's this funny-looking thing? A white dragon? And this? A season? Looks more like a Christmas cigar"—and he left us.

I thought he had turned in, but toward the end of the evening he came back, rather pleased with himself for some reason, and eyed us with sarcasm. "Chow? What's the matter? Didn't Ma give you enough to eat?"

"Gong? Gong for Chow, eh? Ha!"

The next night was "movie" night at the opera house in town. To the surprise of us all, however, Pa would not go.

"Why, Pa?" said Hilda. "You never missed a chance before. Is it the rheumatism come back? Do you want me to stay and give you a rub?"

"No, no, no. You kids and Ma take the fly and rub—long. Sam Heller's coming over to finger up some accounts for next year."

Pa wasn't in bed yet when we got home, though he generally turned in early. On the contrary, he was in high spirits.

"The accounts must have given you a pleasant surprise," I said, laughing, infected by his good mood.

"Accounts? Ah—Oh, well, I guess. That's good! Hardest accounts I ever figured up! Good results, though."

The final explanation occurred next morning when Helma, our hired girl, met me in the kitchen with haggard eyes and unvoiced pallor in her round, healthy cheeks.

"Why, what's the matter, Helma?"

"Ay ben!" she sobbed—"ben going leave, ma'am."

"Leave, Helma! What's wrong? Ain't we treating you right?"

"No, mum. Yes, mum. Ay ben happy here. But—"

Good Lord, was she in trouble? Or had Pa—? No, I banished the thought—the only time it ever came to me. I was ashamed of it. "Then what, Helma. Tell me."

"Ma'am, it's—the boss," she whispered now. "He ben—" she tapped her forehead. "Ay just can't stay, mum, wid crazy man in house. Ay ben sorry, but Ay just can't! Last night—"

"Well?" I was breathless.

"Well, mum. Ay go in parlor—just thought Ay'd turn down lamp with you all to town, mum. . . . and Ay see the boss on hands and knees, mum. He look under chair and table and say soft to himself. . . ."

"Oh, Helma! What?"

"He say: 'Green dragon and tree bambino, where you hide? Green dragon—' Oh, ma'am, Ay had a uncle like that once! It's just awful, mum, and I can't stay!"

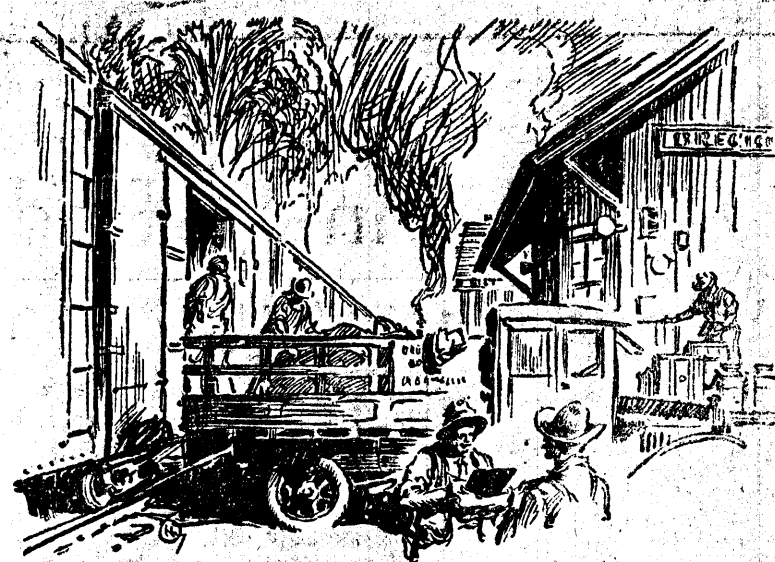
Now, there is often a light to see which of us five stays out of the new game. I notice that Pa is oftentimes included. Yes, I am happy to report that at last Pa and mah-jongg get along perfectly!

Not Guilty

"You are charged with having called the complainant a cheat. Is it true?"

"Well it's true, but I never said it!"

—From the Knicker, Stockholm.



Your Neighbor—the MICHIGAN CENTRAL

You own property, pay taxes, engage in productive work and do your part in promoting the welfare of your community. These are duties and privileges of citizenship.

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MICHIGAN CENTRAL

Mamma's Little Helper

When unexpected company came to dinner little Betty was told privately that she and mother would have to have oyster soup without the oysters. The young lady was much flattered at her share in this sacrifice for hospitality, and apparently disappointed when she found one small oyster in her plate. Holding it up on the spoon she inquired in a stage whisper: "Mother, shouldn't Mrs. Smith have this oyster, too?"—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

"Chew Well to See Well"

Chew well if you would see well, urges Sir Arthur Keith, a great British anatomist. Decreased exercise of the jaws, and not eye strain, is causing short sight, he claims. Diminished use of the jaws in masticating the soft foods of modern diet, he asserts, is changing the shape of the face, lengthening the eye sockets, thus elongating the eyeballs and weakening vision.—Popular Science Monthly.

Bees as Constables

Bees as constables were used in a village in Prussia. When a free-for-all fight developed among the patrons the landlord, rushed out and brought back a beehive. After putting on a mask he released the bees. The insects did their work swiftly and thoroughly, and within a minute every one of the combatants had fled from the battlefield.—Family Herald.

Dollars "Shaved"

Large numbers of "shaved" American dollars are passed out as change to American travelers in oriental ports. Milled edges of some of the coins have been entirely trimmed away, Chinese employees on passenger liners are said to be responsible for the mutilation. They sell the silver shavings in Shanghai and Hong Kong and return the money to circulation.

Imagined by Gulliver

Lagado is an imaginary city, the capital of Balubbarbi, a continent subject to the kingdom of Laputa. It is mentioned in "Gulliver's Travels" as being famous for an academy where learned men spend their time in extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, transmuting ice into gunpowder, and making pin cushions from softened rocks.—Kansas City Star.

College Education

Opinions differ as to the main benefit of a college education, but when this question was put to a number of prominent men by the president of the University of Pennsylvania, the majority spoke more highly of the lasting benefits of contacts with their fellow-students, with their professors, with college life, than they did of the acquisition of knowledge in their courses.

Valuable Discovery

Stearine (from stear, suet) is that part of oils and fats which is solid at common temperature. The nature of these substances was first made known by Chevreul in 1823, who showed that they were compounds of peculiar acids with a base termed glycerine.

Gems

Gems, such as topazes, aquamarines and amethysts are still popular in this country, according to reports from the gem-cutting center, Idar-Oberstein, Germany, but there has been a decided falling off in interest here in synthetic stones of low cost.

