

# Rowena Rides the Rumble

By ETHEL HUESTON

### THIRD INSTALMENT

Rackruff Motors hire Rowena to accompany Peter on a nation-wide tour in their roadster as an advertising stunt. At the last minute Little Bobby is engaged to act as chaperon. A few miles out Bobby becomes fearful at being parted from her sweetheart and Rowena insists on taking her place in the rumble so that she can ride with Peter and have him to talk about Carter. Rowena gets Peter to consent to divide the expense money each week as soon as it arrives, and astonishes Peter by eating too economically.

To his intense amazement Rowena flushed hotly and bit her lip in some confusion, and most surprising of all said nothing. Already Peter found it amazing when Rowena had nothing to say.

Certainly she had plenty to say at Niagara Falls when Peter prepared to do his picture of the Rackruff roadster, with her at the wheel, both showing faintly under a fine mist of falling water. When it came to doing pictures, Peter was unbearable. Carter himself could not have been more hatefully dictatorial. He told her what to wear, how to sit, how to rouse her lips. He told her how to hold the wheel, which way to turn her head, just where to fluff her hair and where to draw it back.

"Oh, Peter," protested Rowena faintly. "Please don't do my profile. I'm terrible that way. My face is too thin for a side view." "Oh, I'll fill it in for you," said Peter comfortably. "It shows up better in the car."

"Oh, the car, the car," muttered Rowena crossly. "It's all you think of." "It's all I'm paid to advertise," said Peter cheerfully.

When he had finished the picture Rowena wrote a brief, adjectivorous story to go with it, and both were dispatched to Rackruff headquarters for immediate release. In addition to the motor story she wrote a short skit every day for use in the newspapers of different cities as they passed thru.

At Rackruff headquarters in Chicago they received their first mail from home. There was one fat letter for Rowena, addressed in a big boyish scrawling hand. And there was one for Peter from the company with instructions for the tour and a check for the following week's expenses.

Bobby was thrilled with a huge package of telegrams, twenty in all, and every one from Carter. It seemed that every one of Carter's finer feelings was highly outraged, for each of the twenty telegrams ended with a stern command for her to come home at once.

Even in his wildest nightmares, he said in the telegrams, he had never conceived of a horror equal to that of seeing her much-loved features on public posters and monstrous billboards on every conspicuous corner in town, advertising a cheap new roadster.

Bobby's first intension was to ignore each and every one of these telegraphic outbursts, but by midnight she had relented so far as to send him a five-cent postcard picture of Lake Michigan. At supper-time she sent a telegram saying they had arrived safely and were leaving early the next morning; and then kept Rowena awake until 3 o'clock in the morning with the scratch of her pen as she wrote him a detailed account of everything that had happened so far.

After Rowena had read her single fat letter and smiled over it, and frowned over it, she went to her pocketbook and counted her money, down even to nickels and dimes. Then she called Peter's room on the telephone and asked if he would please give her her share of next week's expense money right away.

"Of course," replied Peter. "If you need more I can let you have it. Don't ever run short of money, Rowena, we can always squeeze out a little extra some way."

"Thanks a lot, Peter," said Rowena gratefully. "I think I can manage after this. But you're sweet to make the offer."

Even Rowena was amazed at the number of things about which Peter had his own ideas, all had ones. The roads provided an unending source of dissension. Their route was clear and definite. From Chicago they were to go south to St. Louis, from St. Louis to Kansas City, from Kansas City to Denver. Nothing could be plainer. Between these cities stretched a broad highway, heavily traveled, expensively paved. The car was supplied with the best of motor maps, and the roads were clearly marked at every turning. Rowena—sitting in the snug shade of the stout umbrella she had bought was comfortably satisfied to travel swiftly, steadily along the main highways from one objective to another.

But Peter was all for short-cuts across country, and for all his deceptive air of extreme amiability, was strongly entrenched in his personal preferences. At every town—where not, as Rowena disagreeably claimed, at every telegraph pole—he made Rowena justify for country

lanes away from the traveled thoroughfares.

Bobby, as became a professional chaperon, was non-committally neutral. But so far from appreciating her disinterested amiability, it seemed more irritating to the others than the outspoken opposition they met in each other. And often they turned upon her sharply as if she were to blame for the entire argument.

