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TO EUROPE

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OHIO, NOV. 1

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
HALIFAX, N.S.

LARGE SUMS ARE EXPENDED ON FAKE CURES

Chicago, Oct. 26—More than \$300,000,000 was expended in advertising in the last year through advertising agencies, publishers of the Nation were told yesterday by James O'Shaughnessy, executive secretary of the American Association of Advertising Agency. The association was a luncheon host to delegates to the national gathering of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Philadelphia publisher spoke on the virtues of readability in advertising copy.

"Advertising," he said "may be so fresh and newsy that readers will look for it every day. A style that makes advertisements sought for by newspaper readers makes advertising pay."

DON'T CROSS THE KNEES, IT AFFECTS SPINE

Washington, Oct. 26—Another reason why girls shouldn't cross their knees has been found by Dr. Beatrice N. Phillips of Kalamazoo, Mich. The habit if practised continually, invites curvature of the spine, she told the closing session of the Middle Atlantic States Osteopathic Association convention here.

Another girlish practice she characterized as "pernicious" is that of sitting upon one foot, "because this also tends to throw the spine out of balance."

UNFIT FOR JURY DUTY.

New York, Oct. 26—The explanation filed by a New York wife for the failure of her husband to report for jury duty is herewith preserved for posterity: "I had my husband arrested for non-support and he is now serving time on the island and it is impossible for him to appear through no fault of his own."

DISTILLERY MASONRY.

Monessen, Pa., Oct. 26—The age mellowed sandstone blocks which for 60 years housed the John Gibson distillery will be used in construction of a new church edifice.

HARD TO FRIGHTEN GOODNESS INTO THE CHILDREN OF TODAY; OLD TIMER GETS HIS DANDER UP

(By Tom Williams in Toledo Blade.)

"The right background is a good thing but it ain't much good unless it's a twin," asserted the Old Timer as he ambled in from what he termed his "Railroad Shanty ranch."

"What you mean, twins?" inquired the visitor.

"I mean exactly that if it ain't accompanied by the right foreground and vision and foresight it's a lame duck," he explained.

"And I don't care what th' gloom champions say, I hold that th' young folks of today have, as a rule, as good or better a settin' than most of us older people had."

"Who's afraid of ghosts today? That was one of the bugaboos of my youth. And how many kids wake up in th' night now, all in a sweat, thinking th' house is afire because some sermon they heard has come into their dreams?"

Parents Should Remember.

"And what about th' large portfolio of superstitions of other days? With the approach of Thanksgiving day I'm decided to express special thanks for one thing, anyhow. And that is that folks are getting away from th' idea that you can scare goodness into anyone—particularly children."

"If parents only knew that they put a scar on a child's mind each time they throw a scare into it they'd realize how wicked they are in trying to be good."

"Gee, if you're good at figures and want a little practice get your pencil in hand and calculate how many ugly scars have been put on human souls since th' idea got into th' world that you could keep folks from being bad by scaring goodness into them. Until we get a world in which folks are good purely as a wise investment, we'll be a long way from th' goal."

"And superstition. Bah! It's a part o' th' foolish notion that scared people are safest for th' world. But th' world is safest when it has th' least cowards—no matter what they are afraid of. One fear brings on another. There's nothing that breeds so fast. Away with black cats, Fridays, looking at th' moon over th' wrong shoulder or seeing th' Devil if you look into a mirror too long, and all such stuff."

Feels Like "Clouting" Them.

"When I see a supposedly sane Christian and loving man or woman scare a child it gets my dander up so I just feel like clouting them."

The crossing watchman sat in his home-made chair and stroked his knees with his open hands as his teeth gripped the harder the stem of his corncob pipe, and his jaws set hard.

"To this day," he resumed the conversation, "I can see ghosts as described in most ghoulish details by men and women so religious that if they as much as looked into a story book on Sunday they figured they would have to devise a way of doing it when th' Lord wasn't looking."

"I could take you to those very spots where these ghosts were in th' habit of congregating, and where reputable persons would swear they saw them. That proves to you what impression such foolishness makes on th' young mind."

"And one of these ghost stories that old Ned Newton used to tell was so vivid that I always felt creepy when I went by that place at night even after I had become a grown man and knew better. It's pretty hard to spoof a kid with spooks today, and to me that's a most hopeful sign."

Time To Be on Lookout.

A glance at his watch apparently convinced the Old Timer that it was time to be on the lookout for the express train. He walked out of the shanty and turned his head in a listening attitude, sniffing the air at the same time.

