

THE WHITTLERS' GAZETTE

Official Publication of

THE WHITTLERS' CLUBS OF AMERICA

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

BRANT'S STORE

MAIN STREET

AUGUST, 1935

LUCASVILLE, OHIO



AS FINE A BUNCH OF WHITTLERS AND CHAMPIONS AS YOU USUALLY FIND IN ONE GROUP

They must a been a little self conscious. You can tell they aint all used to having their pictures took, like the movie stars are. They even quit WHITTLING for a moment. I'll bet our photographer has took nearly 100 pictures, none of 'em very good. It is an awful hard place to take pictures.

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

WALT'S and RUBE'S EXTRA SWELL
POEMS

HOW NOT TO MAKE APPLE
BUTTER, JELLY, AND CAN
BEANS

LOTS OF POLITICAL DOPE
HOW TO WIN A \$5.00 REWARD
ESSAY ON COFFY

NEW! MODERNISTIC HEALTH
COL-YUM

OHIO'S NEW SCHOOL LAWS

GOVERNOR DAVEY SAID:—"On the whole the foundation school bill is good. But it contains certain faults which ought to be corrected by future legislation. Personally I AM OPPOSED TO ANY FORCED REORGANIZATION as provided in this bill. I AM OPPOSED, ALSO, TO THE GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF INCREASED STATE POWER OVER THE CONTROL OF THE SCHOOLS. It is MY FIRM CONVICTION THAT THE POLICY OF CENTRALIZATION IS WRONG, AND THAT THE MAXIMUM CONTROL MUST BE PRESERVED FOR LOCAL COMMUNITIES."

He signed the bill so that money might be provided for the schools which was sorely needed. I read an article from a member of the State School Department which said that the new laws did not change or repeal the old sections of the code which gave local people the right to say whether or not they wanted the district boundries altered. Evidently Governor DAVEY and others of us thought it did. All we can do is to wait and see. Governor DAVEY has voiced the opinion of many far sighted people, who believe that whatever else happens, the SCHOOLS SHOULD BE LEFT UNDER LOCAL CONTROL.

OLIN MILLER SAYS

"The principle objection to an ignoramus is that he won't keep what he doesn't know to himself." Wonder if he was referrin to me?

"It would probably be possible to fool all of the people all the time, if they weren't so busy fooling themselves most of the time." Right Again!

"Sometimes we wonder if the world hasn't about reached the point where it would have to back up to go crazy!"

"A creditor is a person who is forced to deny himself many things which those who owe him past due accounts think they can afford."

"A girl in an ultra modern swim suit gets tanned almost everywhere except where she ought to."

A SUBSCRIBER WRITES

"I don't know what I'll do this summer while I am away, for something substantial to read. I guess I'll have to take some back numbers of the WHITTLLERS' GAZETTE along. My wife has instructions to pile the later copies up in the refrigerator and keep them so they will be nice and fresh when I get home." Goin away without your wife, eh? Lucky dog!

I always put our swell poems on the last pages, cause I know you will all turn till you find em and maybe in passin you will read some of the other good things you would otherwise a missed.

I see where GENE HOWE, son of ED HOWE, newspaper owner, named 50 men who control the destinies of U. S. A. It was O.K., except he left out about 50,000,000 WHITTLLERS.

The PRESS is trying desperately hard to hold its influence over the people, but it is losing ground. People used to believe everything the preacher and the paper said. Now they are gettin tired of the froth and foam of propaganda and doing their own thinkin. That's why so many folks read the WHITTLLERS' GAZETTE.

SOME STORES RUN LOTS BIGGER ADS THAN THEY GOT STORES. And it has got so you can't tell a thing about the quality or desirability of a product by what an advertisement says.

As usual M. L. NELSON was the first in with strawberries. An I never saw finer ones in my life, nor tasted better ones. Bein one of them HEBETE cranks that eats only one thing at a meal and tastes it and smells it and talks about it all the time he is eatin, I have noticed that about every fruit or vegetable does best on some certain soil in some certain climate. Michigan for the finest flavored sour PIE CHERRIES, NEW JERSEY and VIRGINIA for SWEET POTATOES, KENTUCKY for SORGHUM MOLASSES, GEORGIA for WATERMELLONS, NORTH POLE for SPINACH and the SAHARA DESERT for CARROTS. But I have never found any better berry country than SCIOTO COUNTY. Now I'll have plenty of arguments on my hands for a few days.

My job after housecleaning is to go around and straighen up all the crooked hangin pictures.

REFORMS

An Editorial Essay on The Constitution, The Sciences of Political Economy and Business and WHITLERISM. All pretty deep and controversial subjects for a Popinjay to discuss. But I can't side-step the issues any longer, like I been doin, waitin for some one with more brains to lead us out of the dark. I found him, in the person of DR. ROLLIN H. WALKER, PROF. OF BIBLE IN OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, and I promis-

ed you all in my last issue to reproduce his address.

But evidently DR. WALKER'S talk was largely extemporaneous. To my request for copy and permission to publish it in the WHITTLLERS' GAZETTE he replied: "I am sending you a copy of my last book, two chapters of which contain much that I put into my speech concerning the USE OF PROPERTY. It goes without saying that you may use anything you find there, and it will

not be necessary to quote. Everything I ever say is the property of my former students."

Now I have tried conscientiously for three evenings to reconstruct that address for you, but I cannot do it. I have listened to speeches by learned scholars, and read hundreds of wonderful magazine articles on social and economic justice but it seems to me about all of them just lead you deeper into the fog and leave you there, more confused than ever. DR. WALKER did not pretend to solve all our national problems but he did clear the atmosphere so far as our personal responsibility is concerned.

Just this week Pres. Roosevelt startled the nation by advocating heavy taxes on wealth. His statement that "Wealth does not come from individual effort merely, but from a combination of individual effort, and the manifold uses to which the community puts that effort," cannot well be refuted.

To my way of thinking our government should place a definite limit to the accumulation of money or property in the hands of one family or corporation. An All-Wise Supreme Power put a limit on the velocity of the winds, the variations of the temperature, a restriction even on life itself. It seems to me that nature has everywhere provided for CHECKS and BALANCES, and is definitely opposed to EXTREMES.

Our problem then is to guard against EXTREMES in every direction. No selfish minority group must be allowed to dominate. There are those who would "Embalm the BIBLE" and our Constitution, keep them unchanged and interpret them literally forever. Others would scrap them completely for new doctrines. DR. WALKER says "The true disciple strives to develop in the direction in which the Bible points. Jesus regarded the words of God not as rules and regulations, primarily, BUT AS SEEDS WHICH MUST GROW UP AND BEAR FRUIT." To cling blindly to the old, would probably lead to decay and death. To plunge wildly into the unknown and untried would be equally dangerous for a nation. It is the WHITTAKER'S job to deliberately circumscribe the ambitions of the EXTREMISTS.

