

BRANT'S

LUCASVILLE OHIO

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MONTHLY NEWS

MAY, 1934

WHAT THE HOME MERCHANT THINKS ABOUT

Tactful Daughter

Mother: "And now tell me what you meant by introducing me to Mr. Brown as your aunt?"

Daughter: "Forgive me, mother, but Mr. Brown appears to be on the point of proposing, and it would not do to run any risks. He has a strong prejudice against mothers-in-law."—*Tit-Bits.*

Taking No Chances

Negro Undertaker (over telephone): "Rastus, your mother-in-law just died."

Rastus: "Is you sure 'bout dat?"

Negro Undertaker: "Shall I bury her or embalm her?"

Rastus: "Don't let's take no chances, brother. Cremate her!"

By Ernest C. Hastings

Mr. Hastings is a well-known lecturer and writer on problems of distribution. He is also a lecturer on merchandising at Columbia University and Editor of the Dry Goods Economist, the leading department store magazine which has a large world-wide circulation. Few men know and admire retail merchants more than he does.

The Punkin Eaters' Club Now Has 139 Members, Who Will Plant Nearly 10,000 Seeds

"Peter, Peter, PUNKIN EATER, had a wife and couldn't keep her," so he shut her up in a PUNKIN shell. But that ain't no way to keep a wife. The best way to keep a wife is to KEEP HER BUSY. And a lot of them are going to be KEPT BUSY planting and tending those 10,000 PUNKIN seeds. And this fall, "When the frost is on the PUNKIN and the fodder is in the shock" they ought to harvest at least 20,000 PUNKINS if all goes well. Then all winter these same good women will be KEPT BUSY making PUNKIN PIES. And if each PUNKIN makes 5 pies, that will mean 100,000 pies. And if it takes two eggs to each pie, that means 200,000 eggs. And if—but that's enough figgers. It is wonderful what a few punkin seed can do. It looks to us right now like the government would not need to look any further for a fine plan to get rid of the nation's surplus milk and eggs. Just start more punkin clubs is all they need to do. PUNKIN PIE you know is a dessert—the finest in the world. And anybody can eat two or three pieces of PUNKIN PIE after they have et all they can hold of everything else. That is what I'd call SURPLUS CONSUMPTION OF THE SURPLUS. That is probably a little too deep for the President's BRAIN TRUST to grasp. But you and Will Rogers will understand what I mean. But we must get down to business.

INTRODUCING OUR 56 NEW MEMBERS

Brothers and sisters of the Lucasville PUNKIN EATERS' CLUB, this is one of the happiest moments of my life. I feel deeply the honor you have voluntarily bestowed upon me as manager of this great and worthy undertaking. There is no longer the faintest doubt about the glorious success of this momentous movement to revive the ancient customs of our humble forefathers and preserve them for posterity. It is indeed a great pleasure, and I know you join me in welcoming into our fraternity the following 56 new members, which boosts our total membership to 139:

Daddie Furgeson, Elwood Johnson, Oscar Grimes, Frank Newman, Tom Millar, John Martin, G. H. Vogel, Levi Newman, Geo. Fields, Willie Smith, B. F. Mullins, Chas. Virgnes, W. H. Hackworth, Frank Harwood, John Radebaugh, Robert Preston, William Toms, Henry Abbot, Mrs. Frank Morris, Clifford Friend, Clyde Artis, Nelson Bice, Jas. Boldman, Walter Flannery, Newton Martin, Forrest Luckett, William Osmyer, J. B. Davis, Mrs. Hettie Cutlip, Harvey Benson, A. C. Baker, Mrs. Henry Bonzo, Floyd Bonzo, Link Crabtree, Wesley McFann, Ralph Adkins, M. B. Walters, Mrs. Nora Kepp, Gar Phipps, Floyd Miller, John Phipps, Sylvester Phipps, Madison Adkins, H. C. Cook, Chas. Bruce, Ray Rhoades, Carl A. Stroud, John Nance, C. D. Conkel, Thos. Wright, P. W. Bonner, Alex Stewart, Rosco Milam, Wayne Sturgell, Hughie Kozee, Wm. Caldwell and Wm. Wright.

