

GOBLES NEWS

VOL XXXVIII

GOBLES, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1927

NO. 14

LOCAL BREVITIES

Merry Christmas.
Babe Keller is home for Christmas.
S. J. Taylor is recovering from an attack of quinsy.
Monday was the biggest day ever at the local postoffice.
Ed Mann is able to be out again after a tussle with flu.
Masonic installation tonight. Big time specialties between acts.
Dr. and Mrs. Allen are home and the doctor is caring for his patients as usual.
The Senior class turkey will be disposed of at Hudson & Sons store Friday night at 7 o'clock.
Mr. and Mrs. Hudson and daughter, Kathryn of Kalamazoo were Sunday visitors at the home of John McDonald.
Mrs. Basil Brundage and Olin Kane are among those who received certificates from the W. S. T. C. at the close of the fall term.

About 60 attended the pedo party and supper at the Odd Fellows hall last Friday evening and report a most enjoyable time.

Oscar Mann is spending the week with his brother. Oscar's coming is usually the sign of spring but we can't hardly believe it this time.

We are glad to report that Mrs. Robert Dorgan is gaining steadily from her recent operation and hopes to be able to come home very soon.

The Community Church meeting at the Baptist church has been postponed until next Wednesday night. Everybody is urged to be present.

Jimmie Curtiss, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Curtiss, fell from the davenport while playing and injured his leg quite badly. It is hoped he will recover speedily.

The local Rebekah lodge is sending a barrel of fruit to their Old Peoples Home at Jackson. Everyone is urged to contribute. Leave fruit at Beals & Eastman store.

A letter from Mr. Sooy reports that Mrs. Sooy's health is much improved and that they are building a desirable home in a fine location and hope to be able to occupy it very soon.

Mrs. Martha Thayer passed away Tuesday morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Sanders. The funeral will be held from the Wickett funeral home in Bloomingdale, Friday at 1:30 with burial at Covey Hill cemetery.

Eva Carpenter and Marion Rendel are home from Western State, Abbie and Paul Wilcox of Albion, Clifford Bingham of U. of M., Whyte Wilcox of Wesleyan, Bonnell Styles, Greta Sackett, Glenn Alway and George Travis of Kazoo college are among the students home for the holidays.

Yunker & Son had 5 cows that produced 6241 pounds of milk in November, two Guernseys that produced 754 pounds of butter fat or 904 pounds of butter for the year, and one cow that produced 448 pounds of butterfat for the year. Still some people will tell you that cows do not pay.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Curtiss have purchased the E. J. Merrifield stock here and will continue the business as R. M. Curtiss & Co. This is as fine a stock as you will find and after over a year with us we are glad to know that Mr. and Mrs. Curtiss are convinced that Gobles is a good place in which to live and do business. We extend best wishes for their continued success.

While Clyde, Adrian and Gail Lounsberry were driving on U. S. 12 east of Paw Paw early Monday morning a big truck knocked them into the ditch completely wrecking the car and injuring the boys more or less seriously. They were taken to the home of the former in Paw Paw where they are receiving the best of care and it is hoped that they may recover speedily.

Woman's Fortnightly Club

Thursday, Dec. 15 the Woman's Fortnightly Club met at the home of Mrs. Travis. Twenty-three members responded to roll call with bible quotations.

After the business meeting the following program was given.

Mrs. Gilchrist read a very interesting article on the origin of Christmas Carols.

Christmas Carols, Mrs. Gilchrist and Mrs. Styles.

Christmas Reading, Mrs. Brown. Christmas reading, Mrs. Ketchum Selection from "The Blue Flower," Mrs. Hudson.

Book review, "The Man Nobody Knows," Mrs. Travis. Song, Club Members.

After the program the ladies marched to the Christmas tree where each received a gift. Candy and pop corn balls were passed and a short social hour was enjoyed.

Club adjourned to meet January 5 with Mrs. Wauchek.

KENDALL

A Christmas tree and program will be given at the M. E. church, Saturday evening, the 24th.

Elmer Barringer who has been ill in Old Borgess hospital, is improving.

Wednesday shoppers in Kalamazoo were Mrs. Clyde Leversee, Mrs. Emmett Leversee, Mrs. Frank Lewis Mrs. Walter Becker, Margaret Jewel Mrs. John Austin, Mrs. George Miller, Mrs. C. A. Wilkinson and Winifred Heffernon.

Mrs. Wm. Hofacker was called to Kalamazoo last Wednesday on account of illness of her grandson Vern Cairns, who is in Old Borgess ill with pneumonia. His condition is somewhat improved at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Bachelder were in Kalamazoo last Thursday.

Word comes from Glenn Wilkinson that he is enjoying the Sunny South. He accompanied his friend, Mr. Durant to his home in South Carolina for a few week's vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sweet were in Kalamazoo Thursday. They brought Mary Elaine and Margaret Sweet home with them. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Sweet came after them on Sunday.

Fern Lamphere spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. F. J. Chamberlin.

Glenn Schoolcraft and family and Doris Shirley spent Monday in South Haven.

Mrs. Arthur Earl and sons, Doyle and Homer were in Kalamazoo Monday.

Dr. C. A. Wilkinson, Harold Parker and son, Douglas, attended the Medical meeting at Kalamazoo Tuesday. Dr. Boys invited Douglas to be present at a clinic to be held at the morning session.

Methodist Church

Sunday School, 10:00 o'clock.
Morning Worship, 11:00
Epworth League, 6:00
Evening Services, 7:00
Prayer meeting Thursday eve at 7:00
You are invited to each of these services.

Rev. S. W. Hayes.

Annual Meeting

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

Wm. J. Davis, Sec.

Dated Dec. 21, 1927.

Notice of Hearing Claims

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

In the matter of the estate of Elbert I. Barker, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that four months from the 9th day of December, A. D. 1927 have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court at the probate office in the village of Paw Paw in said county on or before the 9th day of April, A. D. 1928, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday, the 9th day of April, A. D. 1928, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated Dec 9th, A. D. 1927.
W. S. KILLMER,
Judge of Probate.

BELL CORNERS

Mrs. Chas. Petty entertained the W. W. Society Thursday. All were greeted by their smiling hostess and ushered into the house made gay by the Christmas trimming. At noon all sat down to a well laden dinner table. In the afternoon Santa came to help unload the Christmas tree and with the entertainment provided the day passed too soon. All left for home voting another ideal time had been enjoyed.

Mrs. Ida Walters entertained her children from Kalamazoo Sunday.

Chas. Cramer has been suffering the past week with quinsy.

Mrs. Beulah Thompson will have a Christmas tree and program at her school Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Baxter were in Kalamazoo Saturday.

Funeral services were held Wednesday for Claude Bronk at his grandmother's home. Burial took place at Robinson cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Cramer and Lucile have the sympathy of all.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolla Eastman and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Eastman at Gobles.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Baxter and son were dinner guests in the Ed Messinger home Sunday.

Virginia Wilkins of Kalamazoo is spending her vacation with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Carter.

Mrs. Will Thompson was a Kalamazoo shopper Saturday.

BASE LINE

The item last week should have read: Arch Holmes and family called on Mr. and Mrs. E. Wood Friday evening of last week.

Merson school and church will have their Christmas exercises at the church Friday evening. Everybody invited to come and enjoy the tree and program.

December 15 being Billy Dannenberg's fourth birthday, his grandparents, aunts and cousins came from Grand Rapids to help him celebrate.

Fred Saye and family have moved to the farm purchased of J. Tuckey.

Elmer Forster and son and Fred Forster of Kalamazoo called at L. Woodruff's Saturday.

Floyd Lukins and family of Kalamazoo visited at M. Wilmot's Sunday.

Earl Hopkins and family of Kalamazoo called on his sister, Mrs. Will Edmonds Sunday afternoon.

Shirley Banks and son have been spending a few days at Fred Banks.

Card of Thanks

We take this opportunity to thank all who assisted at the death of our loved one, Claude Brunk. Their many kind acts are greatly appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cramer and Family.

First Baptist Church

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

Notice

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

Tax Notice

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

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

Developing Language

Custom is the great language maker. If children grew up on a deserted island and had no one to teach them to talk, in all probability they would develop a language of their own, which would serve their purposes. One might point to what we call a "coconut" and say "Awk." And the "Awk!" would mean coconut to him.—Exchange.

Wealth in Vatican

The Vatican at Rome is said to be the largest palace in the world. It has 30 magnificent halls, 9 galleries, 7 chapels, 20 courts, 8 state staircases and 200 smaller staircases. It has museums, libraries and archives. It is said that the contents of the Sistine chapel in the Vatican alone are worth \$1,000,000,000.

Goats Have Queer Horns

One of the species of wild goats found among the lofty peaks of the Himalayas is notable for its twisted horns, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. They somewhat resemble huge screws, are three feet long and are set on the head to form a "V." The home ranges of the animals are nearly inaccessible to hunters.

"Inferiority Complex"

According to Adler's terminology an inferiority complex is a complex which results from thwarting man's natural urge to self-expansion and which (when repressed into the subconscious) compels him to achieve power along some other line than that in which his energies are blocked.

Weight of Adult Brain

From 11,000 brains weighed, Topinard finds an average weight of 1,361 grams for man and 1,290 grams for women. Of the brains of prominent men examined up to the present time it is said that Daniel Webster's was the heaviest.

Giving All

He that giveth all, though but little, gives much; because God looks not to the quantity of the gift, but to the quality of the givers; he that desires to give more than he can hath equalled his gift to his desire, and hath given more than he hath.—Quarles.

Popular Name

"Woolly bear" is the popular name by which the caterpillars of many of our common tiger moths are known, says Nature Magazine. The name was given to them in consequence of the coating of long bristle-like hairs on the bodies.

Lazy Man's Calendar

Some people think there ought to be a law requiring five pay days in every month except February, which is too short. All they would do to February is to make St. Valentine's day and Ground Hog day legal holidays.—Woman's Home Companion.

Do Your Own Chasing

Many get the wrong idea about the Constitution of the United States. All it guarantees is the right to pursue happiness. It is up to the individual to put salt on the little bird's tail.—Toledo Blade.

It Blooms Early

The rhodora of Emerson's poem is rhodora canadensis, says Nature Magazine. It has rose-colored or purple flowers, grows in wet places and blooms early before the leaves are expanded.

Must Often Be Silent

"He who resolves to speak nothing but the truth," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "must discipline himself to maintain many discreet silences."—Washington Star.

Atmospheric Fact

At 31 miles from the earth's surface there is atmosphere still, but its density is only 1-7,000 of what it is at the surface. It does not extend much farther.

Uncle Eben

"You can't judge by appearances," said Uncle Eben. "A mighty slick lookin' fiver may have a fool inside."—Washington Star.

Well Expressed

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Sir Walter Scott.

Use Candle for Stopper

A piece of candle makes a better stopper than cork for the glue bottle because it prevents glue from drying.

Calls for Cash Down

You can't get experience in this world on the easy-payment plan.—Des Moines Register.

Aged Wine

A London wine dealer has five bottles of Bavarian wine dating back farther than 1540.

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



School Notes

By Joe Waber

The boys basketball team was defeated at Mattawan Friday night. All the boys played a fighting game but the team was seriously handicapped by the loss of two players, Kloock and Allen, who were ill. The girls' team did much better, winning by the decisive score of 30 to 2. Frances Cooley, Diana Keller and Maxine Winters were the outstanding players for Gobles.

