

A
0
0
0
5
8
9
4
8
8
6



SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



IN
DAIRYLAND

By
ZIM

And Foolish History of
Horseheads, N. Y.

**IDEAL PASTURE RATION
PERFECTION DAIRY RATION
PIONEER DAIRY RATION**

Complete line of
POULTRY FEEDS

Try our Flour for Cakes and Pastry
Have the Best in Bread Flour

DEAN & LEE

At Canajoharie, in the heart of the Empire State, is the Beech-Nut Home of Finest Flours. Here delicious Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is made, as well as Sliced Beef, Sliced Bacon, Macaroni and Spaghetti, Conserves, Chewing Gum and many other good things to eat. Tourists driving through the Mohawk Valley are cordially invited to visit this modern food factory.

Beech-Nut Packing Company

OLIN E. OSMUN
Local Representative

612 Center St., Horseheads, N. Y.
Phone 185-M

UCSB LIBRARY

X-46304



IN
DAIRYLAND

By
ZIM



IN DAIRYLAND

A BOOK ISSUED IN COMMEMORATION OF THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL OF THE BATTLE OF NEWTOWN AND IN CELEBRATION OF THE RAPID RISE OF THE HOSTILE INDIAN FROM A LIFE OF INDOLENCE TO THAT OF A PEACEFUL HARD WORKING CIGAR SIGN, WITH OTHER BITS OF HISTORICAL DATA FROM THE ROMANTIC PERIOD OF THE FIRST SETTLERS TO THE FRIVOLOUS DAYS OF WILL ROGERS.



Our happiness lies in our liver. The liver holds the balance of power over the heart. The heart may be ever so full of apparent joy—if the liver is not in accord with it, then there's nothing doing. Wealth may be a desirable element in giving us happiness but without a normal liver it can never be attained. If you are a judge of facial expressions you may read liver symptoms in every face you meet. We find sorosis stalking through our streets and cafes every minute of the day. We can tell the condition of our boss' liver the moment he steps across the sill of his office and slams open his desk. There is no bodily function so uncompanionable as a bilious or torpid liver. There is just one place on earth where liver makes itself agreeable to its surroundings, that's in the frying pan in the society of rashers of bacon. I have labored side by side with all sorts of natures but Heaven deliver me from the fellow with a bad liver!

To all those afflicted with liver complaint I offer this book as solace.

Yours, ever so truly,

Zim

FOREWORD

“In Dairyland” is a fitting title for this book because the scene is laid at the very door of the Dairymen’s League, the pivot of the milk industry of the surrounding locality.

To render the book of interest to milk producers the author voluntarily and at much risk to his health placed himself upon a bread and milk diet during that trying period, it is hoped that it will prove as absorbing as the stale bread that sopped up the sweet milk in said diet.

The author’s extensive associations with the bovine and his daily consumption of her lacteal fluid enables him to dwell on the subject with considerable assurance that his remarks will sink in and be accepted with all due seriousness.

The remarkable feature about this book is that it can be perused in all kinds of weather, or in any climate without causing distress or further expense to the purchaser, and has even aided some to forget their business cares and many other body ailments too numerous to mention.

The author believes that such a book, at this particular time and the present condition of the country was a commercial necessity, for that reason he gladly laid aside his financial obligations, that he might, without delay, be prepared to meet the enormous demand for the book which he anticipates.

This book was printed upon the press of the Chemung Valley Reporter. The author whose instincts are more wet than dry intended to run the edition off on Sayre VanDuzer's cider press instead, but the apple crop fell due at the critical moment and required first attention, so that the job was necessarily transferred to the aforementioned printing plant.

The publishing house upon whose premises this history was printed being minus a regularly and properly ordained chaplain we are obliged to forego the propriety of opening the ceremonies with the usual short prayer for the book's success. The author therefore asks the aid of all good christians in creating a demand for the book.

In my opinion history should be overhauled at least now and then to admit the latest facts to creep into its pages. No history to my best knowledge is entirely indisputable, and frequent re-writing renders it more authentic. It is with this end in view that I take up my pen to correct previous errors and unintentional misstatements. The facts herein contained are absolutely without blemish. Sworn statements to that effect will be made by our head pressman, an adept in the handling of up-to-date profanity who has been retained to do our swearing.

It is a well known fact that fiction is more productive of financial returns than cold and unadulterated facts, but I am not one to stretch the truth for the paltry dollar, nor even a dollar fifty.

The great advantage in a work of this nature over others is that this one will be read and discussed, while the more pretentious volumes of facts that are clothed in scholarly language lie dormant and collect dust on your library shelves.

It is reasonable to suspect that this book contains facts. Well, it contains such facts as it was possible to glean through sources thoroughly familiar with local tradition, and which we have reason to believe can only be disputed by those who are better informed.

The book is sold to the purchaser in good faith and the money expended in gilt edge securities. There is no rain check feature appended to the sale whereby money is refunded on demand. The law does not permit us to hand back the amount paid as that is deemed a gross violation of business ethics. If you feel that you have been stung after once reading it we advise reading it over again, thus softening the sting.

The information printed herein will not cure the mumps, measles or chicken-pox, but any one with a healthy mind and clean conscience need not hesitate to give the book a "glad hand" and the "once over."

Much Obligated,
The Author.



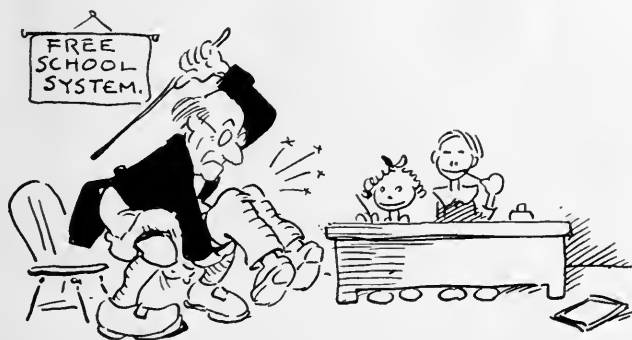
HORSEHEADS, N. Y.

Horseheads (the little town with that charmingly humble name) has as much right to a dot on the map as those

of greater importance this side of the Mason-Dixon Line. We are but a cog in the wheel 'tis true, but that one cog fits perfectly into the daily grind of the universe.

Horseheads, like all others, was once a Rube town, but as we reached the enlightened age of electricity and concrete, gear grease and gasoline, we stepped into the spot light and find ourselves today functioning in perfect harmony with the rest of the world.

Horseheads, sets in the very lap of nature. The principal yield of whose soil embraces such indispensable products as burdock and dandelions, horse sorrel and rag weed. The split rail and stump fence of pioneer days have been replaced by modern barbed wire entanglements and many other similar marks of welcome meet the eye of the trespasser. Numerous signs impress him with the indisputable fact that his destination has not yet been reached and to keep moving along.



We cannot speak too highly of our public school system. I believe the feature was introduced by one named Bill Penn, down along the Delaware, and was an uphill job from the start, as this shows.

HORSEHEADS HOSPITALITY

Hospitality was once an outstanding feature of the sweltering south, but the Civil War wiped out all that sort of thing and put the south on a more businesslike basis, then the north borrowed a bit of that southern ingredient to mix into its own hardboiled tactics, so that the glad hand is now very decidedly felt by visitors to our door.

Horseheads is up in the front rank in hospitality. At every other house a sign of welcome stares the tourist in the face and beckons him in for the night. All that we ask is that he scrape the mud off his feet and bring along sufficient funds to cement that sincere regard which the village entertains for strangers.



It isn't very cheerful news when your iceman tells you that you'd better put in your ice early as the price would soon advance and you have no place to store it but the furnace room!

The man who throws up the sponge must have a very weak stomach.

OUR TELEPHONE SERVICE

The greatest household convenience is the telephone. A woman may now sit down to her electric washer and gossip over the telephone with a neighbor miles away.

The four party line perhaps gives the greatest amount of service, as it supplies your secret conversation to all four subscribers (providing they can find time to listen in). By this secret service you can broadcast any prevailing scandal without doing all the distributing yourself. With the four party line you can also order your meat and groceries and, without the slightest trouble to yourself, have the neighborhood know just what you are going to have for dinner.

The private wire is a stupid affair because it leaves you in perfect ignorance of the gossip prevailing in your neighborhood.



Ample police service is provided at dangerous intersections of traffic. Our cops are selected for their cordiality and agility.

A dog is a most intelligent beast excepting when he has a tin can tied to his tail. Then he seems to lose his reasoning propensities entirely.



As this book covers considerable local history which I now believe shall be my last effort as a foolish historian, and the volume which is here offered to you shall, in that event, be my last of a successful series of foolish histories of our beloved Horseheads (the dairyland of the Chemung Valley) it comes to you as a forceful reminder that the locality is at least one hundred and fifty years of age, and that you may accept this in celebration thereof.

Washington's army, under the able guidance of Gen. John Sullivan (the first) wiped out all previous dates and started the fresh tally of years under a peaceful flag, by which we are today a free and Sesqui Centennial people.

I have said many ugly thing in the past and made very kind and tender assertions too, about the place. In rendering an opinion I was ever ready to agree alike with optimist and pessimist, and I dare say both elements were right in their respective opinions of the town in general, and its political machinery in particular. I find one gets along better (in a congested community) by having a two sided nature. Arguments breed enemies, and this I have all my life sought to avoid, so whatever you think of this, the last of my historical efforts, do not hesitate to utter audibly your approval or contempt. I shall not disagree with you in either case. The world owes me a living and I see no more honorable way

for pressing my claim for existence than to offer to millions of readers a few thousand copies of this work the income from which will fill a great void in my life and on the whole make the world better for democracy.



THE STORK

Horseheads is the birthplace of the statesman and politician. A national election is never decided until the returns from our section are counted.

We keep the stork busy bringing us the raw material that will eventually cause the hall of fame to vibrate with eloquence.

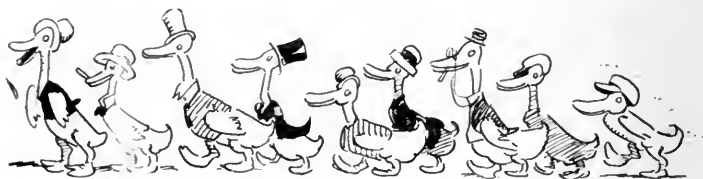
We have sent our ablest citizens to the Assembly, to Congress, and to the Senate, and when the seat of government runs shy of presidential timber the whole country slants its eye in our direction.

For many years all political conventions were held in Horseheads, because of its proximity to a popular oasis, a very essential institution at convention time. When con-

ventions were abolished the oasis was razed to earth and a bank building substituted to meet later conditions. Tho' these and many other changes have resulted in our Christian town we are still turning out Senators and Congressmen, Sheriffs, Poor Masters and Dog Catchers. We have sent them in the past from our convention hall with a clean bill of political health, to be elected or defeated. We could do no more than that. If the power of election lay in our hands there never would have resulted a defeat in our ranks. We always elect our man when it is possible to cast a double vote and have the right men on our election board. We also reserve the right to vote twice when we know we are voting for an honest man.

We once had in the treasure vaults of the Village Board a standing list of the honored floating vote, citizens on whom we could depend from year to year to aid us in keeping the village free of corrupt politics. These men would sacrifice their honor to keep our political escutcheon clean and untarnished, and for this honorable service they received the meager sum of two dollars each—not even a living wage, but their country's honor was at stake and they responded nobly to the call of the ward heeler.

Some voters with keener instincts than others who could see both sides of a question gave their aid to both parties and received double compensation for their excellent services and it is largely due to the latter element that many contests resulted in a tie which had to be decided by a recount or the courts.



A troop of Long Island ducklings on their way to fill a special engagement at Elizabeth Inn with the Horseheads Rotary.

This book is commended by the First National Bank of Horseheads, one of the few institutions that permits its employees to chew gum during business hours.



By the Weller Hardware and Foundry Company, whose castings have made a World (War) wide reputation, and by their relatives and friends.

By the Consolidated Brick Company which has a standing bet of "dollars to buttons" that it has the tallest chimney in town built of brick made in three languages.

By the Dairymen's League whose excellent product keeps the spark of life aglow in our humble body.

By the Southern Oil Company which is keeping the price of gasoline within the reach of all and charging one price to rich and poor alike.

To those and many others we are indebted for their sincere good wishes and encouragement.



The first self starter used in the Chemung Valley was invented by the late General John Sullivan.

THE BIRTH OF INDEPENDENCE

A faint glimmer of light crept over the apex of East Hill and the cock crowed thrice at the approach of dawn.

The shrill fog-horn of the old canal packet sent its vibrant notes through the fog-laden atmosphere of the yet slumbering Chemung Valley.

The good housewife turned in her couch for a final snore ere she betook herself to the scullery duties that awaited her.

And the mosquito with well filled belly of our patriotic blood was making for the open spaces in the slough hard-by.

Such was the humble stage setting of the day which was to become immortalized in the annals of American history.

It was on the Fourth of July, the day of our independence, the day on which a new assessor and tax collector was appointed; in lieu of King George who had become sick of his job and thrown up the sponge.

When the news arrived from Philadelphia that the bell had been cracked in honor of the auspicious occasion winter had already set in, for the through trains had not been running on schedule time to acquaint us of the fact that we were doing business under another flag, hence, the Fourth of July was celebrated on Christmas Day (i. e. I think it must have been about that time.)

At a later period the Indians of the Six nations challenged Sullivan's Army to a game of archery, and that is how we became permanent settlers in the Chemung Valley and many of us in Horseheads.



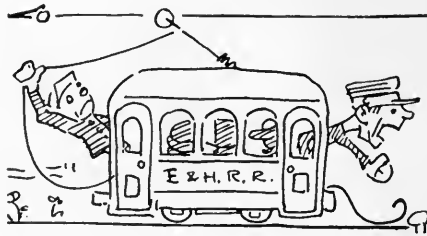
Although the Continental battles were fought more than a century ago, there are still citizens walking the streets of our village wearing braided watch-chains made from the tails of the original horses' heads which played the star role in the town's history, and peachpit charms carved from the stones of the identical canned peaches that General Sullivan and staff munched during his pleasant sojourn at the old Platt House.



Our alert night watchman quietly making his rounds of the business section.

Every period has its changes, the world is constantly progressing and with it corporations progress also. Last year our trolley system was in a dire state of dilapidation. When one contemplated a sea voyage he found it unnecessary to go further adrift than Elmira, the trolley supplied all the delightful sensations of ocean travel in foul weather, but this has all been eradicated by the laying of new rails and sand papering the joints hence the car rides like a ship on a calm sea.

When the hotels were still in vogue the trolley corporation, for the accommodation of its conductors and motormen terminated its line at the village bar, it saved both time and footwear, for the fatigue induced by these perpetual voyages rendered those faithful servants of the people unfit, and in great need of stimulants for the return trip, and by this means they were able to prolong life and continue to be a joy and comfort to their loving family.



The hills and dales of the Chemung Valley abound with natural splendor, no painter's easel ever held a scene so inspiring as may be found in the coloring of our autumn, and when the state macadam hides its face

beneath the first blanket of snow and mud takes the place of last summer's dust then it is that winter's merriment holds sway. Those whose circumstances permit them to own automobiles garage their cars till the coming of spring, while others turn them back to the mortgage holders and forfeit the amount paid on them.



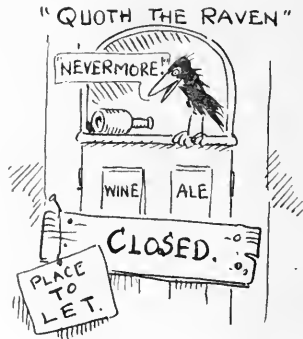
If you wish any drawing done give us your address and we will send you a man who is very handy at drawing anything from ashes out of your yard to corks out of catsup bottles.



Members of the Ramrod and Gun Club waiting for the kind hearted farmers to take down their trespass signs,

OUR CLIMATIC CONDITIONS

We have our wet and dry spells too. They arrive in our locality simultaneously and invariably before election time. One may look for these climatic phenomena during the month of November and in their most virulent form about the polls. They are not a destructive element, except for the gusts of wind and hot air they create and expel which, however, have no ill effect upon crops or business.