It was in an exquisite wooded dell in southern Illinois that Rowena had her revenge. They had stopped at a quaint roadside log cabin for luncheon, and Peter, gazing pensively thru a wide-open window, decided to do a picture on that very spot.

Rowena had spent the morning in the rumble seat inditing swift notes on mid-western motoring, and was anxious to transcribe them to the typewriter before her memoranda froze on her. So she asked Peter, very politely, if he would please do the picture of the roadster and the wooded dell first, while she was putting her notes into permanent form, and then paint her in behind the wheel later in the afternoon when the rest of the picture was done. Peter was perfectly willing, even eager, to lay over for an extra day, thus to allow time for her work as well as his, but he said a picture never turned out as well when a lady, or a house, or even a dog, was added to a finished product. Said it always stuck out like a sore thumb, and never looked just right.

Rowena put up a good argument—Rowena always put up a good argument—Rowena lost her temper—she usually lost her temper—and the delicious log cabin waffles and honey were ruined.

When, very sulky, but prepared to pose, she founced down where Peter had parked the car beside a shadowy pool and was setting up his easel, he said he thought better of it and would not use her in that picture—said Bobby was willing to substitute and the change would be a good thing all around. Peter was quite pleasant about it, really though he was doing her a favor, but Rowena, from being merely sulky, was suddenly furious. She said she had been hired for no other purpose than to serve as a dumb model for his art and that she would jeopardize her contract by accepting this substitute. But Peter insisted that Messrs. Rack and Ruff had left everything about the pictures to his own exclusive judgment and this was his judgment.

"Bobby is putting on her little red sports suit," he said, "and the costume will show up nicely in this green dell."

"I know Bobby's clothes are much better than mine," said Rowena stiffly. "I know my things are very shabby and threadbare, but it seems scarcely necessary to throw it up to me."

"That is very unfair of you, Rowena," said Peter gravely. "You are very beautiful in everything you put on, and you know it. I couldn't speak unfavorably of your appearance if I wanted to."

Rowena, without another word, plumped herself down behind the wheel with a set chin, a stern glint in green eyes, and a death grip of her slim hands on the wheel. Peter walked slowly up to her and looked her steadily in the face.

"Then if you will have the truth, Rowena," he said gently, "I would see you hanged before I would try to paint you in this lovely spot. I am so disgusted with the way you act sometimes that I would probably paint you with horns and a tail, which, between you and me, I often suspect you have concealed about you. If I painted you the way you look to me right now, they'd never sell another Rackruff short of Gehenna."

Rowena's lovely red lips parted, then closed with a sudden click. Her eyes grew so wide, and turned so deep a hazel that Peter marveled he had ever thought them green.

She got out of the car and went to the log cabin where she met Bobby coming out of the ladies' dressing-room, all dimpling smiles in the pleasant prospect of posing.

"Peter is terribly tired and cross today, poor dear," said Rowena smoothly. "Try to cheer him up, won't you, darling? He's very blue. Tell him about Carter."

"I will," said Bobby sweetly. "I'll tell him about the time he proposed to me. It was terribly thrilling. We were out in a canoe."

"Peter's waiting," interrupted Rowena quickly. "Yes, tell him about that. Poor dear! He'll be so interested."

A little later, her portable typewriter in her hand, she passed that way to seek a secluded spot in the woods for her own work. Bobby, dimpling and delighted, sat low behind the wheel. Peter, looking just a bit grim, moved restlessly from one foot to the other before his canvas. Rowena's eyes showed cloudy flame in blue when she went by.

"And he forgot we were in a canoe way out in the middle of a deep river. He dropped the paddle overboard and bounded down on the cushions beside me. 'Darling,' he said, 'you do love me, don't you?' And splash! Over we went, canoe, cushions, luncheon and all! But a little thing like being upset in a cold

river didn't bother Carter. He went right on kissing me and said over and over, 'Darling, you do love me—you do love me,' and it wasn't until I promised to marry him that he swam off after the canoe and—"

"The poor fishes lived happy for ever after," said Rowena softly.