Mr. Stratton held history class for thirty minutes during the chapel program Friday morning. Miss Winters and Miss Bachelder gave interesting reports on Mr. Coolidge's message to Congress.

Friday, Dec. 23 is the last day of school before Christmas vacation and all departments will have a Christmas party in the afternoon.

Christmas vacation starts Dec. 24 and school starts again on Tuesday, Jan. 3.

Miss Harris' room banked 100% last week.

We debate, Watervliet on January 13 there. We have the affirmative side of the very interesting subject. Resolved: That the direct primary should be abolished.

We wish everybody a Merry Christmas and hope that Santa Claus may fill your stocking to the brim with everything you want.

Anniversary of Flight

July 25 is the anniversary of the first airplane flight over the English channel, says Gas Logic. Bleriot, the famous French airman, on that date in 1909 flew from Calais to Dover in thirty-seven minutes.

Makes 'Em See Yellow

A drug that makes an individual see yellow has been discovered by a Scottish scientist. It is known as 'antoinin' and is prepared from the dried flower heads of the European wormwood.

Pilgrim Memorial

A large block of sandstone at Deltshaven, Holland, is believed from half effaced inscriptions to be a memorial of the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers from that port on July 22, 1620.

Deborah

One of the greatest judges in Israel was a woman, and she was the only judge who was able to keep the peace, and that was a great thing.—Lord Courtney in "Cornish Granite."

Gatun Lake Largest

Gatun lake in the Panama canal, having a surface area of 164 square miles, is the largest artificial lake in the world. It was formed by the construction of Gatun dam.

Wherein the Difference

We imagine there isn't much difference between psychoneurosis and nervousness, except in the matter of the bill for diagnosis.—Ohio State Journal.

In Its Original State

A primeval forest refers to the original forest; that is, a forest that has stood unchanged from the earliest period of history.

Locusts by the Ton

A swarm of locusts that plagued Algeria in 1866 was estimated to weight 50,000 tons.

Lucky Child!

During its first year, a normal baby sleeps at least two-thirds of the time.—Liberty.

Thought for Today

A just fortune awaits the deserving.—Statius.

GOBLES NEWS

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

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.50 A YEAR
ADVANCE IN CANADA, \$2.00
2 months, in advance.....\$1.00
4 months, in advance.....\$1.50
6 months, in advance.....\$2.00

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



Member Michigan Press Association and National Editorial Association

Business Locals

Veal calves wanted. See or phone Lester Woodruff.

Indian relics wanted. See Van Ryno.

Buy Miller tires at Dorgan's filling station.

Good house for rent. Inquire at the Bank.

FREE BATTERY charging and radio repair work. Luther Howard.

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

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

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

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

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

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

See the Cash Supply Store for tire chains.

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

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

Good Jersey cow for sale. See Charles Boothby.

Lower prices on Fisk tires. Just received a large shipment. Cash Supply Store.

4 spring calves for sale. See Mike Mahieu.

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

For Sale—Shetland pony, also 4 year old cow and two year old heifer, both to freshen in April. Cash Supply Store.

Abadona Beauty Parlor at the Wilcox Barber Shop is ready to take care of you so get your appointments in early.

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

9 S. C. W. leghorn cockerels for sale, \$1.50 each. Fine large birds, Wauchek strain. H. Bishop, phone.

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

Good fence posts for sale. See Will Leonard.

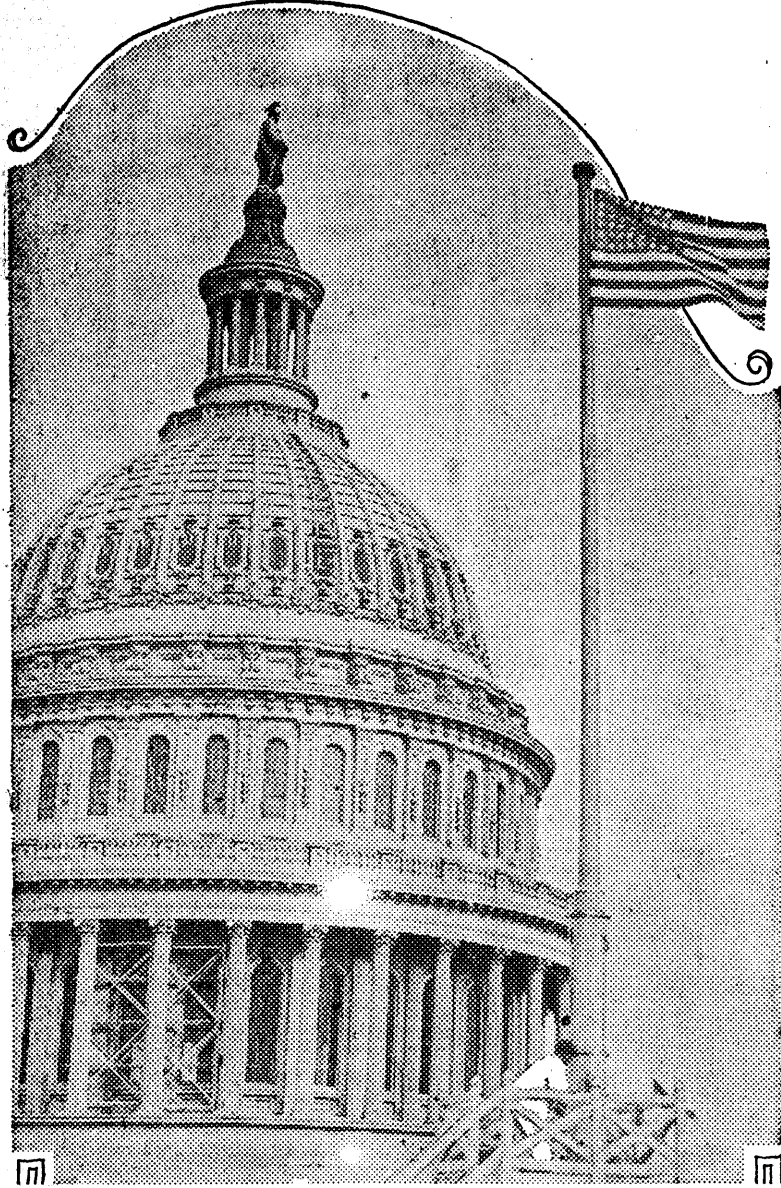
Lost—Ford truck chain, between Gobles and Levi Camfield's. Notify Carson Rendel.

Hudson Super-six 7-passenger sedan for sale as there is no room to store same. Only \$300, in A1 shape. Bargain. Al G. Marriott.

New Crosley Handbox 6-tube Neutrodyne radio with tubes only \$65 as have received a present of one and can't use both. Al G. Marriott.

Patronize our advertisers.

CAMERA NEWS



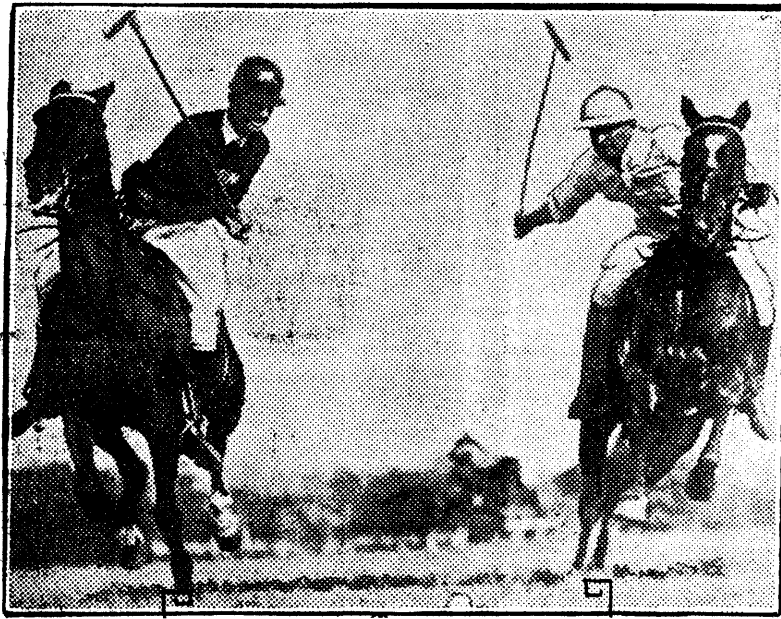
Old glory, which flies from the top of the national capitol at Washington, while congress is in session, is flung to the winds again as congress gathers for its seventieth session.

Dawes on the Job



Here is the latest of Vice President Charles G. Dawes, snapped at Washington, D. C., as he arrives at the capitol for the opening of the seventieth congress.

In Just a Moment---Wham!



One of those gripping moments in a polo match, snapped at Fort McPherson, Ga., during a game between two military teams. The two players, Lieut. Gilbert Prosper, left, and Capt. A. G. Wing, are each striving to hit the ball, shown on the ground between them.

Sally's Dallies



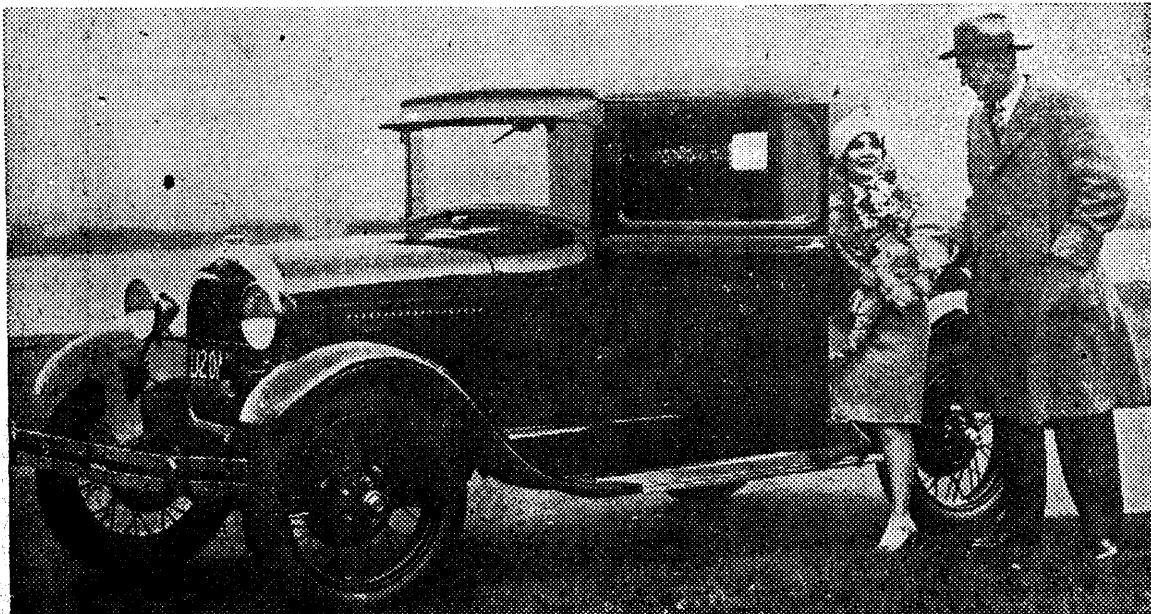
One key fits all women's hearts—flattery.