ADVERTISING RATES

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

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 18th day of December, A. D. 1925.
Present Hon. Wm. Killeffer, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Hattie E. Cook, deceased.
L. O. Graham, administrator 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 18th day of January, A. D. 1926 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, he and is hereby appointed for examining said showing 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. KILLEFFER, Judge of Probate.
A true copy, Mamie L. Shaffer, 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 December, A. D. 1925.
Present, Hon. Wm. Killeffer, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Amelia D. Wing, Mentally Incompetent.
Fred M. Wing, having filed in said Court his petition alleging that said Amelia D. Wing is a mentally incompetent person, and praying that Charles K. Anderson, or some other suitable person be appointed as guardian of her person and estate.
It is Ordered, that the 18th day of January, A. D. 1926 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, he and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.
It is Further Ordered, that notice thereof be given by personal service of a copy of this order upon said Amelia D. Wing and upon each of her nearest relatives and persons who have at laws as residue within said county, at least fourteen days previous to said day of hearing.
And it is Further Ordered, that notice thereof be given to all heirs at law of her near at relatives and presumptive heirs-at-law by a 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. KILLEFFER, Judge of Probate.
A true copy, Mamie L. Shaffer, Register of Probate.

Notice of Meeting

The annual meeting and election of the Gobleville Milling Company will be held at the Gobles bank Tuesday, January 12, 1926. Polls open from one to three o'clock p. m. to be followed by the transaction of such business as may be desired.
Wm. J. Davis, Sec.

Tax Notice

Commencing Dec. 10 will be at Kendall on Thursdays and Gobles on Tuesdays to collect Pine Grove township taxes.
Vernon Chamberlin, Treas.

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The BLACK GANG

A Sequel to Bulldog Drummond.

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BY CYRIL MCNEILE SAPPER
W.N.U. Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"No go, darling," he muttered. "And I'm afraid of making too much noise. I'm going to try and force this window."

By a stroke of luck they had not taken his clasp-knife, and by a still greater stroke of luck he found that the catch on the window had been broken, and that it proved even easier to open than he had thought.

The next moment he had vanished into the drawing-room. And now he noticed that that strange noise which he had heard while standing on the lawn was much louder. As he cautiously opened the door and peered into the passage the very faint hum became a steady drone, while with each successive thud the floor-boards shook a little.

The passage was in darkness, though light was shining from under some of the doors. And as he crept along in search of the stairs he heard voices proceeding from one of the rooms he passed. Evidently a fairly populous household, it struck him, as he tested the bottom stair with his weight to see if it creaked. But the staircase was old and solid, and the stair carpet was thick, and at the moment Hugh was not disposed to linger. Afterward the house seemed to promise a fairly fruitful field for investigation; at present Phyllis was all that mattered. So he vanished upwards with the uncanny certainty of all his movements at night, and a moment later he was standing on the landing above.

It was a long, straight corridor, a replica of the one below, and he turned in the direction in which he knew her room must lie. And he had only taken a couple of steps when he stopped abruptly, peering ahead with eyes that strove to pierce the darkness. For it seemed to him that there was something in the passage—something darker than its surroundings. And at that moment something sprang out of the darkness, and he found himself fighting for his life.

For a second or two he was at a disadvantage, so completely had he been taken by surprise; then the old habits returned. And not a moment too soon; he was up against an antagonist who was worthy of him. Two hands like iron hooks were round his neck, and the man who gets that grip first wins more often than not. His own hands shot out into the darkness, and then for the first time in his life he felt a stab of fear. For he couldn't reach the other man: long though his arms were, the other man's were far longer, and as his hands went along them he could feel the muscles standing out like steel bars. He made one supreme effort to force through to his opponent's throat and it failed; with his superior reach he could keep his distance. Already Drummond's head was beginning to feel like bursting with the awful pressure round his throat, and he knew he must do something at once or lose. And just in time he remembered his clasp-knife. It went against his grain to use it; never before had he fought an unarmed man with a weapon—and as far as he could tell this man was unarmed. But it had to be done and done quickly.

With all his force he stabbed sideways at the man's left arm. He heard a snarl of pain, and the grip of one of the hands round his throat relaxed. And now the one urgent thing was to prevent him shouting for help. Like a flash Drummond was on him, one hand on his mouth and the other gripping his throat with the grip he had learned from Osaki the Jap in days gone by, and had never forgotten. And because he was fighting to kill now he wasted no time. The grip tightened; there was a dreadful worrying noise as the man bit into his thumb—then it was over. The man slipped downward onto the floor, and Drummond stood drawing in great mouthfuls of air.

But he knew there was no time to lose. Though they had fought in silence, and he could still hear the monotonous thud and the beat of the engine, at any moment someone might come upstairs. And to be found with a dead man at one's feet in a strange house is not the best way of securing a hospitable welcome. What to do with the body—that was the first insistent point. There was no time for intricate schemes; it was a question of taking risks and chancing it. So for a moment or two he listened at the door of a room, then he gently opened it. It was a bedroom and empty, and without further hesitation he dragged his late opponent in, and left him lying on the floor. By the dim light from the uncurtained window, he could see that the man was almost deformed, so enormous was the length of his arms.

They must have been six inches longer than those of an average man, and were almost as powerful as his own. And as he saw the snarling, ferocious face upturned to his, he uttered a little prayer of thanksgiving for the presence of his clasp-knife. It had been altogether too near a thing for his liking.

He closed the door and stepped across the passage, and the next moment Phyllis was in his arms.

"I thought you were never coming, old man," she whispered. "I was afraid the brutes had caught you."

"I had a slight difference of opinion with a warrior outside your door," said Hugh, grinning. "Quite like old times."

Then he grew serious. "No time for hot air now, old thing; let's have a look at this jolly old chain effect of yours. Once we're out of here, you shall tell me everything and I'll eat several pounds of mud for having been such an unmitigated idiot as to let these swine get hold of you."

He was examining the steel chain as he spoke, and gradually his face grew grave. The chain, which was about six feet long, was fastened at one end to a big staple in the wall and at the other to a bracket which encircled his wife's right wrist. And the bracelet could only be opened with a



He Had Only to Lower Phyllis Out of the Window and Let Her Drop on the Flower Bed Below.

key. Any idea of breaking the chain or pulling out the staple was so preposterous as not to be worth even a moment's thought; so everything depended on the bracelet. And when he came to examine it more carefully he found that it had a Yale lock.

