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Grandmother Was Dodging Realities

By E. R. RICHARDSON

ON THE way to the train to meet her daughter and the six-month-old grandson, Isabel Bingham did not feel like a grandmother. In addition, she knew that Henry Wiltshire had not suspected the unwelcome relationship. Half a dozen times this altogether handsome eligible had seemed to be tottering on the brink of a proposal. Now if he discovered the existence of the grandson, he would forever be deterred. She could not in her wildest imagination picture the debonair Wiltshire in the role of grandfather. Indeed, she must ward off his visits until after Peggy and the baby left. Isabel elbowed her way towards the train. There was Peggy—in one arm the baby and in the other an assortment of pillows and pink blankets. The rebellious grandmother first shuddered and then gathered the pink and white bunch of bouncing humanity in her arms.

"Why mother, I never saw you look so young," Peggy said. "What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Just forgetting realities," Isabel replied, leading the way to a taxi. "I'm willing to be an old-fashioned grandmother though to give you the rest you need. While you're here, the baby's my charge."

The girl sighed as she settled herself in the corner of the seat. "That will be heavenly," she said. "I was never so tired."

Poor Peggy! During the two weeks of her visit Peggy must be as free as she was in the old days, must play with the girls until the tired look left her eyes.

That afternoon while Peggy and the baby slept, Isabel called Henry Wiltshire's office. Waiting for the connection, she remembered frantically that she had thought of no reason for requesting Henry Wiltshire not to call. Then she heard his voice on the wire.

"A most unexpected thing has happened," she faltered. "I can't see you for two weeks. I—I—may have to be away. I—I'll call you when I am free again."

There was real concern in Henry Wiltshire's tone. "Can I be of service to you?" he asked.

"In this—in this case," Isabel stammered, "there's nothing you can do. There are others involved besides myself."

When Isabel hung up she felt that Henry Wiltshire might conjecture a number of frightful things. Why, she had sounded positively melodramatic! Falling in love at forty-five was more demoralizing by far than falling in love at

Isabel Bingham had known Henry Wiltshire only two months. The company of which he was president was establishing a branch in her city, and he found it necessary to be there almost constantly until the new offices were under way.

Henry Wiltshire's courtship, beginning at once, had combined all the fire of youth and all the determination of middle age. Isabel from the first was swept off her feet. Recently, however, she had been a bit disturbed by his failure to propose.

The first days of Peggy's visit were so full that Isabel found little time to grieve over the absence of Wiltshire. Strangely, Isabel was rather enjoying her new duties.

At the close of a day during which Isabel had had the baby all to herself—while Peggy went to a bridge luncheon—a terrible possibility occurred to her. Suppose, after her marriage to Henry Wiltshire, he should not like the baby! It was all very well to choose between a man and a baby when one loved the man and had never seen the baby, but it was quite a different matter when one knew the baby to be the most adorable darling in the world.

"What a charming picture you and the youngster make!" said a pleasant voice behind her.

Isabel turned, and with starry eyes and crimson cheeks faced Henry Wiltshire. Oh, her hair, her dress, her unpowdered nose! She must say something, but her tongue was dry and her mind a blank.

"Call it curiosity, interest, solicitude, whatever you will," Henry Wiltshire continued, "but I couldn't stay away another day."

Isabel heard the garden gate open and close with a bang. Peggy was running up the path.

"Oh, mother," the girl cried, "it was terrible to leave you with the baby all day."

Isabel managed to murmur, "My daughter, Mrs. Kilgo, Mr. Wiltshire."

Peggy acknowledged the introduction and then turned to the baby. "Did it miss its muzzer? It's bedtime this minute."

Then with a nod she was gone. Isabel, having risen from the pallet, was trying to push the truant hair back into captivity. It was a relief to hear Henry Wiltshire's hearty laugh.

"We are all amusing, aren't we?" he said. "Dodging realities we adore. You are beautiful today, Isabel."

Was it possible that he had no distaste for grandchildren? Then she knew that he was drawing her to the rustic bench beside him.

"I have loved you since that night I first met you," he said. "You seemed so young to have thrust upon you my grandson almost five! Could you consider adopting one that old?"

Isabel's eyes danced with happiness. "I think I could," she said, and behind the protecting trellis Henry Wiltshire kissed her.

Firing Furnaces Not in Her Line

By M. AMES

ABBIE LOU was struggling with the furnace. She pushed the wrong dampers out, and she pushed the right dampers in; she added paper to the feeble embers; she poked furiously with the coal shovel. She went through all the futile motions of those unaccustomed to arson or coal furnaces.

The giant firebox with its bed of gray ashes looked for all the world like a toothless old crone, grinning at her defiantly. The fire wouldn't burn, just to be mean. That hateful Doctor Grant was coming to tea, she supposed; the living room was icy; and where, oh where, was that furnace man?

The marks of the struggle showed plainly. Not on the furnace. That exasperating structure had settled placidly for the next move. But Abbie Lou! A black smudge ran from the corner of her left blue eye to the dimple at the corner of her crooked mouth. Her short copper-colored curls were fairly standing on end. And though the combination of her hair and eyes and lips might in other circumstances be considered angelic, there was an expression on her face just then quite in keeping with the poker in her hand.

Abbie Lou had come from the city to take care of Granny. Poor Granny, upstairs in bed, freezing perhaps. In the city when one wanted heat, one spoke to the superintendent; in the country evidently you sent for furnace men, who didn't show up for hours.

The whir of the front door bell sounded faintly. Relief at last! Abbie Lou gave one vicious poke at the ashes. "That for you, and that!"