Cold Checks Floods Threatening Eastern Towns



Flood scene in Warren, Pa. Clark street, one block south of business section. As floods threatened to top previous records in parts of Pennsylvania, New York and eastern Ohio, a cold wave checked the rising waters.

New Distinction—First Woman to Get New Ford



Just as it seemed as if there could be no new achievements to which to lay claim, along comes Miss Helen Ford, actress, with the distinction of being the first person of her sex to get a new Ford. To prove it, here is a photo, snapped by camera and movie men in Boston, of William A. Francis, general manager of the Boston Ford Assembly plant, selling the car to Miss Ford.

STATE FORESTRY PROGRAM ON WAY

Michigan is on the way to the biggest reforestation program of any state in the United States, according to information just released by the department of conservation. Already fire losses during the past year have been cut to the lowest point in years while ten million seedling have been grown at the state nursery near Roscommon for planting on burned and cut over lands of the north country.

At the present time the state has 375,000 acres dedicated to state forestry use, with 125,000 acres of this area under intensive management and operation. The old cry of "politics" has been submerged in the new work that is under way, which brings a promise of fulfillment unknown in former days of the department.

While the legislature failed to come to the support of the program as it should have, yet recent legislation is enabling the department to accomplish much in the way of preparation for the real work of building up the forest and timber reserves of the state. Briefly outlined the state is now engaged in working out the following program:

State Forest—About 375,000 acres dedicated to State Forest use and some 125,000 under intensive management and operation, with new units being put under administration at the rate of one or two a year.

Firelines—Cleared, broken and cultivated, at least 10 feet wide, in operation to date, over 1,600 miles. New construction proceeding at the rate of 50 to 100 miles a year.

Nursery—Doubled in capacity since 1924. Of present State forestry nursery, Col. Greely of the U. S. Forest Service said, last year: "It is, I think, the biggest and the most successful in the United States." Present area about 15 acres. Over 6,000 separate beds, capacity over 10,000,000 seedlings a year and steadily increasing.

Plantations—State-raised seedlings on state-owned lands total to date, about 32,000 acres and yearly plantations now running over 5,000 acres a year. (Nursery stock sent out from State nursery for private planting not included.) No other State (or National Forests) have ever reached such acreage of yearly plantations on State lands and the Michigan rate is increasing since fall as well as spring planting are now being scheduled.

Fire-losses—On State Forest very low. For present season forty fires covered a total of 276 acres.

Seed Collections—Often break all records, especially on Norway pine. (Clean seed worth \$1.00 an ounce and very little on the market. Collections for fall of 1927 total over forty tons of cones, with a large percentage Norway pine from which it is expected that 1,200 pounds of clean seed will be extracted. Certainly more Norway than anybody ever had before.)

Land acquisition—Legal authority to purchase lands available and last legislature made first specific appropriation for purpose, small (\$10,000) but a starter. Meanwhile we have the million acres, more or less, of tax-reverted lands to work with, and authority to exchange.

State to Select

Spud Farm Soon

Some farm in either the Greenville or Cadillac sections will be selected before spring for Michigan's new potato experiment farm, M. B. McPherson of Lowell, chairman of a committee appointed by the state board of agriculture to inspect proposed sites, informed local business interests while in Montcalm county.

Four farms in Montcalm county were inspected, McPherson said, but he refused to disclose whether he intended to recommend the purchase of any one of the four.

Farms in both the Greenville and Cadillac sections have points in their favor, McPherson stated. These arguments are being presented to the committee for its consideration and an early decision upon a site is assured since Gov. Green announced money to make the purchase would be available as soon as the state board makes its selection.

McPherson said the state board is anxious to buy the farm as soon as possible in order that Michigan State college can prepare for its 1928 experimental program.

Prof. J. F. Cox, head of the farm crops department at Michigan State college, repeatedly has said the station should be located in the Cadillac section which would place it about midway between the main certified seed producing area in northern Michigan and the main table crop area in lower Michigan. One of the projects of the farm will be a seed varietal test, Prof. Cox has stated.

If the station is to be of service to the largest number of potato growers Greenville business interests declare it should be located in Montcalm county which produces more potatoes than any other county in the state, has more potato growers than any other county, and is nearer Oakland, Lapeer, Kent and Mecosta counties, the other leading spud producing areas in the state. Upper Michigan already has a potato farm at Mancelona, local interests contend.

In Japan individual citrus trees are known which, according to records, are at least 300 years old and have changed little in that time.

Farm Courses Open January 3

Eight special courses of study offered by the Short Course Department at M. S. C., including the new course in home economics, will open January 3.

The list of "short courses" which will be available includes general agriculture, dairy production, dairy manufacture, horticulture, poultry, agricultural engineering and home economics.

The new home economics short course will cover a period of eight weeks and will feature practical work in food selection and preparation; selection, design, and construction of clothing; household administration planning, furnishings and decoration; ornamental horticulture, gardening, and home marketing; millinery, child study, home care of the sick, poultry and gymnasium.

Short courses are open without entrance examinations to all men and women of the state over 16 years of age.

Horses Killed Taken for Deer

Of course, a certain number of mistakes are always expected in the excitement of the deer hunting season, but Paschal Jewett, Schoolcraft county farmer, thinks it was downright careless of two over-zealous Manistiquim nimrods to shoot his team of horses for deer.

The incident, reported to have occurred last week, first came to light when Mr. Jewett sought to secure another team of good work horses to replace the one shot for venison.

It seems that the hunters were "headlighting", a popular pre-season sport in this section, and it is supposed that their light fell upon two pairs of eyes shining in the darkness. Bang! went the guns, and the hunters went over to pick up their big bucks, congratulating themselves on their good fortune. Glee turned to gloom, however, when the mighty marksmen found—not two deer—but two faithful five-year-old farm horses where the two pairs of shining eyes had been. One horse had been killed with a rifle ball, while the other had only buckshot in the shoulder.

Freesoil Turkey Is Determined to Rear Own Family

The persistence of nature to perpetuate its species is being demonstrated by a turkey hen on the farm of Mrs. F. W. Timmerman. Reared alone last year, this summer the turkey set twice on eggs she had hidden away. When they were destroyed the second time, she discovered a hen's nest containing seven eggs. These she hatched, mothering the chicks for some time.

When the chicks left her she disappeared and was found later in the woods on a nest of her own eggs. Being unfertile, the eggs were taken away again, but the turkey refused to stay at home.

Late in October she again disappeared and was found later by boys hunting for cows. Mrs. Timmerman bought a gobbler and turned it loose, hoping Mrs. Turkey would answer its call and remain at home.

Recently she was caught unawares and carried away from her last nest of eggs, on which she has set through snow and rainstorms.

Belding Hunter Gets Deer And Big Timber Wolf

About the most satisfied of the deer hunters who crossed the straits is Walter Anderson of Belding.

Anderson with his friends, Charles Cowles, Edwin Thompson and Ernest Anderson, made camp near Eckerman on Whitefish bay. Walter Anderson starting out alone followed an old road that had been abandoned about 27 years ago. Just at daybreak he saw an immense grey timber wolf coming toward him. As the wind was coming from the opposite direction the wolf did not see the man and was within 40 feet when Walter fired, breaking the animal's back. Another shot finished him. The wolf measures six and one-half feet in length and 33 inches from the tips of his feet to top of shoulder.

Game wardens in the north say it is the largest wolf they ever have seen and is the first one to be killed this year. Walter and the others of the party also got their deer.

Hoover May Be Speaker Farm Week

That Herbert Hoover may be one of the main speakers at the annual Michigan State College Farmers' week, to be held the first week in February, was revealed with the announcement that an official invitation had been extended the cabinet member.

William Oxley Thompson, president-emeritus of Ohio State university, and Hon. John C. Ketchum, Michigan congressman, have been definitely announced as two of the speakers who have already accepted invitations to address the big state agricultural conference. Others who are considered as likely speakers are Dean Russell, of Wisconsin, and Dean Curtis, of Iowa, heads of the agricultural schools in their respective states.

POULTRY

FAT GEESE.

One of our subscribers wants to know something about the way to feed young geese for the holiday trade after manner of the intensive feeders who cram or stuff geese.

One way to fatten young geese is to put a few of them in a small pen and feed them by hand five times daily on a mixture of two parts corn meal and one part of ground wheat and sifted ground oats, mixed with enough low grade or red dog flour to make a stiff batter when water is added. This may be put through a sausage stuffer, cut into pieces two inches long and an inch thick, rolled in flour and cooked like dumplings. This is fed warm, but after cooking the pieces are dipped in water to keep them from sticking together. Some folks use oat straw in the bedding for geese, some of which they will eat, and corn silage has been used also.

The famous "patie de foie gras" of Europe is simply goose liver from six-months-old geese which have been "crammed" on boiled corn.

Some of the old-time methods of confinement of market geese which were fattened on a heavy ration for the holiday trade are going out of custom. Unless a farmer has a guaranteed special market outlet for extra fat holiday geese, he had better stick to the normal way of yard feeding and not try to force them by expensive and intensive methods.

SOFT SHELLED EGGS.

Probably one of the most annoying things in the poultry business is the frequent laying of soft shelled eggs by a group of hens, or even only one hen. It is a sign that something is unprofitably and radically wrong with the hens—something that should be righted immediately. And as for the eggs themselves, they are perfectly useless and merely represent a loss in good food.

In nine cases out of 10, a hen lays soft shelled eggs because there is a lack of lime in her diet. This mineral is really pure eggshell material. Therefore, its absence from the diet results in either thin shelled eggs or eggs with no shell at all. Of course, calcium carbonate is generally present in the food and water given to the hen, but there is seldom enough to satisfy her needs.

The best and only way to make sure that one's hens are obtaining a sufficient amount of lime is to keep calcium carbonate or crushed oyster shell before them all the time. If the hens have been laying soft shelled eggs, it will correct this condition and result in marketable eggs with thick, tough shells.

GOVERNMENT MONEY FOR POULTRYMEN.

The United States government allotted 14 cents per \$1,000 in egg and poultry values, annually, for work in the poultry industry. For every \$1,000 in products value, dairy cattle and dairy products are allotted \$1.80; the same value of beef cattle and beef products is allotted \$2.85, while every \$1,000 in sheep and sheep products is allotted \$3.27 in government money. The citrus fruit industry is allotted \$2.46 for government work per \$1,000 of products, while tobacco and tobacco products rank nearest to poultry among major agricultural enterprises, with 42 cents per \$1,000 in products.

Poultry, as an agricultural industry, does not rank as far down the line in total value of the annual production as this would seem to indicate, however. Poultry ranks third among the separate livestock industries of the nation.

Government money appropriated for the poultry industry is used for research, for the development of sanitary control measures, for farm demonstration work, for feeding investigations and for the compilation of poultry and poultry products statistics.

CHICK CROP CARE STARTS WITH HATCHING EGGS

Preparation for the 1928 crop of baby chicks should begin at least 90 days before the eggs are laid.

Unless the hens are given proper feeding and housing attention they cannot possibly lay eggs which will produce vigorous chicks. The Washington State College of Agriculture recommends that the breeders be segregated and be made to moult 90 days before the hatching eggs are wanted. Artificial moults can be produced by suddenly cutting off all egg mash. If lights are being used, they should be discontinued at the same time. If, after a week of this change, the birds are not yet in moult they should be limited on water for a day.