More wanted to join but seeds are exhausted and membership for this year closed. Remember, now is the time to plant those PUNKIN SEED if you have not already done so. I have just one more request to make, and that is that you keep a record of what sign of the moon you planted your seed in, so that full details may be open to the interested public at the punkin show next fall. And besides I'd like to get this MOON SIGN BUSINESS SETTLED once and for all for the sake of the peace and prosperity of future generations. This is IMPORTANT, but not necessary so far as winning a prize is concerned. We will now adjourn till next month.

A Loyal Punkin Eater.

FEW people ever have the opportunity to see the inner workings of men's minds. This is unfortunate in the case of consumers in contact with their home town merchant.

Many folks have the impression the local retailer is interested only in selling so many dresses, so many yards of goods or so much of this and that.

Nothing could be much farther from the truth. It is the writer's honest belief the average store owner has the same interest in his customers that a doctor has in his patients.

The doctor tries to give to his patients the medicines and the advice which will be of most benefit.

The retailer tries to supply customers with merchandise which will gain the greatest amount of service for the least amount of money.

Recently we were talking to a nationally known head of a department store and we asked him what he considered to be his greatest responsibility in the community and he said, "To advise customers honestly about the qualities of the merchandise in this store."

If that isn't about the finest code of fair dealing we ever heard then we don't recognize a code when we see it.

Many and many times the writer has been in doubt as to a purchase and has asked the merchant for his help in the selection. And in practically every case we know he has advised us to buy the item he was least anxious to sell.

Undoubtedly many of you have had a similar experience. As a matter of fact we never saw a merchant who really deserved the name, deliberately sell something to a customer just because he wished to dispose of it.

We consented to write this little editorial for Monthly News because we feel so keenly the need of a greater appreciation on your part for your local storekeeper.

He would never tell you the things we write about him. He just does not have the time or the inclination or the something necessary to make him "toot his own horn." Perhaps it is just as well.

But we can say what we think about him and we think he's one of the finest fellows in the land. Certainly he has won his spurs during the depression.

If our little squibs inspired by contacts with hundreds and thousands of merchants from all over the world will inspire a little more understanding between retailers and customers we will be happy.

An' Dat's Sumpin'

He: "Let's get married or sumpthing."

She: "We'll get married or nothing!"

—Chicago Phoenix.

Stature

"How tall is that native hunter?"

"About six feet two, in his stalking feet."

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

HINTS---WINKS---BLINK



Thoughts While Thinking

Nothing worries us so much as to have someone come after closing hours and ask to be waited on. Five people came the other evening—one five or six miles away. We worried about it till after 12 o'clock. We do like to accommodate everyone. We simply can't under the NRA. We can't sell anything after closing hours except medicines.

My Neighbor's Garden: John Collis' garden is pretty good sized and he didn't have time to tend it this summer again. John Bonzo looked after it last summer, spaded it up all himself, and planted some of the crookedest rows you ever saw. I don't know exactly how it happened but this year John Bonzo and Ray Rhoades have it in partnership. Neither one of 'em has done a lick of spadin'. They got Burton Risner to do that and he did a fine job of it. Between the three of them they got the stuff all in now, but as it ain't come up I can't see how crooked the rows will be. I thought I'd die laughin' the other day when John and Ray walked up the alley with the air of a Rockefeller looking over his estates, and saw a big pile of straw burning furiously right on top of their beans they had so laboriously planted. No, boys, I won't tell John Collis all I heard you say about him that morning. I ain't no gossip.

Believe it or not, there is a pair of Red Birds (Cardinals) building a nest in a vine on the corner of my porch not 6 feet from the window where I sit writing. I'll have good company all summer. It ought to help make these ads more cheerful. Robins are building all around. I like birds.

Cliff Purdy is building a swell new house on the trail between the White and Gentry homes. It is going to look mighty nice, in spite of the fact that he didn't ask me a thing about his plans before he started. I could have given him so many good pointers just like I do the women about their cookin'. Like as not he'll have to come and see me yet about something or other.

