

Serv-U's
CHAIN **RED & WHITE** STORES

BUYING POWER
plus Ownership Service

When you consider that our Buying Power is grouped with each of the Red & White stores in this Community, Plus that of all the other Red & White stores throughout the Nation—then you can see why we are able to offer Genuine Values and Unusual Services. Trade here regularly for a few weeks and judge for yourself!

You Can Do Better at a Red & White Store

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY AND MONDAY

Serv-U's Hominy, 2 1/2 lbs	2 for 29c
Brillo Large	2 for 43c
Dina Mite, Large Package	39c
Red & White Peas No. 4 Sv.	6 for 98c
Red & White Golden Corn No. 2 cans	5 for 98
Red & White Chili Con Carne, No. 1 tin	3 for 47c
Serv-U's Orange Marmalade, 16 oz. jars	2 for 49c
Red & White Chicken Soup	2 for 35c
Prunes, 40-50 count	2 lbs. for 29c
Serv-U's Coffee 1-lb. bags	40c
Pineapple Layer Cake	49c
Lux Toilet Soap	5 for 39c
Fresh Rendered farm Lard, gallon pail	\$1.15

ED MONTAGUE
PHONE 171



Arrival of 1930

New Year's Homecoming
by Katherine Edelman

NEW YEAR'S eve and all the little town of Ashton astr and night! Sounds of laughter and good cheer floated out upon the night and everywhere there was evidence of the hearty good will and fellowship that prevails at this season.

A full moon was lending its charm to the beauty of the night, throwing a soft and silvery radiance on the snow-covered earth. It was one of those nights when Nature seems to almost outdo herself in the lavishness of the beauty that she dispenses.

Ashton had particular cause for happiness this evening. For, in addition to the joy of the New Year holiday, a big celebration was taking place in the town hall to welcome home the town's most distinguished man, Warren Denham.

One home in particular field a very excited person. Marian York found it hard to keep up a semblance of calm. She was fearful lest the loud pealing of her heart would betray her feelings to those around her. Over and over again she told herself that she was foolish, that she meant nothing to Warren Denham, that probably the silly vows they had exchanged in childhood were forgotten by him long ago.

She felt that the wisest plan would be for her to stay away from the celebrations; not to risk the pain of the old longings and desires that the sight of him would be sure to arouse.

But the urge to see him again was too strong, and now she was standing before the mirror, giving a last critical glance at herself before departing for the hall. She had let the rest of the family go on ahead, as she felt that she wanted to go alone.

It was over ten years since she had last seen Warren Denham. During that time he had gone out into the world and made his name famous, while she remained at home, living the quiet, uneventful life of the little town. He was now a famous engineer, who had brought to a successful completion one of the most difficult engineering feats that had ever been accomplished in western Africa. She had remained a nobody. It was unlikely that he would feel the slightest interest in her.

Once Marian had hopes that things would be different; she had felt that Warren Denham loved her. But he had gone away from the little town without saying a word, had given up their happy comradeship without an apparent regret. And there was little to give her hope in the silence of the ten years that had elapsed since he had gone to Africa. He had written to her occasionally before that time, friendly, interesting letters that might or might not mean anything.

Nine o'clock found the hall packed with a happy, expectant crowd. It was going to be late when the train reached Ashton, and they wanted Warren Denham to see all of the big program that had been planned for him. They felt that the town should be particularly proud of the honor he was paying them in coming so soon after his landing, and were leaving nothing undone to show their gratitude.

A great cheer went up from the crowd when the big moment came and Warren Denham stood before them. The slender, dark-haired man smiled repeatedly as cries of welcome came from every corner of the hall. Then he spoke, quietly and easily, as one of their own might speak to them: "Friends," he said, "I am very happy to be with you tonight. This is a

New Year Song

Our Old Year goes, and let him go!
A New Year comes. We hardly know
The change, so peaceful and so slow,
And unsought, too; but be it so!

The Old Year hears the rusty leaf,
The Old Year carries all the grief,
The New Year brings us all relief,
And bears the blossom and the sheaf.

Our New Year comes! And let him give
Us purer thought by which to live,
And greater courage in our strife,
And higher purposes in life.

—Farm and Fireside.

A New Happy Year
BY CLARA AGEE HAYS

MISS HELEN BROWN turned her back upon her freshman history girls to hide those awful surface tears which would show just when one tried to smile and say, "Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year! Soa these young things would learn, too, that the newness of a year was—bunk. Nothing was new but illusion. Life was old and weary and humdrum."

"Brownie's got a grouch!" signaled June Wells who sat in the front row.

The girls opened their books unsmilingly. Miss Brown faced them.

"I've decided to give you a test."

The girls wriggled in hopeless desperation. Brownie did have a grouch! Just when they had to have school on New Year's day, too!

Writing the questions Miss Brown felt old. Maybe she hadn't a gray hair, maybe she wasn't thirty yet but—again she saw that letter:

"I've thought it over, Helen, and I feel like a cad saying it, but I'm convinced that our engagement was a sad mistake. . . ."

Her tall, boyish Jim! . . . "Our engagement was a mistake!" Her life broken—like that! He who always said she was too beautiful, too good for him! Probably he'd found some body younger—one of these college girls or—

"What caused the misunderstanding between France and England?" her chalk wrote viciously.

Those steady gray eyes of Jim's gray eyes of Jim's

He was her'al "Our engagement a sad mistake!"

The girls were glaring. A test on a day which should have been vacation! Miss Brown went to answer a knock. . . . a mistake, our engagement. . . .

"Helen!"

Miss Brown stared at the tall figure before her. Quickly she stepped into the hall and closed the door.

"Helen, you darling!" Jim was breathing. "If you only knew! That letter! I thought I'd lost every cent. Couldn't ask you to take me—like that. Lord! What it cost me to write it! But, I haven't and—"

When Miss Brown returned to the room she sniled.

"Let's put away our work, girls," she beamed, "and have a little New Year's program. For the New Year is the time to be happy. Everything, then, is fresh and new and—joyous!"

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)



The Thief of Hearts, but He Was Arrested

SEATED in the comfortable Boston living room, with Lois Raston be wittingly beautiful, and the elder Rastons seeing the Old Year out at the village church, William Field determined to make his great plunge.

"Lois," he breathed, his lips caressing her name, "I have come to beg a New Year's gift. Will you make it?"

"All depends," returned the practical young woman. "All depends what you're asking."

"I'm asking your heart, Lois," he blurted, amazed at his temerity. "Asking your heart, all for myself."

In the frelight her smile seemed kind, but sad. "I'm sorry, Bill," she murmured, "but I can't give you my heart. You see—well—it isn't mine to give. It was stolen weeks ago."

So his misgivings were confirmed. He took the blow, he hoped, manfully. "I'm sorry, Lois," he said, rising. "We will always be friends." One moment their hands met.

He had reached the gate before he was arrested by her voice crying, "Stop thief!"—Robert Stead.

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Longest and Shortest Day

There has been some discussion as to which is really the shortest day of the year. It is agreed, however, that the longest day for some folks is the second day in the life of a New Year resolution.

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(A Mercantile Trust)

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