As soon as they are in a moult and have stopped laying, the regular egg mash should be given them again, according to W. D. Buchanan, extension specialist in poultry at the State College of Washington. Although they will not be producing eggs, they will need a generous supply of protein in their ration in order to build feathers rapidly. The addition of five pounds of linseed oil meal to each 100 pounds of egg mash will aid in rapidly building a glossy finished plumage.

To store farm butter for winter use the best methods is to wrap the rolls or prints in parchment paper and pack them in a stone crock, covering them with a strong brine and store in a cool place. The butter intended for winter use should be made from sweet pasteurized cream churned at a fairly low temperature, washed thoroughly and worked merely enough to dissolve the salt.

The Gilded Lovers

By H. IRVING KING

(Copyright.)

HER name was Sarah Grafton—and they called her Sally! We have gone back to the days of our great grandmothers now and have our Sallys and Peggys and Bettys, etc.—we that are really in the swim. And Sally was decidedly in the swim. She was invited everywhere and went everywhere—no social gathering was complete without Sally Grafton. Peter Sotherland was of the same sort.

For instance, they both wished for money. For, while both swam smilingly and sportively on the glittering crest of the social wave, they were all the time aware of the depths of poverty which lay below them. Sally was an orphan with an old maid aunt, who stinted herself to keep Sally going in the hope that the girl would make a wealthy marriage and bring home the sheaves so that the old lady might live in luxury for the remainder of her life. The aunt had cultivated a reputation for wealth by practicing a necessary parsimony; and as she seldom accepted an invitation anywhere, and herself never entertained on account of the expense, she had acquired a most enviable reputation for "exclusiveness."

As for Peter he had no near relatives, but many distant ones, all people of wealth and standing whom he used to visit occasionally. Everybody took it for granted that Peter had money—and Peter did not deceive them. He had a few, a very few, thousand dollars which he hung to like grim death as his last resort. Why didn't he go to work? He had—several times—and each time the business he went into had gone "fluey."

Yes, both Sally and Peter wanted money badly, and another thing they both wanted was to get married—married to each other. But how in the world could they, under the circumstances? Not that Peter was aware of Sally's financial plight or Sally of Peter's. He supposed she was rich—and she supposed he was. But Sally thought too much of Peter to marry him under false pretenses, and Peter thought too much of Sally to marry her in like case.

And so they went on, looking and longing and scheming and contriving and keeping up appearances. Then one day Sally had an offer of marriage from a most desirable young millionaire and, weary of the struggle, asked time to think it over.

When she told her aunt, that estimable old lady threatened to turn her out bag and baggage if she did not accept. Sally sparred for time and got a month's leeway. In the intermission between the popping of the question and the date set for the final answer Cornelius Van Brough, the wealthy suitor, was unremitting in his attentions to Sally—and it got about that they were already engaged. Peter saw the attentiveness of Van Brough, heard the rumor and got desperate.

He met Sally at a dinner dance and whisked her off to that good old stamping ground of lovers, the conservatory. And there was no one rubbering behind the rubber plants to listen to them, either. He told her why he had not spoken before. Sally, with a joyful little cry, just fell into his arms.

"But," went on Peter, assuming a serious air as soon as the dear, delightful, rapturous little flurry was over, "there is one sacrifice I must ask of you. It is selfish of me, I know. But your fortune stands between us. Do you love me well enough to divest yourself of that fortune and share my poverty?"

Sally laughed. "Why, you dear old goosey," said she, "I have no fortune. I am a gilded eggshell, like yourself."

"Horray!" cried Peter, "give me another kiss."

When Sally told her aunt that she had decided to refuse Mr. Van Brough's offer the old lady was in a rage. But she calmed down a little when Sally said that she had accepted the offer of Mr. Peter Sotherland.

"You are a fool to reject Van Brough," said the amiable old lady; "but Sotherland is not as bad as it might be. He is said to have money—and is mighty well connected. I wonder you had the common sense to accept him."

Sally did not tell her the whole horrible truth then and there. One storm a day from her esteemed aunt was, she felt, all she could reasonably be expected to stand. And when the morrow came she postponed the dire revelation to the following day. She would see Peter meantime and get from him some moral support.

And she did see Peter—met him by appointment made over the telephone. She found him almost bursting with suppressed excitement. "What do you think," cried he; "my father's second cousin, Peter Van Vorst Sotherland, an old bachelor—been living in California—has died and left me nearly half a million—because of my name, the will says. Lawyers notified me this morning."

"I suppose," said Sally, with a twinkle in her eye, "that I ought to ask you to divest yourself of your fortune before you marry me. But I won't. We took each other when we were both poor; and if people insist upon making us rich, why, we can't help it." So they pensioned off the aunt and lived happy ever after.

Preserving Eggs

"Guarantizing eggs" is a process for preserving them. In guarantizing eggs, the eggs are dipped into a weak oil and wax solution and then put in storage. This process is a new one and has proved very popular. It is claimed that the solution keeps the air from penetrating the shell and thus gives a better preserved egg. The guarantizing egg brings a higher price than the ordinary cold storage eggs.

Has a Fine Home

The mining caterpillar need not leave its mine. Within the leaf there is found protection as well as food, says Nature Magazine. The epidermal layers are transparent, they allow the sun to warm the naked worm. They are tough besides. The rain cannot wash the legless infant away. Poison sprays would beat harmlessly against the windows of its abode.

The White Man's Burden

That is the title of a famous poem written by Rudyard Kipling and first published in 1899. Each stanza of the poem begins with the line: "Take up the white man's burden." The phrase now refers to the supposed responsibility of the white race for the moral and physical welfare of all the dark races of the world.—Pathfinder Magazine.

That Would Fix It

An Indiana woman was speaking in favor of an eight-hour law for women. "What about housewives, they work 16 hours," a male questioner asked. "I don't see what the law can do for them," replied the woman campaigner. "Well," said the heckler, "it might give men two wives."—Capper's Weekly.

Man's Daily Duties

The best part of one's life is in the performance of his daily duties. All higher motives, ideals, conceptions, sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Editor's Troubles

The world's unluckiest compositor is looking for a job. He got all twisted in making-up and left the "alleged" off a photograph of a criminal, and ran a prominent woman's picture with the legend: "Alleged Society Leader."—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Job Isn't Enough

Forget looking for openings, especially those which open into some place you don't at all want to go to. What good is an opening that leads a potentially fine artist to be a very poor broker? Or a good banker to be a sad teacher?—American Magazine.

Best Known Hickory

The shagbark hickory, also called shagbark hickory, is the best known of all the hickories, says the American Tree Association. It produces the best nuts and has the most distinctive features of all of the native hickories.

Taking Up Life's Burden

The school period is regarded as a time of preparation for life. Therefore the close of school is looked upon as the commencement of life's activities and the day upon which graduation exercises are held is known as commencement day.

Discovery Worth While

Archeologists have unearthed some tablets in Babylonia which prove that banking was flourishing 5,000 years ago. Now, if they could only dig up a \$10 savings deposit that has been drawing interest all that time!

Hard Fact to Explain

The theater has often been resorted to in order to remove fits of low spirits, and it is a singular fact that a tragedy often dissipates them than a comedy.—Dr. Benjamin Rush.

Of the Making of Books

And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness to the flesh.—Ecclesiastes 12:12.

His Misfortune

Timid Householder (resourcefully, after discovering two burglars at work)—D-don't take any notice of me—I'm only w-walking in m-my sleep.

Jud Tunkins

Jud Tunkins says there's no profit in a grudge. People have to forgive and forget if they want to stay in business.—Washington Star.

Finishing Course

A Kansas City man who took up a course in golf to improve his health is taking another to improve his language.

Cells in Human Body

The diameter of the cells in the human body are from 1-125 to 1-5,000 of an inch in diameter.

Not a Chance

No man under thirty is a match in intelligence for a woman of twenty.—American Magazine.

Truth Retold

They say that the best counsel is that of a woman.—Calderon.

Gentlemen Change—Sometimes

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

(Copyright.)

"I SHALL marry, of course—but not until I find the woman to suit," Gardner declared loftily, rising tiptoe, then coming down hard on his heels by way of emphasis.

"I wonder what sort that is?" Sarah-Ann commented reflectively, twinkling wickedly withal.

"Not your sort! You can give any odds you please on that," from the gentleman.

"Likely, that goes without saying. I can't imagine worse luck than marrying you myself."

"Hence we are agreed to agree—which is much harder than agreeing to disagree," from Gardner patronizingly.

Sarah-Ann nodded carelessly. Jimmy, her step-cousin, wasn't a bad sort, except for his conceit. She got up saying: "Suppose we appoint today a year for confessing? Our sins, our loves, our mistakes, our deeds, good and bad?"

Next minute he saw her galloping down the ragged drive; waving her cap high above her head. It angered him—she knew how he hated tomboys and their works. Neither sister, wife nor daughter of his should indulge in anything so crude.

Jimmy, born with an indoor complex as befitted his fine estate, hated hunting and barely tolerated horse shows. Yet, somehow he couldn't keep away from them when Sarah-Ann and Blue Jeans, her favorite blue roan, led the entries.

What a girl she would be—if only he could make her over! The pity of it was that she wouldn't be thus remade. He said as much to young Preston, his visiting college mate, before risking him within Sarah-Ann's orbit. The encounter went through with bells on—to Gardner's delight. Preston didn't talk much, unless you noticed his eyes. His stay was brief—before the last good-bye he asked Jimmy airily: "How many deep is Cousin Sarah-Ann engaged?" Assured that was something no fellow had yet found out, he went off laughing.

The day of confession still lay six months ahead. Gardner found himself wishing it were at hand, but dared not say so. He realized that Sarah-Ann grew steadily more daring, more altogether delightful. As to Preston she was merely judicial, saying with her best twinkle: "Decision reserved." So he almost ran to her after Preston's letter came. It said: "I'm marrying shortly—don't know just when. My girl, confound her, refuses to set the day until sure it will be lucky. You'll see us in the honeymoon—know you'll like her, and hope, between us, we can make her like you. Here's hopin' to find the latchstring out and broilers sinfully plenty—but don't go planning any blow-out—all on the dead quiet until you see me."

"You don't seem a bit surprised," Gardner was almost plaintive.

Sarah-Ann smiled and nodded. "Because I am not," she said. "I knew he was engaged—he told me right at the first. In such a funny way—you know we three went riding and he kept looking, looking at Blue Jeans until I had to say something—it was 'I think you want my horse—but you can't have him.' 'Oh! I must,' he said. 'I need him for my wife—only creature I've ever seen that just suited her.' Then I asked was he married—he said, no, only engaged—he had come down here to find out how comfortably he could live without her. That stopped the cross-questioning, but made me, like him all the better. I hope he is going to very happy."

"I'll tell him so—know it will please him," Gardner bubbled.

Sarah-Ann answered: "Maybe so," and changed the subject. Gardner felt hurt at her indifference, and said semi-authoritatively: "See here. You must be nice to the bride."

"I shall be if she behaves real nice," quoth Sarah-Ann, rising, to add: "Can't talk longer now—got to be fitted for a new dress."

Jimmy did not see her again until three days later—then a gorgeous new limousine disgorged upon his door step a wholly radiant Preston and a slim something so veiled and swathed it appeared wholly strange. Preston thrust it almost violently into Gardner's arms, bubbling out: "Kiss her, Jimmy, I won't mind. We're old married folks now—got the knot tied an hour ago in town."