He sat down on the edge of the bed, and she watched him anxiously.

"Can't you get it undone, boy?" she whispered.

"Not if I stopped here till next Christmas, darling," he answered heavily.

"Well, get out of the window and go for the police," she implored.

"My dear," he said still more heavily, "I had, as I told you, a little difference of opinion with the gentleman outside the door—and he's very dead." She caught her breath sharply. "A nasty man with long arms who attacked me. It might be all right, of course—but I somehow feel that this matter is beyond the local constable, even if I could find him. You see, I don't even know where we are." He checked the exclamation of surprise that rose to her lips. "I'll explain after, darling; let's think of this now. If only I could get the key; if only I knew where it was, even."

"A foreigner came in about an hour ago," answered his wife. "He had it then. And he said he'd come again tonight."

"He did, did he?" said Hugh slowly. "I wonder if it's my friend the Italian. Anyway, kid, it's the only chance."

Say something; get him into the room and then leave him to me. And if for any reason he doesn't come I'll have to leave you here and raise the gang."

He rose and paced softly up and down the room trying to think what was the best thing to do. It was a maddening circle whichever way he looked at it, and his fists clenched and unclenched as he tried to make up his mind. To go or to wait; to go at once or to stop in the hope that one man would come up and have the key on him. Commonsense suggested the first course; something far more powerful than commonsense prompted the latter. He could not and would not leave

Phyllis alone. And so he decided on a compromise. If when daylight came no one had been up to the room, he would go; but he would wait until then.

And he was just going to tell Phyllis what he had decided, when he heard a sound that killed the words on his lips. A door had opened below, and men's voices came floating up the stairs.

"Lie down, darling," he breathed in her ear, "and pretend to be asleep."

Without a word she did as he told her, while Hugh tiptoed over toward the door. There were steps coming up the stairs, and he flattened himself against the wall—waiting. The period of indecision was passed; unless he was very much mistaken the time of action had arrived. How it would pan out—whether luck would be in, or whether luck would fail was on the lap of the gods.

The steps paused outside the door, and he heard a muttered ejaculation in Italian. Apparently he was concerned over something, and it suddenly dawned on Drummond that it was the absence from duty of the long-armed bird that was causing the surprise. In the excitement of the moment he had forgotten all about him, and for one awful second his heart stood still. Suppose the Italian discovered the body before he entered the room, then the game was up with a vengeance. Once the alarm was given he'd have to run the gauntlet of the whole crowd over ground he didn't know.

But his fears were groundless; the nondiscovery of the watcher by the door took the Italian the other way. His first thought was to make sure that the girl was safe, and he flung open the door and came in. He gave a grunt of satisfaction as he saw her lying on the bed; then like a spitting cat he swung round as he felt Drummond's hand on his shoulder.

With every ounce of weight in his body behind the blow, Hugh hit the Italian on the point of the jaw. Without a sound the man crumpled up and pitched on his face.

And now there was not a moment to be lost. At any moment one of his pals might come upstairs, and everything depended on speed and finding the key. Hugh shut the door and locked it; then feverishly he started to search through the Italian's pockets. Every thing up to date had panned out so wonderfully that he refused to believe that luck was going to fail him now, and sure enough he discovered the bunch. Phyllis was free, and he heard her give a little sob of pure excitement.

He heaved the Italian onto the bed, and snapped the steel bracelet onto his arm. Then he slipped the keys into his own pocket, and crossed to the window. The engine was still humming gently; the thudding noise was still going on; nothing seemed in any way different. No light came from the room below them; everything had worked better than he had dared to hope. He had only to lower Phyllis out of the window, and let her drop onto the flower bed and then follow himself. After that it was easy.

"Come along, darling," he said urgently, "I'm going to lower you out first—then I'll follow. And once we're down, you've got to trice up your skirts and run like a stag across the lawn till we're under cover of those bushes. We aren't quite out of the woods yet."

They were not indeed. It was just as Phyllis let go, and he saw her pick herself up and dart across the lawn, that he heard a terrific uproar in the house below, and several men came pounding up the stairs. He vaulted over the windowsill himself, and lowered himself to the full extent of his arms. Then he too let go and dropped onto the flower bed below. And it was as he was picking himself up, preparatory to following Phyllis—whom he could see faintly across the lawn waiting for him, that he heard someone in the house shout an order in a hoarse voice.

"Switch on the power at once, you d—d fool; switch it on at once!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Art and the Haddock

On one of the piers in Portland an old fishmonger told the legend of the queer markings on the haddock. Just abaft the fish's gills are two dark blotches, like bruises, one on each side. And from each of these marks runs a straight dark line back toward the tail. The haddock, said this fisherman, was the fish with which Christ fed the multitude (though that sounds unlikely). This so annoyed the devil that he tried to avenge himself on the species. He seized one, holding it tightly (hence the bruise mark), but it slipped away. The devil's finger nails made the long scratches on each side; since when all haddocks carry that pattern. And beauty, in any art, is just as elusive as that haddock. It cannot be nabbed between the thumb and finger of any manifesto.—Christopher Morley, in the Saturday Review of Literature.

Mills for Milk

There is a tradition of a boy from London who was disappointed with the country, where he went for a holiday, because he saw them "pump milk from a very old cow." The boy's idea of artificial milk is within realization, for after manufactured putter we are to have artificial milk. It is already consumed extensively in China and a mill is to be set up in France. The Chinese drop a powder into water, stir it and it becomes milk. The powder is a soja bean crushed. The French mill is to treat the bean so as to enable the milk powder to be sold in packets. It is said that cheese is obtained by the same process.—London Globe.

DAINTY LINGERIE IMPORTANT; PARIS HERALDS SPRING FROCKS

THE holiday rush being over, comes now a period of home-sewing and midseason bargain sales. It is a summons to clothes preparedness. In entering upon one's spring and summer wardrobe campaign fancy turns first to dainty lingerie—for every woman of fashion dotes on pretty underthings.

Now that the economy of silk for underwear is an established fact, exquisitely colorful crepe de chine, crepe satin, also georgette, have be-

Just as in the bud we see the promise of the full-blown flower, so in the lace garnitures which appear on frocks of Paris make is foretold the prophecy of a coming lace vogue. Indeed, from many authoritative sources the message is the same, heralding lace as a leading theme for spring and summer fashions.

The French couturier is using rich ochre laces not only on midseason satin and velvet frocks, but the new cloth and silk crepe daytime dresses



A CREPE DE CHINE SET

come as staple almost as muslin, long-cloth and similar white goods once were. There is, however, considerable use of sheer daintily tinted cotton voile, likewise printed voles and cottons for pajama outfits and nighties.

