

# BRANT'S

LUCASVILLE OHIO

Sec. 562, P. L. & R.  
U. S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
Lucasville, Ohio  
Permit No. 2

## m ONTHLY NEWS

+ + + APRIL, 1934 + + +

# How Spending Money With Your Local Merchant Helps You And Also Helps Win The Great War With Depression

By Ernest C. Hastings

Mr. Hastings is one of the country's leading authorities on merchandising and advertising, and is a lecturer at Columbia University. His article is both timely and helpful. Read it carefully.

## THE WORLD'S FIRST AND BIGGEST PUNKIN EATERS' CLUB

### Here Is The List Of Charter Members

Joe Harness, James Funk, Ben Brown, Johnnie Bernthold, Geo. Luellen, Bill Buchanan, Ed. Harwood, John Adkins, Ed. Benner, D. Sullivan, Tilden Carley, Roy Fraley, J. T. Mays, Joe Kuhn, Ashby Hawk, C. W. Appel, Chester Gibbons, Mrs. William Friend, Joe Bill Rockwell, Chris Houston, Mrs. Tennessee Daniels, Brady Wright, Percy Dodderidge, Alf Howard, Bill Newman, Vinton Arthurs, Pharo Childers, Luther Castle, Joe Turner, Clyde McDaniels, W. T. Roberts, Mrs. John Benson, Mrs. May Wright, Chas. Anderson, R. H. Ingerman, Joe Beasley, Earl Slark, Tom Sexton, Hebert Jenkins, Wm. Adkins, Curtis Rucker, Sam Pickleseimer, Sam Pyle, M. L. Nelson, F. S. Alley, Clint Jenkins, Jeff Reisner, Golden Charles, Glenn Cox, Andrew Ramey, Mose Phipps, Giley Snively, Tod Noel, Sam Leffingwell, Dr. J. N. Thomas, Harve Conkle, E. D. Leffingwell, Eddie Leffingwell, Jess N. Foster, Dave Long, W. E. Long, Sr., Francis Martin, Mrs. Goldie Jenkins, Mrs. Jane Jenkins, Phillip Fullwiler, Granvil McNamer, Busty Purdy, Millard Logan, Nat Slark, George McCorkle, R. S. Wolfe, Landon Adkins, B. C. Wheeler, Ed. Walls, Earl McNamer, Tyne Garhart, Bud Vance, Roy Schlusher, Willard Schlusher, Smithy Canter, John Isaacs, Ed. Crabtree and Charles Steel. That is the list on March 23rd and more joinin' up every day. Their names will appear in the next issue of this paper. There are about 50 more packages to give out. It may not be too late for you to join.

Punkin eaters! What a list! They came of one accord, from the east, the north, the south and west. Young and old, professionals and amateurs, from Scioto, Lawrence and Adams counties; from Huntin' Run, Miller's Run, Candy Run, Slate Run, Back Run, Blue Run and Duck Run; Bear Creek, Salt Creek, Owl Creek and Brush Creek; Thomas Holler, Houston Holler and Hog Holler—leading citizens from every section.

Joe Harness was the first man in. Said he wanted to beat Carl Appel. He was, of course, chewin' his pipe and looked like he meant business. He forgot about his toothache. But we'll bet he has a great big headache when he sees some of the golden punkins his country cousins bring in next fall. Joe wanted us to help him be president of the club. We explained that we would first have to have a set of by-laws. We herewith appoint Dr. Thomas to draft them and an IRON CLAD OATH to be printed in our next issue.