Then out of veils and swathings burst the surprise of Gardner's life—a happily chuckling Sarah-Ann, who kissed him on both cheeks, then full on the mouth.

"This saves confessing," she said, giggling. "I knew Dan Preston for my man the minute I set eyes on him. He truly was engaged elsewhere—but seeing me on Blue Jeans put the girl he left behind him in the discard. Her picture's mighty pretty, and she's convent-bred and rich and a lady. Just the wife for you, Jimmy—you are going home with us to see for yourself."

"Who says so?" Gardner demanded. "Both of us," cried the newly-weds in unison. "Hop in and come right along—clothes can be sent after—besides, you'll shortly need spandy-new ones."

Who could gainsay such command? Nobody, Jimmy didn't try it. At last accounts life ran blissfully for him—and seemed likely to do so to the end.

The Terms of the Will

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(Copyright.)

HELEN ROCKWELL faced her father. Her eyes shone like steady lamps, blue and shining.

"My dear," said Mr. Rockwell with a wry smile on his good-looking face, "of course I am not trying to urge you to accept the terms of your Uncle Taylor's will. But—your Uncle Taylor did have your future in mind, and wanted to do something personal for you, he named you as the chief beneficiary in his will. But the fact that he has decided that you must marry the man whom he selects in order to benefit by the will—rather muddles the whole thing!"

"It does, father!"

"Now, Helen, you must not let the matter of Uncle Taylor's will trouble you at all. You can simply decline to marry the man that he suggested—who is he, anyway?"

"Bertrand Lawrence," returned Helen.

"Who is Bertrand Lawrence?"

Before Helen could tell him that she, of course, did not know, there was a telephone call for Mr. Rockwell. He was gone for five minutes, and when he returned there was a baffled look on his face.

"It was old Hilton, the lawyer—telling me rather funny news."

"Yes?"

"It seems that young Lawrence—Bertrand Lawrence—has disappeared—sent them a letter asking that his name be withdrawn in the matter of the Taylor Marsh will!"

"Withdrawn!" exclaimed Helen, her cheeks flushing hotly.

"And that, my dear, leaves you to inherit all the money! You know the will stipulates that 'if either party objects to the union, the entire sum is to become the property of the other.'"

"How disgusting! Why, dad, I cannot believe that Uncle Taylor could make such a silly will. I do not want his money. I am sorry to refuse it, but really, I think he should have left it to his Cousin Peabody's family—they are all growing up and need a lot of help!"

Then Helen told him about her invitation from a college friend to spend a month in the North woods.

"They have a lovely camp there, and it would be jolly, dad," she ended.

Mr. Rockwell had no objection to this plan, and it was a week later when Helen Rockwell arrived at the Channings' camp in the North woods.

Helen was rather tired after her journey, but the lure of the woods beckoned and after luncheon, when the family separated for stestas in the breeze-swept bedrooms, Helen stole out for a little walk among the beckoning tall trees, and down the narrow trails a-glimmer with maze of leaf and shadow. Here and there she wandered, and when she came to the boundary of the Channing place, indicated by high barbed wire fencing, she found a clink to squeeze through and at last found herself in the virgin forest.

"It will be so easy to find my way back," she told herself. "There is that lightning-struck tree, and the three pines!"

But she did lose them within ten minutes, following a meandering brook where purple violets grew on the mossy, dripping brim, and it was right on this spot that she sat down, and fell asleep.

Helen awoke and went back toward the Channing camp, but after she had tramped for hours she discovered that she was entirely lost! After awhile she found herself back at the brookside and she decided to follow the little stream. She followed the stream down instead of up, and at sunset, she knew she was truly lost. She was near a group of four hemlocks that grew close together, and Helen had just decided that she would spend the night hidden among them, when the branches shook and out walked a perfectly splendid specimen of young manhood.

"Perhaps you can show me the way," said Helen wearily, "I have wandered away from the Channing camp and I am quite lost."

"Certainly," said the stranger, tossing his book back among the hemlocks. "Wouldn't you like something to eat first? You must be hungry and very tired."

"Yes, thank you," said Helen, and she ate bread and cheese sandwiches and drank a bottle of ginger ale. If she had known how pretty she looked as she sat there, she would have blushed deeper than she did when she met the eyes of the stranger.

Long before they reached the wire fence of the Channing place, they heard the sounds of gun shots, and just as Helen dropped at his feet they heard the shouts of men. Lanterns waved in the far distance, and then the stranger cut a hole in the wire fence and crept through. When they reached the house and he gave Helen into the care of Mrs. Channing, they surrounded him in surprise.

"Why, Bert Lawrence! We heard that you had become a hermit or something—you must stay here for the night, anyway, and meet Helen Rockwell."

So Bertrand stayed and the Channings witnessed the most beautiful story revealed as the days flew by—and this is the real reason why the terms of Uncle Taylor's will were carried out after all.

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Lv Alamo	7:30	2:30	5:15	8:30	3:30			Lv Bangor	8:00	2:30	5:15	8:30	4:30
Lv Williams	7:40	2:40	5:25	8:40	3:40			Lv Glendale	8:20	2:50	5:35	8:50	4:50
Lv Mentha	7:45	2:45	5:30	8:45	3:45			Lv Bloomingdale	8:35	3:05	5:50	9:05	5:05
Lv Kendall	7:50	2:55	5:35	8:50	3:50			Lv Gobles	8:55	3:25	6:10	9:25	5:25
Lv Gobles	8:00	3:05	5:45	9:00	4:00			Lv Kendall	9:05	3:35	6:20	9:35	5:35
Lv Bloomingdale	8:20	3:25	6:05	9:20	4:20			Lv Mentha	9:15	3:40	6:25	9:40	5:40
Lv Glendale	8:35	3:40	6:20	9:35	4:35			Lv Williams	9:20	3:45	6:30	9:45	5:45
Lv Bangor	8:55	4:00	6:40	9:55	4:55			Lv Alamo	9:30	3:55	6:40	9:55	5:55
Ar South Haven	9:30	4:35	7:15	10:30	5:30			Ar Kalamazoo	10:05	4:30	7:15	10:30	6:30

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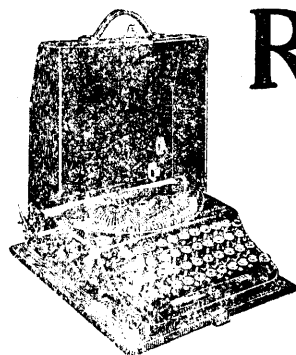
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WHO INVENTED THE CHRISTMAS SEAL?

When the name "Christmas Seal" is mentioned, nobody stops to think where and how this little silent partner of Santa Claus came into being, or just how much effort was put forth and how long it took to launch it as a national benefactor to humanity. The idea, which later developed into one of the greatest philanthropic movements the world has ever known, was first advanced by Mr. E. Holboell, of Charlottenlund, a suburb of Copenhagen.

At Christmas time, in 1903, the great number of Christmas greetings going through the mail was noticed by Mr. Holboell, then a postal clerk in the Danish Government. Inspired with the thought that any one sending a greeting of this kind at Christmas would willingly pay a little extra to benefit a worthy cause, he thought an easy plan would be to ask those who mailed letters or packages at the Yuletide, to put one or more special stamps on them, the profit from which would go towards building a much-needed children's tuberculosis sanatorium in Denmark.

No sooner were the stamps placed on sale than the demand for them became so great that four million more had to be printed with the utmost expedition.

Wayne B. Wheeler Church Is Planned

Members of the Little Point Sauble Improvement association and summer neighbors of the late Wayne B. Wheeler, assisted by business men of this village, are starting a movement to raise funds for a church to be built at the Little Point Sauble resort to be known as the Wayne B. Wheeler Memorial chapel.

Many prominent ministers of Chicago and other places, together with leaders of the Anti-Saloon League of America, have made their summer home at Little Point Sauble for several seasons and have had their services in an open tabernacle. A need is felt for something more substantial and it is considered fitting this should be a memorial to the man who did so much for his nation and was such a friendly, kindly neighbor, laboring side by side with others in the little church each Sunday and taking part in all the summer activities.

Mrs. Wheeler was to have sung at the services the Sunday she was fatally burned and gave graciously of her time and talent toward the music.

Her Favorite Costume



By Mme. Lisbeth.

A costume that is very popular with the athletic and business type of girl is the three-piece suit consisting of blouse, skirt and short jacket.

In the costume pictured the skirt and blouse are tan romaine, the skirt being accented pleated. The jacket is cinnamon brown velvet.

A hat of crepe embroidered with cinnamon brown floss is worn with the suit by Clara Bow.

Serenade the Tweezers

Our idea of a total loss is for a young man to write sonnets to his loved one's eyebrows while she's at home plucking them.—Dallas News.

Wife: "That boy of ours gets more like you every day."
Husband (meekly): "What's he been up to now?"—The Outlook.

Found—Santa's Toy Shop



Upper left, one of Santa's assistants; upper right, a parade seems to be coming; below, Gulliver, himself, at the mercy of the Lilliputians.

"... and then the Lilliputians swarmed upon Gulliver and dragged him down, binding him securely to the ground with fine cords and pricking him with the points of their tiny spears..."

And what's all this about? Well, it's a secret—a secret that the youngsters will be interested in chiefly.

We've been allowed to grow up believing that Santa Claus worked all year around, either among the icebergs of the frozen north or in the big factories of Germany.

We Find Santa Claus. Well, don't believe it, because Santa Claus has a workshop of his own, right in the heart of San Francisco. It's hidden from the curious eyes of man. Only by chance, after spying a great deal on the wise old fellow, did we find the old Saint's shop. He was trying to find out exactly what the boys and girls want for Christmas, he said, when questioned at his factory.

This, he said, was one of his trickiest factories, too, because nobody can find it. It's secreted away on an alley far down town, and there's a "No Admittance" sign as big as anything on the door, but we followed Santa Claus right in, anyhow.

Oh, and then, what we didn't see! Why, it would take hours to tell. All the stories and pictures we've heard and seen in our books about Toyland couldn't compare with this shop of old Kriss. There were moving toys, talking toys, nearly alive toys that made you forget that you were in Toyland.

Has Many Helpers. Of course, you know Kriss Kringle can't stay in San Francisco all the time. He does go north, he said, and even to Germany, too. He's got a very reliable helper who knows all about what good little boys and girls want. His name is William H. Deane, and he's been helping Santa Claus for the past three years. Such wonderful toys he turns out. He's got a lot of men helping him, too, he said.

All year 'round they build the colorful and spectacular mechanical display of Toyland that delight the children and grownups alike in the big windows of the main streets at the holiday season.

This year's pretentious scenes have been prepared to illustrate incidents of Gulliver's travels in the land of the midgets. In one, Gulliver himself, more than twice life size, lies prone, his chest heaving and lips moving as he tries to escape the bonds which are being made more secure by a horde of tiny people whose land he has invaded.

In another scene, a score of the tiny figures are building an immense cart in which to drag Gulliver to the castle. The figures move and hammer the nails with mechanical precision. In the windows of the castle nearby, the occupants, minute figures in gay costumes, wave and beckon to the workmen. The backgrounds of the displays are painted scenes of the Lilliputian land to which Gulliver's travels have brought him.