Outstanding features which have to do with newest lingerie stress the following: Widened hemlines secured by godets of the material of which the garment is made or with triangular insets of lace; most everything made up in match sets; garments either strictly tailored or else very lacy abounding in much elaboration.

Color continues an interesting theme. Flesh, peach, rose, lavender, with a growing favor for maize and light blue are noted, and the preference for white is expressed.

Crepe de chine sets like the one in the picture may be made or bought. An unusual use of two kinds of lace marks this gown and matching combination. Real Irish crochet forms the yoke of the gown, also the band of the combination, with valenciennes

are handsomely collared and cuffed as well as intriguingly detailed with lace. The picture gives an excellent idea of how the Parisian stylist disposes lace in modish jabots, sleeve puffs and clever placements which denote the consummate art of genius "born not made."

Not merely trimmings and accessories but frocks all of lace bespeak the trend of the mode. Laces of every type and quality are represented in the advance dress models. The lace gown featured for evening is shown side by side with the long-sleeved lace dress ostensibly intended for daytime wear, which goes to show that there is no more important subject in style circles at present than that of lace.

One of the effective uses of lace in a trimming way is demonstrated in the fanciful undersleeves which give the "barrel" effect about the wrist. Many of the satin and crepe frocks of French origination stress this idea.

Another charming adaptation of lace is shown in godets which are made of



TWO PARIS MODELS

edging and insertion used for the seams and the scalloped hemline.

A new idea in lingerie sets is the costume slip with bloomers to match. Very effective are trimmings of black footing on gay-colored georgette combinations.

Costume slips of metal cloth can be made at home and they are very fashionable worn under all-over lace or chiffon frocks.

heavy types dyed to match the material of the frock.

Perhaps no feature promises more interest than the allover lace blouse. At present the metal lace tunics are in the majority, these creating a handsome effect with velvet skirts. However there is promise of cloth or silk spring ensembles which include tunics or blouses of filet or chantilly.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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FOR SALE—Will sacrifice two good lots in Florida for \$750.00 each, or the two for \$1,425.00. Property advancing fast. Lyle A. Farnsworth, 220 N. E. Sixth St., Miami, Fla.

GOING TO FLORIDA—Will sell \$5000.00 picture show building and all for \$2000.00. Complete and now running; small payment down. J. C. Hennessy, Wayland, Mo.

Indiana Farm Bargains—Two fine improved stock and grain farms, 240 a. ea., nr. Kouts, 185 a. nr. Lowell; terms; might trade. H. B. Snyder, 721 Hohman St., Hammond, Ind.

Strictly Reliable Agents Wanted by largest grower of quality nursery stock in Northwest; part time agents earning \$50 wkly. Add. Sales Mgr., McKay Nursery Co., Madison, Wis.

Wanted—Women to address envelopes at home. Earn up to \$35 week, spare time. Send 10c and stamped envelope for samples, rates. Franklin Press Bur., Bk 1150, Chicago.

Small Maiden Sang Her Own Selection

Wilma's mother was surprised one Sunday recently to see her little girl, who was sitting several seats ahead of her in one of the churches of the city, singing with the congregation.

On the way home afterward the delighted mother said: "Why, Wilma, I noticed you sang all the hymns this morning. I did not know you knew them."

There was another surprise in store for her, however, when the little singer answered, very much pleased with herself, "Oh, I don't know what the rest of them were singing. I was singing, 'It Ain't Goin' Rain No More!'"

Reduced Rates

Dentist—Yes, it will have to come out.

Patient—And what is the charge for extraction?

Dentist—It'll cost \$5.

Patient—How much will it cost to loosen it just a little bit?

Some sinners are perpetually praying for forgiveness and never resisting temptation.

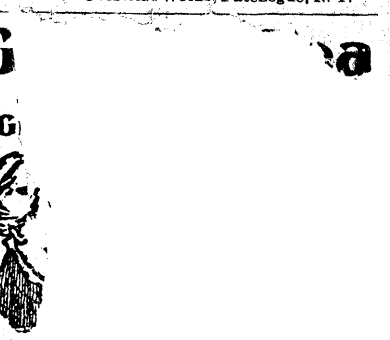
MANY SCHOOL CHILDREN ARE SICKLY

Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children, should never be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for children for use throughout the season. They Break up Colds, Regulate the Bowels, Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Teething Disorders, Headache and Stomach Troubles. Used by Mothers for over 30 years. These powders give satisfaction. All Drug Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package sent free. Address MOTHER GRAY CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

TRADE MARK
DON'T ACCEPT ANY SUBSTITUTE

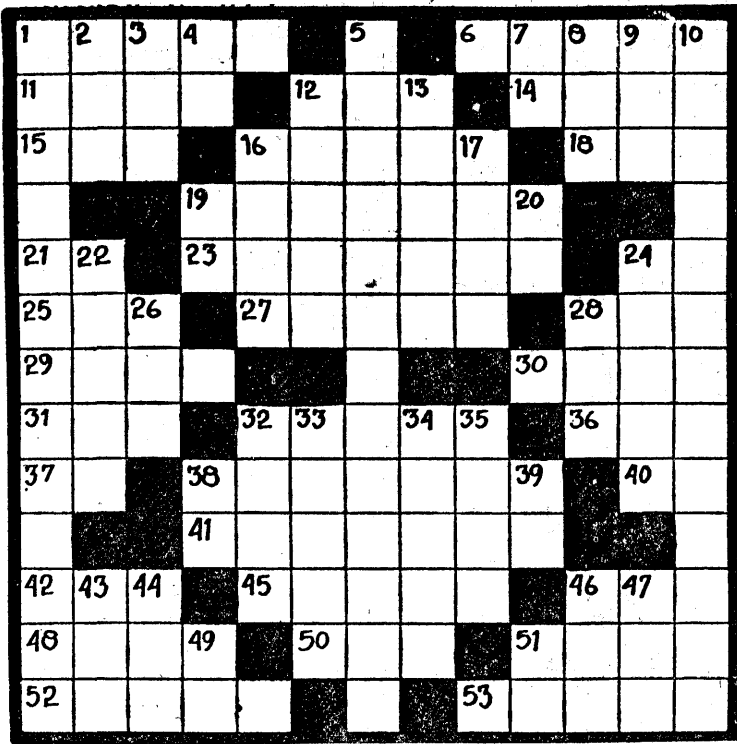
PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patheque, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS
Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c by mail or at Drug Store. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patheque, N. Y.



tem s great than

Cross-Word Puzzle



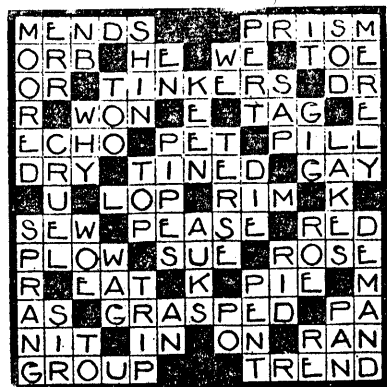
(Copyright, 1926.)