It's time now to begin betting who or what section will win the 12 cash prizes, \$2.00, \$1.00 and 50¢ for each of the four varieties, at the BIG PUNKIN SHOW NEXT FALL. There will be some mighty hot competition. After looking carefully over the list above we are ready to wager that, if the truth is ever known, it will be some good women or some energetic boys. Outside of Johnnie Bernthold, Joe Beasley, Millard Logan and Dr. Thomas we never saw any of these men workin' in a garden. Most of them wouldn't have anything to eat if it wasn't for their wives. Remember, if your name does not appear in the HONOR ROLL, printed in this paper you cannot make entries in the BIG SHOW NEXT FALL. You MUST be a member of the PUNKIN EATERS' CLUB. So if you got seeds and a careless clerk forgot to write your name in the register, TELL US NOW. If you want to join, get your free seeds this week. It ain't no disgrace to have a good, hard-workin' wife, boys. Put 'em to work. It just proves the superiority of man over woman, that men are better managers. But there are exceptions. Read on the inside pages how Mrs. O. O. McIntyre made a first rate dude out of what might have been just a common punkin eater. Since we are DE-bunking everything and everybody, thought we would begin on some of our CITY COUNTRY COUSINS. Watch your step. We are coming closer home. If you don't want us to say something about you, better tell us something to say about your neighbor. A hint to the wise is sufficient. Read HINTS, WINKS, BLINKS and CHUCKLES on next page.

A LOYAL PUNKIN EATER.

MOST of you have hunted rabbits and you know how they will circle around and come right back to the place from which they started if the dogs keep up the chase.

Well, money is exactly like the rabbit. Elusive and hard to catch and yet perseverance will bag a few dollars from day to day.

Also dollars come right back to the place from which they started if kept rolling.

Let's see how it works.

You spend ten dollars at the local store. The merchant buys new goods from the manufacturer. The manufacturer gives the ten dollars in wages to a worker. The worker buys vegetables and the dollar is right back on the farm ready for another circle.

True, there are little side tracks where dollars go off on a tangent but eventually they come home again.

The war against the depression depends entirely on getting dollars speeding faster and faster around the spending circle.

If you do not buy the things you need with the money you get in wages or for your farm products you are slowing up the recovery.

What about saving some money?

Fine, if you put the money in a good bank and then insist that your banker lend the money on good security. Your savings in the bank, if loaned, will assist in the expansion of factories, the building of homes, the promotion of business recovery.

Just keep money moving. That's the way you can help most to get people back to work.

Right now we are at the threshold of a new spring season. The first spring in several years when we could look with real confidence into the future and not fear what may happen in a few weeks.

The country has come a long way from the depths of the depression and is now headed into brighter and happier days for all of us.

Your local merchant realized sooner than you, perhaps, that better times were coming. So he went into the markets of the world weeks ago and bought what you need and want for yourself, your family and your home.

This new merchandise is on his shelves, tables, counters and racks right now waiting for your selection.

Some of the new things are described in this little magazine. Hundreds of others are ready for you.

Go buy what you need as soon as possible. Encourage your local merchant with your patronage and he'll go back to the markets for more and more goods thereby speeding up more and more the circle of dollars.

This little article written for Monthly News is not just an appeal to buy goods from the merchant. It is an effort to show you can help yourself and the country as a whole to better and better days by not delaying in purchasing the things for which you have need.



# HINTS---WINKS---BLINKS

With apologies to O. O. McIntyre, V

"GOD MADE THE COUNTRY,

Hello, folks! April fool! Here we go, but don't know where. Perhaps for another FLOP. Here we are tied up for several months yet with a contract to print this sheet. We have tried out about everything on you. We cannot do REGULAR ADVERTISING here because it takes too long to get this sheet to you after we write it, nearly a month. This is March 18th. Got to print something. You don't have to read it. Guess we will just haul off, turn in, go to work and cut and slash, in a kind of hit and miss fashion, like our COUNTRY COUSINS, O. O. McINTYRE and WILL ROGERS. "All we know is what we read in the papers, you know." We read a lot but never could talk much or write any. Seems like we know lots but can't hardly ever think of it. So we just got the idea that we would copy some of the wise cracks from the smart guys, polish them up a little with local color, and entertain you that way. It looks like an awful easy job after the *deep stuff* we have been writing for you. We don't like to copy after somebody else. We believe in everybody just bein' hisself. But if you will notice closely, about all these other fellers write is what somebody else told 'em. So I reckon it will be alright for us to imitate O. O. McIntyre, on account of we like to read him better than any other modern writer and the only radio program I ever listen in on is Will Rogers. All of us are imitators in some ways, only some don't like to own up to it.