INDIVIDUALISM? YES! But not so rugged that it would be possible for one WHITTAKER to own all the Barlows and pine sticks. Just one knife and an old board might suffice for the beginner, or an ordinary WHITTAKER, but a dreamer or a genius might make good use of a variety of fine tools and require sundry woods. However, there is a very definite limit to the tools and materials any one man can use effectively in a life time. And the value of his ability lies not so much in what he alone could produce but the example and inspiration he could be to other ambitious WHITTAKERS, for whose development, the tools and the materials of the world must forever remain available on equal terms.

MR. BRISBANE remarked in his column of Saturday, June 22nd, that men like E. H. HARRIMAN, J. J. HILL, HENRY FORD and others who had put the United States on wheels, have not been detrimental to general welfare and that "little men, with little brains, little fortunes and little ideas cannot build a big country."

Perhaps we are all too apt to glorify the individual and underestimate or ignore completely the values of his associates and helpers. An army general could accomplish little without his captains, corporals and buck privates. It always irks me to see a man get all the credit and reward for something he had little if any more to do with than the men who helped. I know a man who spent 5 years of his life rewriting the Bible. His labors were supposed to be reviewed and edited by a Bible student of National reputation, whose name appeared on the books. But he was in Europe much of the time and knew but little about the works. However, it was he that got the credit and the reward for the use of his great name, most of which rightfully belonged to others.

Mr. BRISBANE overlooked the fact that in any forest there are no giant specimen trees that overshadow their fellows. The biggest and mightiest are but slightly, very slightly, superior to their neighbors. The value of the ordinary trees are much, very much greater than that of the few taller ones. Moreover, I can not recall ever having seen a great tree which grew from a seedling out alone in an open field. To reach its best any specimen tree must have lived with and in the shelter of its kind.

The humble apple trees are more valuable than the forest of giant redwoods. Our halls of fame represent the advancement of the masses, not necessarily of individuals. There is very little difference between the average intelligent citizen of America and those whose names may appear in Who's Who.

Our system of government should ever guarantee reasonable reward and recognition to all who labor diligently to develop their special talents, not only in justice, but as an incentive to all to give the best there is in us for the good of society. America is great because it has been the outstanding example in all history in the protection of liberty and rights of its people. If, now, as many believe, our system has permitted a few individuals, comparatively, to accumulate wealth and power, which by any chance could be used to limit the opportunities of others; or oppress them unjustly, now or in the future, then rigid checks and balances must be invoked to protect the Little Men with Little Fortunes who may have BETTER BRAINS and BIGGER IDEAS.

No there are so many more of us little fellows in the world we are often unnoticed. When the N. R. A. went into effect, I recall seeing how many men had been reemployed in the big chain stores. The number sounded big but the percentage was very small. Everyday the newspapers had something to say about them. As a matter of fact if all business in the United States had increased the number of employees as much as our one little store did, 40%, there wouldn't have been enough idle men to fill all the jobs! But the Big figures, of the big chains got all the Big Headlines and millions remained idle.

The sum total of the small business and the small industries, and the help they employ is far, far greater than that of all big business. The Little Men in Little Businesses with little fortunes and ordinary brains always have been and still are the backbone of the Nation, and they should be protected against

chiseling and unfair trade practices by limiting the power and expansion of Concentrated Wealth, not only that they may continue to WHITTLE but that future generations may have tools and the opportunity and the incentive to work.

The idea behind MASS PRODUCTION and MASS DISTRIBUTION is 90 percent Bunk, except for big salaries and inside profits for directors and officers. With Iron Ore cheaper than ever why does a pound of nails cost 66 percent more than they used to? Too often the term, EFFICIENCY EXPERT, is just the modern name for A SLAVE DRIVER, who uses a stop watch instead of a whip.

As WILL ROGERS said a few days ago, if all employers were like that one who at his death willed his business to his loyal employees, we wouldn't need any codes. But they aren't. A Corporation has no soul nor personal responsibility and never dies, unless it goes into bankruptcy and ruins many people.

The great problem before the American people today is not how to protect the big and powerful. Under any reasonable restrictions they will survive. If America is to be saved—the little man must be recognized for what he is—the life blood of the nation—and encouraged accordingly.



One of Bunker Spriggs' Prize Herefords Served at Brant's Meat Shop

BUNKER SPRIGGS is one of the few, maybe the only remaining raiser of PURE BRED BEEF CATTLE, in Scioto County. BRANT'S STORE, is one of the few stores left in Scioto County that slaughters all its fresh meats. There is a world of difference in hogs and cattle, just as there is a wide difference in men and stores. CRANKY OLD WHITTLERS, like BUNKER SPRIGGS, produce the best live stock. Only the CRANKIEST OLD STORES like BRANT'S will buy them. PARTICULAR PEOPLE who appreciate the HIGHEST QUALITIES, and demand LOW PRICES come from all over the County and more distant points to mingle with their kind and pay tribute to that spirit of devotion and generous personal service which so enriches life and lifts the world of CRANKS and WHITTLERS above the COMMON HERD.

BRANT'S bought all the cattle BUNKER had to sell this summer. The one you see in the picture cost \$115.00, enough to buy three or four old cows like most meat shops sell. And yet, because

BRANT'S slaughter their own meats, you can buy rare quality porter house or sirloin steaks cut from a beef like this for only 32¢ a pound. The best things cost no more and sometimes less than the poorest if you know where to buy. We will have more of BUNKER'S CATTLE. Always we have high quality—always VERY LOW prices by any basis of comparison.

As it is with cattle and hogs, so it is with all merchandise you get at BRANT'S. COFFEE, CINNAMON, VANILLA, BEANS, RICE. Almost every little thing is selected for its special quality, and priced to meet competition. We know of no other store that agrees to make you as low a price as any other store advertises on any standard article of merchandise on the day or days the advertisement covers. If you ever think our quality or price is not right we honestly appreciate your telling us about it.

The men in the picture above whose faces you can see are LESLIE MARSH and LUTHER

DIXON who do much of our trucking and from whom we often buy stock, when they happen to run onto something extraordinarily good.

OUR NEW MEAT DISPLAY CASE

For years we have needed it, but never could we figure where we had room to put it. The need became so great that we just ordered one in sheer desperation, knowin' we'd have to find a place for it somehow. And the only place was right square in the side door which we had to close up. Now we are takin up a collection from all those who want the side entrance restored so as they wont

have to walk clear around to the front door, so as to get enough money to cut another door. You see we hadn't figgered that in our expense budget when we ordered the case. GEORGE KIMBLER, the stingy old rascal, wouldn't chip in a cent. It will be cheaper for you boys to shell out right at the start than to let TOD NOEL collect a little at a time off you when you buy meats. Seems like he never knows when enough is enough.

And by the way our whole refrigerating system was remodelled so that your meats are protected in the most modern scientific manner. So our meats will be just that much better than they been a bein. Yes it is a "HILL" CASE!

HEALTH COL-YUM

By W. T. Marrs, M.D.—2815 Prospect RD.—Peoria, Ill.

