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UNION LABEL

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The limbs of the trees are becoming
brazenly bare.

As soon as the Christmas peace-on-
earth, good-will-to-man is out of the
way, a political campaign will start.

Another prominent and wealthy
citizen of New York has disgraced his
family, by up and dying back of a
davenport, when his heart was pierced
by a .45 caliber bullet, fired by a lady
with a hot temper, and no discretion.

When the women's wing of the Ku
Klux Klan, gets organized at so much
per, there will be no supper dishes
left in the kitchen sink—except by
paid up members.

NAME THE VEHICLES
(Albany Democrat)
Harrisburg, Lebanon, Seio and
perhaps other towns were repre-
sented in Albany Wednesday
evening. Harrisburg was most in
evidence. They came in with a
bang, a clatter and many shouts.

The Crown Prince is loose in Ger-
many. This serves the both of 'em
right.

Now that the taxes have been rend-
ered asunder in three directions, the
problem before the electorate is to get
some control over the Governor's
larnyx.

The E. Marshall offspring was
downtown Mon. pm. mingling with
the traffic, and like everybody else,
viewed his Paw's driving with suspi-
cion.

HA! HA!
(Farmington, Vt. Herald)
Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Cadoret
announce the birth of a son and
grandson to Mr. and Mrs. Alex
Cadoret of this village.

A LADY TALKS
We took a ride last night in Old
Ironides. It felt off of Tuble Rock
with a load of redskins the time John
Jones got hit in the foot with an ar-
row. She took her company's cigar-
ette, and when I caught her at it, she
said: O! Horrors! I said, go ahead,
girlie, life is life! But her nerve had
gone. You should have heard what
she told me. I don't think there is
any such place. She hasn't fooling
anybody but her mother. Better get
my powder puff off the counter be-
fore somebody eats it up. I lost one
that way once. Well, be blow in and
said: "Throw six months and \$300
costs, under your belt." You just got
to be courteous to the goodlooking
customers. I was in British Colum-
bia, until time to cut the butter. That
doggone stuff roasts things up. I felt
like a human being, and should be
hung for it. He hasn't worth throw-
ing a pan of dishwater on, but she
tries to get her head in his vest pocket
every time they dance. That's some
more of my business. Turned off a
pretty day, after all. I got started
on the weather once, but I can't feed
myself. I'd buy them rough maga-
zines, but these smart guys have got
to have something to talk about. No
fooling, when she's around I wish the
gold in my teeth was in a safe place.
He sang three times, and nobody
howled like a dog. Your coat sticks
out in the back like you'd hooked a
sugar bowl. She's the nicest old lady.
Never went on a party in her life.
Her boy sent her flowers. Quite a
surprise, bless the old soul! Just fig-
ured she might get some when she
died. If the menfolks were all work-
ing. O, my! Good-bye! Come on
back here, quick!

The use of Prohibition as a political
football, with the churches as the
goal posts, is not doing so well. A
fair sample of this form of skuldug-
gery is the Governor of Pennsylvania.
A month ago he was spitting cotton
for the presidential nomination, and
lamprooning the President for not
stamping out Demon Rum in his
state. Yesterday he ran into a hy-
drant.

The dumbbells of the nation still
can't understand why all the fogfogs
abruptly ceased, when the publicity
became rampant about Oklahoma.

He-gosh!s are turning out their
daily grief, and the fishing season
won't open till April.

CALIFORNIA BOOSTING VIA THE BIBLE

WE ARE both pained and grieved at the recent news concern-
ing Long Beach, California, transmitted via Kansas City.

It seems the bible classes of these two enterprising cities recently
engaged in a contest for the world's record for bible class attendance.

Last Sunday, Long Beach announced a total attendance of 31,034.
Apparently they not only counted J. W. Eigenfelter, of Kansas City,
who attended the meeting, but also a corps of his detectives armed
with adding machines.

For no sooner had the Long Beach total been announced than Mr.
Eigenfelter arose to proclaim that Long Beach had cheated! Instead
of an attendance of 31,034, there were, excluding Mr. Eigenfelter
and his sleuths, only 13,930.

This is considerable inflation, even for Long Beach, California.
Probably the Long Beach bible leader could be excused for counting
the Kansas City delegation, but even the Long Beach Chamber of
Commerce would hesitate to claim that the Kansas City bible spies
totalled 17,104.