## Who O. O. McIntyre Was and Is

He was born in Missouri and raised up right over the hills, a few miles east of here at Galapolis, Ohio, just a neighbor boy you know. His dad was a hotel keeper. He is said to be the handsomest ugly man that ever lived. He wears spats and is the flashiest dressed man in New York. He started out as a newspaper reporter, but failed to make much impression in the literary world. He couldn't hold a job very long around where they knowed him, so he finally drifted into New York City. About all the newspapers there tried him out, and soon let him go.

Did he give up? He did NOT. He had the quality of seeing everything, hearing everything and remembering everything. He was observing, like most country boys are and he had met a lot of people. So he just started on his own hook, writing about things and people he knowed. He tried for months to sell this stuff to the newspapers but none of them would have it.

## Mrs. O. O. McIntyre

So there he was, he and Mrs. McIntyre, right in the middle of the unkind big city of New York, with no job and mighty little money. I guess he never would have amounted to anything if it had not been for Mrs. McIntyre, his good wife. She made him keep on writing and she took hold of the business management. She sent copies of his essays to newspapers all over the East and even offered to let the papers print them free. At last she got one paper in Boston, I believe, to print one. And right then his fortune was made over night, you might say. He had the brains and Mrs. McIntyre was smart enough to know it. They made a great team, both bein' from the hills. Now Mr. McIntyre has all the millionaires, literary persons, actors and actresses, movie and radio stars, and hotel and night club owners all bowin' down to him. He knows all about them, every single one of 'em, and he knows every word in the dictionary, and when he can't find a word in the dictionary to describe one of 'em when he wants to tell about them in his column, he just makes one up, and it always fits just perfect, like a holler between two hills. He writes for more papers, I guess, than any other person, living or dead, and gets more money for it. You can see his column in the Portsmouth Times every night. Now, all Mrs. McIntyre has to do is to take care of all his business affairs and his money, and his dog. They get invited out to all the big parties every day for breakfast, dinner and supper.

I can't imagine when he ever gets time to write anything. I guess he don't know which knife to use at some of the big parties, and I'll bet he still drinks his coffee out of a saucer when he thinks no one is looking. He wears long underwear and says he takes a bath twice every day, sometimes, three times. We all know better than that, though. In the first place he was not brought up that way. Second, he wouldn't have time. Third, if he did he would be too lazy. No, if we thought he had got that sissified we would not read his column any more. He just has to let on that way to hold the respect of high society you know. He has made a big name and a fortune with his typewriter. That typewriter is mightier than any sword Napoleon ever carried, or a whole room full of machine guns or poison gas. That's why we got us a new typewriter and started out imitatin' him. We are warnin' you all right now that you had better be right nice to us if you don't want to get talked about in this paper. (I just noticed that WE used, I, WE, ME and US pretty reckless above, but Mr. McIntyre says that is O.K. and he KNOWS, because he knows all the grammars by heart.)

## McIntyre, Me and Dogs

You know McIntyre and me must be pretty much alike in lots of ways. Almost every day or so my wife says to me, "Now you are just like McIntyre. I sure do feel sorry for his wife." Ever notice how women are always and eternally feelin' sorry for some other woman? Well, anyway, my wife and me talk about McIntyre and his wife more than we do our neighbors. That's a fact. I like McIntyre, I

reckon, because we were both brought upon that "Heavenly wash day bean soup" and sassafrass tea. Then we both like dogs. He don't like police dogs, but I think that is because he is a big cowardly-calf. Looks like he would like them, because they are always stickin' their noses into somebody else's business, just like he is, and trying to scare somebody, like he does all the time, and trying to make everybody think they are brave, like he does, when they are the biggest cowards on earth. I have heard it said that a man of that type is never charitable or feels kindly toward anyone just like him, 'cause he is all the time trying to fool hisself and everyone else into believin' he is something he ain't. Now I'd get up in the middle of the night and scratch my dog where she itched if she would come and ask me. I like any kind of a mutt, the bigger the better, and I am so scared of a little dog that a big brute couldn't scare me any worse.