When Edgar Allen Poe penned those immortal lines to the "Raven" he little thought that the bird's reply would soon go into effect.

SICK BULLETIN

Here is a sickroom bulletin issued by the patient: Nurse resting quietly, snores freely, respirations normal, appetite excellent. Present symptoms promise an early release from hospital.

When a man's overdressed, they dub him a snob;
When he's ragged and seedy, he's just a plain slob!

THE VILLAGE BOARD

When one is on friendly terms with every member of the Board of Trustees he just hesitates to drag their names and deeds into the open to become the common property of vile critics. Some of them have my name on their ledgers for which I am greatly indebted and hope to reduce the debt as speedily as fate will permit. To these particular gentlemen I desire to address a word of sympathy, for I know their public life is anything but comfortable, and to heap the destinies of a village upon shoulders which are already burdened with doubtful debts must be everything but soothing. So let it suffice that I draw a brief mental picture of the Board (as a whole) by saying that they are (from President to Janitor) such as we would call good and true men, capable office holders to whom we do not begrudge the job they hold, without pay or perquisites.

In Europe men of such exalted office as Burgomaster wear gold braid and epaulets, but with us he goes about with sleeves rolled up and a chip on his shoulder, expecting a kick in the pants at every turn.

Will long skirts and long hair ever come back and man come into his own again? Should such a calamity ever befall this country, here is what it will mean to us. It will mean that beauty parlors will suffer, barbers will have to scrap some chairs and men will cease to stop on corners to watch ladies climb on street cars.

BIRDS FOR PROPAGATING

Anyone wishing to purchase a perfectly matched pair of starlings for breeding purposes this spring will please file their requisition with the Chemung Valley Reporter.

THE STATE NURSERY

The State of New York recently secured through purchase the Colonel Hoffman Estate, and is now turning it into a mammoth nursery. Not the kind of a nursery where little children are left to bawl while their loving mothers go gadding about department stores for bargains which they never find, no indeed! This is a nursery where tender shoots of Norway pine are reared to a healthy stage for re-foresting the waste land of our State. It is located near the game and fish farm of the Rod and Gun Club, just an eighth of a mile distant from the last hitching post on Hanover Square.

Any one interested in embryo timberland should not fail to visit the nursery.



A bunch of Horseheads deer hunters stalking game in the Adirondaeks and that's why we didn't get our usual slab of venison last year.



OUR FIRE DEPARTMENT

In previous histories I have extolled the Horseheads Fire Department and have not left much unsaid, still I am tempted to add a few remarks concerning those days when men wore red shirts and slept in their rubber boots, when a man's first impulse, at the tap of the fire bell, was to grab his favorite bottle off the sideboard and hasten to lend first aid to the cause of suffering humanity.

Men may come and men may go, but the Fire Department (like a woman's tongue) goes on forever.

Modern equipment has effaced all the glory of earlier days, a fire is now a rarity, for our improved apparatus is on the spot before the fire is actually discovered and the job over ere the fire bell has ceased its dismal vibrations. "In our time", as the veterans say, a fire meant a week of hilarity, many devoted husbands passed up

their domestic duties and stuck by the machine till the last "drop" was consumed, and the hotels had gone dry. We are proud of our efficient apparatus, 'tis true, but how we long for those days when we fought to the death for first position at the municipal fire cistern, when we smashed our trumpets over the heads of the weaker ones to carry the day.

We regard the American La France and Foamite Corporation as one of our locality's chief industrial plants. The superior quality of the American La-France fire fighting apparatus is known the world over. If his Satanic Majesty had sent out a call for assistance before the fires of Sheol got so far beyond control we might have been able to subdue them and salvage much of the brimstone which they have since consumed, and rendered that super-tropical zone more endurable to those who have made that quarter their permanent residence.

Horseheads has its active and daring fire brigade, every man of which has stepped into the jaws of death at some time or other and come out covered with medals.

When "licker" was gathering in its victims at the hotel bar I have seen these old timers rush in at the sacrifice of their own lives and heroically cast the stuff aforementioned into their own vitals to save others from being thus burned up alive.

Many years before the town hall was ushered into existence the fire equipment was housed in a coal bin, what was known as the "Blue Front". It consisted of two dozen helmets and a sprinkling pot, the sprinkler was painted red and the word FIRE was stencilled on its outside, so that it might not be mistaken for a coal scuttle, and each hat had the initials of its owner on its frontispiece to avoid confusion at fires.

The peals of the fire bell were borrowed from the Methodist Church when that organ was not engaged in announcing Divine service.



It often happened that a fire broke out in the community during religious devotion and the bell was still under the sexton's command; in that case the firemen were obliged to await their turn.

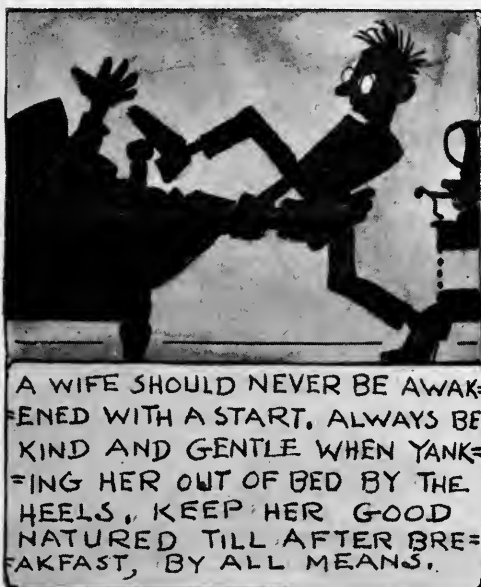
It was an uphill struggle to where we stand today in the eyes of the fire world. We have now a lovely American LaFrance seventy-five pumper, a faithful lady janitor to shoo the flies off it, and an active boy to drive it when necessary.

The machine works automatically, needs no trained nurse to operate it, and as most of our homes are built of fire proof brick, concrete and cinder blocks, our fire losses are far below the minimum.

Few of us are alive today who remember the year of '65 when half the village was consumed by fire and the licker supply was exhausted. "Them was dreadful days", when every branch of the Horseheads Fire Department was called by a third alarm, and the sexton fell exhausted at his task of tugging at the bell rope for ten straight hours to keep up interest and encourage morale. 'Tis well that only a few of us are present to dispute the correctness of this picture which was drawn from hearsay of by-standers and records in the archives of the fire department.

Work Wanted: A delicate youth without a home desires occupation as private secretary on a farm. Can do shorthand, longhand, backhand and overhand. Will gladly work for his board and clothes and forty-five dollars a week. Would also like to reserve the right to decline all work not agreeable to his health.

DOMESTIC HINTS



THE LIVING TOMB.

Did you ever enter one of those living tombs where grace is said thrice a day over chilled victuals and the glad sun's rays are never permitted to enter the dull green blinds to spread themselves o'er the ingrain carpet? Where there's a "Wipe your feet" welcome and "Don't let the flies in" atmosphere about the place? Where solemn hatchet faces abide and children are seen but not heard? At least once in our lives we encounter such environments and then how good a speck of dirt would look, how cheerful the buzz of a friendly fly would sound and how welcome the voices of children would seem. And this, to some people, is Home Sweet Home.



What else did you expect to find in Hassenpfeffer?

THE BRICK YARD

The Consolidated Brick Company of Horseheads, N. Y. is one of the largest and most complete brick plants in the State of New York. It is located on territory once occupied by the aborigines where thousands of the red men of the past died to make room for civilization and industrial development.

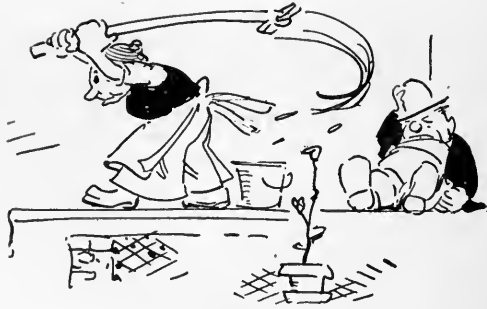
From the apex of its big smoke stack on a clear day, according to the report of the bricklayer who repaired an abrasion made by a streak of greased lightning a year ago, one might almost imagine he can discern the glistening shores of Seneca Lake. The stack is one of the moonlight attractions. Here lovers sit for hours in the gloaming to watch the big stack smoke.



You wouldn't believe it if I told you that we have a farmer who read an ad of a sure cure corn remedy and bought a box of it to rub on his cornstalks to keep off the corn borer, would you?

OUR RESTAURANTS

We reach a man's heart by means of his stomach. We have three restaurants in town, each of which makes a direct appeal to the human heart through its excellent cooking. There is no need of tourists leaving our vicinity hungry. You will find their addresses in the advertising section. If you are hungry when you read this announcement by all means visit one of these temples of gastronomy without delay.



For the sake of argument a man should select a wife of an opposite temperament and a woman should do likewise in choosing a husband. There is nothing more exasperating than to have a life partner who agrees with you in everything. Domestic debates add zest to married life if they can be kept above a standard where rolling pins and pokers will not be required to drive home your point.

The wife should know how to detect prevarication in a husband. He may tell you that he has been detained at the office and up to his ears in work, but if he reeks of tobacco smoke or Jockey Club and has a stray chip in his pocket or a lady's forelock on his shoulder, or if his breath gives forth the fragrance of Trix and Sen-Sen, then there's room for doubt. I don't wish to step between husband and wife, but every woman should know what sort of a deceitful rascal she's hitched to!



SPEAKING OF STARLINGS—

“ — ? || ! O. G. 7 ? * ! ”

And that ain't mebbe

If I could live this life over again, the first thing I would teach myself is to love and respect castor oil. I am sure that castor oil will never cease to be a standard household remedy and dominating factor for purging the home of its ills and I am also sure that it will always carry its ghastly flavor through the ages to come. Therefore I cannot conceive why we harbor so keen a distaste for so reliable and so indispensable an article as castor oil has proved itself to be. I have oft partaken of oleomargarine that was quite inferior to axle grease and I've gargled kerosene, but I have never yet been able to imbibe castor oil without serious apprehension.

Through all my wedded existence I have noted that the three essential elements in the running of a healthy household are pure air, good water and a supply of castor oil. I have all these within reach and I believe it is due to these precautions that there are no corns, bunions, ingrown toenails, warts, nor freckles in our family, for to the best of my recollection we have used castor oil as a basic remedy for all ills and deformities ever since the nuptial knot was tied and shall do so, no doubt, until "death doth uth part."



I once heard of a man who died of hydrophobia caused by a bite from his own teeth. It happened in a most peculiar manner "I must say", for he had only just removed them and placed them upon his chair for an airing when, absentmindedly, he sat down upon them. Well, they were of old-fashioned make with bed springs at the hinge and always wore a vicious and defiant look as if ready to strike at the slightest provocation, so when the sitting-down part of his person came in contact with that double set of sore ivories they struck at him viciously. One can excuse a lap dog or a house cat for retaliating in such instances but when your own teeth will turn upon you it doesn't increase your regard for them one bit.



The saddest sight that confronts one of tender heart is that of a dog discovering a member of his family about to be sacrificed upon the altar for the miserable sum of one nickel.

Many a lad went abroad to fight for democracy and voted the Republican ticket ever since.

ATTENTION GUN CLUBS

The legislature of a certain state is considering the advisability of placing crap shooting under the jurisdiction of game wardens when pursued in the open fields or game preserves.



OUR REJUVENATING PARLORS

Our beauty parlors are of the very best, they have been the means of keeping the rank and file of the village youthful and in a jovial mood. It is not rarely that some of our grandmothers are mistaken for school girls of sixteen and receive flattering offers of marriage before the fraud is detected. It is truly wonderful the exquisite works of art that are turned out of these establishments from the raw material that enters them.

Then there are our barber shops, for instance. Notwithstanding the hundreds of safety razors that do their daily dozen in private homes, we possess several barber shops, all of which do a "slashing business".

The desire to exhibit ourselves has caused us, of late, to come out from behind our whiskers into the open world. For some this must have seemed a tremendous sacrifice, but whiskers today are as great a rarity in our country as the hen that lays the double yolked eggs.

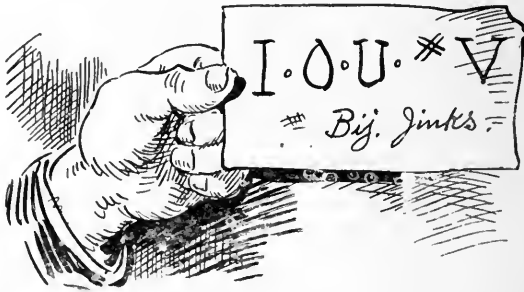
Tourists who still cling to them should conceal them while passing through the town as the authorities cannot guarantee safe conduct if this advice goes unheeded.

We are now on the verge of celebrating the sesqui-centennial of something or other which concerns our dealings with Chemung Valley's original owner, the Indian, and by which we were able to move in upon the usurped land without molestation and declare ourselves an honorable and fair-minded people. It is such incidents as this that keep interest alive in our patriotic hearts and homes, and as we shall not see another sesqui in our time let us unite in making this one a blinger.

It is to be regretted that General Sullivan cannot be on hand to witness himself thus immortalized, but that gallant officer of Washington's Army has been so long lamented that we cannot even get him on the radio. Therefore let us get busy and do honor to him who has given us our freedom from being skinned by the red man, so that we might more successfully skin one another, which act, we are proud to say, we have performed nobly and without compunction ever since.

We are just learning to appreciate the Indian. He has furnished us the means and excuse for many similar celebrations, besides he has taught us that removing the scalp renders the head forever free from dandruff.

JUST AS PLAIN AND ORDINARY AS A
DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.



The correspondence course is one way to learn banking, but practical experience is the shortest route to such knowledge. All I know of the working of a note department I learned at the poker table. Knowledge gained in that way one is apt to carry about with him indefinitely and never forget.

“An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid”, said Lord Chesterfield. When we read such beautiful sentiment, we honestly believe he had us in mind when he uttered the words!



YES I BELIEVE IN COMMUNITY
SINGING - BUT THERE ARE LIMITS.

A HAVEN OF SONG

Since the installation of the Rotary Club community singing has paled into a fog as most of our sweetest voices have been gathered up by that institution, and a still greater blow to the community is that their weekly rehearsals are conducted far out of town (at Elizabeth Inn) where wider range for the crystal voices is available. It is to be regretted that the village has lost this great boon, for the masterful rendition by those male prima donnas of "The Old Gray Mare" has rocked the walls of our music halls on many occasions and fractured the ear drums of those who possessed a too delicate sense of harmony. We shall miss them! Indeed we shall !!



The Village authorities rapping at the door of a private residence for admittance to inspect the alcoholic contents of the home brew therein and to pull the house if it registers below the desired eight per cent kick.



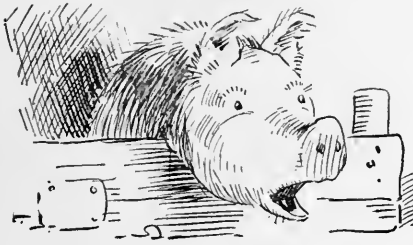
THE VILLAGE SHRINE

A man may not be regarded a full fledged christian if he neglects to hold down a pew in one of the village churches, but who shall say that a man may not worship in the midst of sweat and grease of a blacksmith shop with the same sincere devotion and prove himself as good a Christian in those environments as tho' he were in the House of God?

The blacksmith shop is the village shrine, where the great and lowly meet on an even keel and exchange views on all questions of the day and everyone is welcome to worship in his own way.

Tolerance is one of the dominating features of the blacksmith shop, and a mighty interesting place to hang out it is.

There is more than one way of testing the veracity of the proverbial honest farmer. If you find cobble stones among your potatoes he sold you or sections of barbwire and rail fences in the hay you bought of him you might overlook it as an unavoidable mistake. But when he brings you strictly fresh hens' eggs at the top market price with embryo chickens in them it is time to cut loose from him before he really cheats you!



Deer meat may be found in all our markets during open season. As all meat is dear meat the open season must be eternal.



Our dove cote is prepared to supply the trade with squab right off the nest, feathers removed and ready for the broiler.