Having spent about half my life writing health col-yums and other kinds of humorous stuff I thought I would retire and spend some of the fortune I had acquired. But now comes our dear editor and asks me to write a health col-yum for OLD WHITTLERS.

By the way, look at the I's I am sprinkling before getting off to a fair start. In past efforts it has always been my desire to keep the first person in modest abeyance, but herein the I's shall have full sway.

All right, now we're started. And I say, as I shouldn't, this col-yum will be different. You will read it; you can't help it. Especially if you ever perused Ayers' almanac and kindred literature. On any subject desired you will be given reliable information. You will receive the latest scientific ideas from home and abroad. The writer—there it goes, I knew my I's would fail me. You WHITTLERS are all my pals and I want to write like I'm talking. I started out to say that I have a great deal of learning. Of course, there may be those who will question the value of some of it.

How did I get that way? An old German professor (this is a good one) taught me how to cure almost everything; an adept in theosophy tutored me in everything worth knowing in the psychic realm; and I consorted with an old Indian chief from whom I gleaned knowledge unknown to the palefaces. So why shouldn't I be qualified? Anyway send in your questions if there is anything about health or the human body you desire to know.

Already comes a query from DENTIST WALTER KLINE, Ohio, concerning the dietetic value of roasting-ears which are now in full bloom. Fine eatin, sez I, WALTER. Roasting-ears are 98 percent water. Then there is one and one-half percent fibre to keep the water from spilling out. The remaining one-half percent is roasting-ear. It takes a wheelbarrow load of the succulent green corn

to really get one ear into your system. Dr. Wyley, the great food expert, used to admonish his readers to go out and pluck the corn in the early morn, even before daylight while the dew was still heavy, I recommend roasting-ears, water and all. It is the only eatable of which I am a glutton. Friends used to insist that it would be cheaper for me to board at a livery stable. So, Doctor, no matter what kind of a system you have roasting-ears will be good for it. I recommend the brand your father-in-law, ABE MILLER raises.

They are getting on to this col-yum fast. Here comes a query from Susie Simpson of Pottstown, Illinois, who wants to know if there are both good and bad vitamins and whether we can take in too many of any kind. (The English say they "take in" food instead of eating.) Susie seems a bit worried on this subject. The bad ones, if any, I think are killed off by the good, Christian vitamins.

A. Baldwin writes from Santa Claus, Indiana, as follows: "Dear Doctor: I have now taken six bottles of a well-advertised hair-restorer. The remedy has a punk taste and it palls on my stomach. Furthermore, I can't see that it is doing this bald head of mine any good. Shouldn't hair-restorers come under the Pure Food and Drug Act?" Answer: Yes, indeed they should, Mr. Baldwin. There isn't any too much nourishment in them at best.

A teacher from Lucasville who signs his name "Worried Raymond." writes me a pathetic note. He says in part: "I think I am developing a sort of complex or psychosis, as you smart doctors might call it. I am a young man trying to establish myself in the best society. I try to be clean in every way and even this may in some respects add to my worries. In order to look nice and clean I wear a white linen suit, but every way I turn I get specked and spotted—if not something worse. This keeps me constantly worried. Do you think I should try further to wear these immaculate suits, or go back to blue denim and thus keep my poise and

peace of mind?"

While this is not, strictly speaking, a white pants col-yum, I see this young man needs advice and comfort. I have consulted prominent Peoria physicians on this complex-producing subject—among them P. A. Goodwin, A. J. Foerter, W. B. Eicher, and J. B. Jennings; also distinguished laymen, viz., Mayor Woodruff, Lester Schriver, platform man and insurance manager, and John A. Hayes, county superintendent of schools. We have reached a common consensus of opinion; and assuming that you are a brother Whittler in trouble, we are prepared to give you the benefit of our research on this subject.

So wearer of the immaculate suit, you will be guided by these rules and don'ts. Live a quiet, sequestered life; don't sit down anywhere; do not cross your legs; don't argue politics. These indulgences will play Sam Hill with your creases and make the whole ensemble look like an empty cement sack. Don't lean on bars; it messes up "men in white." Besides a certain amber fluid may produce spots and flies. If you itch, you can't scratch. Don't sit on newspapers; you may pick up a reprint of the headlines. Don't fondle very young nieces and nephews; this is important. Don't have anything to do with the modern girl if you would avoid pink lapels; also possibly carmine sleeves. Don't exercise or get caught in a rain; don't go around automobiles; avoid garages as you would satan. (I usually use a stronger term.) At the table avoid soup, catsup and especially raspberry pie. Don't lean against fences, telegraph poles, et cetera. Don't attend dances, fires and picnics.

If you would look immaculate (that is a fine word) this is the most important thing of all: Don't put your hands in your pockets. It will pay you big dividends to carry a gentleman's hand-bag containing your kerchiefs, mirror, chewing tobacco, knife and other whittling accessories.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Anytime you do not agree with DR. MARRS don't hesitate to tell him so. Shoot your questions at him. I think he could tell you girls all the beauty secrets too. I'll bet he knows. That is a splendid start, DOCTOR. We will all be looking for your COL-YUM each month.

CHICAGO COLUMNIST DEPLORES WHITTTLING SLUMP DUE TO WOODEN BOX SHORTAGE

H. I. PHILLIPS, columnist of Chicago Daily News says there is a WHITTTLING depression, the worst in WHITTTLING history, right when conditions for WHITTTLING were never better, because of the lack of something to WHITTLE. VILLAGE STORE WHITTTLERS, he thinks have been hardest hit, due to the wooden box shortage. He sees HUEY LONG and PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT planning to "SAVE THE AMERICAN WHITTTLER," by confiscation of all the polo mallets and walking sticks, for the boys to WHITTLE on.

Evidently MR. PHILLIPS has never heard of the WHITTTLERS' CLUB OF AMERICA, so we are sending him a copy of the WHITTTLERS' GAZETTE.

TE, which ought to open his eyes to this wonderful movement to restore THE AMERICAN WHITTTLER to his rightful place in SOCIAL and NATIONAL AFFAIRS. It ain't far down to PEORIA, ILL. The boys there will be glad to give you some real facts about the WHITTTLING BUSINESS, MR. PHILLIPS.

"CARD BOARD BOXES END RURAL STORE WHITTTLING"

So says an A. P. dispatch from PEMBROKE, GA., printed in the WISCONSIN NEWS, June 19th., "Those unofficial commentators on world affairs, the WHITTTLERS, who used to hang around the rural stores, are vanishing because of a dearth of things to whittle. Storekeepers blame the corrugated box, etc."