- Horizontal**
- 1—Swift
 - 6—A noise of applause
 - 11—To prepare for publication
 - 12—Though (contraction)
 - 14—To peel
 - 15—A cooking vessel
 - 16—A weapon
 - 18—A kind of customary payment by a tenant (old English law)
 - 19—One who chirps
 - 21—To exist
 - 23—One who gives an entertainment
 - 24—Another form of "it"
 - 25—To drink with the tongue
 - 27—To twang
 - 28—A meadow
 - 29—A metallic compound
 - 30—A division in the hair
 - 31—One hundred and fifty-one (Roman numerals)
 - 32—A god in Assyrian myth
 - 36—One hundred and two (Roman numerals)
 - 37—While
 - 38—One who makes illegitimate use of public funds
 - 40—A preposition
 - 41—A certain kind of robber (plural)
 - 42—Anger
 - 45—Ventured
 - 46—A capuchin monkey
 - 48—Went to court to gain legal redress
 - 50—That girl
 - 51—Beholds
 - 52—Repairs
 - 53—An important organ in the body
- Vertical**
- 1—State or quality of being a republican
 - 2—Fuss
 - 3—A hole in the ground
 - 4—That thing
 - 5—Highways
 - 7—Horse power (abbr.)
 - 8—To consume
 - 9—Epoch
 - 10—One who believes in recreation
 - 12—A kind of fabric

- 13—A species of stonecrop
- 16—A store
- 17—A place for writing
- 18—Cases (abbr.)
- 20—Right (abbr.)
- 22—Noblemen
- 24—To deserve
- 26—A common article of food among the Hawaiians
- 28—A resinous substance secreted by a scale insect
- 32—Dry
- 33—A girl's name
- 34—To make a sound
- 35—A kind of grass
- 38—General practitioner (abbr.)
- 39—Rupees (abbr.)
- 42—To regret
- 44—Even (abbr.)
- 46—A large body of water
- 47—"Aero"
- 49—Delivered (abbr.)
- 51—A point of the compass

The solution will appear in next issue.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.



HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

When the correct letters are placed in the white spaces this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill all the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

THE CROWD

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

I WAS to meet Packard at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street at half-past five. The streets are crowded at such a time; no where else in the world have I seen such congestion. Paris, London, San Francisco are deserted villages as compared with these crowded thoroughfares of New York when offices and business houses pour out their quotas at closing time.

I am always fascinated yet almost overwhelmed by such a crowd—uncounted thousands of them there are of all classes of society, of all nations, of every belief and unbelief known to man. What do they all do to keep themselves alive? Where are they all going now and in the years to come? They seem like a group of ants whose nest has been disturbed and who are struggling to get under cover.

The hopelessness of it all depresses me as the minutes pass, and I stand there waiting while the interminable procession moves on. How can any one ever hope to pull himself out of this engulfing commonplace and rise above such a crowd? It seems as impossible as to stem Niagara.

And yet Jacob Riis did it. Friendless, alone, pitifully poor—I wonder what it would mean to be penniless and friendless in New York—he made himself one of the first Americans, and he came to be listened to by hundreds of thousands and to be welcomed at the tables of the most distinguished citizens of this country.

Edward Bok did it, and the influence of what he did has spread over the entire world.

Andrew Carnegie did it, and amassed one of the largest fortunes ever made even in this day of the unprecedented accumulation of wealth.

each took time to think and acted upon his thought.

Packard came along shortly and took me to his office in one of the buildings where the cliff dwellers stay. He has a miniature crowd of employees himself busied with a thousand details unintelligible to me.

"Whatever becomes of them?" I ask as I look around at the myriad of faces young and old. "Do they ever pull themselves out of the crowd?"

"Some do, but not many," he replied. "The majority stay where they are, and never get beyond the commonplace."

"Why?" "Because they are without ambition; they don't use their brains; they are not willing to do more work than they are paid to do. Any normal person can get out of the crowd if he will."

And I believe it.

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Didn't See Why Jim Wanted That Library

Publisher John Doran of New York said at a literary luncheon at the Algonquin:

"What with the radio and golf and dancing and the movies, people don't read as much as they used to."

"A rich man the other day was giving orders to his architect about a forty-room country house he was going to build.

"And don't forget to put me in a library," he said, "a nice, big, airy library with plenty of windows and—"

"But the rich man's wife interrupted him here.

"Pshaw, Jim," she said, "what do you want with a library? You know you never smoke."

No Power of Expansion

There is no power of expansion in men. Our friends early appear to us as representatives of certain ideas which they never pass or exceed. They stand on the brink of the ocean of thought and power, but never take the single step that would bring them there.—Emerson.

Fruit Maturity Told by Tester

Improved Type of Mechanical Pressure Device Just Been Invented.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The maturity of fruit at picking time largely determines its dessert quality as well as its storage or transportation possibilities. Allowing the fruit to become too mature on the tree results in a product which will not carry to the market, whereas picking the fruit in a too immature condition results in an almost inedible product.

Pressure With Thumb.

Pressure of the fruit with the thumb to determine the maturity has probably been practiced as long as fruits have been eaten by man, says the United States Department of Agriculture, but this method is too indefinite for modern demands of fruit dealers and handlers. This need for definite picking standards for certain fruits which will allow them to be left on the tree as long as possible and at the same time assure their carrying through to market in satisfactory condition, has led the United States Department of Agriculture to devise an improved type of mechanical pressure tester, a description of which is given in Department Circular 350 just issued by the department.

The pressure tester is somewhat on the order of an automobile tire pressure gauge, is of convenient portable size, and easy to use. A protruding plunger of the tester, placed against the flesh of an apple or other fruit, penetrates the flesh, recording the maximum pressure required to penetrate the fruit to a given distance, thus giving an indication of its maturity. By means of the tester and storage experiments definite picking standards are being worked out for the various fruits. The rate of softening of fruit in storage and the firmness of fruit in different stages of storage maturity are also being studied.