SUNTIME

Horseheads needs no daylight saving time, we are perfectly satisfied to abide by that which the good old sun has set for us as hours of daylight toil, and when the time comes for healthful rest and repose the curfew dims the lights in every christian home.

One night-watchman and two State Troopers guard us and our premises lest some daring bootlegger, under cover of darkness, drops a quart or two into our yawning cellar and skulks into the surrounding gloom for a safe get-a-way.



WASH DAY

The most dismal day of the week is wash day. It is accompanied by all the gloom that it is possible to cram into such a day. The crying babies, the chilling atmosphere, the cold victuals, the smell of soap suds, and doctor bills—a sad picture for a married man to behold. Many a man has worn out his first wife with a wash tub. Don't you do it, insist on sending your family wash from your sight until it comes back immaculate from the laundry. Just list the articles, wrap them up and let the driver call for it. You'll never go back to the old way.

The care of the teeth should be our highest consideration. One may be moon-eyed or knock kneed and wear a patch in the seat of his pants, yet if he exhibits that one crumb of refinement, be he ever so freckled, his other shortcomings can easily be forgiven. White, pearly teeth are an attractive asset and make for good health. I trust all my friends will heed this advice if they still have a tooth left in their heads to begin on!

“This iron world”, quoth Spenser, “brings down the stoutest hearts to lowest state”. Well, how about United States steel, Mr. Spenser?



OUR ORCHARDS

We are pleased to note that our last apple crop was abundant and gratifying. There are three distinct varieties raised by our apple men, good, better and best. The Wheeler orchard produces only the latter variety. They have been tried out on growing youths, at an age when nutrition is most essential for healthy development and it has been found that Charles Wheeler's apples can be eaten with perfect safety, cores and all. To prove this assertion we publish portraits of two ardent apple eaters in the first stage of consumption (of the fruit).

Don't kick because your soup has a fly in it for you only add insult to injury. The waiter will take your plate towards the kitchen and fish out the unfortunate with his index finger, then return with the same soup, smilingly remarking, "There, Sir! That dish has no flies in it!"



A HAPPY HOME COMING

One of the 40 and 8 veterans returned to the farm of his father and step-mother saying, "Papa, ain't you got nothing to say to yer baby boy?" Whereupon papa replied—"Yes! I got plenty to say to ye, and them's this; go finish choppin' that wood that you left when you skipped out to enlist and don't ye step foot in the house till such is the case."

Way back in '72 Horseheads had many stills and they were jealously guarded against fire. "Ever ready" was the slogan of the village firemen. This shows the charter members of Pioneer Hose No. 1 (a bunch of active young squirts) awaiting the taps of the fire bell to officially call them to action.



NOW! MY LADS,
BEFORE WE
MAKE THIS RUN
I WANT TO WARN
YOU OF THE DAN-
-GERS. YOU ARE
ABOUT TO
ENCOUNTER.—MEET
'EM' LIKE
MEN!

ONE GALLON
OF DANGER
IS 'NOUGH
FER ME.

IT SURE
IS THE
STILL
HOUSE!

WE BETTER
HURRY UP
BEFORE THE
DANGER'S
ALL OVER!

IF ITS THE
STILL HOUSE
THERE'S DULL
TIMES AHEAD
FOR THIS BERG.

ZIM



How well do I remember granddad's tonic of gin and bitters. The old man must have been in very, very poor health those days, for he had to take his bitters every few minutes of the day and often several times through the night.

An acquaintance with weak lungs who had promised himself every fall he'd go south to spend the winter kept putting it off until he took sick one day, then he declared he'd go south for sure. He died, and, as the cemetery was a mile south of his home, he went south that winter as he had promised.



But, now, his doses are less frequent and not so ample, besides his pleasant countenance indicates that he is feeling much better and practically on the way to recovery, so that he will soon be able to cut out the bitters entirely.

A lady who was reared on Packards and Booth's Bon Bons and has passed millions of cars in her idle wanderings over the macadam observed a woman neighbor climbing into a newly purchased automobile. "Why, you have a new cahr!" quoth she of much wealth and lorgnettes. "Pray, what kind of a cahr is it?" "A Ford," snapped out the neighbor in superb woman fashion. "I declare, is that a Ford? I have heard of them often but I nevah saw one before." As I passed the scene the neighbor was dashing out her brains against the side of her tin Lizzie and soulfully muttering, "Gee Whiz! Can you beat that!"



It is but a step from the farm to Cornell University and the facilities for educating our youths are greater today than ever before. A first mortgage on the farm, a coon skin coat, and a second hand flivver are the principal requirements for a college course that will set a boy up in the world as a gentleman of leisure and render the burdens of after life less irksome.

Here we show a boy saluting his parents and kissing the soil of his ancestors a fond adieu. Breaking home ties is one of the saddest things in life's drama and that is why this devoted son of a farmer appears so sad as he bids his Pa keep up the good work and send him a weekly allowance, while the worn old man bids him go and by all means never return. The frail little mother, bathed in tears, is wiping her eyes on her gingham apron or dish towel in the little kitchen of her humble domicile. She could not bear to witness the heartbreaking scene of such a parting between father and son, but the day will surely come when the boy returns, covered with glory and court plaster, as the champion pinch back of his college football team.

The placing of a fist full of knuckles upon an adjacent jaw is a language which is understood by men of all nations.



The only real enjoyment a chicken gets out of life is eating. One should not begrudge a chicken a bountiful feast ere applying the ax thus turning that which might have been a melodrama into a perfect pleasure trip.



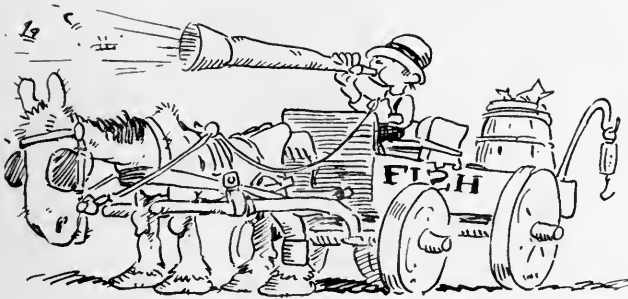
EDUCATION

If colleges would add a chair of Tomfoolery to their faculty for the purpose of developing circus clowns I would deem college education a grand success. One would hardly believe that such perfect clowns as I have seen could be turned out of our great universities. "Think it over, Professor."



BY ORDER OF THE PAIR COMMITTEE.

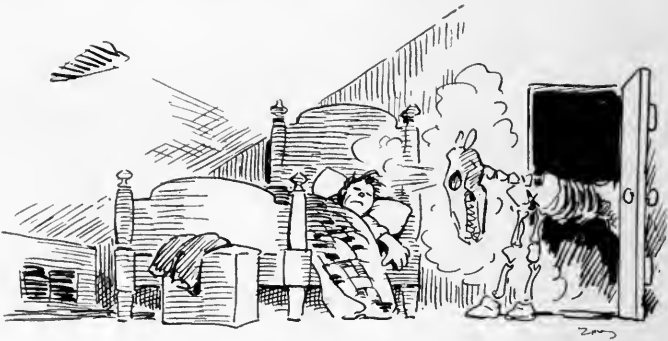
If you wish to keep up with the times and right to the minute look for the Zim page in the Elmira Sunday Telegram.



As for our fish, we have every kind for which our cooks call and the appetite yearns. We have them in cans, kits, firkins, pickled, salted, and fresh from our streams. Our sardines are not excelled by the largest cities on this hemisphere, and we dote particularly on our home grown bull-heads, for we have both the human and the piscatorial variety at the dictates of our tastes. We challenge the world to match the excellence of our salt cod, that joy of the American boarding house, without which no well regulated home is complete. Yes, and whose codfish balls carry comfort into millions of bosoms of our race. They are sought in the palace of the millionaire, in the homes of the middle class, and are unquestionably the life saver of the proletariat.

Friday is fish day. If you have no calendar to guide you, you will recognize the day by the sound of the fish horn in the hands of a thoroughly capable musician.





The noise of the great metropolis does not reach our ears to disturb our slumbers. Our nights are passed in utmost peace and silence. Children whose rest is disturbed by phantom visitations may find relief in our environment. Bring your children by all means and let them enjoy the blessings of rural life and its healthful pleasures.

Sleep is our long suit. We have in our set some who would rather do so than otherwise, which speaks well for the soothing effect of our delightful climate.

I have never boasted of my prowess as a detective because my mind doesn't run along those lines, but I have often noted that there seemed to be a peculiar fascination in the work for those who made it a business. Once I discovered a black ant crossing my threshold and acting in rather a suspicious manner, for in the dime novels which I devoured in my youth I had read of the very actions which were now being pursued by my black ant. I pondered somewhat before proceeding, reasoning with myself that it might be a spy sent out by an army of ants to gather secret information respecting the whereabouts of the family commissary. Hastily I drew my hat over my brow and hid myself behind my spectacles, then stealthily took up the trail. Thrice he turned to listen as if struck by a premonition that he were being shadowed

and thrice I halted, stock still, lest I be discovered. It was then that I experienced that indescribable thrill which the expert detective feels when his work waxes warm. My right hand found its way to my hip pocket to make sure that my gun could be relied upon if the occasion demanded; yet I had only a bunch of keys in the pocket; the detective spirit had me in its clutches. So on and on, step by step, we moved from place to place. We had gone some four miles in a room 15 by 18 feet when my suspect shifted his rudder and made a tack for the back stairs leading to the second floor. "Aha!" I murmured in detective style, "not an ordinary spy this, but a second story ant." Now the chase became interesting. So on hands and knees, with throbbing heart and veins bulging with excitement, I followed in the wake. Presently the apex of the stairs was reached. Consulting my watch to make sure of the hour and moment, and scribbling some notes upon my cuff for future reference, then followed I closely upon his heels—that is, if ants have heels. It would have been laughable indeed had it been a less serious matter. He so small that one could plainly see him with naked eye, I, so large and corpulent, was rendered almost invisible, even through a magnifying glass. I watched him enter a clothes-press where hangs my Sunday togs, richly environed with moth-balls and some overlooked coin of small denomination. These treasures he passed with scorn which his features bespoke most emphatically and to the shelf above made his way. With bated breath, feverish and panting, I stood and watched. Presently he returned with a glass of my wife's choicest jelly. Again I screamed, "Aha!" for I had caught him red handed with the goods. As he emerged, I slowly raised my right hoof and brought it down upon—the solar plexus of my tent mate, for I was in camp suffering with nightmare!



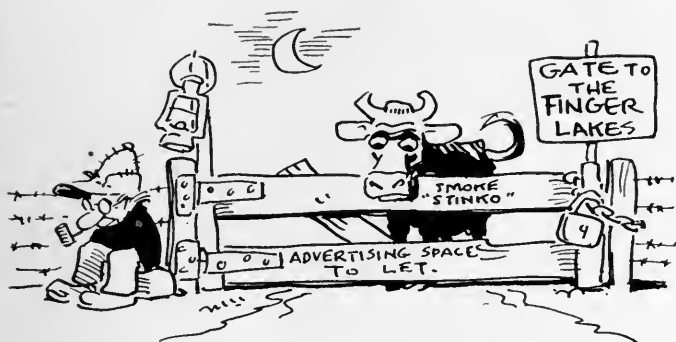
Kellogg and Whitaker will broadcast Sundays. Their highly talented program is listened to by millions of Horseheads residents.

Oscar Jones will give a dance recital in the grand ballroom of his mansion situated on the bank overlooking the turbulent waters of Newtown creek.



The old village parson used to prevail upon us to prepare for the life beyond when, in fact, we much preferred this one. What is the sense in constantly wishing for something else and ignoring that which we already have?

Our full measure of gratitude should go out to our milkman. Among our indispensable daily servants we might list the coal man, the ice man, the mail man and above all the milk man who gets up with the chickens and gathers up the early news to deliver to us with our quart and a pint of milk before breakfast. It is a race between him and our morning paper to see which of the two can get to our back door first with accounts of the murders and scandals that occurred during our hours of repose.



We give you here a picture of the gateway to the Finger Lakes and the guardian who opens and closes it so that the cattle may not escape from the pasture. The handsome steel padlock and hinges are the work of the American Bridge Company of Elmira Heights, a large and prosperous concern, made so through the untiring efforts of Mr. Ransom T. Lewis, Mark Taber, Sam Roberts and others. Thousands of tourists come our way to view this remarkable bit of middle period architecture, and to help themselves to the farm products along the highway.

Horseheads is the point that radiates its highways to the various lakes, the way to reach the destination in which you are bent is to step into the cigar store of Thomas & Messing, get your supply of cigars and tobacco, candy, and a change of socks and underwear, or purchase a few of their latest pattern neckties, then ask for the information you desire, a corp of unemployed citizens are always at hand to supply gratuitous information to the unsophisticated and send them on their way rejoicing.

“I saw your ‘auto’ going at an awful clip yesterday”

“Couldn’t help it. I’d just run over a man”.

OUR P. O.

A word about our postoffice, its stamps and its personnel—Of its accumulated dust and cobwebs I need not speak—they speak for themselves, notwithstanding the fact that they are disturbed every period when the box rents fall due. We wish you particularly to note the happy faces behind the bars (of the general delivery windows) and the evenly blended courtesy extended to all patrons of the place.

Note also the delicate flavor of its postage stamps as you lick them and bid them God-speed. When you consider all these benefits you will cease to wonder why the government is so persistent in its one price methods and refuses to carry customers on its books.

The government is a “Cash and Carry” concern, pure and simple, (More pure than simple, however.) Yes, it is the biggest chain affair in the world, even bigger than the Woolworth 5 and 10. This may seem incredible, but it is so.

Land Poster: Say, what yer fishing here fer?

Fresh Kid: Fo fun, did yo tink ah was fishing fo fish?

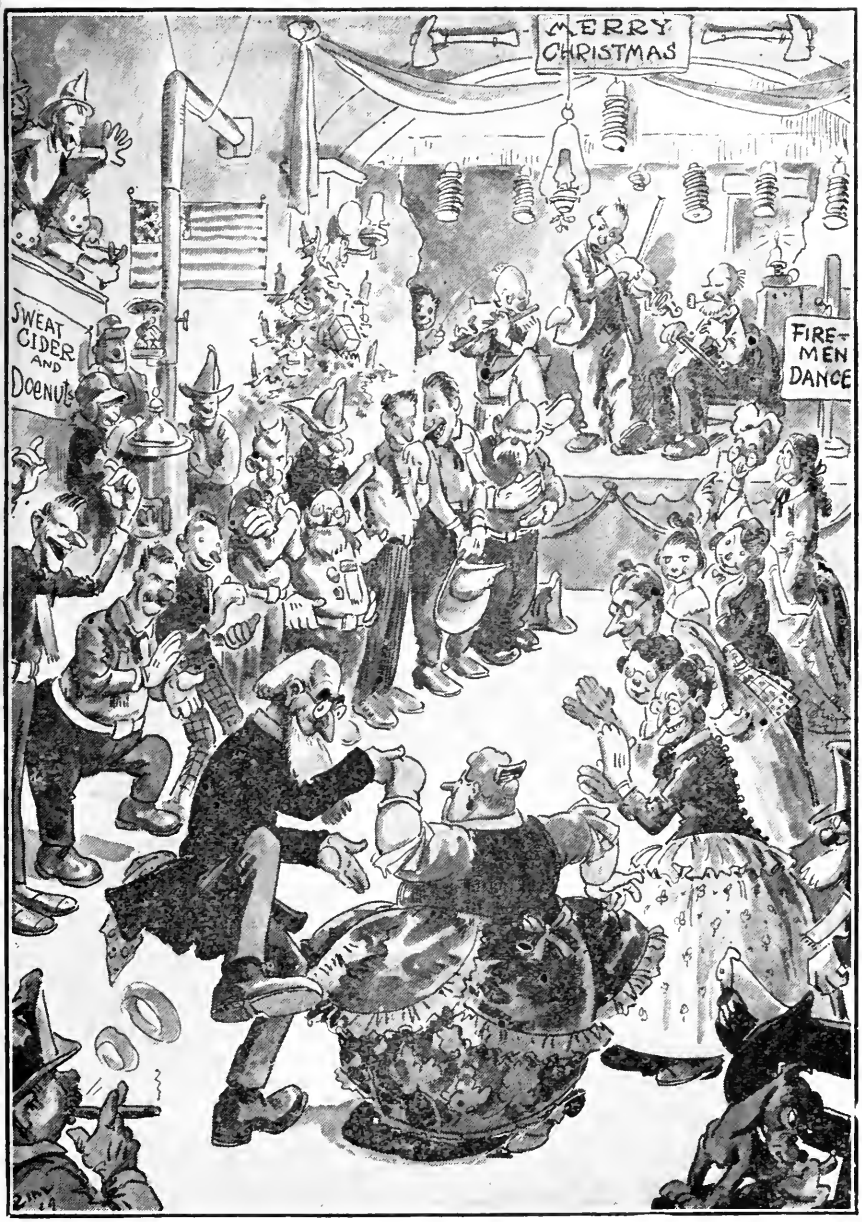
Child—“Say, pop, what is indolence?”