It is a mighty funny thing to me how the great news gathering agencies will grab up an idea and print it without a full and impartial investigation of all the facts. Now I happen to know that there are an awful lot of fine WHITTTLERS in GEORGIA: In the beginning it ranked second I think in MEMBERSHIP IN THE WHITTTLERS' CLUB OF AMERICA, and is now surpassed only by CALIFORNIA and ILLINOIS which has taken second place due to the activities of PEORIA BRETHEREN. If A. P. will send one of its crack reporters down to LUCASVILLE he will learn something worth writing about. I just learned yesterday that BILLY IRELAND, famous cartoonist for the COLUMBUS DISPATCH, had plans all made to come down and draw some sketches of the GANG A SITTING, WHITTTLING ON OUR WHITTTLING BENCH, just before he died. BILLY liked our kind and our ideas, and every WHITTTLER liked BILLY.

PRICE OF VOTES GOIN UP

If the politicians keep on tryin to take our Local Home Rule away from us rural people, and to relieve us of all our responsibilities and privileges of citizenship except votin, I am afraid the price of votes is goin to be higher than most of em can pay. It used to be that a local candidate or committeeman could handle the few floatin votes for not more than \$1.00 a head, but now it is gettin so that nothin less than a definite promise of a regular yearly income has much influence. The higher the price goes the more of us will want in on it. It is only natural that a feller would sell his vote cheaper to his neighbor than he would to some stranger off in the city. And if they take our Trustees, Justices of the peace, constable and boards of education away like they are tryin to do, our personal interests in the election will be exactly zero, except for the money we can get out of it. Centralization of authority and power always costs more, and destroys local initiative, promotes waste, extravagance and inefficiency.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

WHEN CALVIN COOLIDGE LEFT THE

WHITE HOUSE, DIDN'T HE TELL HIS FRIENDS HE WOULD HAVE TO DROP POLITICS AND GO HOME, AS HE HAD A LOT OF WHITTLING TO DO?

A LITTLE MORE POLITICS

—The Democrats—

I have a copy of the OHIO DEMOCRAT before me. One of the most conspicuous articles in it is headed "KILL CHAIN STORE TAX." I can't help but wonder who wrote that article and who paid for it. It has been very evident that the CHAIN STORE GANG and the UTILITIES have a pretty strong hold on the democrats at Columbus. I never could understand why the chains were permitted to turn in a CONSOLIDATED return on their sales tax collections. How could the State officers ever check up on any single store? From the article I have just read the Democrats evidently don't want the chains to pay any more taxes than they can help.

It is a fact, which everybody knows that the CHAIN STORES pay far LESS TAXES now than the independents. Somehow their experts manage to sidestep them. Any taxes the CHAINS don't pay, the public has to make up.

Contrast if you please the difference between OHIO DEMOCRATS and the DEMOCRATS IN WASHINGTON. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT says in effect that big corporations make big profits, yet they are NOT proportionately taxed by either STATE or Federal government. And HE PROPOSES TO TAX BIG BUSINESS not merely because they are big but BECAUSE THEY HAVE NEVER PAID THEIR SHARE, and the little fellow and the consumer had to pay it for him. SENATOR DONAHEY agrees. And yet OHIO DEMOCRATS cry out—DON'T TAX THE CHAIN STORES. WHO IS RIGHT?

THE REPUBLICANS

I see that the REPUBLICAN CRUSADERS, as they call themselves, are holdin a confab in Cleveland this week. One thing I liked about it is, the first day anyhow, they didn't jump on the democrats. Seems like that feller Chas. W. Carroll, keynoter of the six-state Republican Crusaders conference, called the present party leadership inefficient and inept. He said, "We find in general a leadership that has drifted away from the policies of ABRA-

HAM LINCOLN. We find, in general, a leadership which practices dictation from the top down—a leadership which has ignored 'expression of opinion from the bottom UP'." He charged further that the leaders had moved from their old ground floor offices into skyscrapers, where they can no longer hear the beating of the footsteps of the man in the street. He scorned the city, county and state republican committees for their attempts to hand pick candidates, and the practice of swapping office holders from one job to another, resulting in perpetual office holding.

Don't that sound just about like what I said last fall after the election? Will the leaders in Scioto County listen and take heed? Prospects don't look any too good right now, if you want an old Whittler's opinion. The trouble as I see it is that too many of the office seekers are not good enough republicans to sacrifice their personal interests for the good of the party. But maybe I ought not to worry about it, if they aint. If things keeps on a goin like they been a doin in both republican and democrat camps, somebody is goin to start a new party some of these days. Most people are just sittin on the fence WHITTLIN, just hopin that some good men will come out on one ticket or the other so they can have an excuse to go to the polls.

About That \$5.00 Reward for Best Description of a Whittler

Boys I been gettin some good entries in this contest, but they aint none of them just hits the nail as square on the head as I would like. Remember I am offering a cash prize of \$5.00 for the best description of a WHITTLER in as few words as possible, not to exceed 50. The contest is open for another month. Think it over, think hard. Those of you who have tried, try again and again. I want something good.

"RUBE" our unknown poet says his wife EM says she can express herself about a WHITTLER in less than 50 words. She thinks a WHITTLER is just a "DERNED NOOSANCE." He continues, "I want to thank you for printin my poem in your paper. If you can run me down I'll pay you the customary rates, but you'll have to take it out in potatoes an sweet corn. Em never gives me no money."

BLACK MAMMY ROOF PAINT

This is an advertisement. Don't read it unless you have a roof that needs paintin. BLACK MAMMY is made of PURE MEXICAN ASPHALT with or without asbestos. It contains no coal tar whatever, so can be safely used on any metal roofs, as well as paper and composition roofs. We use it ourselves, so you know it is the best we know to buy. But the price is not high. GAL-LONS 89¢. In 5 gallon cans \$3.95.

More Advertising

GOOD DRESSES CHEAP

We got about a hundred dresses marked down dirt cheap. Nice dresses. Good dresses. No old cheap sale stuff. Plenty good enough to wear to the FAIR, or most anyplace, or in the kitchen. You know Brant's is noted for selling nice, good dresses cheap all the time and when they mark

em down they dont last long. Some as low as 49¢ —good ones, mind you. If there is any of these left

when you get this paper come right in at once to see them. Don't wait.

FROM CORRESPONDENTS

I think I told you about the remarks attributed to ED HOWE by the press on the occasion of his birthday recently. I am reminded of it again this morning. About all he had to say to the reporter as they viewed the many gifts and remembrances sent by his host of friends was that the world was pretty safe as long as sons remembered their fathers with gifts such as the beautiful spray of flowers his son had sent to him.

Well I was equally pleased this morning to receive a letter from my son Joseph, who had just received his doctors degree at Cornell University, and gone to work for the Eastman Kodak Co. in Kingsport, Tenn., two weeks ago. He wrote.

Dear Dad:

The WHITTLLERS' GAZETTE came this A. M. and I have just read it from cover to cover. It is getting better and better. So good, indeed, that I am inclosing my check for 50¢ dues in the WHITTLLERS' CLUB; So don't lose my address. You are being honored with the first check, out of my first pay.