"Am developing almost an animal's sense of smell," he muttered as if to himself as he walked toward the tracks with the red banner rolled around its shaft tucked under his arm. A low-hung winnow of smoke in the distance testified to his judgment before the tremor of the approaching train gave further warning.

"Guess it'll be some time before they get trucks to pull a load like that and as fast," he ventured as he resumed his seat in the shanty again after the crossing had cleared.

"Gasoline is a Godsend. It has learned millions of people not to be afraid of fresh air, and what th' big outdoors is for, and it has brought a lot of neighborliness and friendliness into the world and destroyed sectional feeling, and perhaps increased sex appeal, but you can put it down and sit on it that this is still the age of steam."

Must Have "Devilment."

"And speaking of spooks, it some-

how associates with th' idea of Halloween night, and that's one celebration that should not be taken out of the child life.

"I don't encourage rowdiness or the destruction of property, but what would a kid have to look back at—boys and girls—when they approached th' evening of life if they hadn't got into some devilment when they were young? Life would be like a blank book without even numbered pages."

"Guess I never told you about th' Halloween scrape I got into once—and God knows I ain't going to tell you all of them. Well, Lew Hughes, my neighbor friend, and I decided to go coon hunting. 'Twas no night for th' work—dry and warm and a beautiful moonlight—but th' spirit of youthful adventure was strong, and that did well enough for an excuse to get away."

"About midnight we landed back in the road in front of a neighbor's house half-way between where we lived—one of us up the road and the other down."

Widow and Daughter Alone.

"It happened that a widow and a maiden daughter lived there alone. There was a driveway from the road alongside the house that ended in an open shed where the buggy and farming tools were kept. The moon shone brightly into this shed and we could see the chickens roosting around on the buggy shafts and cultivator handles and th' like."

"Th' distance was about 80 yards—too long a range to hurt anything with the old muzzle-loading shotguns we had, so I suggested a farewell shot for the night right into that open shed. Bang! went double barrel and th' single barrel in chorus. Down th' road he went pell-mell and me up, skeddaddling, the squawks of chickens ringing in our ears."

"At daylight the widow was over to our house, and at the same hour the daughter was down to Lew's house. Each told terrible tales of attempted robbery, of fusillades of shots, of hearing prowlers around th' house and trying to open th' windows. In an hour th' report of th' attempted crime was over all th' neighborhood, and the magnifying of it had stopped scarcely short of murder."

"What kind of paper did you use for wadding in your old musket?" asked Lew when "I met him in th' late afternoon when he came up our way to get th' cows."

Father Was Wise.

"Just paper," says I. "You didn't confess to anybody, did you? Don't think we are suspected. If they hadn't made it so strong we might have been. But what about th' wadding paper?"

"Then he told me that his father was wise. Deacon Hughes was a sort of daddy to th' whole valley. He had gone up to the widow's in a sympathetic way and to look around. In the driveway he picked up a wad of powder-stained paper. Opening it carefully he found the name and address of my mother printed on the margin at the top. 'That's why Dad knows,' said Lew."

"That evening I got word to go down to Hughes'. The deacon sat in th' parlor by th' fireplace reading. Lew was in one corner looking very sheepish. I was greeted cheerfully, and Lew was ordered to get up some cider and apples. It seemed hours that the old deacon sat there reading his paper without saying a word other than telling me to help myself to th' cider and apples."

"Then after what seemed centuries he turned kindly toward us and says: 'Boys, I suppose you heard about th' attempted robbery at th' Richards' last night.' I admitted I had heard the rumor. 'Well,' he said slow-like, 'I promised the women that I'd get somebody to watch their place for three or four nights.'

"Bravest Young Men."

"And looking at me with a twinkle in his eyes he went on: 'And I have decided that you and Lew are th' bravest young men I know of around here, so I wish you would go to th' barn, get some horse blankets and sleep in th' Richards' haymow for th' next three or four nights.'

"And by the way, boys, you don't need to take any guns along."

"That was all he ever said. We acted on the suggestion."

Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 26—The mental age of the typical New Yorker and Chicagoan is 12 years, according to Dr. Herman Bundesen, health officer of Chicago. All literature bearing on public health for general consumption should be in words of one syllable, he said.

Special Bargains!

LADIES' LISLE HOSE25c.
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MEN'S COTTON SOCKS15c.
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Till tire-troubles trouble me!

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- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
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- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 Queen and York Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 St. John and Aberdeen Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore St. and University Ave.
- 55 Brunswick St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Smythe and Aberdeen Sts.
- 113 Argyle and Northumberland Sts.

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