Pop—“Indolence, my son, is the advance agent of poverty”.

Funeral Director: Are you one of the mourners?

Van Speederly: I am! They have laid him out in my best froek coat that he borrowed last week to go to a banquet!

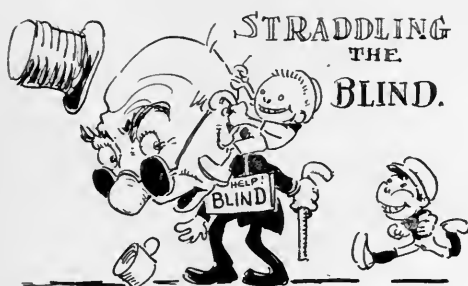
On the opposite page will be seen the Fire Department indulging in an ancient amusement, the only form of recreation aside from bucking wood or cradling oats in vogue in that remote period.





ADVERTISEMENT

A grass widower in need of employment desires to take care of children while their mothers attend bridge at the Elite. Is familiar with all the intricate needs and habits of infants. Can give references if desired. Must find work as wife has divorced him without alimony or allowance for maintenance. Mention this book when applying.



If your vocation is at all affected by the condition of your eyes consult a specialist, then leave the rest to the Winchester Optical Company. A man can't afford to sacrifice a lucrative business which is dependent on good eyesight.

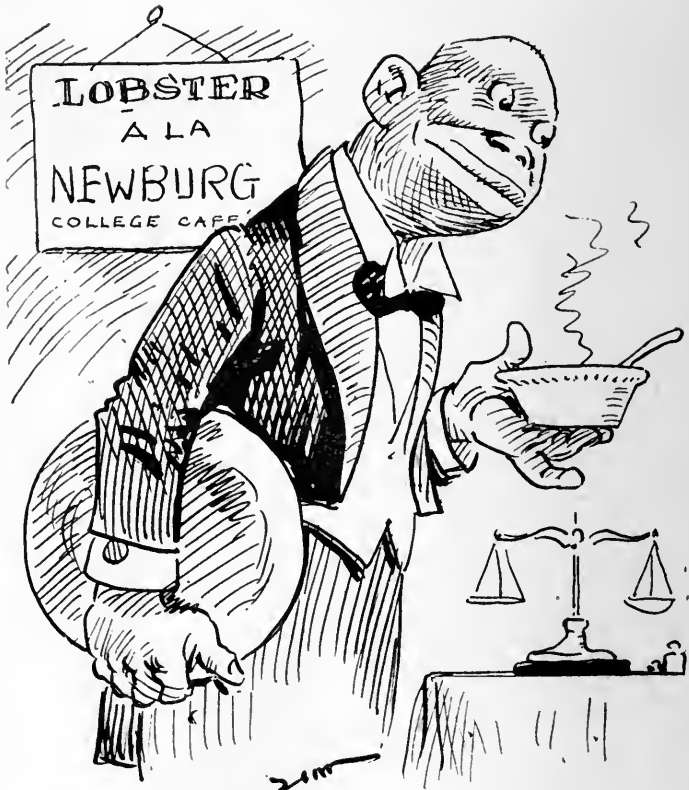
A SPECIAL OFFER

The proprietors of our local restaurants have kindly agreed to give to each purchaser of this book a fine chicken dinner, (at the customary price), this unusual offer to stand good for the entire year.

Curiosity may induce you to inquire the cause of a steady stream of humanity making for a certain corner drug store, surely it must be something unusual you think, but it isn't unusual at all, it is an every day occurrence, 365 days in the year. The fact is that store is the home of Brown's celebrated ice cream, made with the most modern scientific and hygienic equipment, by the proprietor himself. Brown's ice cream needs no introduction, it is renowned throughout the state, and then some.

Smith: So your baby never wakes up nights? How do you account for it?

Jones: Well, in the first place, he never gets to sleep nights to begin with.



CALORIES

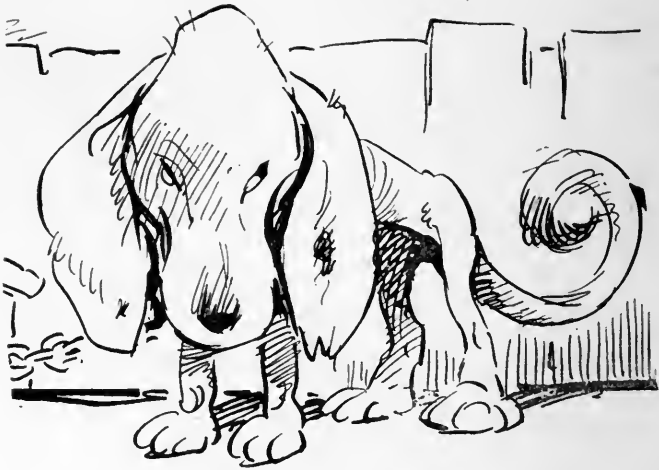
We who have good working stomachs live on food; there are others who live on calories only. Calories are to the foodstuff what skippers are to cheese. They are the whole substance (so to speak) therefore do I prefer my cheese without the whole substance, and that perhaps is why I shall never get robust on cheese.

Not all of us have had the opportunity to develop our minds beyond our daily needs and for this reason we are merely what we are, a common people and therein lies the secret of rural happiness and contentment. One can know too much for his own good, besides, a man overstocked with knowledge is often a darned nuisance. "Haint you found it so"?

In a nearby city there resides a well known piano tuner who bears my family name. A lady one day stepped from her Ford sedan and, approaching me, smilingly inquired, "are you Zimmerman, the piano tuner?" "No, mum," said I, "I'm Zimmerman, the car-tooner." "Oh, I beg pardon!" she blushingly articulated, "My car, I am glad to say, is in perfect tune, but my piano, dear me! is just terribly awful!"



I have knowledge of a citizen who is so painfully particular of the foodstuff he puts into his dyspeptic stomach that he carries with him a complete testing kit to aid him in his research for trouble and the detection of calories.



DOGS

If you don't think a dog's life is a sad one just look upon this misfortune whose mother led a life of indiscretion and brought him into the world without a pedigree, only fit for sausage or the dog pound.

Jim Shappee our local dog fancier and producer of finer breeds, has always on hand a choice string of setters, pointers, fox and rabbit hounds, whose respectable family connections can be traced back as far as the old Quaker Meeting House on Center Street near the Levi Marshall feed mill.

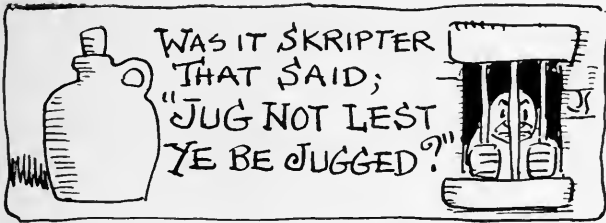
"Can you tell me, Johnny, what are the seven great wonders of the world?"

"Yep, mam! Jack Dempsey's one and . . . I done forgot de rest."

I wonder if invitations were mailed to those who participated in the Boston Tea Party.

OUR CALABOOSE

If you are intensely interested in public buildings let us escort you through our double-barreled, twin-bedded calaboose. As a local attraction this structure cuts quite a figure with strangers. It is frequented daily by an armed guard, quite often in the company of one or more guests who travel incognito and prefer seclusion. It is in every respect a desirable place to spend the night if one is spirituously fatigued and unable to continue navigation. One who comes well recommended might arrange a stay for an indefinite period as a guest of the county. Bigger cities dote on their public libraries, their cathedrals and their art galleries. They forget there is an element whose appreciation for such awe-inspiring institutions as jails and courts is very marked, and it is to that class of individuals that we particularly appeal, for it is through their generous financial support that such institutions are maintained and our tax rate reduced. Come and look us over and obtain our terms by the day, week, month or year.



PERSONAL SAFETY

The tourist is perfectly safe in bringing his bank roll into our midst (we cannot with any degree of certainty say as much for other communities) and would therefore advise that they leave much of it with us at their departure so as to evade the unpleasant thrill of being held up beyond the border of our corporation.

It is through the kindness of heart that we offer this advice, for when we discern an opportunity to do a stranger a favor we leave not one stone unturned in our efforts.

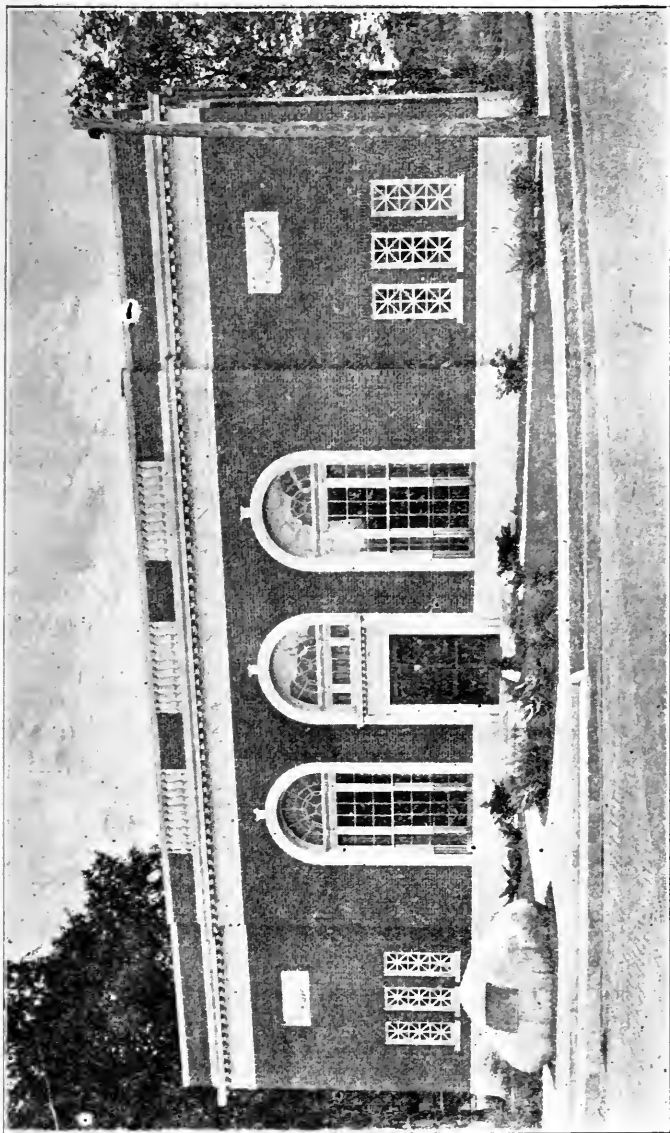


To Mr. Frank J. Campbell is due the credit for the first remarkable stride in modern development. A good bank is not merely an essential institution for the accommodation of the community, it can also serve as a monument to progress. The First National Bank of Horseheads is "it" in every sense of the word. Every citizen should feel proud to have paper coming due in such a fine institution.

It is a fine edifice in its interior and exterior, the very appearance of it and its surroundings commands respect from those who have for years jeopardized their savings by tucking them away in old socks and straw ticks. When you deposit your currency at the teller's window you relieve yourself of all responsibility for its safety and free yourself of the microbes which the bills have collected.

In a former history we merely published the architect's design of the bank in perspective, that was a year ago. We now give you the completed work as it is today, with its big boulder, upon whose escutcheon is recorded the deeds of those who are responsible for our presence here today.

The boulder itself has its history which is only revealed in its majestic silence. We can only surmise its history as we gaze upon that rugged sentinel, guarding the approaches against any wayward automobile that dares attempt to bump the bank off its foundation.



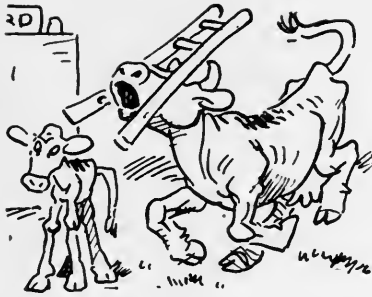
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HORSEHEADS, N. Y.

“Discharging the cook is not the duty of the husband of a household”, asserted the half-of-opposite-persuasion when hubby offered to do the firing. “I’ll tell her myself that her cooking is beastly and that she must go at once!” ’Mid the smoke and carnage of a soggy pancake breakfast stood the cook, gazing squarely into the stern features of a determined housewife. “Nora”, said the wife, calling her by her Christian name (because Nora was her really and truly name), “Nora”, she again articulated, this time with greater vehemance. “Well, what is it? Spit it out and git it off yer lungs”, thus spake the “pot-wrestler”. My lady bit her marble lips (not the girl’s) and calmly spat out that which was uppermost on her lungs. “Nora, dear I. . . I came to say that I have noticed for ever so long a time that your daily duties were wearing upon you and that you really needed a good long rest and I was thinking perhaps that several months’ vacation might bring renewed health and vigor. You may start to-day. I’ll send your salary each week to your address and will personally discharge the work until you return, but don’t say a word about it to my husband. Just slyly vanish and remain away as long as you like dear. Now, au revoir!” “Well, did you bounce her?” asked the husband. “You bet I did! It takes a woman to handle a woman!” said wifey.

Our enterprising oyster dealer extols his luscious bivalves in the following manner:

OUR OYSTERS ARE THE FINEST EVER!

They’re good for stews,
 They’re good for fries,
 They’re good to bandage
 On black eyes!



A bull is entitled to a good deal of credit for his sound sense in knowing just when he desires an intruder in his domain. There are two things in this lovely world that I deeply respect when they are headed my way. One is a railroad train, the other a playful old bull. I once had occasion to dispute the right of way with the latter, in which he convinced me most emphatically of the soundness of his argument by wading through the brook wherein I was angling. Our debate, up to that moment, was being conducted from shore to shore, a distance which I found exceedingly desirable; but when the discussion waxed warm and he decided to press his arguments at closer range, then I saw very clearly that I was in wrong and, like a true gentleman, I conceded to him all the land in dispute, together with some neighboring farms, besides a new bamboo pole, linen line, hooks, sinker and a handsome string of spring suckers—and hastily withdrew from the scene!

P. S.—After looking over our stock of cuts we find we have no bull among them so the cow in this picture has kindly consented to substitute in this story.

Although the winter days are gone, the odor of bacon and pan cakes still lingers in my garments.

Judge: How high were you in the army?

Casey: Foive fut, sivin, yer honor.

It may not be generally known that on an uncertain date in history, one named Christopher Columbus, of Spain, party of the first part, pledged his honor to Queen Isabella, of the same place, party of the second part, to discover a new hemisphere which is now called America, and with her financial aid guaranteed to produce the goods. After cruising aimlessly about several seas for months and finding nothing substantial to which to anchor, his Spanish swabs became decidedly unruly and accused him of doing them dirt, a ridiculous claim, for the reason that he saw as yet not a fraction of an acre of that much sought commodity in the range of his spy glass. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, they threatened mutiny and in fact bound and gagged him and were about to duck him overboard, but a cooler head, which was Chris himself, prevailed upon them to defer it as the time was not ripe for the plunge. Hence and therefore, in the face of surrounding circumstances, they allowed him ten days extension to arrange his private affairs and write his own obituary. But ere the time had expired he was able to cable his Queen his wonderful discovery of Columbus Circle at Fifty-Ninth street, New York city, then ordered a monument erected to impede future traffic at that point; after which, he sailed for home to relieve Queen Isabella of her obligations with her pawnbroker who had advanced the coin to grubstake the cruise that made possible our discovery. Chris has not been seen on these shores since and were he ever to come again it would, no doubt, cause him a feeling of remorse to see what a wicked state this country has arrived at.