There were five telegrams for Bobby in St. Louis, and, curiously enough, five for Peter also. Rowena, he noticed, had another fat letter addressed in the boyish scrawl, and watching with some curiosity as she read it, he saw that while her brows frowned over it ever so slightly, her eyes smiled to their softest hazel. Immediately she finished reading, she counted the bills in her purse and asked the way to the telegraph office.

"Oh, listen to this!" chortled Bobby ecstatically. "Darling, he's wild! He'll never forgive me, never. He threatens to send the police after me unless I come right straight home. He calls me a little devil in plain English by Western Union."

"Oh, Bobby," begged Rowena, "please spare us until we get a little of the well-known, fine, black, sandy loam of the Middle West out of our ears."

When they stepped into the elevator, Bobby stumbling blindly as she continued to devour the passionate phrases with her avidly shining eyes, Peter motioned Rowena back.

"I want to speak to you just a minute—about business—if you'll excuse us, Bobby."

Rowena turned back at once and he handed her the five telegrams without a word. They were all from Messrs. Rack and Ruff, saying that persistent persecution at the hands of a red-haired chemical engineer who had threatened to sue the company, to burn down the factory, and to beat up every member of the firm.

"What the deuce do you suppose it's all about?" wondered Peter.

"Oh, it must be Carter," said Rowena brightly. "He's mad at Bobby."

So they went up to have it out with Bobby at once. They told her she must quit tormenting him, and write him all the details of their trip, how she came to be a member of the party in the first place, and to send him a copy of their complete itinerary. Especially she must call him peremptorily to Messrs. Rack and Ruff, who were likely to become annoyed at such persecution and cancel the trip.

Bobby finally agreed not to tanalyze him further and promised to write him a complete account of the adventure.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

## Births

Dec. 24.—To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bates of Almond, a daughter.

Dec. 21.—To Mr. and Mrs. Herman Balerstein of Wellsville, a daughter.

## Marriages

Dec. 19.—Miss Dorothy E. Sadler of Alfred and Roland A. Fanton of Wellsville.

Dec. 11.—Miss Florence Gardner and Ford Beck, both of Wellsville.

Dec. 21.—Miss Mary A. Sloan of Allentown and Paul L. Fuller of Scio. Mrs. Sloan is instructor of history in the Richburg High School and Mr. Sloan athletic coach in the Allentown and Scio schools.

Dec. 19.—Mrs. Della Graves and William Harrison, both of Whitesville.

## Deaths

Dec. 23.—Mrs. Vinnie A. Simons 71, of Wellsville, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. F. Ludden at Portville, following an illness of three months. Surviving are a son and daughter. Burial was at Belmont.

Dec. 27.—Jerry I. Dugan, aged 72 years, at his home in Alma, died suddenly of a heart attack. Mr. Dugan had served 23 years continuously as assessor of his town. He leaves his widow and son, J. Richard Dugan of Alma.

Dec. 20.—Mrs. Ida McKee of Bolivar, after a long illness. Deceased was born in 1860. Two daughters and two sons survive.

Dec. 20.—Mrs. Fred O. Langworthy, at her home in Main Settlement after a long illness. Born in 1865 her early life was passed in Westbury, E. I. Educated at Alfred University and a teacher in the public schools, together with her experiences gathered from extensive traveling, made her a woman of exceptional ability. Besides her husband she is survived by two sons and three daughters.

Dec. 22.—Mrs. Huldah Whitford, aged 80 years, of Alfred Station, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. T. W. Emerson of that place. She leaves a son, Silas Whitford of Alfred Station, two daughters, Mrs. E. J. Pattison of Elmira and Mrs. Emerson.

Mrs. Gnaggs: "Before we were married you used to say you could listen to my voice forever."

Mr. Gnaggs: "Well, at that time, I had no idea I'd ever have to do it."

# GREENWOOD

(Mrs. Reva Thomason, Reporter)

**Birthdays Party**  
Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Rogers gave a party Wednesday evening in honor of their daughter, Louise's 16th birthday. The event was held at the West Greenwood Grange Hall with a large number of relatives and friends present.