Arley Kelley has torn down the home where they lived, and I reckon that means another nice new home in Lucasville. There is no us talking you can't hold the people in Lucasville down.

Some people just came to the door after having driven 7 miles to the store for groceries. They are among our best customers, but the store had just been closed 15 minutes and we could not go back. Many people do not know that most of the rural stores are not under the NRA code and can do just about as they please. The fact that we employ more than 5 people puts us under every restriction of the NRA. It just remains to be seen how long we can stay in business and honestly live up to the demands made upon us. It all depends on how considerate and loyal our customers are, in spite of our restricted service. All we ask is that you please do not blame us personally for the things we cannot help. We open at 8 o'clock and close at 6 every day except Saturday, when we do not close till 9 o'clock.

If the pictures in this issue turn out all right, we are going to appoint Buck Russel our official photographer, and then you are apt to see your picture in Store News any issue. "Giant Oaks from Acorns Grow"—sometimes, if the ground is rich. Who knows, this sheet may be a big real newspaper sometime—if we can ever get anyone with brains enough to run one to take it over. Here is a real opportunity for some of you new high school graduates. Who wants a job as reporter for Store News? Write us some letters, give us some news. But make it snappy.

DAVE APPEL bought a pair of WOLVERINE HORSEHIDE SHOES on July 3, 1932, for \$1.98. He was working on county roads. Next day he wore his rubber boots, because the rain had been heavy and he had to clean out ditches. But he took his shoes along anyway. The water was so deep it was over his boot tops and instead of being a protection they were a hindrance, so he took off the boots and put on the new WOLVERINE shoes and worked in the mud and water with them all day and for several days following. That would have about fixed any ordinary shoe, but not WOLVERINES. The next morning they were dry and soft as ever, and they have been soft ever since. DAVE is still wearin' these same shoes. This is April 23, 1934. He has worn them exactly 1 year, 9 months and 20 days, and they look like they would last out the full 2 years. It pays to buy that kind of shoes. The same shoe now sells for only \$2.50. At that low price they are DIRT CHEAP compared with most any other shoe we know of.

A CAPTAIN, MAJOR OR OFFICER FROM THE CCC CAMP DOWN ON Turkey Creek came out to the store the other day and said he had looked all over Portsmouth for a pair of Wolverine shoes, and that someone from Lucasville who was workin' at the camp had told him he could get them at Brant's. He was happy to find them, took one pair and ordered another pair. Army officers invariably wear good shoes. They know there is nothing like HORSEHIDE for wear and comfort.

JOE TURNER IS THE MAN THAT TOLD HIM ABOUT US, WE FOUND OUT AFTERWARDS. Thanks, Joe. We appreciate that. Joe wears WOLVERINES HIMSELF and knows what they are. Anything Joe BRAGS on has got to be pretty darn good, I want to tell you. We like fellers like that. Some fellers will just brag about anything they own whether it is any account or not. You never know whether to believe a feller like that or not. Tod Noel is one of them kind. Every piece of meat he sells is better than any he ever sold before.

GRETA GARBO'S FAVORITE FOOD IS ICE CREAM, SO McINTYRE SAYS, AND THERE is only one place in New York where they can find any fit to eat, and then it costs \$1.00 a plate. Does look like they could make ice cream pure and cheap, seein' as how little the poor farmer gets for his milk. But they don't make it CHEAP nor PURE. Seems like they all have to fluff it up with agar-agar, corn starch, gelatine, soap suds or something, and plumb ruin it with artificial coloring and flavoring. Now there is just one way, and only one, to make good ice cream and that is with rich milk or pure cream, fresh eggs, sugar and PURE VANILLA FLAVORING. McIntyre himself says, "ANY OTHER FLAVOR BUT VANILLA IS A DESECRATION." We suggest that if you hanker after some other flavor that you pour it on when you eat it in the form of pure maple or chocolate syrup, or pure fruit juices. But for pity sake, DON'T RUIN YOUR ICE CREAM WITH IMITATION VANILLA FLAVORING.