Some men's remarks would be better appreciated if they talked less and said more.

The Usual Way

Dolly: I won on every race I bet on but one.

Ethel: How many races did you bet on?

Dolly: (sheepishly) One.



If you want to insult a hound dog, just call him by such tender names as Fido, Hector, Harold or Percy. The hound specie was not created to bear such lahdedah titles. They are as ill fitting as they are absurd. When a man acquires, steals or buys a hound outright, he usually favors him with a name of a single syllable to which profane adjectives can be easily hitched when the occasion warrants it.

I have tried calling various hounds by stylish names but received only icy stares and glassy eyes in response and I shall never forget the utter contempt in which I was held in such circles at such times. I have found the simple, unvarnished title of Pete, Dick, Ike, Spike or Sport to be more effective in arresting attention and cementing friendship. A slight sprinkle of profanity may add zest to any one of the foregoing.

Hounds are not unlike us humans. If you pet them and call them such tender names as J. Fenimore Cooper or Ralph Waldo Emerson, they are apt to get the big head and seek to sit on your lap and even crawl into bed with you, but the sharp one-syllable appellation brings them to their senses and gives them to understand their place in society. When a hound loses his self respect and imagines himself a lap dog, it is time to get rid of him.

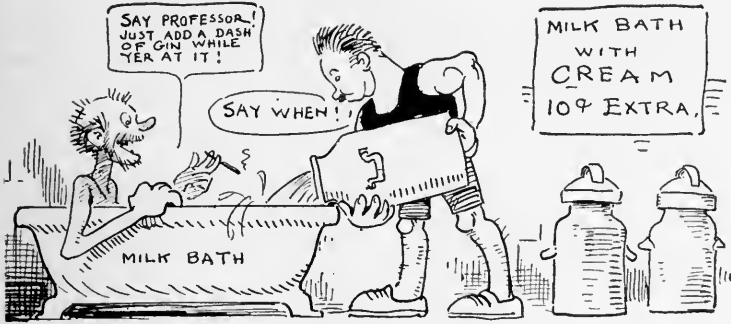


As this book goes to press the 1929 vote for village president is counted which enables us to present to our readers no less a personage for that office than "Big Chief Ollie" whose wigwam stands upon an eminence overlooking Grasshopper Hill and the humble homes of his subjects.

Our garage keeper declared that he didn't water his gasoline, but, like the unscrupulous milk peddler, he has been unable to explain the presence of pollywogs in it!



Many a youth born and reared upon the farm has left it in supreme disgust and sought a job at some industrial plant. Farm life is ideal until you become a part of it. This youthful farmhand is in the act of emphasizing his contempt for the farm while the fowls look on in great amazement and shudder at his crude profanity. Today the same youth is driving a flivver to and fro, besides he has a substantial bank account in the First National of Horseheads, while the fowls in the picture have long since had their gizzards removed and answered the call of the epicurean.



THE BATH AS A SANITARY UNIT

We have arrived at a time of life when we find it to our best interests, both socially and physically, to take a bath often, or at least semi often.

The nervous strenuousity of the times produces ample reason for such indulgence for the good of one's personal health, and in consideration for those who are obliged to abide with us. Therefore have inventors, with the aid of science and designers of bathing facilities, produced handy and exceedingly desirable methods for aquatic bodily attention. We have bath tubs in our homes today that make bathing almost a perpetual and desirable luxury, even to those not accustomed, or those strictly opposed to the promiscuous use of water and soap upon their nude person.

In the days of old when rooms were cold and bath tubs were unknown we used to haul out mother's clammy wash tub, and next to the kitchen stove perform that dreaded act with a teakettle full of luke warm fluid, and only on Saturday P. M. were we allowed or compelled to do so. Oh how we cursed the one who invented baths as a necessary part of existence.

Do you recall the useless burden that was thrust upon your weary head after slopping around barefooted all day in the mud, and being obliged to wash your feet before crawling into the feathers? Or else be dragged from

your slumbers with those hateful words ringing in your ears "Get out of those clean sheets and wash your feet, you dirty good-for-nothing hussy."



It won't be many years and we shall be stepping foot upon the solar system and bidding for business. They will need concrete mixers and road machinery to improve the Milky Way and steam shovels to level off the moon's surface. Science is working wonders these days.

Five R. F. D.'s point in as many directions toward the isolated homes on the sky line of civilization.

Before the dry spell set in and R. F. D.'s were unknown there was ample excuse for the farmer leaving his plow in the field while he trekked into town for his mail and returned with a "bun". Thanks to our rural delivery for having relieved the man of the soil of these burdens and making it possible for him to spend his evenings beside his own cider barrel.

Horseheads is a town of tourists' homes, with about two thousands souls (and half soles). Five ministers of the gospel and two expert cobblers help to keep the morals and morale of the town intact.

The peaceful visitor will find the glad hand extended to every angle and a cordial welcome assured.

OUR LIVELY STABLE

One of the great Horseheads enterprises that still clings to traditions is our livery and swapping stables. When a man is born and brought up amongst horseflesh he never gets the horse entirely out of his system.

Colwell's livery is a relic of those pre-auto days, when a horse was a horse and no one dared deny it. John, the proprietor of the horse emporium, was once the proud owner of a funeral hack and plug hat off the same piece. The hack now serves as a hen roost for a neighbor's chickens, and the plug hat vanished with the colored gentleman last employed.

John has salvaged more derelicts than any wrecking company in existence by his simple remedy, "Balsam of Myrrh", on the outside and plenty of hay on the inside.



LOOK 'EM OVER - GENTLE AND KIND & STANDS WITHOUT HITCHIN'



BLACK EYES

Painting black eyes is almost a lost art. There was a time in the history of Horseheads that if one dared to insinuate that another was a liar or a thief he would at once have cause to visit the studio of a house and sign painter where the natural tints of soiled optics are restored.

We used to have carriage shops too where painters specialized in black eyes and prompt service guaranteed.

Since fighting has become a profession and a monopoly of pugilists there is no further need for these art studios.

Science has bestowed upon us artificial foods and man has invented fireless cookers; now let us have tasteless meals, then we'll no longer have any cause for kicking on the hired girl's bad cooking.

Our speed allowance is fifteen miles an hour through the village, beyond that the sky is the limit. Those tourists who lack a keen perception for beautiful scenery and seek to duck through the village un-noticed at a greater clip are introduced to the Justice of the Peace through the medium of a sub-ordinate officer. Thus giving one a chance to view the marvelous works of nature and study our peculiar ways, and learn also much that may prove of inestimable value to him in after years.



SPORTS

When it comes to sports Horseheads can skin the world on croquet (crokay) and horseshoe pitching. We have posted a standing defy at one of our general stores with a prize of a slab of navy plug as an incentive to boasters.



If you can't pronounce the French names on the menu just point it out with your best bejewelled finger.

TO THE YOUNG MAN

We have marriageable maidens without number and excellent ministers to tie the knot, so young man, if you are bent on settling down to a life of wedded bliss you can find no place that will more completely meet your requirements than our town. The Loan Association will build you a house, our dealers will furnish it, our markets will feed you and our churches will keep you on the path of righteousness and all we ask of you is that you pay the bills.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

The truest and most devoted friend that man ever had is the little inanimate bundle of nerves that stands guard by his bedside through the dead hours of the night, its palpitating little heart spreading cheer and confidence over the surrounding gloom. Yet man often forgets the debt of gratitude he owes this faithful and tireless little friend for the sleepless, watchful hours it subjects itself to in order that he may slumber in security and comfort, and when it sings its merry morning lay I have seen him, instead of bestowing fond caresses, reach from his warm quilts, grasp it ruthlessly and slam it into the farthest and darkest corner of the room, crushing the dainty hands that seemed uplifted in an attitude of horror and protection, and scornfully muttering such uncouth and unworthy reproaches as these, "Damn that blinkety-blank alarm clock anyhow!"—then return to his snoring!

When occasion requires you to select one of those incomprehensible combinations known as cook, domestic and maid, choose one with high heels and gold-rimmed eye glasses and give her to understand that you'll expect her to assist in entertaining your callers and lead in the conversation. Insist also that she remain always properly and stylishly attired for the performance of this function. Let her know at the outset, thus avoiding future ruptures over the matter, that she is not to be permitted to wash dishes or scrub floors, that she will be expected to absent herself both evenings and Sundays and by all means oblige her to use your auto on these occasions and to receive her male companions in the double parlors. If you are boss of your ranch, you might as well assert yourself at once and for all time and put an end to any doubt or future misunderstanding.

EXTRA!

I have just learned through a very reliable source that the historic whale of Scripture never swallowed Jonah at all.



When the Volsted Law was ushered in we began to wonder what we should do henceforward to slake our thirst. Having an inborn abhorance for unblended cold water and a skeptic's fear of disease germs we sent to Cornell University a sample of our Spring fluid for analysis. The report of the chemists was so gratifying that it was at once adopted as a regular beverage and our weekly baths were willingly cut down to conserve this great natural resource.

For years this precious fluid had been ruthlessly wasted upon fires or contaminated with malt and alcoholic matter. Science has taught us to respect and revere this blessing however, for we have a water which is too precious to waste on weekly washings and the likes of that. We ask you to come and give it a trial and you'll never wish to return to the saloon days of a generation ago. The best recommendation we have for our city water is that our bootleggers let down their product with it. Water so pure that it enables one to reduce the number of his baths fifty per cent is worthwhile considering when seeking a location.

If ever a dress reform movement is started in the neighborhood of Scotland, I want to take an active hand in it. I'll share my remaining two pairs of pants fifty-fifty with the first highland lubber I find exposing his shins to the weather.

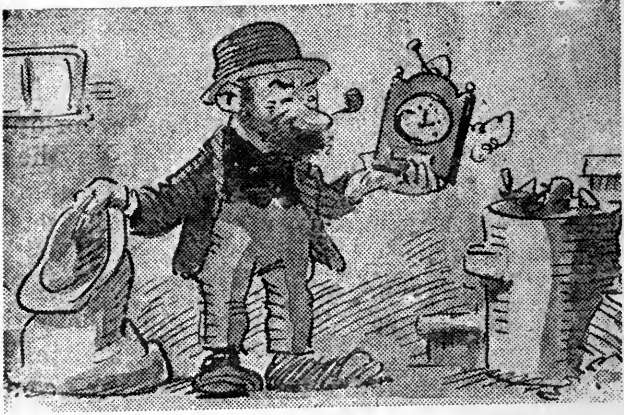
What a jumbled up mess a typesetter can make of an editor's copy if the proof reader isn't on to his job!

In setting up the obituary notice of an unfortunate citizen who was run over by the cars the editor appropriately closed his touching remarks with, "May he rest in peace." The typesetter, a dopey cigarette annihilator, construed the editor's copy otherwise and set it up, "May he rest in pieces."

If a man hasn't made his million when he arrives at the age of sixty, he'd better settle back and take, with good grace, the few daily shillings that are coming to him.



Try our Barb Wire Fence Nippers. They are warranted to give satisfaction,



In the cobwebbed and mouldy cellar of an abandoned jeweler's shop lay the dilapidated functions of a former timepiece and it was plain to be seen by the date and union label that the little bunch of corroded cogs and springs had not more than half outlived their days of usefulness. Misfortune had brought on premature old age and rheumatic joints and its voice sounded like the husking of corn. One day a swarthy-fleshed man with a heart and an eye for the good in all things tenderly lifted it to the light. He was the junk-man. Joy seemed to spread over the grimy but delicate features even at this slight attention. It tried to whisper, "Stranger, be my friend. Take me out of this damp and gloomy hole. I was cast here some four years ago by the worthless drunken watch tinker who thought my days were done, but I tell you they are not!" The junk gentleman then answered in Hebrew accents. "If I rescue you from dis blace so vile, vat shall be my recompense?" "You shall see, kind sir, that I still can work", said the ex-clock, "Just grub-stake me to a little oil and varnish and get the dust from mine eyes and face and I shall work for you as no clock ever worked before. This I shall do out of pure gratitude". "You have an intelligent face and you talk like an honest clock," said the junk man—and with that he

placed the crippled mechanism among the rags and old iron of his burlap bag and vanished. As the Phoenix arose from the ashes, so did this middle-aged timepiece from the mouldy dungeon to a place of honor on the mantle shelf, surrounded by home comforts and friends. The envious often remark that there is no comeback when once you're down and out, but this clock is reeling off twenty-six hours every day of its life and is already a month ahead of its scheduled time.

Grammar is as much out of place in certain environments as a red rag in a wild bull pen. You can make an ordinary social gathering look like a frostbitten squash vine by imposing your superior knowledge and fluent manipulation of that intellectual commodity upon it. In circles where fine art and literature are subjects forever untouched, it is a waste of time to dally in grammar. The natural vernacular of a locality is as much in keeping with its surroundings as cheese is in keeping with pie, and in those who were reared that way it sounds as sweet as the purest English from a scholarly tongue. We cannot expect a truck driver to form the profane sentences he utters to his "hoss" in pure English, because, unless the "hoss" is an English scholar himself, he would not be apt to understand. There is a good deal of horse sense in vernacular, perhaps that is why the "hoss" comprehends it. It cuts off the long corners and makes the route to understanding much shorter and is more harmonious than some of the jaw-breakers served up by the English dictionary.

Mules don't recognize Scripture. I have never heard of a mule being kicked on one "cheek" and turning the other "cheek" to be kicked also.

A TOAST.

"Here's to those who help others as plentifully as they help themselves."

A little black speck resembling a Ford, model 1902, stood in the center of the macadam highway holding her ground like a balky mule and declining all overtures to budge an inch. A man, hot and greasy, was buried head and shoulders inside the hood and dropping an oath into its vitals. In the car sat his wife, her countenance bespoke that fact. It clearly said, "I might just as well be home washing my dinner dishes". Just then a passing farmer reined in his steed to inquire into the cause of the greasy man's discomfort, and, after studying the symptoms, he suggested, "Better look into her tank, neighbor. Mebbe she wants some gasoline. I've drove balky cattle all me life but I never expect them to work on a empty stomach!"

Two old fellows, each with a venerable bunch of spinach on his respective Adam's Apple, met at an Old Home Reunion and began to swap stories of past days, during which the following conversation ensued:

"Well! well!" said Gabe, "This is ther fust time I laid eyes on ye, Rube, since I blacked yer lamps and put a kink in yer nose at Snediker's barn dance. Ye don't look much like ye did before that event!"

"No, I presume not," said Rube, "and I never supposed it was possible for me to lick a good old bosom friend like you, Gabe!"

"But you didn't lick me", said Gabe.

"Oh yes I did!" said Rube.

"Yer a liar!" said Gabe.

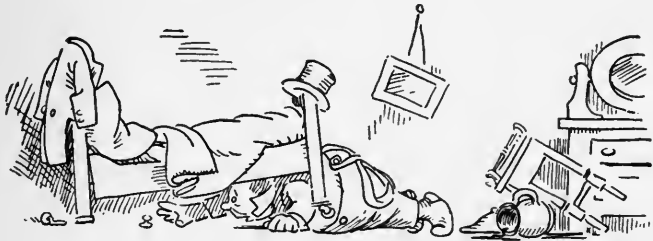
"Yer another!" said Rube.

Then they sailed in to celebrate their meeting in good old-fashioned style.

“Gone but not forgotten” is the appropriate inscription on a tombstone over the grave of a departed brother who left many debts behind.



An unusual amount of Radio Static in our immediate neighborhood was traced to the wood shed of one Benjamin Smith, who was conditioning the necessary utensils for trimming out dead wood on the estate of Chas. Kinley.



Take a tip—Flat collar buttons don't roll under the bed nor stick out like a wart on the back of your neck—Thomas & Messing 10c.



Our old fire bell, so long exposed to the rise and fall of temperatures of several decades has lost its vibrating punch as a fire and police call, and the time has arrived when the need of a siren is imperative—But, whatever new system is installed it's a cinch that none will prove more effective in reporting burglaries than the screech of our hired girl.

Lady—"Is drunkenness hereditary in your family?"