AN OFFICE HOLDER EVERYBODY RESPECTS, JOE TRACY, AUDITOR, STATE OF OHIO

I don't know how many years JOE TRACY has been in public office. I doubt if he was ever defeated and I think he could have about any office in the state that he wanted. I have never heard any man speak of him except in terms of warm approval. A lot depends upon how a man has been raised. After you read part of his letter below, I am sure you will agree with me that even he attributes much of his success to WHITTLLERISM, in which he evidently took his DOCTOR'S DEGREE.

"I must express my appreciation of THE WHITTLLERS' GAZETTE. It is a most pleasant and profitable diversion to the routine office grind.

"I look back to when I was a clerk in a general store at Otway, and the WHITTLLERS were marshalled every evening. They applied their art with deep contentment, on the white pine shoe boxes, satisfied with their station in life.

"They swapped their jokes and discussed of course, and solved the mighty questions of state and nation. I did not understand it then but

I know now that they got as much out of life as some of the rest of us have who have been engrossed in political and business life. I wish I had some of their products now, altho I have not reached the need of a cane yet."

EDITOR PABST'S BLUE RIBBON NEWS IS DEEPLY CONCERNED ABOUT WHITTLING DEPRESSION

Several readers including MR. T. A. SCHENDEL, sent in clippings about the scarcity of WHITTLING material in Georgia. He writes:

"Congratulations on the new set-up of your paper. Would say, however, that the new dress would indicate you are making a bid for female WHITTLLERS to sit on the bench.

"Enclosed clipping indicates a depression in the fine art of WHITTLING in Georgia, which I trust will not reach Lucasville before I get there to cut on the soft pine boards you have marked for city tenderfeet."

A LUCASVILLE READER ASKS GAZETTE PERTINENT QUESTIONS

Dear Mr. Editor:

"Please look up in July 27th issue of the Portsmouth Times, the article by R. G. Wood of O. S. U. on the survey he has made of the grades and standings of Rural High School Students as compared with those from the cities and give us your viewpoint in the next issue of the GAZETTE. Can one person be a fair judge of such matters? etc."

THE EDITORS REPLY

Mr. WOOD is a former Scioto County teacher. The article referred to was a review of his thesis for a degree of Doctor of Philosophy, at Ohio State University in which he declared that "City Schools produce the best students."

To me it would be absurd for anyone to make a positive statement about the relative difference, if any, between city and rural students. Any such statements would have to be qualified in many ways. State scholarship tests may be alright as a

stimulant to more earnest work and preparation, but as a means of determining the exact knowledge of those taking the tests, it would be about as accurate as my prognostications on the weather. Just as no two students would answer questions alike, so no two people would grade them alike. There would be apt to be as much variation in the graders as in the graded. Furthermore, I have known a lot of people who knowed a lot more than they could tell on paper or a talkin, and that is I imagine more true of rural than of city bred children. I am always leary of positive statements and generalities expounded by experts, especially State

School Officials.

If rural students actually make a poorer showing than their city cousins, I am inclined to think it would be due to the fact that teachers with low principles and poor qualifications are often worth much more from a political standpoint to a Hypocritical—Educator—Political County Superintendent than the high minded, independent teachers. In fact many of our best rural teachers have been driven out of the Rural School System by politics, to which Mr. WOOD himself could probably testify.

"INITIATING A WHITTLES"

I know you will all enjoy the proposed ritual for the initiation of a WHITTLES, as worked out by the PEORIA WHITTLES' CLUB, and rehearsed at a recent meeting on the "HERMAN JACOBS" LAWN, at 300 East Rouse Ave. It was presented as a sort of play, with proper settings, costumes an all. Boys, I sure would like to have been there. Read it all, if you want to learn what the requirements are for membership in the PEORIA CLUB. You know every chapter, clan, lodge, or tribe or whatever you want to call yourselves, has their own individual ceremonies. There won't be no national rituals or codes. It woldn't be no use. You never could get one group of WHITTLES to agree with another bunch, and none of em would stand for any dictation or restrictions. You know what I mean. Every WHITTLES uses his own mind, an is a strong individualist. That's what makes WHITTLES different from other people, and interesting. They do not believe in secrets nor ghosts and never get mad. I think the PEORIA CLUB has done a mighty swell job, don't you?

INITIATION CEREMONY

Characters—

- Chief Whittles.....G. Flesner
- Pledging Officer.....H. Marrs
- Whittles Scout (who escorts the candidate)
.....M. Crabtree
- Candidate.....H. Jacobs
- Stage and Scenery.....G. Woody
- Spokesman Agin the Candidate.....G. Woody
- Spokesman Fur the Candidate.....C. Garland

N. B. The Whittles are busy at nothing when scout enters with stranger.

Scout (to candidate): Stranger, we are entering a new camp but be not afraid, for they are all brothers, even as you and I.

Chief: Strangers, what are you seeking?

Scout: We, especially my friend, seek a land of companionship and sociability.

Chief: Then you have come to the right place, for this is the home of fun, friendship and frivolity.

Scout: All is well. We hope to bask in your quiet hospitality.

Chief: Then all is well, for all who linger here leave care behind.

Scout: And may we, Chief, be at liberty to enjoy this wonderful refuge?

Chief: Yes, indeed, we welcome strangers to linger long, for we are a group of the Whittles' Club of America. I am the Chief.

Scout: And, Chief, are you ready now to accept this stranger as one of you?

Chief: First, the stranger must prove his qualifications before he is entitled to become a member of this great order. Fellow Whittles, do you wish to consider this stranger as a prospective member?

(Here are voices from members, such as, "Has he ever whittled any?" "Does he know anything about running the government?" "What kind of fisherman is he?" "Is he a good story teller?" etc., etc.)

Then a voice—I MOVE THAT THE CHIEF GIVE THE CANDIDATE THE MAIN REQUIREMENTS OF A GOOD WHITTLES. (Scout escorts candidate.)

Chief (reading): Stranger, I will read some of the qualifications of a Whittles:

A Whittles is a common feller with common sense. He is interested in the common things of life.

A true Whittles usually chews tobacco and spits with fair volume and accuracy.

He smokes a corncob pipe.

He enjoys all things conducive to contentment and lack of care.

A Whittles is noted for his sociability and loyalty to his kind.