## McIntyre and Grub

McIntyre likes good victuals, and so do I. We are just EXACTLY ALIKE that way. You know, when a man moves from the country into the city there is nothing he misses so much as the home-cooked food like he has been used to. So it is no wonder that McIntyre is all the time writing about something good to eat and slipping off now and then around the corner to some little home-like restaurant to get himself some real old "skillet gravy." We feel awfully sorry for him sometimes when he gets to dreaming about the good things us folks back here in the country have to eat. Reckon he just gets fed up on salads, caviar, and slops with fancy names. Believe we will send him a pound of BRANT'S HIGH GRADE COFFEE. He sure would enjoy it after what he had to drink at a big party the other night. This is what he said about that coffee: "IT TASTED LIKE A JUMBLE OF OLD PRUNES AND DISCARDED DRESS SHIELDS, HEATED OVER AN INVALID LIGHTNING BUG." We have tasted coffee like that but never could have found words to describe it. Every once in awhile he says something smart like that.

## McIntyre Not Ashamed of His Home Town

Neither is BRANCH RICKEY, a Lucasville boy, who has held the center of the stage in the baseball world for many years. Nor Will Rogers, nor any other really big man. It is said McIntyre never hated anyone in his life unless it was some guy who was ashamed of his home town. Of course, there are in Lucasville as there are in every town, a few individuals who think they are a little above their neighbors, their home stores and home town. No use to mention any names. Everybody knows who they are. Now we do not hate these people. We feel sorry for them. They don't really harm anybody but themselves. Such an attitude is usually born of ignorance or envy, vanity or false pride. There are a lot of these kind of people in the cities, but only a very few in the country. Don't know that McIntyre ever said anything in his column about this species of society, but we wish he would some day, he could do it so nicely. Yes, sir, nearly all the really greatest men have come out of the hills, and they have been proud of it. But—

## Not All Smart Men and Women Run Off to the City

It would be absurd to think that. Now there is still plenty of gold left in the hills. There are a lot of sod-busters sitting around the stoves in cross-road stores like Brant's, who could give O. O. McIntyre and Will Rogers lots of pointers. A lot of them could have gone to New York or Hollywood and made just as big hit as lots of others. Some of them just had too much sense to leave God's Country. Some were just too blamed lazy and others married the wrong woman, maybe. For instance, there is,

## Dr. J. N. Thomas

You all know Doc. Just like McIntyre he was raised up in the atmosphere of a country hotel. Doc studied medicine and landed in Denver, where he just about ran things for several years, until he got all fed up with city illusions and being smarter than most of them, he came back to his home town to live. Now for keen satire, pure irony, mother wit, dry humor, trigger thinking and spontaneous expression, I'd bet neither McIntyre nor Will Rogers could touch him. But really, Doctor Thomas ought to have gone to the U. S. Senate, to represent us, where his sarcasm and ridicule would have done the most good. If they wouldn't have let him be speaker, he would have spoken anyhow. He wouldn't have been afraid of any of 'em, not even the President hisself. We just mention Doc, because he is more like the fellers we are talking about. There are many others who could have qualified as world champions, in other lines, such as artists, scientists, bathing beauties, medicine show managers, street fakers, musicians, preachers, evangelists, fishermen, politicians, athletes, crooners, butchers, lawyers and liars, but we will tell you more about them and the punkin raisers next time. There is sure plenty



# KNKS---and---CHUCKLES

## Will Rogers and other Country Cousins.

### "AN MADE THE TOWN"—Cowper

of talent in Lucasville and the surrounding hills. City smart alecs call 'em MOSS BACKS sometimes but if you dig down under the moss, you often find PURE GOLD. Bet you got a neighbor just like that.

### Smart City Cousins Come High But They Are Worth It

Course, we could get along without them columnists and comedians. They do get enormous wages, and you and I have it to pay. Every newspaper we buy, every show we go to, helps pay the bills. We not only have to make our own living, but we have to keep all these city people. That is why we are all so poor. Not a handful out of the whole city bunch could make an honest living like you and me do. That's a fact. You see how it is.