It is about time for that good old-fashioned homemade ice cream. Start the season right by getting three or four ounces of BRANT'S PURE, DOUBLE STRENGTH VANILLA TODAY, so you'll have it ready. Just be careful you do not use too much at first. It is awful strong, and IT WON'T FREEZE OUT like many vanillas do. You can't get this FINE VANILLA at grocery stores or from agents. It is made by Parke, Davis & Co., who are probably the world's largest makers of PURE DRUGS and MEDICINES. Nearly every doctor uses their products and every good drug store sells them. We buy this DOUBLE STRENGTH, PURE DRUG STORE VANILLA BY THE BARREL so we can sell it to you as cheap and often cheaper than you may have to pay for the inferior kinds. CAKE always goes with ice cream, and THIS VANILLA is just the thing for cakes, because it WILL NOT BAKE OUT. And that reminds me, I heard



PRICE
95c

Admiration

A new, secret manufacturing process, developed by Cooper, Wells & Company, fine costume hosiery, makes possible "MYSTERY" Shado-Twist. We'll be thrilled in the knowledge that the construction of "MYSTERY" provides elasticity throughout the entire stocking, essential the use of materials other than that of pure high-twist silk. Here you'll stretch, plenty of it, at every point where needed, and not confined merely to the

KS---and---CHUCKLES

what a woman said about me the other day. She said I talked scandalous about my wife in my last ad, and "WHAT DID I KNOW ABOUT COOKIN' ANYWAY?" Well I'll just tell her something right now.

MOST MEN ARE BETTER JUDGES OF GRUB THAN MOST WOMEN. How do you like that, Madam? Moreover, how comes all the best cooks in the world are MEN? Who bakes all those cakes done up in purty red cellophane to attract the FEMININE EYE I see you buyin' every day? I'll tell you, **SOME MAN.** Behind every prepared food you serve on your table, or eat in a hotel or buy in a store **STANDS SOME MAN.** Why, Madam? **WHY?** It is only because man judges his victuals by their **TASTE,** and **TASTE ALONE.** Too many women judge food by its **LOOKS.** A woman will say, "OH, WHAT A 'LOVELY' CAKE," "WHAT FINE 'TEXTURE' THAT BREAD HAS," "WHAT A 'CUTE' SALAD." Now a **MAN** doesn't care a rap about the color, loveliness, cuteness, texture, delicateness or the **LOOKS** of his grub. All he asks, "IS IT GOOD?" There wasn't a bit of use in the Creator providin' human bein's with the senses of **TASTE** and **SMELL** if we were goin' to use only our **EYES** in selectin' our grub. And right there is where I come in. I ain't sayin' as how I am a good cook. I do claim to be **AN EXPERT JUDGE OF FOOD** and **FOOD VALUES.** My wife **IS** an **EXPERT COOK.** You mighta been one too, if you had had a husband like me to tell you how. Maybe if you could see your old man dancing around in joy and glee as he gulps down cup after cup of that **TASTY, INVIGORATIN' COFFEE** I sometimes make for the boys when they have their lodge banquets, you would get your **EYES OPENED RIGHT.** We used to call em **COOKS.** Then they became **CULINARY ARTISTS.** Now it's **DOMESTIC SCIENTISTS** and **DIETITIANS.** Most of us would **DIE-A-EATIN'** the purty pictures a artist would paint in a skillet, and the scientist would soon just have us eatin' pills. I for one am mighty glad there are still some **OLD-FASHIONED COOKS LEFT,** in spite of their husbands, evolution and **GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE.** And I will have to admit, 'cause I want to be honest and fair, that **SOME MEN, LIKE BILL FRIEND, JUST EAT BY SIGHT.**