- He tells the truth—at least a good part of the time.
- He should know something about running the government.
- He is usually opposed to the party in power.
- The Whittler is always calm and unemotional.
- He is one feller who takes time to live.
- He reads a little and learns much from energetic social contact.
- Much of his learning may be without value, but who cares?
- A good Whittler is usually a good fisherman.
- He exaggerates the results of his fishing and hunting exploits.
- When a brother is thus inclined to exaggerate, he should be encouraged.
- You may need help yourself, sometime.
- The Whittler is a good loafer; and good loafers are scarce.
- The Whittler should have only one wife—at a time.
- Chief: You are now referred to the pledging Whittler who will further test your qualifications to become a member of this great society.
(Escorted to pledging Whittler.)
- Scout: Brother Whittler, I present you here a stranger who desires more instructions in Whittlerism.
- Pledging Whittler: With pleasure. And may I ask the name, please?
- Candidate: My name is Yacobs.
- Pledging Whittler: Spell it, please.
- Candidate: Ya—cab—ba.
- Pledging Whittler: That's all right. Mr. Jacobs, do you understand that you seek the methods and mysteries of a great society?
- Candidate: I think I go home. (Nervous. Escort restrains him.)
- Pledging Whittler: Be calm, stranger. You will not be hurt—or hardly noticed. Are you a married man?
- Candidate: No sir. That scar on my head is where I once got kicked by a mule.
- Pledging Whittler: Brother Scout, can you vouch for your friend's good morals?
- Scout: Oh, yes. He's a fine feller—almost as good as I am.
- Pledging Whittler: A noble character indeed! And now, Mr. Jacobs, it is my duty to ask you a few more questions in order to further determine your fitness to become a member of our great fraternity.
- Are you kind to dumb animals? (Any answer.)
- Do you chew tobacco? Do you smoke a clay or a cob pipe? (Any answer.)
- Can you spit with accuracy and fluency? (Any answer.)
- Do you know anything about running the government?
- Candidate: I think I could give Mr. Roosevelt a few pointers.
- Pledging Whittler: Do you think Hoover or Roosevelt made the best president?
- Candidate: Yes, I don't know.
- Pledging Whittler: You don't know? Don't you know Hoover promised everybody a chicken to every pot? And don't you know Roosevelt came along and promised two chickens to every pot? Did you get your two chickens?
- Candidate: I didn't even get a pot.
- Pledging Whittler: You probably got a blue eagle. Now, stranger, as you seem to know a good deal about politics, I want to ask you another question: There will perhaps be many persons running for president next year. Who do you think will have the best show?
- Candidate: I think Ringling Brothers got the best show.
- Pledging Whittler: The chief Whittler has just remarked that good loafers are scarce. How well are you qualified as a loafer? (Any answer.)
- Pledging Whittler: Do you believe in letting the women do the work? (Any answer.)
- Pledging Whittler: How many hours a day or week do you think a man should work? (Any answer.)
- Pledging Whittler: The true Whittler is not given to overwork. He takes the world easy and takes time to live.
- Pledging Whittler: Stranger, do you like to fish? (Any answer.) Do you ever exaggerate the number and size of your catch? Always remember that fishing license is intended to give the fisherman license to lie about his catch.
- Pledging Whittler: Again, I would ask you, are you a good checker-player? All Whittlers should be first-class checker-players when not engaged in whittling or something else of equal value. Checkers produce physical and mental relaxation. THE WHITTTLER MUST HAVE NO WORRIES.
- Pledging Whittler: You have successfully passed all tests and are again directed to the Chief Whittler for final instructions.
- Chief Whittler: Stranger, I believe since hearing

your pledges made before the proper officer that you are eligible to our ranks. Before admitting you however, we must give certain members an opportunity to speak on your worthiness. Whittler WOODY, have you a word to say?

Whittler Woody: Chief, this candidate does not seem to me to be eligible for membership. His way of living does not seem to conform with Whittlerism. He works too much. I don't think he knows how to loaf, and take life as easy as he should. I never heard him say anything about our rotten government, etc., etc. At any rate I think he should have a good deal of coaching before he is accepted into so vast an organization that numbers its membership all over the United States and Ohio, too.

Chief Whittler: Whittler Garland, have you anything to say?

Whittler Garland: I have known this candidate a long time and believe he will make a good Whittler. Woody says our candidate works too much. That is not altogether because he wants to—it's because his wife makes him. If necessary Herman can cuss the government just as good as any of us and I think he knows how to run the government just as well as any member present. Herman is friendly and sociable and I believe he would divide his last chew of tobacco with any brother. Etc., etc. And I believe he would make a number one member of the Whittlers' Club of America. So, Chief, I make a motion that our candidate be accepted by

a unanimous vote of the Whittlers assembled.

Chief: All the members who are in favor will respond by raising both feet and saying "aye."

NO WHITTLERS' GAZETTE FOR SEPTEMBER

The way it looks now we can't get out a SEPTEMBER ISSUE. You know it is awful hard work to get out an intelligent and interestin paper like the GAZETTE. And it is worse in hot weather, especially in DOG DAYS. Besides, a real WHITTler rebels at bein tied down to have to do something right along every day whether he feels like it or not. You know how it is. I won't get no vacation myself but like as not some of the boys in the store will want to take one. Course I'll get a vacation from havin to write. And I know you will all be mighty glad to get a little rest too from havin to read my stuff.

It is barely possible that I will have enough copy left over to fill another issue and that I will send you something to keep you from forgettin about our WHITTLERS' CLUBS. I hate to have you miss readin our famous HEALTH COL-YUM and WALT'S and RUBE'S poems. But if you do not receive your SEPTEMBER NUMBER, you will know why.

HINTS, WINKS, BLINKS AND CHUCKLES

The city bred man is a specialist, an expert at one thing, a schemer. He has to be. He snatches a sandwich or dunks a donut and ducks. The ruralite is a Jack of all trades, a plodder, a dreamer. He has to be. The one manner of life is apt to lead to narrowness, selfishness, and hardness. The other most often is broadening and mellowing. Though the hill-billy may never experience the thrills and sensations of soaring in the clouds and lookin down on his fellows, his judgement is usually sound and he gets a deal of satisfaction out of life.

I can forgive a woman her every folly, except that of takin her old man's check, buyin herself a pair of \$1.00 silk hose and gettin him a 39¢ shirt.

This is the longest day of the year. July is just around the corner. I haven't seen an electric fan, a wind or hail storm nor heard of a picnic, nor tasted ice tea, it's been so bloomin wet and cold.

SHYSTERS AND QUACKS

Why is it the shyster lawyers can so effectually

block all attempts of the Bar Association and Courts to oust them? How does it come that the medical profession permits the quacks and patent medicine makers to continue to ply their wares And what a snap the hypocritical-educator-politician has of landing the fattest jobs and official positions in the educational world. Not always of course, but generally speaking. All of which if true, proves we are the victims of the minority group of schemers.

SUGAR-BEET OR CANE?

And NOW we are having our regular annual arguments about the difference in sugar. It is canning time you know and some women think they cannot make jelly without a certain brand of cane sugar. I remember last year one of our clerks took exception to me saying that one sugar was just as good as another, whether it was beet or cane. I asked the next five or six women about the use of beet sugar and every one of them said she had used beet sugar successfully in making jelly. Today my wife made the most perfect jelly out of black raspberries you ever saw.

CERTO OR NO?

No she didn't use Certo, or any other pectin. Personally I would rather have no jelly at all than that made with any of the patent pectin preparations which destroy delicate flavors. It may be alright and economical to use up some juices now and then which would not jell without the use of pectin, but even then I think the addition of a few apples would be a lot better and very much cheaper. I find more and more women comin to the same conclusion. In a group of four tonight, three said they would never use it again.

CANNING ACIDS? NO!