Unmindful of her sooty face, her rumped hair, or Gran's old gray sweater donned for warmth, she darted up the stairs.

"It's about time you came," she stormed at the young man on the doorstep. "We're freezing to death. Gran may be dead this very minute. This way, please."

"Maybe we'd better see to your grandmother first," said the young man coolly.

"Nonsense, she's all right. This fire has to be started. It isn't your fault we're not stiff and stark by this time. A very disagreeable man is coming to tea at four o'clock, and it's getting late. Please hurry."

The young man followed meekly. Abbie Lou was too impatient, too absorbed in her task of fire building to give the young man much heed. If she had, she would have realized he

was nervously moved as a furnace man, and that his manner, though respectful, held a touch of amusement.

Not until the fire was blazing merrily, the dampers in and out as dampers should be, did Abbie Lou take a good glance at her rescuer. His eyes were brown, his hair was brown, he was very tall, and there was soot on his face, too. The ensemble was decidedly pleasing.

"And now let's take a look at your grandmother."

Abbie Lou started. "Just who are you anyway," she inquired. "You don't look exactly like a furnace man. Don't tell me I've made a mistake!"

"It was a lucky mistake for me," the young man grinned. "You're just as adorable as Gran said you would be, and, after all, I had to build the fire. I couldn't let our only hope of introduction freeze to death."

Abbie Lou blushed slowly. "You're Doctor Grant?"

"Yes, I'm Doctor Grant," he admitted. "Why? Do you think you're not going to like me?"

Abbie Lou had the grace to look embarrassed, but she faced him squarely.

"I'd just made up my mind not to. Granny's done nothing but rave about you for the three days I've been here, and it didn't seem possible for anyone to be as nice as she said. I was sure you'd be too good-looking, and very conceited, and I wouldn't like you a bit."

"But now?" prompted Doctor Grant.

"Well, you did build a grand fire, and the smudge on your nose makes you look very distinguished."

"And that smudge on your face makes you look very, very adorable."

As the doctor reached for the poker, still in Abbie Lou's grasp, his hand met hers, closed over it with a delighted little squeeze.

"Do you think, dear," he asked, "it would seem too sentimental to be married in the collar?"

Abbie Lou lowered her eyes. "Perhaps we'd better have Granny introduce us."

Laughing, the two ran up the stairs, still hand in hand.

Early American Newspapers

The first daily newspaper in the United States came into existence in Philadelphia on September 21, 1784, when the tri-weekly Pennsylvania Packet and General Advertiser became the Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser. David C. Claypool became joint publisher with John Dunlop, who, since he founded it in 1771, had published the paper continuously. After going through several changes of ownership it was finally absorbed, in 1839, by the Philadelphia North American, a new daily, which continued until 1925.

Rare Books on Medicine

An exhibition was recently made of rare publications from the collection of the Medical Society of the County of Kings in the society's library. Copies of a first edition of Jenner's work on smallpox, published in London in 1798; the first medical book by an American author, "Plain Concise Practical Remarks On the Treatment of Wounds and Fractures," by John Jones, M. D., professor of surgery in King's college, New York, published in Philadelphia, 1776, and the first medical dictionary, 1486 edition, published in Venice, of Simon Jauensis, were among the exhibits. Others included the first medical book published in the American colonies, the first medical book illustrated with woodcuts and the first anatomic work with copperplates.—New York Medical Week.

"Venice of the Orient"

Such is one of the names given to Manila of the Philippine islands. The name comes to it because it is situated on both banks of the Pasig river and enjoys some canal life from the river. These waters provide a lot of bridges for the city suggestive of the Rialto of the Old world. Thirty-five years ago the city had no drainage system and a heavy rain made boats on the streets a necessity. Around the Intermuros or Walled city, which is most typical of its Spanish days, were walls and a moat dating back to 1590, two miles long and 25 feet high. Today, the moat is given up to fine driveways, and only the bridged river and canals remind the tourist of a city of islands.

Variation in Coral Reefs

Of the three types of coral reefs, fringing reefs, which are connected with the shores upon which they are built, vary from one-fourth to one-half mile in width and an indeterminate length. Barrier reefs may be of extreme length and of varying distances from the coast. For example, the Great Barrier reef of northeastern Australia is over 900 nautical miles in length, and the lagoon which separates it from the coast varies in width from 20 to 70 miles. The third type of coral reefs, atolls, or coral islands, may be anywhere from less than a mile to 40 miles in diameter.

Keeping Air Fresh

There are simple precautions that can be taken to keep the air in the home fresh. Sweeping with a damp instead of a dry broom and maintaining adequate humidity in every room will keep dust from floating around. Fine meshed cotton ventilators are available which are used like window screens. They admit the air while keeping out flying particles of soot and dirt.

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Notice of Hearing Claims

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

In the matter of the Estate of Thomas Hodgmen, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four months from the 30th day of October, A. D. 1931, 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 15th day of February, A. D. 1932, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday the 15th day of February, A. D. 1932, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated Oct. 19th, A. D. 1931.
MERLE H. YOUNG,
Judge of Probate.

Order for Publication

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

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the Village of Paw Paw in said County, on the 20th day of October, A. D. 1931.

Present, Hon. Merle H. Young Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Frank W. Worthing deceased.

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

It is ordered, That the 16th day of November, A. D. 1931 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at said probate office, he and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and hearing said petition.

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

MERLE H. YOUNG,
Judge of Probate.

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

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Honesty is the best policy, especially when you wish to borrow something on your policy.—Boston Transcript.

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