But not exactly in the same way some women do. When Bill says he "**JUST EATS BY SIGHT**" he means he never stops eating as long as there is anything in sight to eat. You can tell that's so from his picture on this page. Which ain't sayin' Bill don't know his onions, 'cause he does. He just has a cat fit if we happen to be out of **CIRCLE F COFFEE.** He won't drink no other kind. And after he moved up to Picketon, he would drive right past **MILES'** big meat market every Sunday and come 14 miles, clear down here to get the only kind of bacon he and I will eat. I'd say Bill was an expert on food values if it wasn't for one thing. When he has to do his own cookin' he will boil the Great Northern beans just because they **COOK QUICK AND EASY,** instead of Navies, when he knows Navies taste the best. A lot of women are like that too. Well, I reckon I **BETTER QUIT BEFORE I MAKE SOMEBODY ELSE MAD AT ME.**

Next month I think I will write an essay on "**THE LYIN' SOAP MAKERS AND FAKE SOAPS.**" Maybe it will be entitled "**SIGNS AND PORTENTS**" with special emphasis on "**SIGNS OF THE MOON**" with reference to the weather, crops and fishing. Now ladies, please don't pay any attention to a thing I have said. I'm just gettin' old and cranky. Just use your good common sense, and please do come in and see those unusually pretty dresses we just got in today. We just went crazy and bought a whole lot, they were so attractive. They cost you only 98¢, same as they did last summer. Anytime you don't like anything we say or sell, don't hesitate to tell us about it.

Costume Hosiery

iginated and makers of this new ere you will eneral con- dful elasc- ing unnec- nest quality a two-way elasticity is ee and top.

"**MYSTERY**" *Shado-Twist* is made of four-strand special high-twist silk, permanently dull finish, chif-fon weight, all silk from top to toe, picot top, picot lock stitch run-stop, shadow welt, reinforced toe cap, cradle foot and panel heel, with lock stitch at gore of heel, resisting wear where strain is greatest. Full-fashioned of course, in rich new shades with a depth of color and tone that gives the stocking a very beautiful "shadowy" sheerness.



Chips and Whetstones

This is the first time we have tried to reproduce a photograph. We can't say much about it till we see it. If it turns out anything like as good as the original, you can look for more of them in the future. Hope you can at least tell who the happy sun bathers are. We think it was one of the best pictures we ever saw, natural and old-fashioned, just like Brant's Store on the opposite corner. That looks like **ACE SPANABLE** sitting on the store porch. Notice the swell parking space on the north side of the store. It is usually filled up with cars. In fact, most of our business comes in the back door these days.

Need any old string today? See **J. H. BRANT.** He is undoubtedly the state's champion string picker-up, most energetic twine-saver, and most perfect and precise knot-tier. I ought to know because I have to sweep up the little fuzzy ends he cuts off the knots, off the rough splintery office floor every morning.

A fellow from **BEAR CREEK** was in the other day trying to sell **TOD NOEL** a **CASKET.** He was a crackerjack salesman, and I guess had swell caskets that could be used for a davenport he said till needed for a more sad occasion. Maybe some of you folks on Bear Creek know him. It was rumored around that he was up to **FARVER'S BIG AUCTION SALE** at the fair grounds and some constable thought he was drunk and arrested him, but he talked the constable out of it and sold him a casket besides.

The best knife I ever owned I got in a trade with **CHARLEY SCHOONOVER.** Lots of people are afraid to trade with **CHARLEY.** But if you only knew it these professional traders like **CHARLEY** are the easiest people in the world to skin. **CHARLEY** will tell you that himself. But say if you get one of these **NIFTY, NEW RED AND WHITE TABLE COVERS** we are showing now you won't ever want to trade it off. You will want to keep it as long as you live and then it will still be good enough to hand down to your grand children.

When everybody else was bundled up to their ears in woolens that day last winter when it was 10 or 15 degrees below zero and shivering around our big red hot old stove, in walked **SMITHIE CANTER** with nothing on but a pair of overalls, a thin cotton shirt open at the neck and a cotton unlined blouse unbuttoned, and a **BIG BROAD SMILE,** after he had driven clear from the top of **Fallen Timber** hill. They say he nearly freezes in the summertime. **HEN ROCKWELL** is that way too—contrary like. **GADDIE MARSH** worked all that zero weather without gloves. But let's try to forget about the cold weather. Come in and see those swell new panama straw hats we now have on display. They are cheap.