**Home for the Holidays**  
The Misses Grace Kellogg and Addie Hauber from schools in New Jersey, Miss Olive Clark from Geneseo Normal; Miss Eleanor Stevenson from Vassar; William Kellogg, Jr., from Virginia Military Institute; Theodore Cobb for Alfred; Sterling Holly from the R. P. I., at Troy and Misses Louise Burger and Pauline Murray from Alfred Training Class are passing the week at their homes here.

**Masons Elect Officers**  
The new elective officers of the Masonic Lodge are: Worshipful Master, Clifton Pounds; Junior Warden, Miner Streeter; Treasurer, A. L. Lewis; Secretary, Matt Rogers; Tyler, Adrian Lanfield. The officers, both elective and appointive will be installed at the first meeting of the new year following a 7 o'clock dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lamphier are the parents of a daughter, Janette Louise, born Thursday, Dec. 23 at the Bethesda hospital, Hornell.

Mrs. Mustardo entertained eleven boys and girls at her home last Wednesday in honor of the birthday of Coline Mustardo.

Miss Lillian Sherman of Alfred called on Mrs. Mary Webster, Monday.

J. K. Miller, the District Deputy Grand Master of the I. O. F., and his staff will start visiting the lodges next week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Back and Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Kellogg attended the Hop-al-Whirl dance at the Conderman Hotel Monday night.

George Kellogg was a week-end guest of relatives.

J. K. Miller, Miss Margaret Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Lester York and family were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Meade of Big Creek.

W. G. Kellogg and Arling Cobb were business callers in Woodhull, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Cornell and daughter of Whitesville and John Williamson were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Miner Streeter.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Brown of Niagara Falls were visiting relatives here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Cobb, daughters, Margaret, Barbara and Betty, of Canisteo, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Kellogg and family, Dr. and Mrs. James Kellogg, Mrs. Mabel Stevenson and daughter Grace Kellogg and George Kellogg were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arling Cobb.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Chaffee and daughter Marion and son Lloyd were in Independence Monday to celebrate Mrs. Cottrell's 88th birthday.

Mrs. Werner Hug and Mrs. Chas. Stoddard called on Mrs. H. A. Fish Tuesday.

Eleanor Stevenson and William Kellogg, Jr., attended the Delphia Sorority dance at the Hotel Sherwood, Monday night.

Dwight Young is passing the week with friends on Long Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Redmond, Mrs. Sarah Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Harland Knight, Mrs. Minnie Knight, Mrs. Mary Young, Misses Ellen Young and Miss Grace Young were Monday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goodno.

Lawrence VanDyke, Eleanor Stevenson, William Kellogg, Jr., and Ann Aulls attended the dance at the country club, Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. George Potter called on relatives in town, Sunday.

Miss Sadie Bly is spending the vacation with relatives in Westfield, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fish and family called on Mr. and Mrs. Harlo Konklin of Canisteo, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Buck entertained Mr. H. Guernsey, Miss Helen Brown and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Fish and family at Sunday dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hauber, Anita and Sherman of Savona, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Loomis, sons Dale and Edwin of Athens, Pa., and Miss Addie Hauber were Sunday guests of their mother, Mrs. Will Scott.

Mrs. Arling Cobb and Mrs. Mabel Stevenson were shopping in Wellsville, Tuesday.

J. K. Miller, Miss Margaret Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Lester York and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Downs of North Hornell, Monday.

Twenty-five young people of the Epworth League and Camp Fire Group sang Christmas carols to the sick and those requesting songs Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Dennis and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Dennis were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dennis of Jackson Hill, Sunday.

Curtis Mathison is passing the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mathison in Hammondsport.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Fish entertained Dr. and Mrs. Stanton; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stoddard, Mr. and Mrs. Werner Hug and George Simms of Hornell and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Buck and Miss Helen Brown of

Greenwood at dinner, Thursday evening.

Mrs. L. F. Thompson and Herbert McCaffery are passing the week with her sister, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wood at Hagerstown, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Knight, daughters, Alberta and Louise, Roy Hawkins; Miss Ellen Young, Mrs. Mary Young, Grace and Dwight Young and Mr. and Mrs. Harland Knight were guests of Mrs. Minnie Knight, Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. James Kellogg of Bemus Point were week-end guests of relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ory Freeland and son, Maurice, Mrs. Meade, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Freeland and son were Sunday guests of Mrs. Mae Freeland and Orlo.