Of course if this had been a government census, there would have
been—from the California standpoint—not only an excuse but justi-
fication. But it was a bible class count. And while mere attend-
ance at a bible class meeting does not presuppose strict adherence
either to veracity or the ten commandments, there would seem to
be a certain obligation involved regarding common decency.

Now, if the Long Beach Mayor, as leader of the bible class, for
example had only stretched 13,930 into say 17,390, why even Mr.
Eigenfelter, who undoubtedly intends to live in California eventually,
might have excused him. But to raise 13,930 to 31,034—over 100 per-
cent—no fair-minded person can blame the biblical student from
Kansas City for complaining.

True, the Long Beach Mayor comes back. He declares Kansas
City cheated as well, by not observing the rule that the classes must
meet in one place. But M. W. Dibble, president of the Kansas City
bible class and opponent of Sunday movies, quite properly rejoins
that the crowd in Kansas City was so huge—to wit, 52,121—that it
couldn't be herded into any one place.

Although prediction is always hazardous, it is safe to say that
Long Beach will be severely rebuked by California Incorporated at
its next meeting. And while this report in its entirety can't be
forecasted, two counts will certainly be something like this:

"To the Bible Leader of Long Beach, California: The next time
you have a bible class contest with Kansas City, first send a detec-
tive and an adding machine to Kansas City; and, second, don't an-
nounce your bible attendance first!"

QUILL POINTS

That foreign critic who says American statues are idiotic prob-
ably means statues.

When the cables say the incident is closed, that means that neither
side is ready for the fight yet.

A reformer must feel depressed at night if he hasn't been able
to annoy anybody during the day.

Everlasting peace will come soon after cannon fodder learns to
request war lords to chase themselves.



THE OLD SLOGAN

A FILM of frost is on the pump, it glitters, white and pearly,
reminding us that we should hump and do our shopping
early. Oh, Christmas! How the seasons scoot, all cylinder, a-
hitting! We've scarcely time enough to hoot, so fast our days
are flitting. The breeze has now a keener sip, its one is grim
and surly, reminding us that we should skip and do our shopping
early. And yet it seems but yestere'en that we were sadly wend-
ing where gaudy Christmas stocks were seen, our hard earned
kopecks spending. Since then we've seen the vernal rain, in
summer heat we've melted, we've heard the autumn winds com-
plain—how Father Time has pelted! We've seen the corn in
long rows sprout, we've seen it cultivated, we've seen it shucked
and carried out—how Father Time has skated! And yet it
seems but yesterday that we went forth in dozens to buy up
Christmas bales of hay as gifts for aunts and cousins. And
soon again we'll go abroad amid the hurly-burly, to buy the
jimerack and the gawd, and do our shopping early. Our talk
is less of summer drips, and more of coal and kindling, we
view the goose-bone as a jinx, our bank accounts are dwindling;
from chimneys that have long been cool the smoke is rising,
curly, recalling that time honored rule concerning shopping
early.

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By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.
Noted Physician and Author

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agnose diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped,
self addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in
ink. Owing to the large number of letters received, only a few can be an-
swered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instruc-
tions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

Fixing the Guilt

It should be cheering to know that the recent experience of life insurance companies rather strengthens the belief that a person over 30 and a wee trifle underweight, that is, under the average weight for one of his age and height, has a longer lease on life than he would have if he were nice and plump.

Anyhow, without a trace of sym-
pathy for 'em, I feel in duty bound to remind all fat folks over 30 of the wise saying of one Luigi Cornaro, who lived 102 years, 400 years ago—a tremendous achievement in that short-lived day—that "he who would eat much must eat little." Meaning y' understand, that if an average life span were one week and you wished to last right thru to Saturday night you'd leave the table 23 times at least. Cornaro torn that one off in the most casual manner, and here I've been studying for years on the same problem and the best I have been able to do is "whoever is too fat overeat."

Cornaro's epigram makes 'em think and mine just makes 'em mad. His stuff is wisdom; mine is sarcasm.

All right, then, as you will, but I tell you frankly that I am a Turk in my admiration of fat even tho I know it is a and mistake from the hygienic point of view. It is because I find fat folks easier to look at than thin ones that I say and do all I can to keep the fat ones with us longer. Indeed, if I had my way about it, we should punish every overweight individual who fails to attain the age of 80 years.

Obesity is an insidious degeneration which creeps over the victim unaware. Ten, 15, 20, 30 pounds too much, one fondly attributes to "good digestion" or fine health or the climate or some-
thing as fatuous. This is the danger zone. Some fine morning you curi-
ously step on the scale to discover that the excess baggage has suddenly jumped to 40 or 50 pounds and youth seems farther away than it did the day you noticed your first gray hairs or the time when some joy killer pointed out your bald spot.

