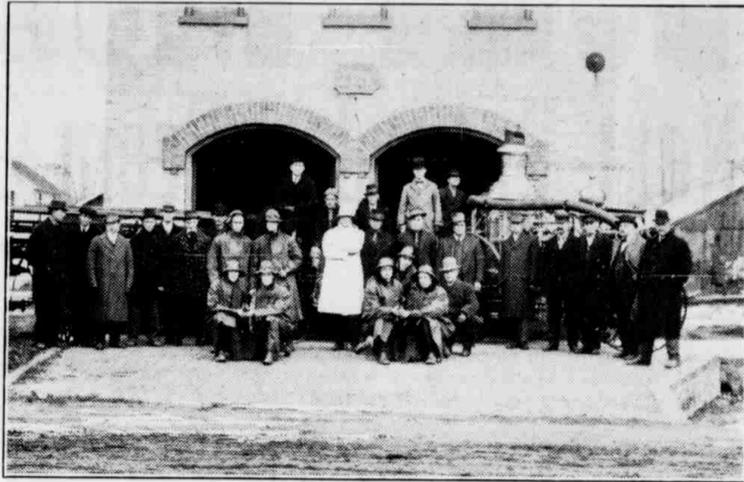


THE ANNUAL



Firemen's Dance will be held on Tuesday, Feb. 1st. at Rink Paw Paw Fischer's Orchestra

Just Hit or Miss

BY DALE (CARTER) HARRISON.

THE LOCAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE GOBLEVILLE GAZETTE.

He's a pesky individual, but all-fired literary,
With a dash and flow of language that would flag a
suffragette.

The Rock of Ages cleft for Him is Webster's Dictionary
The local correspondent of the Gobleville Gazette.

His hair grows wild and lays in waves atop his massive
dome

Like Gorky's, and his brain with wondrous thoughts is
always bustin'.

His proud proboscis is a hill where shell rimmed
glasses roam—

He's there at throwin' Highbrow bull, it gets most darn
disgustin'.

But though he's correspondent for the Gobleville Gaz-
ette,

Writes "obits" and "Jottings" and describes our fil-
ls and fillies,

His reg'lar occupation is another thing, you bet—
Assistant to a florist, a Sweet William of the Lilies.

He must get satisfaction from the little squibs he writes,
That's all the compensation from the paper he can get.
So he plies his hoe by daytime and his pencil flies o'
nights—

This latent Horace Greeley of the Gobleville Gazette.

Sing a Song of Valentine,
Of gay and happy lovers,
Of maidens bright
—Oh, Heart's Delight—
And merry turtle-dovers;
Of skies so blue and warm sunshine
Let's sing a song of Valentine.

'Tis writ that in ye olden time
When Knighthood was in Flower,
The Maids were kissed
Upon the wrist
In some cool garden Bower.
I wish these lovers could arise
Today: Oh, wouldn't there be some surprise.

Of course, they had no telephones
To help them make their dates,
No Garfield Park
To have a lark

Alas, no roller skates.
And who would think of Lochinvar
Stealing his bride in a motor car?

Nowadays it's "Hit 'er up"
"Let's dance the Giggle Glide."
"Who says it's hot,
Let's Turkey Trot,
Bring out the Broadway Glide"
They stop just long enough to eat
Then back to the dance and shaking their feet.

I think if dear St. Valentine
Could see what Love is now
—A girl, of course—
—A swift divorce—
—A broken marriage vow—
One glance he'd take at this sad plight
Then grab his hat and say, "Good Nigh-

I.
Darned old engine on a darned old track
Headed for the depot, it's a darned old shack,
Puffin' and a snortin' in a wild and reckless glee,
It's the 8:45 on the K. L. S. & C.

II.
Oh, back up the busses, boys, and hold the horses
heads
And Jakey, bring that truck up here, don't act like
you was dead
Yes'm, that's the train a comin' now around the bend
you see,
That ramblin', rumblin, devil on the K. L. S. & C.

III.
So clear the track, lads, heed the bell, you kids get off
the track
Do you want them cars to bump you, prob'ly break
your bloomin' back?
Say, Jakey, where's that crate of eggs consigned to
Manistee?
Step lively, brakes are crunchin' on the K. L. S. & C.

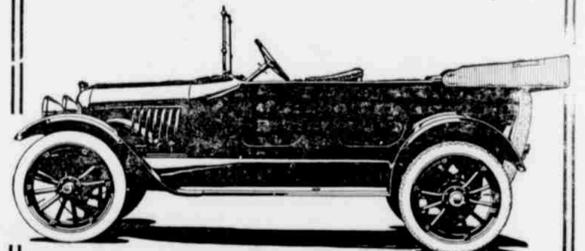
IV.
Hear them brakes a squealing when old Billy gives
'em air,
(Jakey, don't forget that box that goes to Hubbard's
Square)
See them loafers gaupin', they're all on hand to see
If there's any gossip comin' on the K. L. S. & C.

V.
There's old Billie Fee, drunkernell, back from Kala-
mazoo,
And there's Ed. Green and Bertha Quay, By Gosh,
there's Nellie, too,
Why, I'll be dinged, Cal Strebbin's there, a swingin'
from the cars,
He must a quit his circus job with horizontal bars.

VI.
It's just a dinky line between the lake and Kalama-
zoo,
The tracks are old and risky but the pres'dent makes

'em do,
The Engine is a cripple and the coaches, (there are
three,
Are as tacky as tarnation on the K. L. S. & C.
VII.
We've only got two engines, fact our 'quipment's
mighty weak,
One of the engine's short a bell, the other's sprung
a leak,
But yet, with all her petty faults, there ain't no use o'
talkin'
The railroad at her worst is whole lots better'n walkin'.

The New
GRANT \$795
SIX



is one of the most surprising car values of the year.
It couples to an extraordinary degree all the virtues
of the SIX with entirely new standards of economy
and service. Owners average in excess of

**20 Miles to the Gallon of Gasoline
900 Miles to the Gallon of Oil**

Its wonderful valve-in-the-head motor—of ex-
clusive Grant design—is a source of continuous
delight, because of its almost incredible flexibility.
Grant SIX throttles down to 1½ miles an hour
without choking or gasping, without losing its pull
—and speeds up to fifty miles and more within a
few blocks. It has power and to spare. And the
new Grant SIX is distinguished, because in addition
to remarkably sturdy construction—wonderfully
complete equipment, it has the

**Largest, Roomiest Body of Any Car
Below One Thousand Dollars**

Before you buy any car, you owe it to yourself to know the
wonderful new Grant SIX.

B. & F. Motor Co., Kalamazoo