

DEATH

John Arvin was born in Ashtabula County, Ohio, November 11, 1868. He was the son of James and Mary Arvin and the next to the youngest of a family of eight children, three girls and five boys.

He was married to Ida Kenworthy, March 22, 1884, who preceded him in death, October 27, 1918.

He leaves to mourn their loss, his son, Dana and daughter, Nora also, one brother, Geo. W. Arvin of Hillsboro, Iowa and several nieces and nephews and many friends. He was a kind and loving father and loyal friend and will be greatly missed by them all.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. V. B. Niles with burial in Woodlawn cemetery.

From a Sinner's Diary

My slogan is "The mean ones get the service".

Eden would have suited me far as house work goes. I can husk corn all day and hoist a heaping bushel over a double wagon box but to lift a mop handle two inches from the floor gives me a nervous breakdown with severe spells of syncope.

But as per that slogan: Yesterday being stormy and time hanging heavy I made up Willard's bed for winter, mauled the feather tick and turned everything topsy turvy, whatever that is. This morning he gave me a \$25.00 "birthmark", as he calls it. (It's so long till my birthday I shall be expecting another.) If I made his bed from the foundation everyday he'd never notice it—except, maybe, his flip would hang if I missed it once, in a busy season.

The mean ones get the service.

Like the Irishman's whiskey, all movies are good but some are better. Seeker after knowledge, invest in a ticket to some of 'em. You might even find out what I'm trying to tell you. In one fable, Puss in Boots, with two little dulcimer mallets plays "In the Good Old Summer Time" on a sea serpent's backbone while said serpent winds around among the coral pillars, or whatever it is that holds up the sea. The moral to that is "Never beat eggs with the curry comb unless the horse is surreal".

Pondering over such wonderments one goes out and blinded by the Northern lights falls over walnut crates, or sand pile bougainvillee, or duck blinds, or whatever upsets the unwary and aches skulls.

Lynette Freemire

DEATH

William Louis King was born in Bowie County, Maryland, March 10th, 1860, and departed this life January 25th, 1931, at the age of 70 years, 10 months, 15 days. He was one of a family of ten children born to Frederick and Esteline King, six of whom are still living.

At the age of eighteen years he came to Michigan. On January 16th, 1884 he was united in marriage to Miss Nellie Evalana Fuller who preceded him in death five years ago. To this union six children were born: Charles Frederick, Zella I. Wells, Hazel E. Bosworth, Mabel E. Johnson, Albert L. and Wm. Harold. Most of his life has been spent around Vermontville. The last three years he has made his home with his mother-in-law, Mrs. C. F. Fuller.

He leaves to mourn their loss his mother-in-law, six children, fourteen grandchildren, three great grandchildren, four sisters and two brothers of Maryland and a host of relatives and friends.

Funeral services were held at the home of Mrs. Fuller, Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. V. B. Niles and interment was at Woodlawn cemetery.

FROM A SINNER'S DIARY

I got some Partridge Rock eggs of a fellow. He must have been so anxious to sell 'em to me that he gathered some of the neighbors for whom the roll (ed oat) is called one Little Plymouth Rock answers there. They own the old barn and kick the door open every sunny day to take violent rays. Have to be corralled and put back nights!—Oatmeal for breakfast, tater for dinner, bread—everything—jest like that. Fourteen clover mattress—nary care—stuffed alive, stuffed dead, s'all right with their world.

Principle—honesty—(even principal) mostly seems to have gone out of fashion. Even if you possessed it, who could you practice it on? Who would know what you were doing?

Lynette Freemire

of the Wise Man. Chavince. The Resch-Glutha