Yes, we could get along without a lot of the things we HAVE TO PAY FOR, whether we want to or not, like the enormous salaries of the presidents and vice presidents of the mail order houses, chain stores, banks, steel and other giant corporations, ranging from \$50,000.00 to over \$1,000,000.00 a year, many of which don't do nothin' but play golf. These fellers just take it off us because they can. But we wouldn't like to do without McIntyre, Will Rogers and others of our honest country cousins. They get big money, and you and I pay it, but we do it voluntarily, 'cause we want to. It is just like takin' up a collection to pay the preacher. They get only what we are willin' to donate to 'em.

You see, after all they are just workin' for us. McIntyre keeps the New York millionaires and city bred smarts from running off with the whole show and Will Rogers tells the big guns up at Washington, even the President hisself, how things ought to be run, from the cowboy and clodhopper standpoint. They are just our ambassadors, our spokesmen, as it were, in the big cities and high society. The whole nation listens to them, and us through them.

### They Get Homesick Sometimes

Sometimes we wonder why in the heck we didn't strike out and go to the big city, too, and get some of that easy money the folks back home always send to their children. You know how these silly old dads and mothers will skimp and save to send their kids to school and help 'em as long as there is a dollar left. They'll do it every time, especially if you write the right kind of letters back, or get your name in the paper. Nearly any durn fool can do that nowadays, you know. All you got to do is kidnap somebody, sit on a flagpole or start a fire. Then when sometimes we read how homesick they get to come back to God's Country, we're glad we stayed home. For instance, after writin' a whole column about the folks back in Galapolis the other day, McIntyre ended up with this. He said, "AT TIMES I WONDER WHY ANY OF US LEFT THE BACK-YONDER TOWNS. BUT WE DID—AND IN MY POLITEST MANNER—I ASK: FOR WHAT?" And we repeat, FOR WHAT? No wonder these EXPERT HICKS away from HOME like their dogs. They at least are TRUE FRIENDS, and they are the best substitute for the warm human friendships and sincerities which only country neighbors enjoy in their homes, lodges, churches, yes, by golly, and in their stores. Fame and glory and money, solely of themselves, are but elusive makeshifts compared to the freedom and contentment of country life. Let these country cousins stay in the big city if they want to. I think we back home have the best of the bargain after all.

### My Job Is Lots Harder Than McIntyre's or Rogers'

Yes, I'll say it is. There is a lot of difference, believe me. In the first place I have to write to serious, hard-headed, practical and intelligent people like you all are. All McIntyre has to do is to amuse silly, giddy, publicity-loving society with his personal piffle, and all Will Rogers has to do is chew gum, wisecrack for 15 minutes each week over the radio, and sit in an old hog pen with a blue boar while he has his picture took for the movie screen. Them society folks thinks that awfully funny you know. You can see for yourself how much harder job I got.

### Things Ain't Divided Up Fair

Then these boys get thousands of dollars, yes many, many thousands, for doin' nothin', you might say. Now I have to spend days and days and many nights to write this sheet, and then have to pay my own money, \$21.00, every month to have it printed, and about \$10.00 more to mail it to you. And I ain't never asked none of you yet to chip in any and help pay these bills, or pay me one cent for entertainin' you. I tell you things ain't divided up right in this old world. Everybody ought to be paid so much an hour for the time they put in, then I'd be makin' a hundred times as much as some of these smart guys. I'll leave it up to you if that ain't so.

### It's Awful Discouragin'

Then again, while McIntyre's wife praised and encouraged him all the time, and helped him right along, my wife doesn't seem to appreciate my literary efforts. When I show her one of my masterpieces she just says, "WHY, YOU AREN'T GOING TO PRINT THAT STUFF, ARE YOU?" And then after I have worked a week or two trying to get it to please her she is apt to up and say, "WELL, NOW, THAT WILL BE ALL RIGHT, MAYBE, IF YOU WILL LEAVE IT ALL OUT BUT THAT FIRST PARAGRAPH." So there you are. You can see for yourself how discouragin' it is for me to get this paper out. Too bad a man is not without honor save in his own country, or home town. It all just goes to show that some men owe all their success to their wives and some men succeed in spite of their wives. You know what I mean. Nobody but a durn fool would try to do what I am, in the face of such obstacles. I wouldn't either if I knowed any way to get out of it.