One of our favorite customers—**MRS. HENRY BONZO.** Ever notice how some people dislike some people 'cause they are friendly with somebody else they don't like? I have written this ad 7 times, no two times alike.

The fishing season is on. **S. O. Franklin** caught the first bass we heard of. **Cleve** and **Nell Bricker** caught two keepers this week. But we ain't going to lie for fishermen this year. They got to show the fish so we can take their pictures to prove it to you. We got plenty of swell fishing tackle to sell, boys. It is positively guaranteed to catch suckers. For demonstration, see **CLEVE BRICKER.**

SCHOOL IS OUT. I MISSED BOTH COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AND THE ALUMNI BANQUET. Excuse, workin' on this blamed Store News. Had to go to press **FRIDAY, APRIL 27th.** Now we will miss the children at the noon hour.

ED WALLS HAS ABANDONED THE "**SWIFT'S PREMIUM**" **CARDBOARD** HE HAD IN a broken out window in his Ford all winter. Took it out a little too early, didn't you, Ed? **Lucasville** has two mighty fine men who minister to our two churches.

A **LADIES' AUXILIARY TO THE AMERICAN LEGION POST** IN **LUCASVILLE** HAS been organized with about 18 members. The wife, mother or sister of any Legionnaire is eligible to membership. They are planning a series of summer entertainments to raise money to build a Legion Home. **Milt Hopper** is chairman of the committee.

PROF. THOMAS GILES, GERALDINE LOGAN and **FANNY VANHOOSE** HAVE BEEN singing over the radio from **Huntington,** and doing a fine job of it too. **Prof. Giles** and **Coach Roetger** have made history for the **Lucasville** schools.

WHEN PIRATES RULED SEA AND LAND

By Ruth T. Robertson

EDWARD (BLACKBEARD) TEACH

IN comparison with the fame he achieved, the period of Blackbeard's (Edward Teach or Thatch) piracy was very short. Yet for about two years he was the dread of almost every planter in Virginia and the Carolinas and of the captains who plied their ships along the coast and on the rivers of those colonies. Teach, like most of the other pirates, was born in Great Britain at Bristol, but the date is unknown. Perhaps if he had ended his life on the gallows as most of the other pirates did, or in a high office like Sir Henry Morgan, we might have had more details in the records.

"Blackbeard" Teach is supposed to have begun his career as the captain of a privateer in the West Indies during the War of the Spanish Succession and to have turned pirate in 1713 when with other privateers he refused to recognize the treaty of peace between England and Spain. At any rate his piratical ventures did not come to the attention of the colonial authorities until about 1716, when his piracies in the West Indies and along the Spanish Main brought him to their notice. Shortly afterwards his sloop the "Queen Anne's Revenge" appeared off the coast of Virginia and Carolina and he captured many prizes, making his name a terror wherever it was known.

In June, 1718, his sloop was wrecked off North

Carolina and Teach with thirty of his men surrendered. He promptly opened negotiations with Governor Eden and apparently the cupidity of that representative of the King was stronger than his sense of duty, for he entered into an arrangement to protect the pirate in return for a generous share of the spoils. With that agreement in his pocket, Blackbeard cast off all restraint upon himself and his men and they rollicked and roystered along the James river in Virginia, taking toll of the planters for whatever they needed or struck their fancy and burning and pillaging where these contributions were withheld. Every boat that sailed the James river was forced to pay tribute to the pirates.

Finally matters reached such a pass that the planters appealed to Colonel Alexander Spottiswood, Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, for protection. That officer promptly fitted out an expedition against the pirates and an engagement occurred on the James river, November 22, 1718, in which every man in the Commander's boat perished and Blackbeard himself was killed in a hand to hand fight by Robert Maynard.

Thomas Paine

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.

WHAT FAMOUS MEN SAY

Russell Sage

The best way for a young man who is without friends or influence to begin is: First, to get a position; second, to keep his mouth shut; third, observe; fourth, be faithful; fifth, make his employer think he would be lost in a fog without him; sixth, be polite.