From time to time appeared men who lifted that light so that it shone about them in the darkness, and one of these was a rich young man, and not a good young man, who lived in the little town of Assisi in Italy. There are a great many of us who think it is due to him and to his humbleness and his charity and his love for man and beast, that the idea was once more recognized by all the world. He practiced it in his life, and his eloquence as he walked about the land, spread it again among the people in all its purity. You see, that sort of idea cannot be killed. It may be very sick for a long time, but always some great doctor will appear to make it well again.

So from the day of Francis of Assisi, the world became lighter and lighter in shade. More and more people understood the great idea, and practiced it. It survived the middle ages, it survived the stormy days of the Renaissance which came after Francis died—and every time it burst into renewed flame after a spell of darkness, it was brighter and stronger than ever.

Throughout the years when nations were coming into being, jealous of each other, fearful of each other, striving always to weaken and to take advantage of each other, the idea lived on. But it did not apply to nations. Man must love his neighbor man, but nations must hate their neighbor nations. Which, again, was absurd.

50-50 Students Are Failures, Crooks, Writes Parents

Fifty-fifty doesn't get much accomplished, in the opinion of H. M. Crooks of Alma college. He has written a letter to the parents of Alma college students calling their attention to the fact that a student who spends half of his time at college and the other half of it at home, at house parties or other week-end visits nearly every week will do little work of a satisfactory nature, either at college or at home. He strongly urges that students remain on the campus.

In the letter to the parents of the students he says that it is a fact that probably more than half of the students who indulge in the practice of week-end visits home or elsewhere either fail in the year's work or accomplish unsatisfactory work, or at the best, only ordinary work. He calls attention to the fact that most students have little items of work that have been postponed and upon which they should "catch up" between Friday night and Monday morning.

The student who is intending to spend the week-end away usually needs considerable time in which to rest up.

Songs of a Housewife

COLD TURKEY.
My family loves its turkey cold,
And I've been tempted not to serve it
To company on Christmas night—
For just ourselves next day, conserve it.

But if I visited a house
That kept its good cold turkey hidden,
I'd never visit there again,
Altho' with tears I might be bidden!

A martyr to my principles,
To sacrifices harsh and cruel,
On Christmas night I'll serve my guests
Cold turkey a la Golden Rule!



Youth and Life

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

Youth and Christmas

Dear Boys and Girls: Christmas is in the air. The spirit of it is everywhere. The stores flash brilliant lights and beautiful displays. Roads are crowded with holiday traffic; schools are closing. Millions of pupils and teachers as well as others in every walk of life are planning to "go home" for the week-end or the entire season. Suppose we go with them. Take a closer look at Christmas. What does it mean to you?

Is there a single person among my readers who has never read Dicken's "The Christmas Carol"? I missed it in my younger days when it could have been so valuable to me. But now scarcely a year goes by that I do not read it over again. Try it yourself. If you had it in school and did not learn to love it, I am sorry for you. But try it again. Read with imagination. Picture the carefree joys of the simple English homes where Christmas joy rules supreme. And see the terrible dried-up soul of Scrooge as he was at first.

You have heard perhaps about "The Mar: Without a Country"; his fate has brought tears to many a boy or girl who reads with feeling. But more to be pitied is "A man without a Christmas." If you want a title for a masterpiece, use that. But don't act the part yourself.

Goodbye, Santa Claus
At your age Santa Claus, it may be, has disappeared or is fast fading away—the Santa of childhood, at least. What is left to you? Is the charm of the picture richer as viewed from the increasing distance? Or do you see nothing but a bare canvas? Is there a great emptiness in your soul whence the early Christmas has fled?

Terribly unfortunate are you, my young friends, if with the passing of a belief in a real one-man Santa Claus and the outgrowth of your childish Christmas joys, you have found nothing equally good to take the place. Such a person is spiritually crippled. Yet the disease is not hopeless.

Don't
There is one thing you should avoid: that is the commercializing of the Christmas spirit. "Every gift means a return, so you really are not out anything," I heard one say. What a soul

tragedy underlies the confession! Such a soul, if not already dead, certainly needs the touch of the Great Physician whose birth Christmas celebrates.

Do
There are several things you should cultivate: one is the childlike spirit. Never a time when it is so easy to revive and relive it again, and thus keep young and "as a little child" if you will but "let go." Oh, be yourself at Christmas, when that self wants to romp and play and clap your hands with unrestrained glee!

Another is the joy of giving: your memory of earlier days will show you what a wonderful blessing can come through the receiving of little simple gifts. All of that came to you because someone else had learned how to give to you. You are growing up. 'Tis your turn to take over the joy-giving task. How they will thank you! But, as Scrooge found out, that is the way you will retain the full strength of the season's gladness for yourself.

A third thing: the deep meaning of the great event celebrated. As a child it could only be hinted at; the spirit of joy and good will could be made an everlasting association with Christmas day. Now you are old enough to see why such a spirit is appropriate. You can grasp some of the reality of which early childhood can receive but a shadow. Lay hold of it. Never in your life can it mean any more to you than now. Make it a true spiritual holy day, with a joy no other time in the year can approximate. And in you the Christmas Spirit will never die.

What did you do for Christmas? I wish some of my young readers would take time to write me and to say whether these suggestions were found practical in your lives. It would immensely increase my own Christmas joy. Address Creston Station, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

CHRISTMAS HINT.

Bayberry candles make charming Christmas presents. As long as there is a fraction of an inch of the fragrant wax and a bit of wick to light the pungent scent will be wafted through the rooms. They may be bought in the stores or made at home if you live in or near the country and woods and can get the bayberries.

Christmas FROM BLACKNESS INTO LIGHT

There was a time when the world was a dark place; when even the idea that man should love his neighbor had not been born. In those days, kings and princes, priests and soldiers, common men and slaves lived for themselves, selfishly, harshly. It had never occurred to them that the world would be a finer, nobler—and much more comfortable—place if they changed their minds about that thing and brought something of fairness and gentleness and generosity into their dealings with one another. . . . Of this great idea Gautama had some notion, but it remained for Jesus of Nazareth to put it into words so clear that, as the years rolled by, they convinced the world. He came into a world whose philosophy was dog eat dog; He left a world awakening slowly to the new philosophy of the brotherhood of man. Already, after His few short years on earth, the black was tinged with grey.

It was an idea which the world accepted eagerly; it traveled to Rome, then the center of the universe. The idea conquered even Rome. It was first the slaves and the unfortunates who drank in this new thought, those who were getting the worst of things could see the beauty of it. And that was natural. But from them it climbed upward until even a Roman emperor grasped the idea. . . . And the world was less black, was of a lighter grey.

Then came the tumbling down of the old order. The ancient world crumbled and disappeared. Barbarians overran the Roman world and crowded in upon great Constantinople until only the city remained. Goths and Vandals and the tribes of the north poured down, destroying, erasing, and for a long time there was nothing but blackness. But somewhere there was memory; from father to son and down to grandson and great-grandson the word was passed. . . . Love thy neighbor as thyself. The idea was coming to life once more, for it was the sort of an idea which could not be quenched once it had been set alight.

From time to time appeared men who lifted that light so that it shone about them in the darkness, and one of these was a rich young man, and not a good young man, who lived in the little town of Assisi in Italy. There are a great many of us who think it is due to him and to his humbleness and his charity and his love for man and beast, that the idea was once more recognized by all the world. He practiced it in his life, and his eloquence as he walked about the land, spread it again among the people in all its purity. You see, that sort of idea cannot be killed. It may be very sick for a long time, but always some great doctor will appear to make it well again.

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So this continued, with the Great Idea growing ever more clear in men's minds, until the hatred and mistrust of nations arrived at its natural destination, and the world burst into flames. Most of you who read this will remember the four years of war. Men continued to love men, but nations tore at each other's throats. So the idea was only half working, as you might say. But it is the same great idea, the one spoken into this world 1,927 years ago by a young man speaking to a multitude from the summit of a Mount.

It is because of that idea—the greatest ever born—that we celebrate Christmas. It is why we give gifts on Christmas, for gifts are a symbolical expression of our love. We give our friend a book as a token to him that we understand the Great Idea and that we feel good will toward him. We know that when our friends give us a gift it is because they feel the same thing toward us. We are putting into material form that idea which has been handed down to us through the centuries, passing through the hands of Paul and Francis and Benedict. On that one day the world overflows with it. We have twenty-four hours of Peace on Earth and Good Will Toward Men. Which is fine. . . . And the world is becoming a rather light grey. Some day we shall use the idea two days a year, and then three, and maybe, in the dim future, we shall have a sort of Christmas three hundred and sixty-five days—and not only will the idea apply to separate men and women, but to groups of men and women who have divided themselves into sects and beliefs, and between cities, and between groups of men in different businesses. . . . And, in some far off-day, it is possible—remotely, beautifully possible, that it may apply to whole nations!

First we must teach the groups within the nation; those groups divided by a line of prejudice, or a financial line, or a political line. Then, when we

LIVING AND LOVING

By Mrs. Virginia Lee
CROSS TO THOSE HE LOVES

"Why is it that those whom you love more dearly than anything in the world continually find fault and say cutting words to hurt your feelings?" asks a correspondent. It does sound unreasonable, doesn't it, but I venture to say we all do it. With strangers we are on our guard, but with those we love we are at ease, and we let our passing feelings move us to say whatever comes into our heads—whether it be pleasant or not.

"Dear Mrs. Lee: I have been married 15 years to the best man living. Some call him hard-boiled. He has never been so to the family until lately. Our family is so large and he insists on keeping a man here whom none of us like. I have asked him to get this fellow a job elsewhere, but to no avail. The work, care of the children and this extra work and my delicate health are making life very miserable to me. My husband says he would do anything to make me happy. Why does he say this when he knows if he sent this man away most of our troubles would end? And why does he say cross things to me in the presence of this stranger? I wish you would be quite. If it is my fault say so and I'll try to right it."

"A Loving Wife."
It is hard to answer such a letter without knowing more of the circumstances. Does your husband need this man to help with his work? The fact that he is cross to you might indicate that he is either overworked or worried about something. If you can manage to have patience and forbearance for a while things may work out and the man leave. Try hard not to let it worry you, as that wears on your health more than the extra work.

The next letter is from a woman who says she has "been trying for many months to live and love." She has taken into her home two unfortunate girls with babies and has tried to help them, and in return expected that they would help her, but she has been disappointed. She says:

"I know there is some girl who would love to have a home where she could live as one of the family. A woman or girl who is used to the country is wanted. There is little to do, only want someone to take an interest."
Sister Wanted."

Nothing is quite so discouraging as to try to help people and be unappreciated. I hope some one who will "play fair" will read this letter and write me.

To "Very Dissatisfied," who thinks she can fill "Doubtful's" requirements for a nice girl friend, I must say I cannot send her his address, but hope she will meet his prototype soon.

West State Students Pledge at Olivet

Seventy-seven members of the new freshman class have been pledged to fraternities and sororities at the various literary sessions this week. Among western Michigan young people who have been pledged are the following:

Adelphi Fraternity—Robert Farnum, Wilbur Gast, John Lindenfeldt, George Moutsatson, Francis Shell, Benton Harbor; Howard Peckham, Lowell; Neil Loungs, Charlotte.
Phi Alpha Pi Fraternity—Gerald Poor, Traverse City.
Alpha Lambda Epsilon Sorority—Ruth Denmark, Portland.
Sororian Society—Helen Weatherwax, Alicia Fuller, Dorothy Chamberlain, Grand Rapids; Jeanetta Keefer, Neva Beebe, Benton Harbor; Frances Trude, Traverse City.