Youth is far away, going, going, but not irretrievably gone. That's the happy part of it. Fat after 30, spells senility even more certainly than hardened arteries do, yet there is

hope for most cases. Altho you have eaten yourself close to the brink, you can still come back. Didn't George do it? George Cheyne, at 30, weighed 448 pounds in whatever they wore in Scotland in 1702, and was short of breath, lethargic and listless, like all obese folk. Then he got hy-
giene, so to speak, began dieting on milk and vegetables, and reduced his weight to 150 pounds, recovered his strength and vigor and lived to be 72 years old.

Excess flesh is mostly slacker flesh, which you nourish and tote around, but which serves no good purpose. A strain on the heart totting it. Getting fat after 30 is slow suicide.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Mole Near the Eye

I have a mole close to the eye and am afraid to treat it with corn cure for fear that it may get into my eyes. What safer method would you suggest? (M. M. Q.)

Answer.—There is no safe method of self treatment for moles or warts or any other apparently benign lesion or blemish about the face or neck. The only safe and sane plan is to leave such treatment to the skill and judgment of a physician. The amateur use of certain medicaments for warts or corns about the hands or feet is comparatively safe, but no one without medical training may safely attempt minor surgical operations about the face.

The Eternal Gallstone
Kindly advise if gallstones can be dissolved. Must one have an operation to be cured? (S. A.)

Answer.—When somebody invents a method of dissolving beawax in a goldfish bowl we may begin to entertain hope for the discovery of some means of dissolving gallstones in the bile ducts or the gall sac. Meanwhile the only available cure is operation.

Remarkably Sane Parents

My parents object to my having bobbed hair. They say I am too old to have it bobbed. I am 16. I have unruly hair until there is hardly anything left of it. Do you think it would be foolish for me to have it bobbed? My mother says if you say it would be good for my hair I can have it done. (D. V. M. L.)

Answer.—Yes; it would be foolish, and besides, haven't you heard that bobbed hair is passe now? Stop snarling, and take proper care of your hair. If you will inclose with your request a stamped envelope bearing your name and address I will send you advice.

IT'S all right for a
cigar to be mild—if
there's something there
—besides. There is in
this one.



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YOUR HOME BANK

LAUREL GRAY LOVE GOSSIP

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

By Laurel Gray

"Dishonorable" Marriage
There are two phrases, often mixed
up in discussions and discussions hav-
ing to do with love and the sex asso-
ciation that fairly make me writhe.

One is, my chil-
dren, the word
"dishonest" which
is a thin varnish
for guilt; and the
other is "an hon-
orable marriage."
There is another
kind of marriage
—the "dishon-
orable marriage,"
and it is about
that ghastly so-
cial gesture to
society's selfish
blindness that I

write today. In the city of Chicago
the other day an unmarried mother
of a child of eleven years—a little girl
—came into court to gain possession
of her daughter who had been bearded
in a private family since infancy.
This mother, a public school teacher,
told the authorities that she had re-
fused to marry the father of her child.
Why? Maybe because she did not
love him enough to desire him to be
her husband. Maybe because, once
the false step had been taken, and she
perhaps made a victim of a scheming
seducer, she had bravely scorned a
dishonorable marriage and had gone
her way, determined to face the world
and take the consequences. Ah, but
there's the rub. Had she a right to
deprive her little daughter of an
"honest" name? Strange as it may
seem, half the law's administrators
who were interviewed decided that
the mother should have married the
father of the child no matter how
odious the "dishonorable" marriage
might be. The others agreed with the
woman—that she had a right to pro-
tect herself from a shameful alliance.
Two wrongs do not make one right.
Society no longer looks askance at the
offspring of an illegitimate union.
Marriage is honorable only so long as
it is reverent and founded upon mutual
responsibility. As a "way out of a
bad job" marriage is the last refuge
that should be offered to seducers and
moral outlaws. Marriage is beautiful,
holy, a covenant. It is not a rathole
in the wall.

Next to smellin' a marigold
rothin' whizzes us back t' our ole
childhood, days like bittin' int' a
quince. With th' ex-kaiser busy
reavin' wood, an' his wife busy
cravin' she's gals' t' leave him,
it's some busy little home.

Lure Martin



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The Day of the Knight is HERE

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