### The End

Well, if I had time I would probably write a whole new sheet. Here I wanted to tell you about those beautiful new dresses, men's shirts and caps at prices that would make chain store manager's mouths water. I wanted to pay tribute to our high school basket ball team, for the glorious work they did this season. Oh, a hundred other things, too. And here I have gone and wasted so much valuable space on a feller in New York and one in Hollywood. I must write McIntyre and find out how to stop these essays, how he does it. I just wanted you to know what a hard job I have, and what to expect in the future. I may get Pop Eye, Will Rogers and McIntyre all mixed up, but you can look for something entirely different anyhow next time. And I just learned that the Lucasville bank has been closed for liquidation by the State Dept. Oh, well, it's a bitter pill, and I reckon the less said the better. Us RUBES are used to hard knocks.

### Buck, Duck, Gus and The Rest of Us

DUCK (Frank Spriggs) and BUCK (Lawrence Russel), both BUS drivers, both working at Brant's. Some people are criticizing us for employing these two boys who already had part time jobs, and we don't blame them any. The public is entitled to an explanation. Here it is.

Please note that these two boys are only temporarily working. Buck is working in Gus' place, while he is sick. At first we expected Gus back in a week or two, but he is not well yet. Duck helped invoice a few days the first of the year, and has worked some on Saturdays only since then. When we had permanent jobs to offer we employed Ed. Benner and Francis Martin.

The reason we hired Buck and Duck temporarily was because they had both worked for us before and they not only knew the stocks but all the many details that a beginner has to learn. In other words, if we could not have found experienced help we would have tried for a time anyhow to get along without any. Because new help, in a country store, is worth mighty little. It takes 6 months to a year before the best of them are of much help, and to tell the truth, very few ever make good.

Take Buck and Duck for instance. Either of them can do more than Francis, who has been with us now three months. Now Gus, when working, will do as much as Duck and Buck both put together. He buys and sells more goods, carries more coal and makes more mistakes than any other clerk we have! Yet under the code we are compelled to pay the boys as much as we do Gus. So you can see that it is almost impossible to employ new and inexperienced help these days.

In the old days when Cleve Bricker and the writer started to work we got just \$10.00 per month. We worked 13 to 14 hours a day. Now the boys work 8 hours. They are getting about 8 times the salary per hour that we did. The truth is Cleve and I got about all we were worth, and yet we scrubbed floors on our hands and knees, and kept the old store cleaner than it has ever been since. We have started at least 20 other boys and girls since then and where are they now? How many ever made good as clerks in any store?

Clerking in a store looks easy. Maybe it is in a big department store where each clerk sells just one thing at one counter. But in a country store it is the toughest and most aggravating job in all the world. It takes more brains and more energy than most people are willing to give, even if they have it. Take Joseph and Dean for instance. They were brought up in a store. Either of them would have made an average good clerk as clerks go. But did they want to tackle it knowing exactly what it was like? They did not. They looked for something a little easier. 95 out of every 100 men who enter business fail. I'd guess that 999 out of every 1,000 clerks are failures. Now, of all the clerks you know, how many are really good clerks that can give you honest, intelligent service? So never pick clerking in a country store as a life work unless you know you have been born for that special kind of work, like artists and poets. I hope you understand now why it is almost impossible for us to employ beginners. We could use three or four right now, if we didn't have to pay them so much more than they are worth, as much in fact as we can pay the old help.



**Rough But Right**

"I've been in fights," and the old man glared,  
 "And I always got whipped when I got scared.  
 Folks have forgot how to stand an' grin  
 When hard luck socks 'em on the chin.  
 There's too much groanin'—not enough laughs—  
 Too many crepe-hangers—too many graphs—  
 It sure don't help a sick man's heart  
 To think of nothin' but his fever-chart.  
 There's too many experts tellin' how come  
 The whole blame world is on the bum.  
 There's too many people with an alibi—  
 I'd druther listen to a darn good lie.  
 As soon as folks quit hangin' crepe  
 You'll see business in darn good shape.  
 I've got no use for golf as a game,  
 But I speak the language, just the same;  
 There's too few drivers, and too many putts—  
 Plenty cold feet, and not enough guts.  
 You ain't my son, but if you was mine  
 I'd darn soon teach you not to whine."  
 He wasn't cultured, and his words were rough,  
 But the old boy seemed to know his stuff.