Thomas A. Edison

I never allow myself to become discouraged under any circumstances . . . The three great essentials to achieve anything worth while are, first, hard work; second, stick-to-it-iveness; third, common sense.

Charles Dickens

Every man, however obscure, however far removed from the general recognition, is one of a group of men impressive for good, and impressive for evil, and it is in the nature of things that he cannot really improve himself without in some degree improving other men.

R. G. Ingersoll

Justice is the only worship. Love is the only priest. Ignorance is the only slavery. Happiness is the only good. The time to be happy is now. The place to be happy is here. The way to be happy is to make other people happy.

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS

SMALLEST U. S. COIN—The smallest coin ever struck by the United States Mint was the half-cent coinage, which ceased with the issue of 1857.

SMALLEST CHURCH—St. Anthony's Chapel, three miles from Festina, Iowa, is believed to be the smallest church building in the world. It holds exactly eight persons.

SMALLEST KNOWN MEASUREMENT—The U. S. Bureau of Standards says that the smallest known measurement, one billionth of an inch, is attained by an ultramicroscope in use at the Bureau.

SMALLEST PIECE OF WRITING—The United States National Museum has on exhibit a piece of writing of 46 words engraved on glass by a micro-engraving process, the writing being so small that it is necessary to enlarge it 88 times before it can be read. The engraver was Alfred McEwen.

SMALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD—A dwarf named Che Mah, brought to America by the showman, P. T. Barnum, from the Island of Choo Sang, in the year 1881, was the smallest specimen of manhood known. Che Mah was only 28 inches in stature and died at the age of 88 in Chicago in 1926. He was married twice and had a son of natural size by his first marriage.

SMALLEST ELECTRIC MOTOR—What is believed to be the smallest electric motor ever built was constructed by H. McBroom of Houston, Texas; is less than an inch high and weighs only a quarter of an ounce.

Remedy

Desperate cases require desperate treatment.

The bus stopped at the corner, and after considerable trouble the conductor succeeded in getting the old lady on. As she flopped into a seat she sighed deeply.

"Oh, dear!" she remarked to an elderly man sitting opposite her. "It's all this wretched rheumatism. As I used to say to my dear husband, I'm a perfect martyr to it."

"Dear, dear!" he answered, sympathetically. "Did you ever try electricity? I used to suffer from rheumatism a good deal myself, but in a short time it completely cured me."

"Electricity!" said the old lady in a supercilious manner. "A lot of good that would do. Why, I was struck by lightning a year ago, and it didn't do me a bit of good!"

Actors

From Hamlet to omelette is a veritable "decensus ad inferos" for any actor.

A very bad actor once ventured to appear in the part of Hamlet, but even the village audience he tried it on would not tolerate it, and he was pelted with rotten eggs.

The next day two colleagues were discussing the performance.

"Well," said one, "I never laughed so much in my life as when Jones came on as Hamlet."

"Oh," retorted the other, "I laughed much more when he went off as omelette!"

Last year gas killed four thousand nine hundred and fifty-two persons. Thirty inhaled it, nine hundred and twenty-two lit matches over it, and four thousand stepped on it.

—Denison Flamingo.

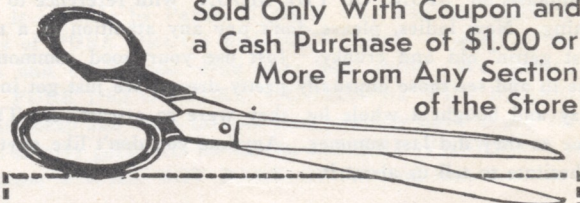
BERRY

SERVICE



for only **29c** and the coupon

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



This coupon and 29¢, together with a cash purchase of \$1.00 or more from any section of the store, entitles you to the 4-piece berry set above. This offer is good only during the month of May. Only one set to a family. No mail or phone orders, please, just come in with the coupon. Please sign your name here

Address
Brant's Family Store

THINGS YOU NEED NOW

VALSPAR PAINT AND VARNISH — FERRIS BULK GARDEN SEEDS — WALL PAPER

You can get the best of about everything you need at lowest prices at Brant's Family Store.