Reformed Church Asks \$463,371 for Missions

The board of foreign missions in the Reformed Church in America has adopted a budget of \$463,371 for 1928. The appropriation for the coming year will be \$44,173 in excess of the total receipts for the regular work last year.

By adding a deficit of \$32,000 for the previous year the denomination will be required to raise an amount of \$76,000 in excess of the total amount collected last year.

YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Novelties for the dressing table always make nice gifts. Bottle stops or corks topped with small china heads of sophisticated ladies may be had. The heads are topped with hats trimmed with black ostrich plumes.

A new and charming little watch for the traveler has a mother-of-pearl frame and base and stands in a neat leather case about two inches high shaped like a Gothic window.

Another suggestion is the long crepe de chine ties of various widths which are reversible—one color on one side and another on the other. There are many harmonious combinations of color and they make nice gifts as one cannot have too many of them.

have the idea shining over all the people who make up each nation, it may be made to shine over the whole world.—The American Boy.



WEEK OF DECEMBER 25

General Weather Conditions: The week of December 25 in Michigan promises to be the wettest period of seven days in the entire month.

Detailed Weather Forecast: Moderately heavy snow storms, with temperatures falling unseasonably low, are conditions to expect during the very first part of the week beginning Christmas day in Michigan.

The cold period will soon give way to warmer weather, induced by the near approach of another storm center, but unlike the precious low area, little precipitation is expected.

How To Set a Christmas Tree

Perhaps some of you have had much trouble in the past in setting up the Christmas tree, and have about concluded that the game isn't worth the candle.

Getting a piece of board and boring a hole in the center, whittling the stem of the tree to fit, getting it too small, wiring the tree so it would not fall over, and all the other worries before the tree is set firm in its foundation—well—you probably know all about this.

Here is a very simple easy plan for setting up the Christmas tree. Just take a wooden box, not too large or a three or five gallon jar and put the tree in it.

Suggestions

To make bayberry candles, take a bushel of bayberries, cover with cold water and boil. As the wax forms skim it off and put into another deep vessel. This amount will make about four pounds of wax.

Trials of an Agent. A little girl was seated on the front porch when the salesman approached the gate. He tried to open it but it stuck.

"Mother at home, little one?" he inquired, before making further attempt to enter the yard. "Yes, sir," replied the child, "she's always home."

The agent jumped the gate and rang the door bell. There was no response. He rang it several times more and waited. The door remained closed. Somewhat vexed, he turned to the little girl and asked, "Didn't you say your mother was at home?"

"Yes, sir, and I'm sure she is," answered the youngster. "When why in the world doesn't answer my ring, I wonder?"

"Think she will, sir, when you ring her house," came the prompt reply as she live four doors down the street.



LADY CALLED FATE

BY JOSEPHINE K. LITTLEJOHN

The wind was still humming mournfully; its first fury past. Blended with it was another whirring sound, familiar and in no way alarming.

The whir changed to the deep chug of a motor car engine.

John Moore leaped to his feet. "Morton!" he thought. "Fool! Fool! that I am!" He listened intently.

His trained ear detected that although the engine was racing madly the car was standing still. "He has reached the courtyard while I slept," John thought, "or else—"

From the courtyard arose a sudden violent hub-bub of sounds; angry voices, crashing blows and above the win a woman's cry of horror.

"Coming, Miss Henshaw!" shouted John Moore. And even as he spoke he had descended the terraces and beat madly at the courtyard gate.

It was closed and locked. His groping fingers searched desperately for a hold on its smooth surface but found none. "I'm here, Miss Henshaw!" he called.

There was no answer of any kind. The voices had ceased as abruptly as they had begun. But the motor still roared through the night.

John Moore remembered in a flash the garden chair on the third terrace. He went up in flying leaps, groped through the dark for the wall, found the chair and carried it back to the walk and down the steps during agonizing seconds of time. He swarmed over the wall and dropped in the courtyard, gun in hand.

The headlights of the car glared like two baleful eyes. John ran toward the car, keeping in the shadow. "Miss Henshaw!" he called.

There was no answer. He reached the car. There was no one else to be seen. The tonneau was empty. The front seat, too. He struck another match and saw a blacksmith's hammer on the floor of the car. He pushed a nickel plug and the engine stopped.

"Miss Henshaw?" John called. "The rest of you—answer me!" he commanded.

But there was no answer. Only the wind droning up the hill. And he could see nothing except the bare hard ground where the light of the car lamps fell.

He ran to the kitchen door. Locked. "The hammer!" he thought, turning back. "I will break it in!" Into the lighted space before the car a man, flat upon the ground, dragged his body, inch by inch. A man whose head rolled from side to side and whose breath rattled in his throat.

John Moore fell on his knees beside him. "Wong!" he cried. "Wong!" At the sound of his voice the moving figure relaxed, lay limp.

"Where are you hurt, Wong? Who hurt you? Can you hear me?" The head rolled over, the black eyes already filming were forced open. "De Boss—try tak' Missy—way—me smashy—gasoline tank. Tak' her queer—"

The eyes opened wider, staring into the headlights—and Wong was dead.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

John Moore straightened the limbs and closed the staring eyes.

"All right, Wong," he said, monotonously, "all right. Do you hear, who did it? Ah, I thought so—"

He put his fingers in a slit beneath the left sleeve of Wong's loose coat. When he drew them out again they were wet. "I thought so. All right, all right."

Wong's face was set in a look of ineffable repose; as if his spirit had been withdrawn from his body for a thousand years. Yet John Moore continued to address him as if he were present. And, perhaps, he was. Perhaps Wong knew that those words John uttered were flood waters seeping through the dam of his modern civilization and that presently the dam would go out.

"I'll do it, Wong. I'll find them. Wait here. I'll find her."

John stood up and faced about. Between him and the house were the three he sought: Roderiguez, Manuel and Henshaw.

Henshaw stood a little in front of the other two and between them. In the glare of the car lamps his face seemed queerly drawn and puckered, the blinking eyes were still.

"You have found another dead man, Mr. Moore?" drawled Henshaw. "It was you all the time!" said John Moore, with dry lips. "Where is the knife?"

"Another knife?" asked Henshaw and smiled. At that smile John Moore swayed a little on his feet. "And Miss Henshaw—where is she?"

Henshaw, watching him, let his smile show for the sneer it was. "You're a bit squeamish. Take it easy, Mr. Moore. What's a Chink more or less between friends?"

He could not see John's face for John stood with his back to the headlights; he saw only that swaying body; and he failed to guess that John swayed in the flood tide of anger—until it was too late.

As John raised his hands Henshaw jerked out and Manuel and Roderiguez tried their guns from their hip pockets. But they did it too late.

John Moore two guns spat fire. Roderiguez and Manuel dropped their right hands; their guns fell to the ground; and the air was filled with broken Spanish curses.

old of the kitchen door. The glare of the car lamps just reached it. "Roderiguez, light a lamp before I count twenty or I'll break your other arm."

A match flared in Roderiguez' left hand. A lamp stood on the table where Ruth Henshaw and John had made tamales. He lighted it.

"Carry it," ordered John. "If you drop it, it will be the last thing you ever do. Lead the way."

Mr. Henshaw spoke. "She is upstairs," he said calmly. "In her own room."

"Go ahead," ordered John. "Keep the door open with your foot, Roderiguez."

They fled through the swinging door into the dining room; down its long length and through a door in the far end. In this room Roderiguez turned to his left and crossed to a door which stood open.

"Where does that go to?" asked John. "To the hall," answered Roderiguez sullenly.

"All right." They passed into the small square passage from which a narrow spiral stairway mounted upward into the tower above it.

"Halt!" They all stood still. "Henshaw, do you feel my gun under your ribs? If you say Miss Henshaw is upstairs we will go up. If she isn't up there I'll kill you for trying to ambush me on the stairway. And I won't wait to be any too darned sure of that. I'll take no chances. I have your number."

Henshaw's face twisted slowly about over his shoulder towards John. The lamp light fell down upon it. A face lowering and still; the features blurred and smudged by the mark of evil quivering behind them.

"I'll enjoy killing you," said John Moore. "Do we go upstairs?" Henshaw faced forward again. "My room," he said to Roderiguez.

"Then we will have to go back," said Roderiguez to John.

"All right." Beneath the menace of John's guns they fled back into the room they had left a moment before; the room between the dining room and the hall. Roderiguez stopped before a door opposite the dining room door.

"This is his room," he said. "Henshaw, is she in there? If you lie to me—"

"Yes, she is there. Wait!"

"No! Roderiguez, open that door!"

"I cannot—with the lamp. My other hand—"

"Put the lamp on the mantel. Keep your hand up! Now, rap on the door!" Roderiguez knocked. There was no answer.

John Moore's voice ground through the silence. "Henshaw, if you have hurt that girl you'll die when I'm through with you."

John had forgotten Roderiguez but it was the big Mexican who cried, "Dios! You think I let him hurt her? No!"

John Moore stared at him dazedly. And this was the man— "Then open the door," he commanded.

Roderiguez turned the knob but the door did not open. "It is locked!" he said.

"Henshaw! Where is the key?" Henshaw turned toward John again. "She has locked it, inside," he said. John could see that he was struggling to recompose his face into a mask of decency.

"Miss Henshaw?" called John. "Miss Henshaw, are you there? This is John Moore speaking."

And then beyond the door the girl's voice, hoarse and low, as if dragged out of her against her will: "I am here."

"Are you hurt?" Again her slow voice: "No—not—hurt."

"My God!" raged John, "what have you done to her?"

"She is not hurt," blazed Roderiguez.

"We'll see," said John Moore grimly. "Miss Henshaw, can you open the door?"

"Yes."

"Then open it. Wait! Roderiguez, Manuel and your uncle are out here. I am covering them with my guns. If they attempt to approach you it will be to use you as a shield and I will kill them. You are to open the door and step into this room and then stand still where you are. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Then what is it, Miss Henshaw? I must know. I heard you cry out. Something has happened to you."

vision of Wong. "Listen. There is a long coiled rope on the upper porch near the door of my room. You must take a lamp and go after it. You can do that."

"I will go," said the girl. She moved forward toward a lamp on the center table, but John's sharp command stopped her.

"No! Do not go between those men and me. I am taking no chances. Get another lamp somewhere."

Ruth turned back to the room behind her and returned almost at once with a lighted lamp. She passed behind John and was gone.

Long minutes went by. John Moore endured them with a sick heart. But his eyes never wavered—nor his guns. And then she was back again. "I have it," she told him.

"Good girl!" he said. "Now you must cut it into three lengths. I have a small knife in my pocket."

"There are hunting knives in this room."

The girl came within his range of vision as she pulled open a drawer of a wall cabinet on the far side of the fireplace. She picked up a knife and went back to the rope she had placed on the floor behind John. He could not see her now.

But suddenly he heard her exclaim in a choked voice. "Oh—Oh!"

John Moore broke into a cold sweat but still he did not turn towards her. "What is it? Quick!"

"The knife!" gasped the girl, "I touched the blade. It is wet—and—my hand—Oh, my God!"