Bum—"Only on one side, nūm, but I suppose it's on both sides with me personally."

UNDERTAKING AS A DEAD ISSUE

The most dejected mortal in town is the undertaker, notwithstanding the fact that his business may be all that is desired he dare not betray it in his countenance. His business is to look sorrowful under all conditions. He must impress it upon the community that his calling is a dead issue and his life a constant struggle for existence. Our sympathy naturally reaches out to him and we do all in our power to speed up business for him. We are liv-

ing our lives as rapidly as possible to hasten the end so that he will not be obliged to seek greener pastures. It is quite notable that our doctors do not evince sufficient interest in his profession to boom his business. These professions should ally themselves more closely, for, as the saying goes "In union there is strength".

P. S. We have two funeral directors in town. This reference applies to both.



A Member of the Owl Club saying good night to his beloved spouse.

The poorest investment for a man (with one foot in the grave) is to build himself a coffin and house it in his garret for the final act, then go on living forever.



It is every wife's privilege to share in her better half's success, but she should at least leave him enough for his next day's lunch and street car fare.

Night was intended for the toiler as a time for rest and recuperating energy for the succeeding day's labors. When a fellow sits up shuffling the pasteboards until the small hours, kidding himself that he is having a swell time, he will pay for his folly sooner or later. I write these truthful lines full of remorse and repentance while tender hands are placing the cracked ice upon my fevered brow. To ignore the dictates of nature is worse than folly and the fellow who deliberately robs himself of sleep is a chump!

“Now, what are the principal ingredients of Swiss cheese?” asked a teacher of a pupil. “Holes, m'am,” was the quick response of that bright little fellow.

The genuineness of the story regarding the little cherry tree has never been disputed, yet so far as we know and in the absence of reliable eye witnesses, it may be as empty of truth as our Mother Goose tales. Again, there is a possibility that the desire to be a great man in the annals of his country led little Georgie to premeditate the act and work out the details very carefully so that there would be no slip at that crucial moment when his veracity was to be ultimately established. We can see how very easily such important matters can be prearranged by a boy of so strong a will as that possessed by young Washington. I have no desire to open a controversy on this subject. It only occurred to me that we of sane minds should be more careful in accepting the O. K. of past historians on matters of such moment, for had it not been for the cherry tree episode no doubt the entire conditions of our country would have been changed. When we consider the fact that George had the entire confidence of his parent and nothing that George desired was ever denied him, so the mere request that the old man plant a cherry tree for his son to chop asunder and bring about such good results in the future life of the lad was a pleasure to grant, and little should we blame the father of the "Father of his Country" for looking so thoroughly after his son's destiny.

Abe: How did Eckstein get so awful rich? Didn't he failed six times already yet?

Moses: Vell, all of his failures vas all successes.

Many a beautiful horse has a mean disposition—The same rule follows in automobiles.

Those dreadful family dinners our mothers and grandmothers used to set before us on Thanksgiving Day seemed more like an invitation to indulge in your own suicide.

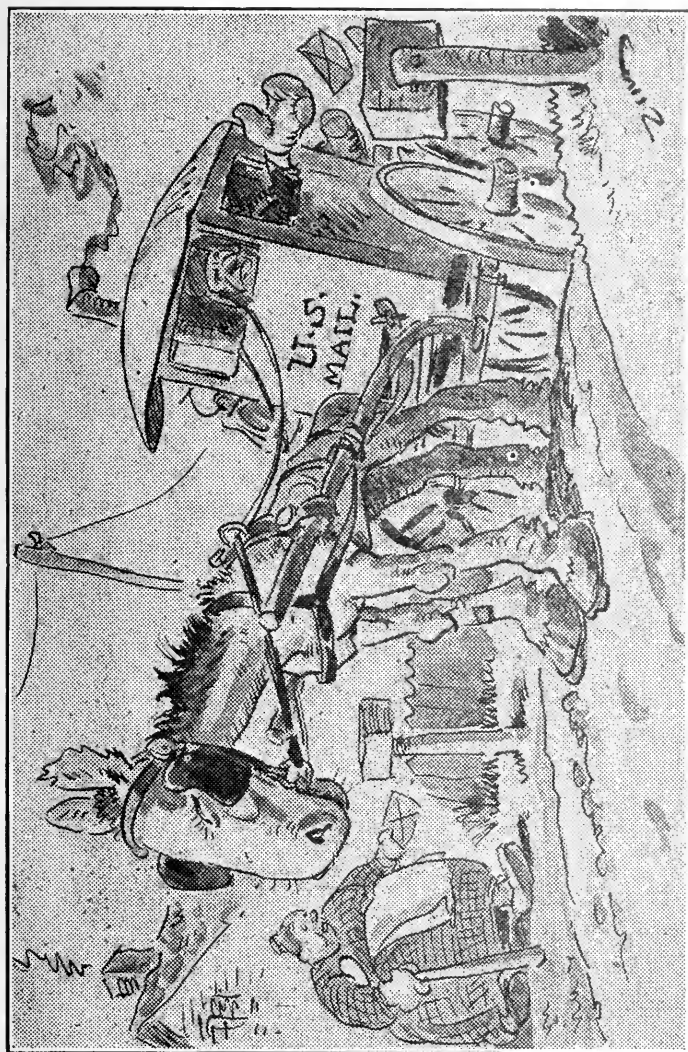
“Where ignorance is bliss, ’tis folly to be wise”. This fact stands out most conspicuously in rural districts where natives enjoy a limited vocabulary and local vernacular, a language that exactly fits its humble surroundings, one which the pigs, cows, horses, chickens and all in its environs understand.

We are often rudely corrected in our manner of speech by smarter persons, those particularly who have all their lives made a study of diction and made no better use of their superior knowledge than to butt in and correct people in their conversation. If these smart Alecks cannot adjust themselves to their surroundings and tune in on the local tongue as “she is spoke” by us and make us feel comfortable in their presence, then they have no business among us. Tis true that we have had men of marvelous intellect grow up among us, we always manage to elect such undesirables to government jobs and get them out of the way.

Since our women folks have taken to smoking and wearing trousers we may regard future generations as “Sons and daughters of American Evolution”.

OUR RURAL DELIVERIES

If we cannot say much in praise of our postmaster, owing to his penurious notions of demanding one price and strictly cash for stamps, we must not pass by the efficient service he represents without a word of favorable comment. The rural branch of the mail office, for instance, is everything that it should be. A farmer may now have his mail delivered direct to his plow in the field. His post holes need not go undug while he wends his weary way to the village post office for his mail order catalogue, and his pumpkins may be threshed before the frost sets in.



I can't understand why appendicitis comes so high. Five hundred bones for a few expert slashes and three weeks hospital board without an appetite seems a bit extravagant, yet that's about what your bill will amount to if you wish the job well done and served with all the trimmings. If the head butcher—beg pardon, I mean surgeon—were to agree to assume all the pain and risk, I'd have nothing to say in rebuttal. It is not a very generous testimonial of the handiwork of our original Maker, to have to be made over before our cogs and mainsprings are half rusted out, yet we pay this fabulous sum to undo the work of nature to bring us abreast with the times. Were there any pleasure in the sensations of being scientifically mangled and rearranged—in short, murdered that we may live—then I should say, “Go as far as you like, Doc!” Personally I entertain no horror for that sort of carving, but as I am of a retiring disposition I naturally shrink from such unpleasant notoriety.

Fare thee well, glorious springtime. Five weary months of sleet, slush and sneezes have gone into history and my hard-earned coin which nestled so cozily in the vault of our little village bank last fall is now the property of the Coal Barons.

There are times when the brain absolutely refuses to act, if it were not so that dear friend who borrowed ten bucks of you six months ago would call and settle.

COURT ROOM ETTIKET

A criminal should not take levities with the court. Even tho' the Judge seems inclined to make light of a dark situation, you must remember that the joke is on you nevertheless, and you should conduct yourself accordingly.



SUNSHINE

There is nothing in the world like sunshine, it is the balm that keeps us from entering the morbid zone. The fellow who looks upon the dollar as its equivalent loses much of the joys of life. Sunshine shapes our natures and destinies. The man who gloats over sour gloomy weather is not truly happy. The spirit of life is absent when the sun is off the job. We find many a sulky old crab (like yourself, for instance) setting in a dingy office, hid away from the real sunshine of the world, basking in the glow of his incoming gold, with a hide of half tanned leather, a hopeless yellow dispeptic.

Life may be sad enough at best, it can be worse without sunshine.

Q—You say you would like a position in the treasury department of our concern?

A—I would indeed, Sir!

Q—Have you ever handled the finances of any large and reliable institution?

A—I have, sir.

Q—What references can you give?

A—The First National Bank of your own city, Sir!

Q—Were you associated with that institution?

A—I was, Sir!

Q—How long were you engaged at the First National Bank?

A—Up till last midnight, Sir.

Q—In what capacity?

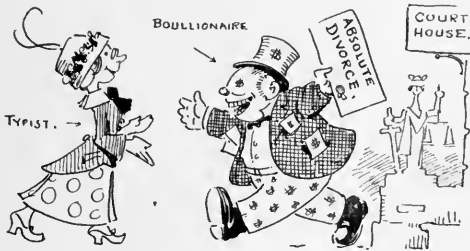
A—Burglar, Sir!

Whether Shakespeare or Bacon wrote "Hamlet" concerns us not in the least. The fact remains that "Omelet and Bacon" by Bridget is by far more popular just now than the works of either of the aforementioned gentlemen.

A SERIOUS STEP IN LIFE



Before and after taking.

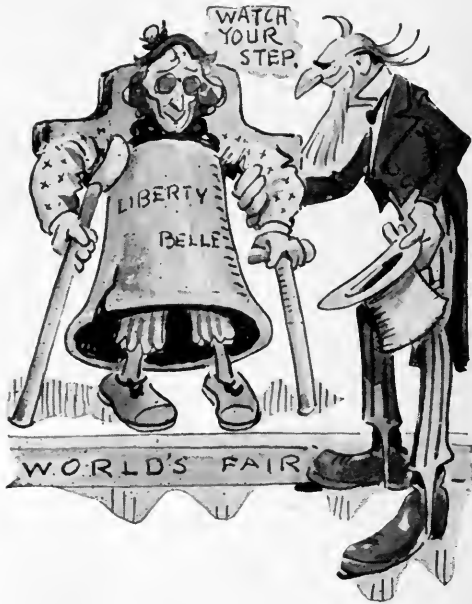


DRAWING AFTER THE DISCARD.

REGARDING SANTA CLAUS

What joy a harmless fib can bring unto a child, and what sorrow the naked truth.

There is a remedy for every disease and complete rest is the wisest remedy for the overworked. I know what I'm talking about for I sawed a whole cord of wood twenty years ago!



THE LIBERTY BELL

It will soon be time to take the old girl out for an airing. The Sesqui-Centennial of Newtown extends her a hearty welcome.

Did you ever think,
 That you would like to be
 A little silent partner
 To the likes of me.

Have you ever made an appointment with a dentist? At some time or other we all have had an appointment with the proprietor of that chamber of horrors—that is, we who value our grinders and don't intend to enter the gummer class have consulted the dentist. Nature demands that the teeth receive at least as much care as our innermost vitals and when the time arrives for making an appointment with the dentist, it casts a pall over us which is only second to a first class funeral. The doomed culprit in the death cell has not felt greater horror of his

approaching end than the victim awaiting the date when he is summoned to be gagged and tortured in the dentist's chair.

The moment the dentist puts down the date of your turn and hands you a card specifying the hour, you begin hearing and feeling the grinding of electric drills and the thumping of trip hammers. It is then that you wish for a liberal shot of the stuff of former days to bolster up your nerves and you would pay double the price of the job to any willing substitute. But all such wishes are in vain, so you arrange your private affairs, set your jaws and wearily climb the stairs, wishing every moment that the firebell would ring or a telegram would call the dentist out of the city for a week. But no, nothing of this sort occurs, so with shaking limbs and a cold sweat you set yourself in his chair and listen to the sharpening of scrapers, diggers and gougers. Amid a dismal, deadly silence the examination proceeds and just as your nerves are at a breaking point you hear the sweet voiced dentist remark, "Why, I don't find any cavities to fill. Your teeth are as sound as a dollar." For those few words you feel like falling on his neck and kissing both cheeks, but no, you slide a V into his hand instead and vanish into space shouting, "Gee! Ain't it a glorious feeling!"



He to She

Tell me truly, tell me dear, may I hope to linger near.

Judge—Are you married?

Dolan—Exhibiting his black eye to the court—I'll let me present appearance spake for itself yer honor.

AS TO OUR POSTMASTER

The stingiest man in our town is the postmaster. In all the years that I have traded with him, he has never as much as treated me to an uncanceled stamp. One would naturally suppose that after buying postcards in hundred lots he would at least slip me an extra card for old times' sake. Most of our village storekeepers were born with a more generous heart. Not one of them would split a dried bean to make the scales balance. They always give the customer the whole bean and take the loss of half a bean themselves. But not so with our P. M. He's what I call small potatoes in his business deals. It isn't that he can't afford it, for he has an abundance of stamps of all denominations in his office—more, in fact, than he can ever dispose of, and many more are being shipped to him every week. Yet he sticks to them like a pup to a bone.

I have often threatened to take my postal business to a neighboring town, where, I am sure, I could get a better and more reliable grade of postage stamps for the same price, though I must say two cents is entirely too much for a measly bit of gummed paper with a dead man's picture on it. I could get them up cheaper myself, but I wouldn't have time to recover my original investment before they had my interests in their hands, so I suppose I'll have to swallow the pill and continue to patronize home trade. Personally and outside his office, he's a good fellow and a faithful public servant, but he could vastly increase the receipts of his office by mixing in a little generosity.

It seems to me that when a man steps into a government job he gets narrow in his views and too exact in his weights and measures. In the days of the Wet regime, it was customary for bar tenders to set 'em up now and then to stimulate business. Nothing of that sort ever enters the head of our Master of Posts and there has

been strong talk of reporting his visible faults to headquarters and politely demanding a man whose interests are not solely on the side of the government, a man who will unbend from the set rules of his office, a man who will sell an old customer three two-cent stamps for five cents when wholesale purchases are made. That's the kind of postmaster that will get the business and drag our office out of the third class into the king row of business getters.



The most worthless appendage to a camp outfit is the drone who loves rest and despises work. He is most always to be found among a crowd of good Indians, however. "Why", says he, "I thought a man went camping for rest and recuperation!" But suppose we all rested and recuperated, would there not be a rumbling in the pit of your stomach and a gnawing at your vitals? Do you suppose that you can help yourself to the bait that

others obtained by the precious sweat of their noble brow and fish to your lazy heart's content? Then expect us to clean and cook your catch while you lay prone and full booted upon your shakedown awaiting the toot of the dinner horn to summon you to grub? The sort of camping you have in mind you'll find in story books. Real camping is actual work, purposely made so that a man may better appreciate his home when he returns to it. One week of camping is a joy, two weeks is misery and three weeks is--well, it's what Sherman said war was!



Yes, we have movies! Harry Tiffit will attend to your moving. Guarantees to save you money by moving you once a month. It's cheaper than paying rent.

They say everything changes about every seventh year. Heavens! I dread to think of the possibilities of the one piece female bathing suit when the next changes occur.

Doctor—I really didn't expect to see you out of the house so soon.

Patient—I had to sell the house to pay your bill, and had to get out to let the others in.

LOOKING AHEAD

“My son!” said an indulgent father to his hopeful who is just trying his first legal case after being admitted to the Bar, “I didn’t send you to college to study law for the purpose of defending bootleggers in their scandalous calling. I’m ashamed of you, sir!”

“I realize that, Dad,” answered the son, “but one must not stand upon scruples these days of big business. You must admit, Father, that bootlegging is a growing industry and big interests need big lawyers. I’m going to grow up with it and some day I’ll be known as one of the big criminal lawyers and regain your vanishing respect.”



The ladies and women of the Sewing circle and Local Chapter of Needle Workers will meet weekly to discuss ways and means of beautifying the home.

Should my homecoming be somewhat delayed you'll know my dear that I'm slightly frappeded.