Test Storage Fruit.

When these schedules have been completed, the fruit grower will know at what pressure he should pick his fruit to enable it to stand the storage and transportation conditions expected of it. The fruit dealer will be able to test his fruit in storage and determine the remaining length of time he can expect it to keep in firm condition.

A copy of the circular may be obtained free of charge, as long as the supply lasts, by writing to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Figures Show Dairying Steady Source of Cash

All in all, the figures show dairying to be a safe business, especially the production of cream for manufacture into creamery butter, and taken over a period of years, it is not, as a general rule, subject to as sharp price fluctuations as other farm products because of a steadily increasing consumption, and the fact that the increase in milk cows must of necessity be slow and the further fact that when other crops go up in price and feed is relatively high, many cows are not fed for highest milk production and many others are no longer milked, but turned into beef.

These natural breaks in the industry against sudden increases tend to balance production against consumption, maintaining a fairly profitable price level over a period of years, provided always that labor is well employed so as to keep up the purchasing power. A herd of milk cows included in general farming always provides skim-milk for hogs, poultry and calves and, in time of over-production or failure of other crops, is a godsend to every farmer.

Selecting and Selling Fowls From Farm Flock

Before a fowl is sold, a lot of the best pullets should be picked out, which, with the pullets kept the previous winter, will make up the regular flock. The two-year-old hens should be sold in the spring, as soon as eggs become cheap; they sell better at that time than at any other. A hen has seen her best laying days when she has completed her second year. If eggs are the chief object in view, the cockerels and surplus pullets should be sold as early as possible. The pullets kept for winter layers should be well fed and brought to maturity as rapidly as possible, and if they are cared for will lay steadily all winter.

Safe to Sow Unscarified Sweet Clover Seed Soon

Experiments conducted in various sections have shown that when scarified seed with a high germination is sowed in the winter months that about 75 per cent of the seed will germinate during a warm spell in the winter and be killed by following freezes, Kansas State Agriculture college agronomists warn.

As a general rule the college recommends that scarified seed be sown at about early out-seeding time. Unscarified seed may be sowed during the winter months on frozen ground, using about 20 to 25 pounds per acre. Scarified seed should be sown at the rate of about 12 to 15 pounds per acre.

Growing Grain With Pedigreed Ancestry

Plants Respond to Laws of Heredity and Selection.

Grow blooded grain, says the department of plant breeding at the New York Agricultural college at Ithaca. Live stock growers have long realized the advantages and the necessity of breeding, but comparatively few farmers have put into practice the knowledge that plants respond to the same laws of heredity and selection, natural and artificial, that make the difference between a scrub bull and a blue ribbon winner.

By selection, wheat can be made to grow tall and spindling or short and rank, but neither of these extremes are wanted, and the plant breeders at the state college realize that. So they have done some investigating, and have picked out what they think are the best.

Among red wheats, they say, Forward is undoubtedly the best yielder, and should supplant other varieties of red wheat. It is beardless, resistant to smut, has a stiff straw, and is of good milling quality. Honor and Junior No. 6 take the crown for white wheats. The former is a selection from Dawson's Golden Chaff, and the latter is of Gold Coin type. Both are stiff-strawed and beardless, and are recommended as the highest yielders among the whitekerneled varieties.

Seed of all these varieties has been field and bin inspected by the state college and certified by the New York Seed Improvement Co-operative association as conforming to its standards of excellence. The department of plant breeding at the college can furnish information concerning it.

Barium Carbonate Most Effective for Rodents

The cheapest, most effective poisons for rats and mice is barium carbonate, a chemical compound which has neither taste nor smell. Hamburger, canned salmon, bread and butter, fresh eggs and apples make good bait. Mix one part of the barium carbonate to four parts by weight of food, recommends the rodent control specialist at Kansas State Agricultural college.

"Put out fresh baits in the evening and take up the uneaten ones in the morning," says the rodent exterminator. "Give a variety of baits and put out enough each time so all the animals will be supplied. When baiting with eggs, break the eggs into a bowl, put in a rounded teaspoonful of barium carbonate for each egg and mix thoroughly. Then serve it in the half shells."

"The necessity of co-operation and organization in the work of rat destruction is of the utmost importance. To destroy all the animals on a single farm in a community has little permanent value, since they are soon replaced from nearby farms. If, however, the farmers of an entire township or county unite in effort to get rid of rats, lasting results may be obtained."

Individuality of Boars in Method of Feeding

Feeding a boar is sometimes very simple, and then again sometimes it is a rather difficult problem. Boars show a good deal of individuality in the way they feed, especially during the breeding season. Some boars will go along and feed very regularly while others will have to be coaxed to eat enough to keep them in good shape.

Good feed for a boar that is quiet and a good feeder would be a ration of about 40 per cent oats, 30 per cent corn or barley, 20 per cent middlings and 10 per cent tankage. The corn can be fed as ear corn or shelled corn. The oats can be fed whole or it can be ground and mixed with the shorts and tankage. Then the shorts and tankage should be mixed together and fed as a slop. A little skim milk or buttermilk used in making this slop is very desirable. If milk of some kind is not available, it is desirable to use warm water when the weather is cold.



Oyster shell is good, but it won't take the place of grit for hens.

Plenty of good, clean nests will discourage the habit of "floor-laying." Clean nests mean fewer cull eggs.

Are you allowing your children to drink unpasteurized or unsterilized milk from an untested cow or herd?

Prairie hay and excelsior make the best nest material obtainable. Hens cannot scratch it out of the nests like straw or shavings.

Wheat straw makes the best litter for the scratching room. After two weeks in the henhouse it makes excellent bedding for the stock in the barn and the fresh straw is better for the health of the flock.

Refuse lime from the lime quarry costs little besides the hauling and is excellent for sprinkling on the floor after cleaning. It is just as good as first-grade lime for the whitewash.

If roosters are kept over for the breeding flock, they should be wintered in a separate house and turned with the hens six weeks in advance of date eggs are to be gathered for hatching.



CLEAN MILK IS NOT DIFFICULT PROBLEM

Contrary to a somewhat common belief, it does not require expensive equipment, high-priced cows, or much extra work to produce clean milk.

With a healthy herd, kept in a clean stable and yard which can be kept clean easily, and with careful attention being given to details a milk can be produced, according to the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, which is both highly nutritious and wholesome.