And now it is coming BEAN CANNING time. For goodness sake don't use any canning acid in your beans. It not only ruins the flavor but may be definitely injurious to your health. SALICYLIC ACID is the stuff from which CORN MEDICINE is made. If it will eat off a hard, horny old corn what might it not do to the delicate lining of your stomach? Course if you think you can not get along without it please come to our store for it because there is a right good profit in it for us.

SUPREME APPLE BUTTER!

And now about that apple butter. I plead with

you not to use red drops or the oils of wintergreen or oil of cinnamon for flavoring. Get the genuine saigon ground cinnamon. I do not blame any of you for resortin to the inferior substitutes in the past several years, because, you probably got disgusted with the tasteless and uncertain quality of the cinnamon you get at most stores. We tried for six years before we found a place to get first quality—the kind that bites your tongue the minute it touches. There is no more delicious aroma and flavor in the world than good cinnamon which I think the Good Lord made just to put on apple dumplings and in apple butter. And don't hesitate to use early apples like the maiden blush or wealthy for your apple butter. They are nearly always cheap and they make apple butter SUPREME. Let the color be what it will. TASTE means everything!

BROWN SUGAR!

And how about a little brown sugar too in that apple butter? Try a little mixed with the granulated about half and half, say. I feel sure it will please you. Your Grandpap and grandma used a lot more brown sugar than you folks do nowadays. IT sure makes a lot of things better.

DATED COFFY

Remember what I told you about two years ago? That COFFY FRESHNESS was preserved in a good paper bag just as well as it could be in a tin can, unless it was vacuumized? And that I couldn't see any sense or reason in payin 4 or 5 cents more for a can? Remember?

Well the "DATED COFFY PEOPLE" must of decided I was right, for you have no doubt noticed that they have quit packin their coffy in a tin can and lowered the price 3 or 4 cents. Well, if they was askin me, I could tell 'em somethin else, too. If they really wanted to sell fresh coffy, they wouldn't grind it so long ahead of time. I can detect staleness on coffy that has been ground a week, and I have saw many a pound of Dated Coffee that had been ground for more than two weeks.

FOOL PROOF COFFY

You have had your Dated and HOT Dated coffy but they ain't a patchin to what I'm going to give you some of these days, if I can ever find it. I'm goin to call mine the FOOL PROOF COFFY. I been huntin it for 10 years and by golly I've pitnear got it right now. In fact two of 'em, one at 18¢ and one at 25¢. This 25¢ one is the first and only coffy I have ever found that pleased every

single one of our cranky clerks, and every customer who has tried it, 100 per cent. But I'll tell you more about these two exceptional values later on when I am absolutely sure that they are goin to stay good. If both prove O. K., I reckon I will have to call one FOOL PROOF and the other one EXTRA FOOL PROOF. What I wanted to impress on your mind today was that THE COFFY WORLD DOES PAY SOME ATTENTION TO WHAT US HILL BILLIES THINK AND SAY ABOUT COFFY.

HILL BILLIES KNOW THEIR COFFY

All I ever learned about coffy, I learned from my good customers. I have listened to experts talk by the hour. I have read about everything that has ever been printed about it. And I have boiled it all down to this. Me and my good cranky customers knows just about as much about it as the Experts, who are apt to get coffy, profits, and sales all mixed up together till they don't know which from the other. I know why the Jews went into the coffy business. They are smart people. And you got to be smarter than a JEW to beat the coffy game and I have found out that they can fool the city jake awful easy, but they never been able to put anything over on our HILL BILLIES, who are the keenest and canniest class of people in the world.

CALIFORNIA EXPERT TELEGRAPHS HAYSEED

I remember about six years ago I wrote a big advertisement on coffy tellin what I had learned from my cranky customers. The advertisin experts would a called it an essay I reckon instead of an advertisement. Anyway a week or two later I got a long telegram from Los Angeles, California, from one of the biggest roasters in the United States to "Hold everything till their eastern manager called on me." They wired him too that night at Columbus and here he come next day wonderin why his big boss had sent him to such a little cross roads town. I could tell he felt perty silly and he was plumb flaggergasted when he couldn't sell me any coffee. All he could do was to leave me a sample pound and it sure was fine coffee alright, but priced about 5¢ too high. I don't know how the man in California ever got a copy of our ad, but it seems like a feller can't say nothin nor write anything without everybody hearin about it.

NEW YORK TOO TAKES NOTICE

What made me get started on this coffy business was a feller from NEW YORK comin in to see me yesterday. Seems like I always get my stories back-end first. Well, from what he said, seems like a letter I had wrote 'em tellin 'em their coffy wasn't good enough for us hayseeds, had been the cause of 'em callin in their salesmen and holdin a convention which lasted nearly two days. My letter just about upset their business for a whole day or so. And the funny part about it was they all decided I was right about it, and they sent a special messenger to see me to talk it over. He assured me they had the coffy now to my specifications, and judgin from the green samples he showed me it looked like they had. So I ordered a little batch, and if any of you coffy cranks is in the store in the next day or so I'd like to have you try it out. I need all your help in outwittin these experts. With your help I'll make 'em give us what we want.

PREMIUMS OR MERCHANDISE? WHICH?

I just got done talking to a drummer sellin premiums for advertisin purposes. Seems like nearly everybody is premium crazy right now. Even the chain store's and big executives who you would think had more sense are gettin panicky and pesterin the public to death with premiums. After all things don't change much. They have had these premium fads off and on ever since I was a kid. Everyone of these salesmen will tell you how you can take all the other fellers business away from him with his clever scheme. The only bird I ever knowed of gettin anything much out of them is the guy that sells 'em to the merchant.

Now you know there was once a feller named ROGERS who made good silverware. Right away there was another guy by the same name started making cheap silverware. First thing this salesman said to me was you can give your customers this 1847 ROGERS 50¢ silver spoon for 10¢ after he trades out \$10.00 with you. You pay us 20¢ apiece and let your good customer have 'em for 10¢. Well, I don't mind givin my customers a good bargain once in awhile, but I ain't goin to deceive them if I know it. So I says let me see the spoon and I noticed it was not branded "1847." I won't take up your time now he told me, they could not brand it 1847 but he knowed it was genuine, cause he went right to the factory and saw 'em make it, etc., etc. I told him I was pretty sure we had the same spoons exactly in stock and we could sell 'em

at a little profit to our good customers for 10 cents without foolin around with coupons and makin 'em buy \$10.00 worth of goods.

Well, he soon saw I was on to his little scheme, collectin dimes from us easy gullible merchants, and he changed the subject, and said he was sellin electric refrigerators too, and didn't I want something in that line or didn't I need one for myself. I told him I was gettin along perty well with an old fashioned ice box, as I was perty old fashioned myself, and as I went out the door to get away from him, he took me plum off my feet by exclamin fervently "Mr., I am mighty glad to have met you and I wish to God there was more like you. I might have a better job than sellin premiums."