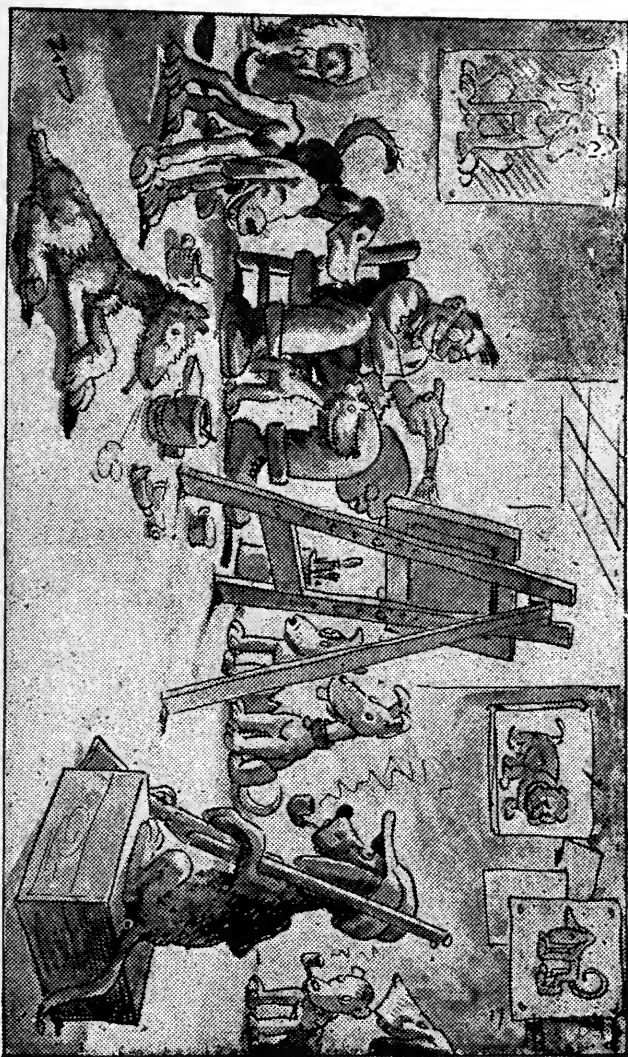
Only one seat left, Mam. You might let the children sit on your lap.



Even chickens seem to possess a spark of human nature—the game they play ahead of oncoming automobiles is equal to “Pussy in the corner” or in the chicken’s own language—“Hit me if you can”.

Customer—That bottle of hair-preservative you sold me turned my hair green!

Druggist—That’s the way it preserves it—no woman will ever marry you now!



NOTICE: Any dog in Horseheads wishing his portrait painted (free of charge) for a birthday gift to his fiance will please call at my studio. Give three barks and a scratch at door for admittance. Young dogs may be accompanied by their mothers.

HORSEHEADS, N. Y.

Once when the writer registered at a big metropolitan hotel and proudly dashed the word, "Horseheads," opposite his name, the dignified hotel clerk scowled and side glanced at his new arrival as he called out, "Front! Show the man to top tier No. 999999 and take a pitcher of cider with you."

At this the worm turned, for it was evident that this person behind the desk knew not whereof he spake. He was miserably ignorant of Revolutionary history, so, grabbing him by the lapel, I recited the stirring story of Sullivan's Campaign and how the place aforementioned came by its honored name. Tears now welled in his eyes and befogged his vision and he blew a blast of liquid sorrow into a lavender scented handkerchief. Then his hand wandered gently toward another key and his voice changed to that of a perfectly respectable gentleman as he directed the bell hop to show the guest from Horseheads, N. Y., to Number One, the chamber once occupied by the Prince of Wales, and believe me, that bell hop bowed me into my quarters as if he had been tipped a dime for doing so.

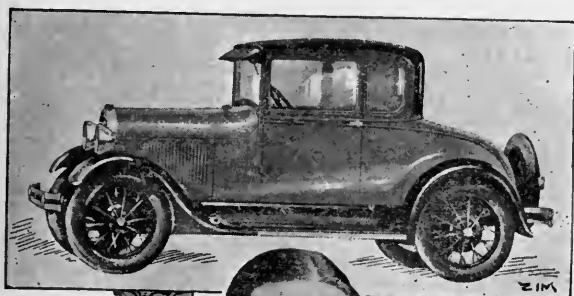
SOCIETIES

Secret and Otherwise

Horseheads has many societies, cliques, clans, clubs, and cireles. Nearly every member of its two thousand population affiliates with one or the other. It is a badge bedecked community in which man meets man with grips, signs and passwords, and by this means the observer may judge their standing in society. A stranger who is unable to respond favorably to any of these secret demonstrations may as well move into the next burg.

Wail of the benedict—Backward, turn backward, time in your flight, and make me a bachelor just for one night.

HORSEHEADS MOTOR SALES



Featuring the Model A



Absolutely Without a Parallel

In Attractive Colors and Lowest Prices in History

SHOW ROOM—Main Street, Horseheads, N. Y.

PHONE 168



“ROTARY GAS GARDENS”

**CHAIN OF
GASOLINE FILLING STATIONS**

Throughout States of

NEW YORK—PENNSYLVANIA-- MARYLAND

Rotary Products

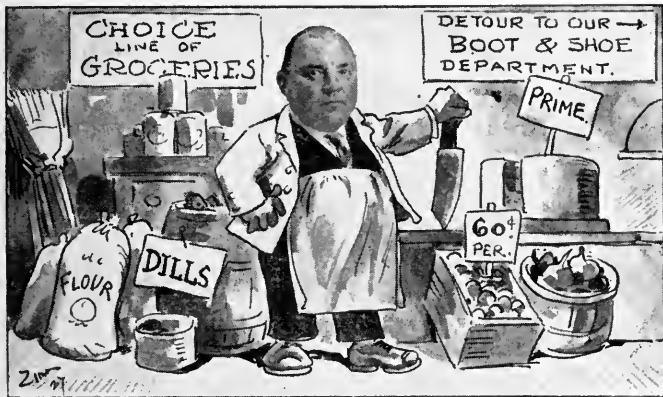
**100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OILS
GASOLINE**

HIGH COMPRESSION GASOLINE

ETHYL, Etc.

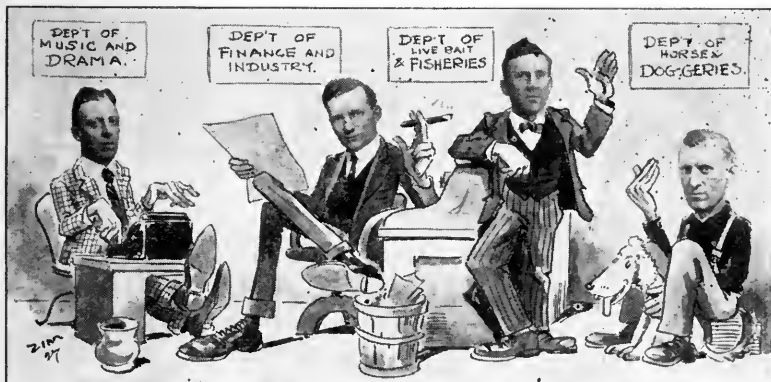
SOUTHERN OIL CO., of N. Y. Inc.

EVERY YEAR IS A GOOD YEAR AT THE GOODYEAR STORE. THE FRANKLIN ST. GROCERY



CHARLES H. GOODYEAR
IS JOHNNIE ON THE SPOT
Headquarters for fine grade shoes for ladies and
men and best quality of rubber footwear.

COME IN AND GET ACQUAINTED



Dress Rehearsals from 10 to 4. ' mgs —Dances—Monologues

Weller Hardware & Foundry Co.

Incidentally Manufacturers of
Gray Iron - Semi Steel - Nickel Chrome Castings
Socony Gasoline and All Good Grades of Oil

YOUR
BUSINESS

YOUR WILL

Time
Changes
Many
Things

Your Estate

YOUR
INVESTMENTS

In reference to your Estate

You may feel assured when this Bank acts as Trustee or Executor that the provisions of your Trust will be carried out in letter and spirit.

**The Merchants National Bank
and Trust Company**

Telephone 3607

Elmira, New York

Franklin St. **KELLOGG & WHITAKER** Horseheads

HEADQUARTERS FOR
GOODYEAR TIRES and TUBES—RADIO SETS
ACCESSORIES AND SPORTING GOODS



Fine Assortment of Artificial Bait that catches those big ones they tell about

THE HOME WITHOUT A RADIO is a dismal failure these modern times—Get the best. We have them.

Constantly Growing

Like the little acorn and in a fair way to eclipse
the mammoth oak of tradition

That is the condition of the—

Horseheads Savings and Loan Association

Come in and talk it over if you are interested in
building a home.

SADDLE YOUR WORRIES ON THE INSURANCE COMPANY

Aurelia Whitenack, Agent

The rudiment of happiness and contentment is insurance. Keep your property, crops and automobile well insured and you'll never be troubled with insomnia. Insurance gives one a feeling of security.

**RELIABLE COMPANIES
LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID**

Insurance — Real Estate — Bonds
Compensation Insurance

Phone 171-M 106 Main St. Horseheads N. Y.



Do You remember grandma's big feather bed?
Well our beds are ten times more comfortable.

C. OWEN
Elmira Heights, N. Y.

FURNITURE - RUGS - LAMPS - GAS STOVES
and everything to make married life happy and
single life comfortable. Stop in and we'll prove it
to you.

The New **FIRST NATIONAL BANK** of Horseheads

HAS JUST PAST IT'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY

They say "there is nothing new under the sun". If you believe in that ancient adage just step into our new bank building and we will show you the fallacy of that argument.

The First National Bank OF HORSEHEADS, N. Y.

is everything that is new and modern. All the hay seed methods of former years have been plucked out, even to the tail feathers, and the bank is now doing business on an approved plan adopted by other live banks of the country.

The Federal Reserve

**Is The Guarantee that Guards the Interests of
Our Depositors**

FRANK J. CAMPBELL, President
FRANK S. BENTLEY, Vice-President
CLAIR SCOTT, Cashier

DIRECTORS

Frank S. Bentley	Oliver D. Eisenhart
Henry Bush	Thomas R. Hibbard
Frank J. Campbell	Frank L. Matthews
Wilson T. Day	John A. Perkins
Frank F. VanBuskirk	

ROCKWELL HARDWARE

Majestic and Fada
RADIO S

Modern Gas and Electric
Cooking Equipment

PAINTS — OILS AND VARNISHES
SEEDS AND CEMENT

In fact everything that a Hardware should carry
to render the home convenient and comfortable.

Hanover Square

Phone 66

Horseheads, N. Y.

-: THE SAYERS' MARKET :-

Horseheads, N. Y.

.....

Aims to handle the best cuts of meat for
family trade—is efficient in service and
punctual in deliveries.

— Conveniently Located for Transient Trade —

Sayres is a Modern Market, Sanitary in
every respect—Electrical equipment and
artificial refrigeration.

104 Main St.—in the Messing Block—Phone 92

TERMINAL GARAGE

134 Franklin St., Head of Grand Central Avenue
Horseheads, N. Y.

Right in the Heart of the Village

New 400 Series Nash Motor Cars
\$975.00 to \$2290.00

COLONIAL GAS and OILS

REPAIRS and ACCESSORIES

Day and Night Wrecking Service

Phone Call 406 Horseheads

ELIZABETH INN

Familiarly known as a place where the appetite may be gratified. The very appearance of its surroundings is an invitation to stop and test the hospitality of the Inn. It is conducted on a big town plan, where the choicest viands of the four quarters of the earth are assembled into delectable dishes to tease the gastronomic organs. ELIZABETH INN is located about one mile east of Horseheads on the Ithaca Highway, just far enough out to sharpen the desire for good eats. Mrs. Erickson, the genial hostess, looks after the comfort of patrons.

Special Dinners for Parties and Banquets

—DINING ROOMS FOR SMALL DINNER PARTIES—

'Phone 431



READING THE FOOLISH HISTORY OF OUR VILLAGE

is a pleasant pastime, but don't forget you will be deprived of that pleasure if you neglect one of God's greatest gifts—Your Eyes.

Consult your Optical Specialist at regular intervals. Do not wait until your eyes cause you trouble. Forestall eye troubles and all their attendant ills by having the eyes examined at least every second year.

*Winchester Optical
Company*

Horseheads, N. Y.

Wholesalers of Optical Goods

Branches:

Elmira, N. Y. Williamsport, Pa. Olean, N. Y.



**What
Have
You
Lost?**

Quit look-
ing for it
and buy
another.

—
You'll find
everything
you need
without
looking
for it at the
corner
store of

THOMAS & MESSING

THE HABERDASHERS

Main and Franklin Street, Horseheads, N. Y.

**Cigars — Tobacco — Pipes
and Furnishing Goods**

Everything For Every Season

ALSO A FULL LINE OF

Choice Candies — Overalls — Hats — Caps

Rubber Goods and Underwear That Don't Itch

HEADQUARTERS FOR—The Zim cigar and two story rub-
ber boots—we handle all the best brands of cigarettes that
tickle the heart of the fastidious.

STOP IN AND JINGLE YOUR COIN AND NOTE THE
SPEED WITH WHICH OUR CLERKS RESPOND

WERE YOU EVER "LIT UP"?

R. CLIFFORD BARNES

The Wizard of Electricity can light you up good
and proper

Have your home and garage brought up to date
in Electrical splendor—The finest of fixtures and
the most modern appliances are always on display
at the Barnes store.

A Whisper to the Farmer — Have your barns
wired by BARNES. It will make milking a joy
and fill your cows with eternal gratitude.

Welcome, Tourist

.....
Elmira Auto Club

Dues \$3.00 Per Year

.....
Join Now

**THERE IS NO ROAD TO INDEPENDENCE
EXCEPT BY SAVING.
BANK WITH US AND GROW WITH US**

**The Bank of
ELMIRA HEIGHTS**

ELMIRA HEIGHTS, N. Y.

Open Friday Evenings from 7 to 9 to accomodate those who are too busy to bank during the day.

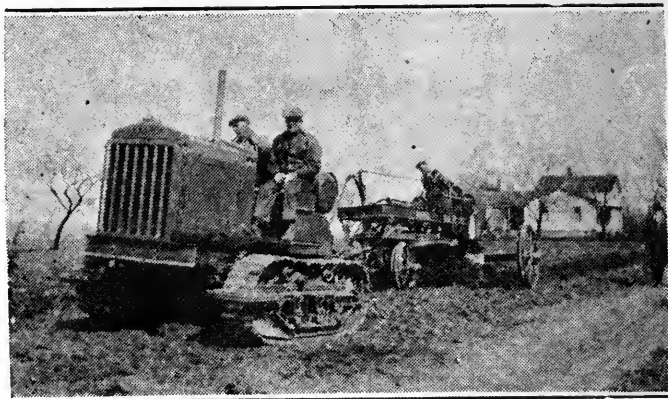
According to the thermometer on my back porch about 78 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent of our present day congregation are incurable gasoline bugs, which causes me to remark that if I were a clergyman and looking for business I should certainly get abreast with the times. I should put my Gospel shop in a state of efficiency that would guarantee the filling of every pew and the withdrawing of every possible nickel from the tightwads who occupy them. People who ride constantly in automobiles have lost their appreciation for choirs and melodious organ rumblings. Cancel your contracts with your choir and fire the boy who pumps the organ, then you have made a start towards modern efficiency. Scrap the old organ and supplant it by a group of honk horns operated by a six-cylinder engine. Smear a little gear grease over the cushions and fill the church with gas fumes and you will soon get a raise in salary and a rake-off on the gate receipts. I tell you, gentlemen, it pays to use your head, even in the pulpit!



**Correspondence Course in
CARTOONING, COMIC ART & CARICATURE**

Address

Horseheads, N. Y.



WE MOVE THE EARTH TO PLEASE YOU

“ATA BOY!”

MONARCH TRACTOR

When This Big Baby Hitches onto Something,
Something Sure Lets Loose

When She Says Come! She Won't Take No for an
answer.

GEORGE D. CASE CO., Inc.

ENGINEER AND CONTRACTOR

ROAD BUILDING EQUIPMENT

HORSEHEADS, N. Y.

Office and Warehouse 901 - 909 South Ave.