—Commercial West.



**False Pretense?**

"So you joined the army so as to 'see the world,' as the posters say? What made you leave?"  
 "They didn't tell me that I would have to do it on foot."

**Putting 'Em Across**

"Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?"  
 "That's a deaf-mute with the hiccoughs."—Pointer.

"You say you never clash with your wife?"  
 "Never. She goes her way and I go hers."—Boston Transcript.

**Intermediate**

Farmer to friend—"I hear, Bert, that while ye were in the city ye took up this here golf. How'd ye like it?"  
 Bert—"Well, it ain't bad. It's a bit harder than hoein' turnips and a bit easier than diggin' potatoes."

A new system of memory training was being taught in a village school, and the teacher was becoming enthusiastic.

"For instance," he said, "supposing you want to remember the name of a poet—Bobby Burns. Fix in your mind's eye a picture of a policeman in flames. See—Bobby Burns?"

"Yes, I see," said a bright pupil. "But how is anyone to know it does not represent Robert Browning?"  
 —Answers.

"Yes," said the self-made man. "I was left without a mother and father at nine months, and ever since I've had to battle for myself."

"How did you manage to support yourself at nine months?" asked a listener.

"I crawled to a baby show and won the first prize. That was how I started."—Everybody's.

"I notice that the authors of mystery stories are nearly always men."

"Sure, what woman could keep the murderer's identity a secret until the last chapter?"—Buffalo News.

**Too Bad**

A well-known editor received the following letter from an ambitious writer:

"In the future I shall have no use for you or your publication. The manuscript I submitted to you recently was sent as a test. Pages 8 and 9 were fastened together at the edges. My story was returned with these pages unopened, which proves that you didn't take the trouble to read the story through."

The editor replied:  
 "Dear Madam: When I am served an egg at breakfast, I do not have to eat the whole egg to find out that it is bad."

"How do you know it was a stork and not an angel that brought your little brother?"

"Well, I heard daddy complaining about the size of the bill, and angels don't have bills."

Barber—"Is there any particular way you'd like your hair cut?"

Freshman—"Yeah. Off."

**TIGER IN A TREE**

By Lawrence Whitten

In his travels and adventures in many parts of the world Frank Buck, of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" fame, has witnessed many amazing, unbelievable happenings, but the most curious of all occurred on the Malayan Peninsula while he was making his famous film.

While seeking a location suitable for his needs in the hinterland of Johore he came upon the tracks of a giant tiger of whom the natives of the district were in mortal fear. For months he had been raising hob with them and their cattle. For five days Buck trailed the giant cat. Finally he cornered him in a scanty patch of jungle. The natives were for ending the brute's career without any ceremony, but Buck was after an animal film, and he saw a chance of getting some excellent footage. At the far edge of a small grassy plateau he arranged a barricade of logs and brush for his camera.

When all was ready he sent out his beaters. The native boys spread out in a fan-shaped cordon and with shrill yells and the clashing of sticks beat their way through the underbrush, routing the tiger out of his lair. The pandemonium that beset him on three sides put the great cat in a frenzy of fear, and sent him racing toward the glade where the cameraman stood ready at his tripod.