Since the reputation of many a farm and factory is based on the purity of its products, it is quite important that all of the aids to clean milk production be known. The first consideration, the experts point out, is that of a clean herd. Good milk cannot be produced from diseased cows. A clean stable also aids immensely in the production of clean milk.

Good ventilation is also an important factor. It is quite important that animals secure plenty of pure fresh air since tuberculosis spreads faster and gains an easier foothold where fresh air is not provided in abundance. A dry barnyard and the removal of the manure some distance from the barn will aid greatly in reducing the number of flies which, in the summer, annoy the cows and the milkers.

The value of pure water, abundant sunlight, and careful feeding cannot be overemphasized. The matters of clean milking and clean utensils are intimately associated, for great numbers of bacteria may be introduced into milk from the bodies of the cows and from unsterilized utensils. Quick cooling of milk to lower temperatures prevents bacterial growth and aids in the production of better milk which will keep longer and make finer dairy products.

After the milk has been produced under conditions which are as near ideal as possible, it is important that it be delivered promptly to careful customers. Milk should be kept in cold water until it is loaded onto the wagon to go to the station or receiving plant.

Clean milk means fewer complaints, a better class of patrons, and a steady market for the product.

Bull Most Important Single Animal in Herd

The bull is the most important single factor in the breeding efficiency of the herd, says the New York State College of Agriculture. The bull is often the means of spreading infections in the herd, and should be watched more carefully than any other one member of it.

The college enumerates several points to be remembered on buying or caring for the herd sire. "A bull should always be purchased from a herd as free from breeding troubles as possible. A bull may be backed by wonderful breeding and at the same time be worthless as a breeder. It is advisable to have a newly purchased sire examined by a veterinarian before putting him into service.

"The bull must not be too fat, but he must be kept in good flesh, and one way to do this is to give him plenty of regular exercise. A tread-power or treadmill will help keep him in good trim.

"Do not turn the bull out with the herd, as this makes it impossible to keep an accurate check on him. It is vital to have an accurate record of his services, and to follow through on the results of each one. There is generally something wrong with a bull which is classed as not a sure breeder. A bull of this type may breed some of the cows successfully, but as a general rule he is a menace to the herd.

"The bull should at least have as good care and feeding as the cows of the herd."

Choice Pure-Bred Bull Will Improve Dairy Herd

It is usually the man who cannot afford the luxury of a scrub bull that owns one. Scrub bulls are costing dairymen millions of dollars each year. Only the very rich farmer can afford to own scrub dairy cattle, for he who uses a scrub or even a good grade bull will lose money. In other words, the dairy cow gets her ability, to make milk and profits from the inheritance passed on to her from her ancestors.

Since it is most profitable for farmers who are selling cream to a creamery to have their cows freshen in the fall, now is the time to select a bull which will improve his daughters in production over their mothers. A well-selected pure-bred bull from tested ancestry will improve any grade or scrub herd. The well-bred herd bull represents at least 50 per cent of the inheritance of the calf crop. If the herd bull is a scrub, he represents 100 per cent, for all his calves will be scrubs.

Pumpkin Seeds for Cows

Pumpkin seeds are full of nitrogenous material and are a good feed. In some of the foreign countries pumpkin seeds are dried, ground and used for feed. The seeds should not be used in large amounts as they are apt to cause digestive disturbances, but in moderate amounts they are very nutritious. Those having a supply of pumpkins on hand need have no hesitancy about feeding them to cows. They will not cause the cows to go dry.



Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Established 1780
Dorchester, Mass.
MONTREAL, CANADA
Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free.

Find Old Saxon Cemetery

Skeletons and weapons pointing to an extensive Saxon occupation, have been discovered at Luton, England, during the opening up of new roads. The skeletons, some buried only a few inches below the surface, were close together and suggest the discovery of a cemetery. With the bones are iron spears, daggers and urns, buried with their owners, as was the custom with Saxon warriors. Specimens of these have been identified by the British museum authorities as dating from the year 520.

Healthy, Happy Babies

The best way to keep baby in crowing, contented health is Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. This safe, pleasant, effective remedy regulates the bowels and quickly overcomes diarrhoea, colic, flatulency, constipation, and teething troubles.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The infants' and Children's Regulator is best for baby. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Open formula on every label.

At all Drugists
Write for free booklet of letters from grateful mothers.

Anglo-American Drug Co.
215-217 Fulton St.
New York

NR TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright

KEEPING WELL—An NR Tablet (a vegetable aperient) taken at night will help keep you well, by toning and strengthening your digestion and elimination.

Used for over 50 Years

Get a 25¢ Box

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs

One-third the regular dose. Made of the same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults.

SOLD BY YOUR DRUGGIST

A Pain-Relieving Healing Oil

for Frost Bites, Cold in Head, Sore Throat, Piles and Burns

Kills Pain and Heals

35 Cts. at Drug Stores

Sample bottle mailed if you send this ad to

M. R. Zaegel & Co., Sheboygan, Wis.

Green's August Flower

For Constipation, Indigestion and Torpid Liver

Relieves that feeling of having eaten unwisely. 30c and 90c bottles. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Two New Remington Portable Typewriters

Just Received

J. B. TRAVIS



Some Bargains in Certified Used Cars

1925 Star Coach fully equipped, can be bought at far less than value.

1924 Fordor Sedan.

Tourings and Coupes in best of condition.

Good Reo Speedwagon.

You get all the profits on our used cars. Buy on small payments and get Harrelson service.

Harrelson Auto Sales

REIGLE'S

The store of many bargains

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Start the New Year right with a selection of the BEST Groceries for that good New Year's dinner.

SATURDAY CASH SPECIALS

Detco Water Softener, regular 10c pkg, a bargain at 8 pkgs for18c

Two 18c cans good Peas for 29c

Sockeye Salmon, regular size, bargain at35c

Hominy, Scott county, large can and a good grade. Special at 12c

Tea Siftings, a good Japan tea, per lb17c

3 pks of those real good wheat flakes, Wheaties, reg. price each 15c, 3 for26c

Cheese Snax, best cheese cracker on market, per pkg.17c

Kellogg's New Oats. Fine oatmeal with a little bran added. Special at13c

Flake White Soap, 5 bars. .23c

Babbitt's Cleanser, per can. .4c

J. P. REIGLE

This Store Extends To All, Best Wishes For a Happy and Prosperous New Year

We thank you for the liberal patronage that has made it possible for us to give you a larger stock of better quality goods and we assure you that we will do our best to carry things that you want most that we may give you the service you desire.