Bell Phone 161

Distributors of

ROCK CRUSHERS
SNOW PLOWS
SCRAPER BLADES
ROAD ROLLERS
STEEL BRIDGES
ROME GRADERS

CONTRACTOR'S SUPPLIES
WATSON WAGONS
SCHRAMM AIR COMPRESSORS
WEARPROOF SIGNS
GELSER CONCRETE PIPE
MONARCH TRACTORS
REPUBLIC CONCRETE MIXERS

MARK M. TABER INSURANCE HORSEHEADS

The saddest spectacle is; Seeing a fire consume property uninsured—you should bear this in mind before it happens.

**ALSO AUTO, LIABILITY AND CYCLONE
INSURANCE**

We can insure you against any calamity excepting bald-headedness.



Mark M. Taber, Editor

Don't neglect to read the "Waste Basket"—It finds its way through the mail to your door once a month.

CENTRAL MOTORS CO.
GARAGE and
SHOW ROOMS

—dealers in—

CHEVROLET CARS

GENERAL REPAIRS
and ACCESSORIES



609 Main St. Phone 112

Horseheads, N. Y.



A. L. EDWARDS

A. H. DALE

H. W. KINLEY

C. L. JUDSON Coal, Wood and Ice

PHONE 405

120 North Main Street

Horseheads, N. Y.

"Clate" Will make you comfortable all the year 'round



She—Are you sure these prunes are good?

He—I don't know madam, you're doing the tasting.

GRAND UNION CO.

L. F. Whitaker

THE BETTER CHAIN GROCERY STORES

We have the pleasure of serving you

Groceries — Cold and Smoked Meats — Fresh Vegetables
and Baked Stuff—Franklin Street, Horseheads, N. Y.

Gosper, Kelly & O'Shea, Inc.

SHOES

HOSIERY

Elmira, N. Y.

W. E. Tuttle Lumber Co.

HORSEHEADS, N. Y.

Established 1868

**Lumber, Mill Work, Mason's
Materials and Roofing
DuPont Paints**

BURT'S Inc.

**Clothiers — Furnishers
MEN AND BOYS**

ELMIRA, NEW YORK

**OUR BETTER CLOTHES ARE TAILORED
AT FASHION PARK**

FREDERICK C. TOMLINSON

**THE SPECIALIST
CASUALTY AND AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE**

**GEORGE M. TOMLINSON
INSURANCE AND BONDS**

Merchants National Bank Building, Elmira, N. Y.

T. R. HIBBARD HARWARE CO.

OLDEST ESTABLISHED HOUSE IN
HORSEHEADS, N. Y.

117 Franklin Street

Phone 32-W

Everything in the line of

HARDWARE

OIL, GAS AND COAL STOVES

On display. — Inspection Invited

FURNACES INSTALLED

Ready Mixed Paints, Varnishes, Oils and
Painters Supplies

NEW LINE OF SPORTING GOODS

HARRY GUSTIN

Undertaking Parlors

Funeral Conveniences Attached Day and Night
MOSHER BLOCK HORSEHEADS, N. Y.

FINE FURNITURE AND RUGS

Ambulance Service

Calls Promptly Attended to

PHONE 165

G. W. WILLIAMSON

SHOE REPAIRING

Grand Central Ave.

Horseheads, N. Y.

Neat Work and Prompt Attention

J. C. SHANLEY

Horseheads, New York

D. & H. LACKAWANNA COAL — WOOD

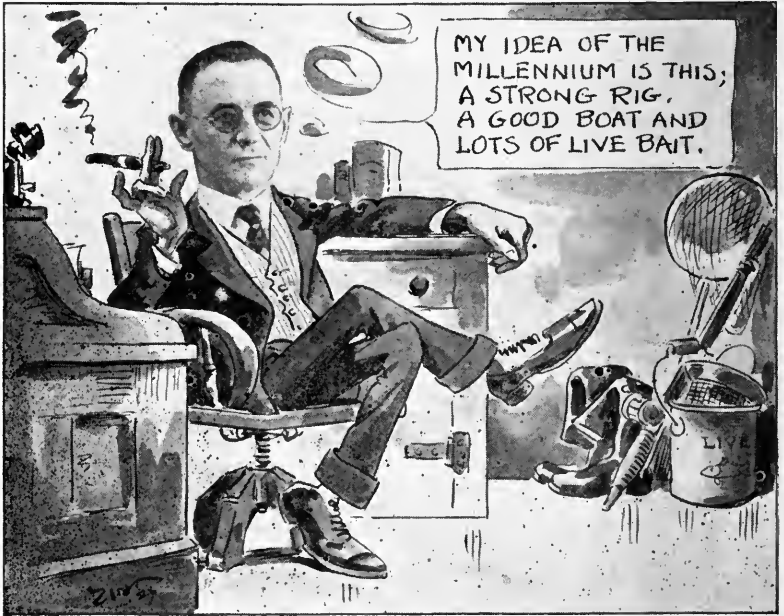
Prompt Delivery

Phone 64-M

The coal that makes the home what every home
should be—a joy and comfort.

MY CREED

There are times when a man should not allow business to interfere with pleasure, and that is when fish are biting.



Eugene F. Van Name

113 - 116 John St. Horseheads,

PHONE 100

"Wonder" Concrete Mixers	Bridge Material
Bates Tractors	Baker Snow Plows
Stockland Graders	Gas Shovels
Acme Rollers	Block and Brick Machines
Acme Crushers	Burch Belt Conveyors
Arnico Culverts	

BOYD & WHIPPLE

Proprietors

**The Main Street
Garage**

SHOW AND SALES ROOM

Main Street :- Horseheads, New York



**THE CELEBRATED
WILLYS KNIGHT AND
WHIPPET CARS**



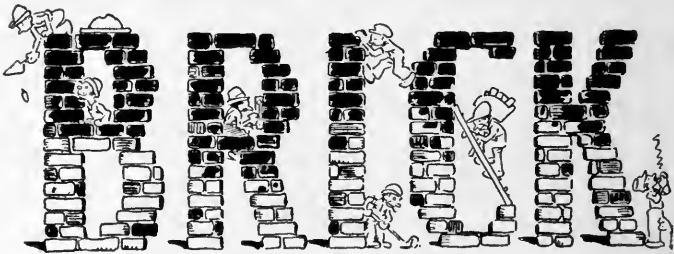
Sufficient parking accommodations for 75 cars by the day, week or month. The most convenient point for tourists who desire repair service, Gas and Oils or temporary housing of their cars

**SOCONY AND SOUTHERN
GAS AND OILS**

**FREE AIR AND WATER AT CURB
A U T O P A R T S**

Day and Night Wrecking Service Phone 160

Consolidated



Company

Horseheads, New York

The
Mark Twain Hotel

ELMIRA .. NEW YORK

FACING WISNER PARK

THE MARK TWAIN HOTEL is the last word in modern appointments and efficient service. It has 200 rooms with baths.

Single Rates: \$2.50 to \$5.00

Double Rates: \$4 00 to \$7.00

ELMIRA, N. Y. is the home and last resting place of the immortal author of "TOM SAWYER" and "HUCK FINN" and is the southern gateway to the famous FINGER LAKES region.

If you wish to bask in the enchanting atmosphere of that distinguished genius, put up at the MARK TWAIN when touring through our section.

For reservations address communications to the

Mark Twain Hotel

ELMIRA .. NEW YORK

Facing Wisner Park

In Dairyland, In Dairyland
 Our Service should be complete;
 No longer need you milk by hand,
 Electricity is more fleet.
 No longer need you clean the kine
 With curry comb and brush,
 But with Electric vacuum fine
 'Tis done now in a rush.
 The water that you once did hump
 From long wells dark and deep,
 You draw now by Electric pump
 That works, too, while you sleep.
 For ensilage, for grain, for mash,
 For cooling milk, for light,
 Electricity will save you cash
 When used by day or night.
 In every modern Dairyland
 Where ever you now go
 It works to save both head
 and hand;
 Ask us, E. W. L. & R. R. Co.

Horseheads Memorial Co.

Joseph Lynch, Prop.
 MEMORIALS FOR
 EVERY PURPOSE

Monuments and Markers

At Moderate Prices

116 - 118 Main Street,
 Horseheads, N. Y.

If you live in Chemung County you live
 "IN DAIRYLAND"

During the last decade the dairy industry in this county has grown by leaps and bounds. Members of the

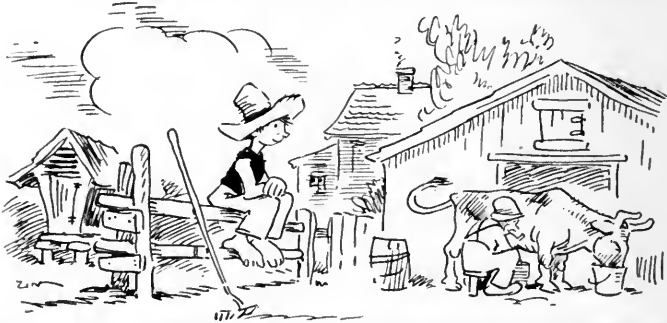
CHEMUNG COUNTY FARM BUREAU

have profited by recommendations on the value of pure bred stock—how to breed them—how to feed them.

PROGRESSIVE FARMERS ARE
 FARM BUREAU MEMBERS

Chemung County Farm Bureau.

The Farmers' Educational Organization



F. H. GILES

STATIONERY AND BOOK STORE

Cor. Grand Central Ave. and Franklin St., Horseheads, N. Y.

NOVELTIES—GREETING CARDS



—AND THE OTHER KIND TOO

The only store in town handling a full line of Text Books and School Supplies—and that "ain't" all; we have such a great variety of absolute necessities that it is impossible for us to list them here. —Come in and "ask and ye shall receive".

Doylemarks

Pianos and Reproducing Pianos

Instruments of exceptional quality—very moderate in price.

—19 IN USE AT ELMIRA COLLEGE—

—13 IN USE AT MANSFIELD STATE NORMAL SCHOOL—

A COMPLETE LINE OF VICTROLAS AND RADIOS —

CONVENIENT TERMS

M. DOYLE MARKS CO.

309 E. Water St.,

Elmira, N. Y.

J. C. BOGARDUS

The Only PHOTOGRAPHER in Horseheads

AND A GOOD ONE IS JOHN "YOU BET"

Furthermore he's a Notary Public and his

Phone is 71-J

There are two varieties of hard shell crabs the salt water and—well you know the other without mentioning names.

Don't make all your purchases out of town. We can supply all your immediate needs. Always a good assortment of Dry and Dress Goods and Notions in Stock at

The Myers Department Store

Trade at Home—It Helps to Pay Your Taxes

With Compliments of

B. D. SIMPKINS

D. L. & W. COAL

Horseheads, N. Y.

Phone 42-J

A WORD TO A. H. DEYO

An apology is due you, Mr. Deyo for the wrong done you in your CENTRAL GARAGE AD. We called you Dale—which you are not. Hence, we ask that you be calm until we can locate that secret influence which caused the error to slip in and if we do find him you shall be avenged "SO HELLUP US MOSES".

D. L. GEORGIA & SONS

EXPERT ELECTRICIAN

Grand Central Avenue

Horseheads, N. Y.

Dealer in All the Modern

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

To Make the Home Beautiful and Convenient

"YOU GIVE ME A PAIN IN THE SPINE"

Is a remark we often overhear. Well, whenever that happens
to you come up and consult

MOSEL THE CHIROPRACTOR

in the Mosher Block, 106 Main Street, Horseheads, N. Y.
And have it removed—the pain, not the spine — Phone 438

Sweet — Van Houten Co., Inc.
Paint and Wall Paper Store

BRIGHTEN UP

210-212 W. Gray St. Phone 1489 Elmira, N. Y.
WE PARK YOUR CAR

Let the Sunshine In!
Send the Washing
OUT!!

Custard & Kistler Inc.

FRANK H. GILES — Horseheads Representative

John D. Ward, Pres.

Francis X. Moser, Vice Pres.

Benjamin Rathbun, Sec'y & Treas.

Chemung Foundry Corporation

Gray Iron, Nickel Iron and Semi Steel Castings

Brass, Bronze and Alumnium Castings

Elmira, N. Y.



P. S.—Some folks "tell it in flowers", we tell it in good castings and foolish histories—then we are sure it gets "under the belt"—and that "ain't mebb'y".

BROWN'S PHARMACY

THE HOME OF BROWN'S

ICE CREAM

Brown's Ice Cream has an established reputation. It is made by the aid of the most modern electrical machinery and under perfect hygienic conditions. The freezing process is accomplished through artificial refrigeration—no polluted ice or unsanitary methods employed in its manufacture.

There is but one place in this world where Brown's Ice Cream can be obtained and that place is Brown's Pharmacy, southeast corner

Main and Franklin Sts., Horseheads, N. Y.

CHILSON & SHIELDS

Furniture and Undertaking

FUNERAL HOME PRIVILEGES

Without Charge

Phone 175

Day or Night

MAIN STREET

HORSEHEADS, N. Y.

AMERICAN-LA FRANCE AND FOAMITE CORPORATION

Engineers and Manufacturers

ELMIRA, NEW YORK

BUILDERS OF

AMERICAN LaFRANCE

Motor Fire Apparatus

used in

90% of American Cities

Including

Horseheads, N. Y.

SWEET MILK — BUTTER MILK — COTTAGE CHEESE

VAN GORDER & OWEN

East Franklin Street

Phone 55

Horseheads, N. Y.

MILKIN-TIME.



**GRADE A. MILK
PASTEURIZED**

Winter or summer holds no horrors for the milkman. He must be on the job whatever the weather may be—with a cheery "Good Morning" for every customer—

P. S.: Leave your tickets and empty bottles outside and go on with your slumbers.

CHEMUNG VALLEY

SAVINGS and LOAN

"THE BROWNSTONE FRONT"

ORGANIZED 1875

220 EAST WATER STREET ELMIRA, N. Y.

DIVIDENDS

Compounded

4%

ON
STRAIGHT
SAVINGS
SHARES

6%

ON
MONTHLY
SAVINGS
SHARES

SERV - U - SAVE - U

Watch for the "Orange and Blue" Front

The Marvin Christian Grocery

The Little Store with the Big Stock
Cor. Grand Central Ave. & Franklin St.,
Horseheads, N. Y.

Fresh vegetables, fruits, nuts and the products of several bakeries. Eggs direct from our own poultry yards. The most convenient place for tourists to provision their outfit with the very best from the wide world's markets.

ORANGE and BLUE—You can't miss it unless you are color blind. Even so, some have not missed hitting us with their automobiles and had to stop and look us over.

HORSEHEADS DRUG CO., Inc.

W. H. KIPP, Pharmacist

Phone 174

Ice Cream — Candies — Drugs

Cor. Ithaca and Main

Horseheads, N. Y.

CUBISCO—The great Stomach Powders

If reading this Foolish History causes you any stomach distress call for CUBISCO.

CUBISCO is the one dependable remedy for indigestion and sour stomach.

The Beaver exhibits wisdom by damming his water supply—we dam ours every time she springs a leak.

A well directed frozen snowball aimed at the base of one's spine by a spirited youth carries with it a sting which no shrapnel can equal!

There is nothing so annoying as a constant kicker—the box stall is the proper place for him.



Have You a Safe in The House?

They have been moved out and away easily.

Have You a Watch Dog?

They Can be Silenced Easily.

Have You Thought of Renting a Safe Deposit Box?

It is the only reasonably safe way to protect
your papers and other valuables

Come in and see our Big Vault, 28,000 pound door,
walls 24 inches thick of Steelerete construction,
many light, comfortable, private rooms for you to
inspect your papers in. Rent as low as \$3.00 a year

**THE
SECOND NATIONAL BANK
OF ELMIRA**



A 000 589 488 6

Adieu My Friends



In closing this stupendous work—which practically opens the Sesqui-Centennial period of the battle of Newtown, I want to thank all my advertisers for their generous financial support.

Their aid has settled like a bright ray of hope upon those whose claims against the author were beginning to totter and cause him to cast about for an avenue of escape and leave the whole matter in the merciful care of the sheriff—But thank heaven that anxious moment is past, due entirely to my benefactors, the advertisers—whom I thank again most heartily —

Zim