"Madre de Dios!" swore Roderiguez.

John Moore's tones had never been steadier than when he replied to the girl then. "Do what I tell you. Cut that rope. It is for Wong's sake too, Miss Henshaw. Are you cutting it?"

"Yes," said Ruth, very low.

And then at last Barton Henshaw looked up again at John. He had struggled in vain to regain his mask. This time the acids of evil had etched too deep. He stared at John. "You cannot escape, that knife, it seems. Who knows?" he said.

"I've done it, Mr. Moore," faltered Ruth.

"Fine for you! This will soon be over with, Miss Henshaw. Do you know how to make a slip noose?"

"Are you going—?"

"No, I'm not going to kill them unless I have to, but then I should without a scruple. Make a slip noose at the end of each rope."

After a pause: "I've done it."

"Manuel, step to one side—over there. Now Miss Henshaw, slip a noose over his head and tighten it until it fits."

"His arm is bleeding."

"No matter. Pull his left hand down and back of him. Don't get back of him yourself. Give me a chance to take a shot at him if he resists you, see? Fasten the rope to his left arm so that if he moves his arm he will strangle himself. Can you do it?"

"I've done it."

"All right. Now Roderiguez, step over there. If he moves, jerk the rope, Miss Henshaw. Only his left hand. Yes, I know about the other one. You are sure they cannot move?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'll take the other rope. Spread it out for me. Come behind me and put it in my left hand. Take the gun from this hand and keep it trained on Manuel and Roderiguez. If they move, shoot. You will do as I tell you?"

"Yes."

The slip noose in his left hand, his gun in his right, John Moore approached Henshaw, threw the noose over his neck and tightened it. From Henshaw's eyes evil stared starkly. "I ought to kill you now," said John Moore.

"No, no!" cried the girl behind him. "There has been enough of killing."

"All right," said John. "Then to Henshaw: 'Turn around. You feel my gun at the base of your neck? Put your hands down behind you and cross the wrists. Now, Miss Henshaw, I'm sorry to ask you to help here but I can't afford to take chances. Tie this rope about these hands.'

The girl tied them. "Thanks." For the first time since she had entered the room he looked directly at her. Or rather at her clothes. She wore a long coat and a close fitting dark dress and a small hat with a veil about it.

Henshaw began to swear. "Cut it," ordered John sharply, "or I'll gag the three of you," Henshaw was silent.

Ruth Henshaw appeared again in the doorway. "I'm ready," she said.

John Moore's bitter anger stirred again as he looked at her. How white she was! How cold and still! As if the warm youth of her had been frozen over. And these men had done this! Why hadn't he killed them?

"Can't we go from here?" pleaded the girl despairingly.

The man's anger gave way to gentleness at her need of it. "We will go," he said quietly. "But I must do one more thing. If you will wait in the garden for me, I will bring Wong inside the house."

"Let me go with you."

"All right."

In the courtyard the car lamps still burned like fantastic giant candles at Wong's head and the wind moaned fitfully.

John stooped and picked up the slight body.

Ruth waited for them at the kitchen door and John heard her sobbing breath as he bore his burden past her. "Lock the door," he said. "We are going out up above." He heard the bolts shot home as he backed his way through the swinging door into the dining room, and an instant later Ruth followed, bringing the lamp.

On the long oak table lay Wong, the Chinaman. The man and the girl stood looking down at him, the table between them.

The man spoke slowly. "Last night I boasted that I would let nothing harm you. When the test came it was Wong who saved you. He would be glad of that, Miss Henshaw."

The girl did not speak.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

There was a Mexican blanket on a wooden settee by the fireplace. John picked it up.

"No!" exclaimed the girl. "Do not cover him. He lived in the coverings of a cook. Let him alone now!"

And so, together, they left him there.

Again they were in the room with the three bound men on the floor.

"Where are the keys, do you know, to the outer doors?"

"In the gun cabinet."

John found them. "Listen a moment, Miss Henshaw. I want to lock these men into this house."

"There is only the kitchen door to the courtyard, which I bolted, and the dining room door to the garden. You have that key."

"Then we'll go. They'll find these men some time."

Back through the dining room to the great iron-barred garden door. The girl passed out; then John. He closed and latched the door.

The cold dawn was filtering through the garden as they mounted the terraces. The girl looked neither to left nor right. But the man looked everywhere. He was satisfied that he had done all he could to insure them a free head-start. He must see Ramon and tell him to turn those men over to the local authorities for murder—if he could manage it. If not, Ramon could at least delay releasing them until the girl and himself were far on their way. And that was all he asked of Fate—a head-start on the trail.

As he opened the door that led from the living room to the hilltop a dove wailed suddenly in the garden behind them. "Who's that? Who's that? Who's that?" it called.

"Hush," breathed the girl. "Do you hear that dove calling? I heard it last night. I could not sleep."

"I heard it," said John Moore. "Come."

But the girl stood still. "It stopped when you shot Clench—"

"Listen," said John. "I did not shoot Clench. No one did. He was stabbed with a hunting knife, just as Wong was."

A long shudder shook the girl. "Come!" said John gently. "We must be gone from here."

He closed the door. There was no lock on the outside.

"Down that path," he directed the girl and she walked blindly where he pointed.

Where the hill dipped John turned back for a last look at the great brick house. The door he had closed but a moment since swung open and a man stepped out. Seeing John, he darted inside again. But John had recognized him. It was Pedro, the chauffeur.

"The dove saw him!" was John's sudden thought; then, "We still have time. He won't follow us alone." To the girl he said only, "We must go faster."

Together they sped down the hill and up the arroyo.

Beneath the palo verde tree where John Moore had stopped to laugh at his own precautionary measures to y Ramon with two saddle horses. The two men did not greet each other; they had no need of that. "Up," said John to the girl. She touched his hand with her foot and swung into the saddle.

"Start up the trail," said John to the girl. "I'll tell Ramon to release the men after a while."

"Good-bye, Ramon," said Ruth, "and, thank you."

He overtook the girl where the trail emerged from a climp of trees beside the dry stream bed into the open. The motor car was nearer now.

"Wait," said John, his hand on her horse's neck. "This is a much traveled road, this one in front of us?"

"The road from Magdalena."

"Ah! We'll wait in these trees and see—"

The girl dropped listless in her saddle. The car swept around the bend of the road, towards them, passed them by.

"Ah!" said John Moore again. He lifted his hand to the girl's shoulder and gripped it. "Listen to me! Pedro is inside the big house now—and that man who passed was Morton. Wake up, girl. For Wong's sake—wake up!"

Slowly she looked up at him as if stirred from sleep.

John Moore smiled at her. "Good girl!" he cried. "Now, ride!"

(To be continued)

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U. W. No. 817—12-19—1927

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We still have a choice assortment at prices to suit the purse
Ties, Belts, Gloves, Socks, Stockings, Caps, Scarfs and Handkerchiefs are selling big
this season; with Stationery, Fancy Dishes, Bath Robes,
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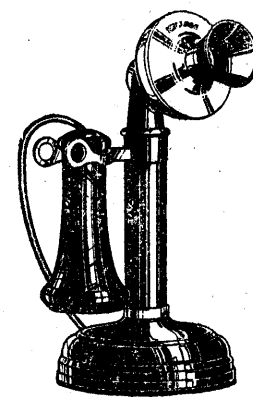
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**INSIST ON HUDSON QUALITY
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Choice line of Fruits, Vegetables and Nuts and everything for your table for the
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Large sizes, best quality

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Dancing Mothers
With Conway Tearle, Alice Joyce and
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Only 3 Shopping Days

Our stock is arranged so you can pick out your needs and have plenty
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Everything marked to move quickly and many choice for gifts.

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We Extend Best Wishes for a Merry
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BIG BARGAINS CONTINUE THIS WEEK

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Turkeys, Chickens, Oysters and Fish

Roasts and Cuts of Pork and Beef

WE EXTEND TO ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS
and be sure to ask for one of our calendars

LOHRBERG BROS.
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Merry Christmas

As we are closing the most successful year we have ever had. We feel
that it is due to your generosity in coming from far and near to trade
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and service will compass it.

May 1928 be just as successful for you as you hope it will be.

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Coal Feeds
Coke Salt
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The News

We Thank You for Our Very Best Year

and extend a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you
Plenty of Ice Cream, Candy and Cigars
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Without any doubt 1927 has been my most success-
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Will take this time to thank the patrons of my sales
for the friendship they have extended me and the business
they have given me.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy
New Year.

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Free from slate and slack

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Eve had no Christmas.

Neither did Adam;

Didn't wear socks,

Nobody had 'em;

Never drove the NEW FORD

CAR,

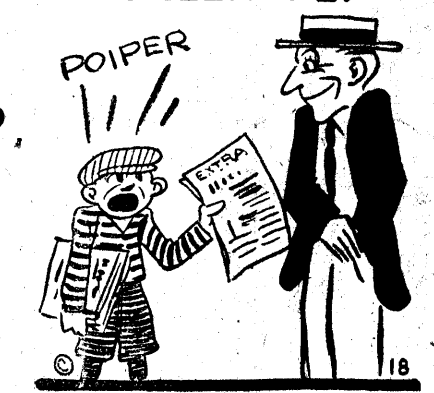
No one did;

Order now, and have it on

Adam,

Old Kid.

The man who knows nothing
and knows he knows
nothing, knows a lot
FULLER PEP



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Others are burning these
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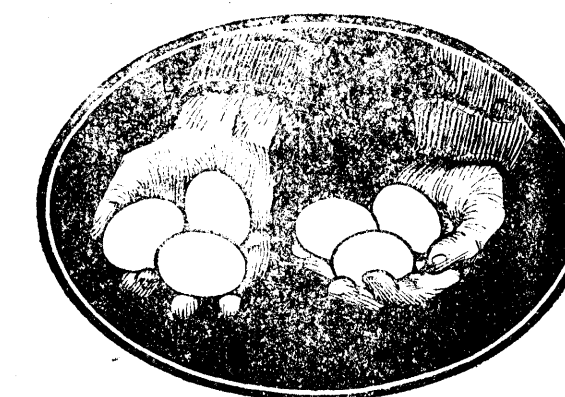
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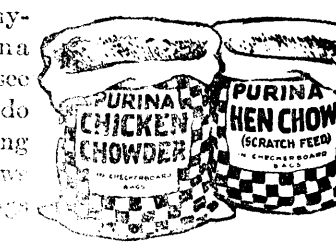
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what they actually do
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WE HAVE IT. We have the best stock ever in a wide variety. Patent finishing
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extends to all
Best Wishes for
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Perfumes
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Hundreds of People

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3 Loaves for 25c

Why Pay More

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Other good things to eat for the Christmas dinner

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VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

Quality Bakery
Herman R. Schowe

Speaking of Christmas Presents---

we submit this:
First Girl: "I like a man with a past, he is always interesting."
Second Girl: "I like a man with a future; he is more interest-
ing."
Third Girl: "I like a man with a present, and the more expen-
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After you finish buying presents for the family, take home a sack of good
old Farm Bureau Milkmaker for the cows that are doing their best to
give you a Merry Christmas with their cream checks.
And don't forget a sack of Hexite for the pigs, give them a good Christ-
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Anyhow we wish you a very Merry and Happy
Christmas and the most prosperous coming year in
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