Now, honest I felt sorry for that feller. I always feel sorry when I can't give a salesman an order. Drummers as a whole are mighty fine fellows who work awful hard for all they get. I never knowed but two or three rascals among them in all my life. I hate to say it but often they are a lot better than the firms they represent. The chain stores have run a good many of them off the road, and I think it is a shame. The Drummer gave much more to business and society than it ever paid for. The Drummer and the Independent stores were and are yet the business world's greatest asset regardless of what the theoretical expert economists and big guys say.

TRUCKS VS. RAILROADS

I'd bet my old sheep dog that if the people could express their will at the polls, 75 per cent of them would vote to take the big heavy trucks off the highways. If that is so, I wish someone would tell me why our legislators don't do what they know the majority of the people want?

What fools we Americans are! 7 years ago I drove over one of the prettiest stretches of new brick highway in Ohio. Last week I passed over it again. In the seven years it has been almost completely battered to pieces. Long stretches are covered with patches of tar bound macadam. Over the entire 20 miles or more it is rough with bumps and depressions.

There is no need to point out the inconsistencies of our government, maintainin experiment stations to show farmers how to produce more stuff and then payin them for not raisin so much, etc. But to me the worst of all, the silliest, is taxing the people millions upon millions to build highways and lettin big heavy trucks bust 'em to pieces in a few years.

I have never found truck transportation cheaper than railroad freight rates. It is more convenient sometimes, but I doubt if it is often cheaper. There can be no question about the inconvenience to the traveling public, to say nothing about the menace of the truck traffic to life. Moreover it is probable that truck drivers have to work much longer hours for less pay than the railroad employees.

We need the railroads. We could get along without most of the trucks. Railroads not only build and maintain their own right of ways, but they are probably among our heaviest tax payers. Even in a small town like Lucasville they support moe employees than any other single industry.

As a matter of principle we believe in supporting the railroads, and when we have the freight to pay, we insist that goods be shipped by RAIL.

There are many ways the public could make their objections felt, but they probably won't and there isn't much hope of the government doing anything about it until they do. A lazy, indifferent, selfish group of merchants and business men in general are the worst offenders. Concerted effort on their part would take 50 per cent of the truck traffic off the highways in 30 days to the benefit of business as well as the traveling public.

BUSTIN INTO PRINT

By RUBE

"You're gettin mighty chesty, Rube,"
 Wife Em, she says to me,
 "Since you got that poem printed;
 You're high-hat as you can be.
 You ain't a dratted bit o help.
 You're lazy as a louse;
 You roll your eyes, an loll your tongue,
 An moon around the house,
 Just like a stage-struck flapper,
 Or a pair o pups in love,
 Or a kid with its first rattle,
 Or a cooin turtle dove.
 You never feed the chickens,
 Or even milk old Dell.
 You never hoe the garden truck,
 Or curry up old Nell.
 I've had the churnin all to do;
 I've sheared the sheep an goats,
 An beat the rugs, an mowed the grass,
 An slopped the pesky shoats.
 I've carried all the water,
 An I've even chopped the wood;
 I've cleaned the smelly stable out;
 Your triflinness I've stood,
 But there's just one thing I won't do;
 I won't dig the measly worms,
 For you to go a fishin,
 An come home all full o germs,
 An chiggers, fleas and skeeters;
 An hungry as a pup.
 If you even mention fishin, Rube,
 I'll get my dander up—
 Cause you think you're grand an famous,
 You cussed old skinflint,
 Since you wrote that fishin poem,
 An busted into print."

Summer Reveries

The summer sun is all ablaze,
 It's getting hot and hotter;
 I try in vain to find relief,
 I feel so weak, I totter.
 When I stay in, I suffocate.
 Outside upon the street
 It feels like some big oven
 A-radiating heat.
 The street cars rattle on their way
 And clang their noisy bells;
 The automobiles raise a dust
 And fill the air with smells.
 The avenues are crowded;
 The people fairly swarm.
 They mop their sweaty brows and say,
 "My Gracious! ain't it warm!"
 Each place I go to get relief
 Seems hotter than the other.
 At times I find it hard to breathe
 And feel I'll surely smother.
 At night I roll in bed and dream
 I'm broiling in the sun,
 Or frying like a piece of steak
 That someone wants well done.
 On muggy days I sit around
 And fan myself and pant;
 You know the kind of days I mean—
 It tries to rain and can't.
 The perspiration trickles down,
 My clothes are soaking wet;
 I wring them out, but it's no use
 So I give up and sweat.
 We men take off our coats and hats,
 Our collars and our ties;
 We'd take off many other things
 But it might not be wise.
 The women folks, alas! their lot
 Have reason to deplore;
 They have so very little on
 They can't take off much more.

It drives me wild when someone shouts,
 "I think it's getting hot."
 Then I get hot and hotly say,
 "It has already got."
 And when they say, "Oh, laugh it off,
 The heat's all in your mind,"
 I say, "Then, please, put mine on ice,
 If you will be so kind."
 When they insist it's in my mind,
 I quickly make reply,
 "Alright, my friends, if that's the case,
 I'll change my mind," say I.
 Oh, can it be, there was a time
 When snow flakes filled the air
 And raw north winds straight from the pole
 Blew through my uncut hair?
 And can it be, when winter comes
 With its delightful freeze,
 That I will wrap myself in furs
 And long for times like these?
 How soon I'd be refreshed and cool
 And be relieved from heat,
 If I could have, three times a day,
 Fresh icicles to eat!
 How I should like to wade in slush
 And wallow in the snow,
 Swim out mid floating cakes of ice
 And feel the cold wind blow!
 Poets have written reams of rhyme
 And wasted many a sheet
 On beauties of the summer time
 And flowers with perfume sweet.
 But I propose to do away
 With all that sort of stuff,
 And tell the truth about the heat
 That makes me sweat and puff.
 And, to conclude, if anyone
 Says, "Ain't it hot today?"
 I will, with one expiring gasp,
 Proceed to melt away!

—Walt.



FOR
29c SET of SIX SHERBETS
made of genuine Monax Glass

AND
COUPON

with a
 purchase
 of \$1.00 or
 more in
 this store

Add another unit toward
 your full 36-piece Set.

Hardly a day need pass in any home without something more daintily served in these footed sherbets. They are very practical in size for ice cream, custards, puddings, cereals, etc.

We call your attention to the exceeding thinness and the delicate appeal of this splendid MONAX glass used in the sherbets and the growing 36-piece set. Each month brings another unit for the set—plates matching the sherbets being featured in September.



CLIP THIS COUPON

This coupon and 29¢, together with a cash purchase of \$1 or more in any section of this store in **AGUST** entitles you to the 6 Monax Glass Sherbets pictured above. This offer is good only during August. One set to a family. No mail or phone orders—just come in with your coupon.

Name

Address

Even if you do not plan to have the complete set—though how you can resist it we cannot see—these sherbets will truly be a lovely addition to your cupboard of usable, everyday pieces.

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