If Its New Its Here

and better quality at lower price is our excuse for soliciting your continued and greater patronage. We are busy with the inventory but not too busy to wait on trade.

We will have some Choice Saturday Specials for your needs

HICKS & TAYLOR

H. W. TAYLOR, Resident Manager

MYERS STORE NEWS Happy New Year To All

We are invoicing and all odds and ends will go at bargain prices. Saturday we will start the new year right with some GOOD CASH SPECIALS. Come in and see.

MYERS of COURSE The Big Store on the Corner

A Happy New Year to All

is the wish of

BRUCE & LOHRBERG BROS.

If You Want Satisfaction
Come to RUELL'S GROCERY
Some of Our Saturday Specials

- 6 bars Soap for25c
- Special prices on Our Oleos
- 3 cans Pork and Beans29c
- 2 pounds Economy Raisins25c
- Our Special Blend Coffee45c
- 6 pounds Oatmeal for25c
- 4 cans Sardines for25c

We have several good bargains and you know about our popcorn

King Auto Top Shop

Automobile Tops and Side Curtains made and repaired. Also Glass Enclosures and Celluloid.

In the Beals Building

GOBLES, MICHIGAN

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU

from

The Square Deal Cash Cream Station
Van Ryno

Try Gobles First!
Patronize Our ADVERTISERS

O. J. RHOADES
Farcy, Fresh and Smoked Meats
Cash paid for Wool, Hides, Furs, Tallow, Veal and Chickens
Always the best in Home Killed Meats
See us before buying that quarter of beef or dressed hog
SOME GOOD SATURDAY SPECIALS

WE WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Still Selling Cars

and they are moving exceptionally good. If you are thinking of buying a car you are not treating your pocket book fair if you don't come in and see us before you buy.

We Have on Hand This Week

- 1924 Fordor
- 1925 Tudor
- 1924 Coupe with balloons
- Three 1923 Tudors
- 1922 Coupe
- 1925 Roadster with balloons
- Four Ford Tourings, late models
- 1921 Ford Roadster
- 1922 Dodge Touring

A good many people have already bought cars here and are well satisfied.

A small down payment will deliver you the car you want, something you and the family will enjoy the whole year.

Remember we carry our own notes, which saves you money.

Every car sold for \$100 or more is Guaranteed, Battery and Electrical Equipment included.

WILL TRADE FOR ANYTHING

E. A. Marcy Used Car Market
CARROLL HENDRICKS, Mgr.

Don't forget the place--Main St., Gobles, Mich.
Next door to Monument Works

Happy New Year

Cypress

Flooring for Porches, Ceiling for Porches, Siding and Corner Boards, Boards for Boats

Yellow Pine

Flooring, Drop Siding, Shiplap, 2x4's, 2x6's and 2x8's
Car of Spruce and Hemlock is Here

J. L. Clement & Sons

For Florida Warmth in Michigan

Use Dixie Gem Coal

Nothing better, nothing more satisfying. Lump and cook stove sizes. Used by all careful buyers as the utmost in coal satisfaction.

Make your hens pay you a profit

Use JUST RIGHT EGG MASH. Made of Meat Scraps, Charcoal, Ground Bone, Salt, Middings, Bran, Ground Oats, Ground Corn, Powdered Whole and Skin Milk, St. John's Bread, Calcium Phosphate, Anise, Dried Blood and Oxide Iron. Best Poultry mash ever offered you and still very reasonable. Guaranteed to give results.

Big stock of 43 per cent Cottonseed Oil Meal

Bran, Middlings, Kellogg's Wheat Feed and all other Feed necessities.

Solid carload of Unicorn Dairy Ration

on the way to us. Bought right and going to be sold right. Everybody knows Unicorn Dairy Ration is absolutely the best.

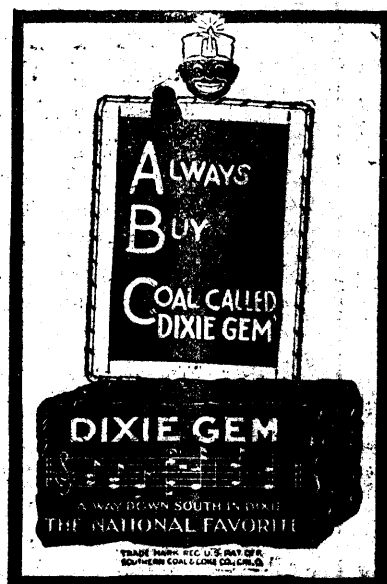
Always in the market for any kind of produce and paying the price and the good old spot cash.

Use Advance Dairy Feed

16 per cent. Price \$2.00 per cwt.

Costs but little more than bran. Contains more protein.

THE GOBLEVILLE MILLING COMPANY
BOTH PHONES GOBLES, MICHIGAN



DIXIE GEM COAL will be your choice if you buy as carefully as you should.

More of that choice
Three Layer Brick Ice Cream
For the New Year's Dinner, Saturday and Sunday
With best wishes for a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

We will continue to serve you at the same old place

WHITE LUNCH

New Victor Adding Machines

Added to 1,000,000. Try one to add up your annual inventory. See the one on display at

THE NEWS OFFICE

J. B. Travis, Agent.

To Our Many Friends

We extend our best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year. We trust that during the past year our business relations have been mutually agreeable. Our aim is to serve you cheerfully and efficiently, to promote co-operation, and to merit your patronage, which enables us to carry a stock of merchandise to supply your wants.

Again we wish you a Happy and Prosperous 1926

Gobles Co-operative Assn.

John Laeder, Mgr., at Gobles
One Hundred Per Cent Farmer Owned
W.J. Richards, Asst. Mgr., at Kendall
The Watch Dog of Prices and Quality

May the New Year bring success and happiness to you and yours is the wish of the

Quality Bakery

Herman R. Schow

Make 1926 an ELECTRIC YEAR

Cook, heat, wash, iron and clean by electricity and save money.

Michigan Gas & Electric Co.
Chas. S. Howard, Local Manager

STORE BUILDING Stock and Fixtures for Sale

This property belongs to the estate of Dennis Cooley and must be sold to settle same.

W. J. Richards, Administrator
Kendall, Michigan

WEBSTER'S NEW DICTIONARIES
THE NEWS OFFICE

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

To you of our friends who have so generously contributed of your kindness and constant faith in our goods and have manifested that good spirit in your business with us--have to a large degree become a silent partner in our success--to you we send this greeting as but a spark of the true appreciation we feel.

Hardware

E. J. MERRIFIELD

Guy G. Graham, Manager

Implements