Mrs. Jane Stephens of Hornell, Miss Gertrude Patchen of Hornell and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Folts of Arkport were calling on relatives in town, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Chaffee and children were Sunday guests of Mrs. Ruth Sweet.

Mrs. Mary Mann and son, Earl, of Hornell called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arling Cobb, Wednesday.

**TELL ME AN INDIAN STORY**  
Dr. E. A. Bates, Cornell  
(Copyright 1932)

**THE SHORTEST DAY**

The snow had fallen for many moons and the snowshoes of the children sank into it so deep that the boys and girls were compelled to play within the cabins.

The wintry wind blew across the village and no member of the entire family wandered far from the warm fire in the center of the lodge.

Shorter and shorter grew the days; soon the children asked if the sun had forgotten to smile upon the red man. But the wise old grandfather knew that soon would come the shortest day and he wondered how he could amuse the children on that day.

He noticed, as he told them old-time legends, that his motions were thrown back by the fire, as shadows on the pelt of the deer hanging in the cabin to be dried.

So when the shortest day came, he gathered all the children around the fire, and soon shouts of laughter echoed thru the cabin, for the shadows from grandfather's hands formed a funny rabbit on the hide.

When he wiggled his fingers, it appeared as if the shadow was flapping his ears; when he twisted his thumbs the shadow rabbit seemed to be eating corn.

So thru the long dark day, grandfather made funny shadow pictures of old Mr. Bear and the little cubs, of sly Mr. Fox and all the other birds and animals of the woodland.

Soon mother called that succotash was ready to be eaten. After that, wrapped in warm furs, the children went up the dreamland trail, feeling that the shortest day was all too short for them.

## Agriographs

The old apple tree that is no longer profitable will make excellent fuel for fireplace, stove or furnace.

The hen that lays 150 eggs a year is worth three times as much as a hens that lays 90 eggs, according to a Minnesota report.

Plan to make a farm inventory the week of January 2 to 7. Free inventory books are available from your local bank or farm bureau office.

"The price level must be raised to the debt level, or the debt level must be lowered to the price level. This is a matter of grim reality that cannot be cured by psychology, confidence or government lending,"—G. F. Warren.

"New York State seed laws do not protect buyers who purchase seeds from out-of-state dealers. Prices are such that distant dealers cannot sell the same quality at the same price as the local dealer and pay the freight."—H. B. Hartwig.

Many of the storage diseases of apples are pictured in the Cornell bulletin, E-189. Changed storage conditions may save some apples that otherwise would spoil and the bulletin suggests changes and the best moisture and temperature level for satisfactory storage. Ask the office of publication at the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y., for the free bulletin.

Uncle Ab says the automobile proves that any person may be just another accident.

Potato spraying costs, on the average, ten dollars an acre but increases the yield about 50 bushels.

New York alfalfa-clover recommendations were used by 9,614 farmers in 46 counties from 1924 to 1932. County agents tested soils in 16,245 fields of 96,107 acres.

# BETTY'S WEDDING IS APPROACHING

**Whole Community Excited Over Event.**  
It won't be long now. Until the wedding of the pair, if Bobby knew his onions—He'd choose the lectric chair.

Whenever they need an electrician Highy is who they'll get. If there are better electricians, They haven't come here yet.

If Betty craves affection, When driving, Bob'll neck her, Cause no matter what may happen Kruger will send his wrecker.

The Stephens Insurance Co. will insure their motor car, 'Gainst collision, theft or fire, Public Liability, Or whatever they require.

Bob'll go to Borden's Service Station Whenever he wants free air, It's not just what you spend with them, They like to see you there.

They'll join the Andover State Bank Christmas Club, And when Christmas comes next year, They'll draw a nice substantial check To spend on Christmas cheer.

A wrist watch from Wa'son's Jewelry Store Betty'll always wear, While there they'll take their jewelry And watches for repair.

At O'Connell's they'll buy lumber, Either rough or dressed, They chose O'Connell's lumber—'Cause it's known to be the best.

At the Princess Shop Bett'll buy pajamas, Black ones trimmed in red, We know when Betty sees them, They're sure to knock her dead. Watch for Bob and Betty next week

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