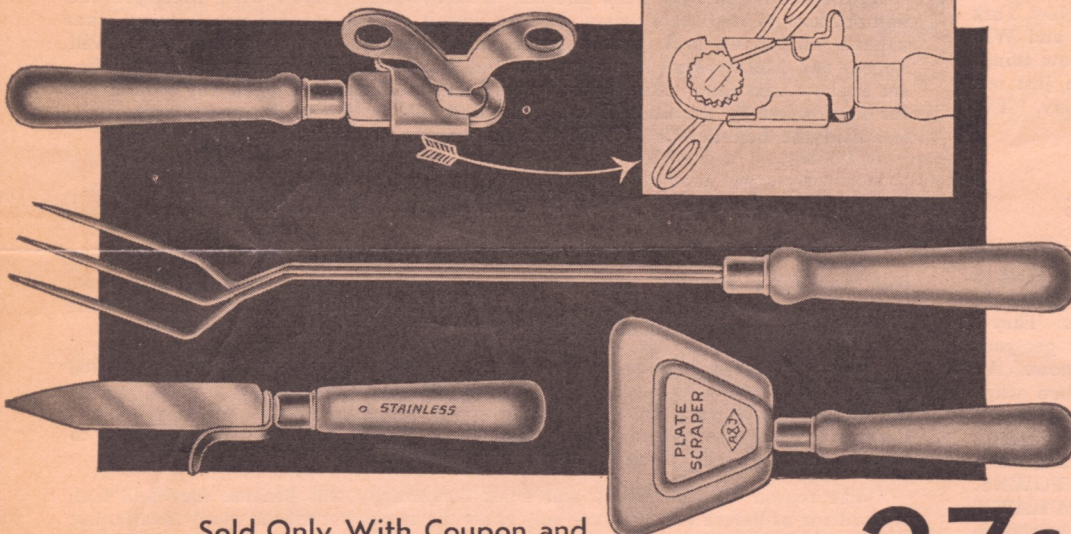
At the edge of the clearing the tiger paused, snarling. Directly in his path a large tree stood, with a crotch about ten feet above the ground and another a few feet higher. To the frightened brute it must have appeared as a place of refuge, a haven from the menacing pursuers who were converging upon him, for gathering himself he gave a tremendous spring and landed in the tree. The tiger's action amazed the watchers, who goggled at him in amazed wonderment.

"I couldn't have been more astonished if he had started to speak English," said Buck, in recounting the unheard-of event afterward. "He shifted from one foot to another like a ballerina on the lid of a hot stove, rolling his huge, striped head in perplexity. He teetered there for a long minute while the excited shouts of the natives came nearer and nearer. As the first of the beaters reached the edge of the clearing the tiger saw them. With a savage snarl he leaped to the ground, crashed past the frightened natives, and vanished into the jungle.

"He got away, but the film we got of him made zoological history. No one had ever seen or heard of a tiger up a tree before, and I never expect to see another."

FINIS

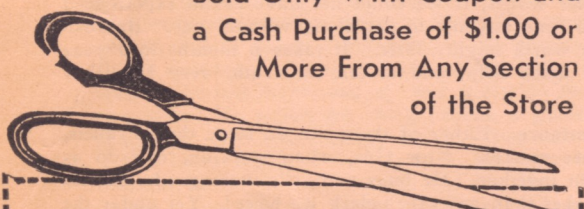
**MODERNIZE YOUR KITCHEN with up-to-date UTENSILS**



Sold Only With Coupon and a Cash Purchase of \$1.00 or More From Any Section of the Store

for only **27c** and the coupon

Modern equipment for your kitchen affords you greater leisure. This kitchen set consists of plate scraper, stainless steel paring knife with finger guard to protect your hands from cuts and stains; miracle patented can opener which takes covers off smoothly and quickly. Also included is a 13½-inch 3-tined fork, sturdily constructed so it will not bend when turning heavy roasts. All handles are finished in green duco with ferrule to strengthen them. You will be delighted with the efficient service this set will give you.



This coupon and 27¢, together with a cash purchase of \$1.00 or more from any section of the store, entitles you to the 4-piece kitchen set above. This offer is good only during the month of April. Only one set to a family. No mail or phone orders, please, just come in with the coupon.

Please sign your name here

Address .....

Brant's Family Store

**THEY SELL LIKE HOT CAKES**

We mean these specials we run every month. We ordered 48 of those combination egg poacher—Dutch oven—frying pans last month and didn't have half enough. We have ordered more and if you want one of these or a set of the kitchenware utensils featured this month, if you can't come right into the store, drop us a card at once and we will save you one or both. Don't wait. Then come in as soon as you can and see the new spring shoes, dresses and prints. We are quite sure you will say, as others do, that they are prettier than any you have ever seen anywhere, and that our prices are surprisingly lower. And don't forget that we have a very complete line of garden seeds of Ferry and Condon highest qualities, IN BULK. We believe that you will save money by concentrating most all of your buying at BRANT'S. We appreciate your business.