

The NORTH COUNTRYMAN

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E. E. Ryan

L. G. Ryan

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THE ELECTION

The presidential campaign is drawing to a close and on Tuesday of next week the citizens of the United States will elect a new chief executive.

Registration this year has been heavier than in any previous campaign and it is believed that a record vote will be cast. In District No. 2 of the Town of Champlain (in which is included the village of Rouses Point) the names of 1123 prospective voters have been registered.

Unusual interest has been manifested in the campaign just now being brought to a close because of the issues involved and because of the fact that an exceptionally strong man is at the head of the ticket of each party.

YOU ARE ADVISED TO VOTE EARLY.

Hint to the housewife who put razor blades in the rat hole: Take a page from the Borgias and poison the blades.

Clinkers

Removed by "Smokey"

Coachman: "We are now passing the oldest saloon in Canada." American Tourist: "Why?"

Sign on a dilapidated building in Cooperville: "Auto Paint Shop." We'll say they "ought to."

An Al Smith enthusiast boasts that Smith is no "silk stocking" man. Well, no one would accuse him of being a blue stocking, either.

Sinclair Lewis has purchased a summer home in Barnard, Vt. Here is hoping the Vermonters will take the opportunity to civilize this wild American who has lived too long abroad.

And speaking of missionary work, who will contribute to the fund for spreading the gospel of humor in Russia? They sure need to learn to crack jokes instead of heads.

Blood hounds used recently in the attempt to trace the McDermott girl who was lost in the Vermont woods, were found to be useless. I guess they will learn after a while that the only place for a blood hound is in fiction or an "Uncle Tom" show.

The difference between a coconut and a Scotchman is that you can get a drink out of a coconut.

The political situation boils down to this: Grandfathers are dashing around forgetting their canes and rheumatiz, grandmothers are laying down their cigarettes and picking up political arguments and babies are spitting out their teething rings to howl for one candidate or the other.

The hunting season is here. Casualties—those who are shot, also those half-shot.

And how about that proud but angry parent who is out gunning for the one who started the "twins" rumor?

Flapper: "I'd like a pair of garters, please."

Clerk: "Something like those you have on?"

It took the rescuers more than a half hour to clear away the mass of bricks from the unfortunate man on whom the wall of the building had fallen, and they expected to find him crushed flat to the sidewalk. To their amazement, he rose quickly to his feet and asked for a clothes brush.

"Aren't you hurt?" asked a bystander.

"Not likely," replied the chap with a smile. "I'm a married man and I go through worse than that every day of my life."

A pair of scissors has been invented that makes two parallel cuts at once. This is said to be the greatest aid to newspaper production since the invention of the linotype.

And don't forget to vote early.

PIED

The Admiral's Advice

The Admiral stood as firm as a rock upon his quarterdeck.

The air was full of shrapnel, shell, and shot. (Pom! Pom!)

He was brave and he was bold, And he said, "We've got 'em cold, So we'll give it to the beggars good and hot."

For hours the battle raged and the ship was full of holes, The after-poop was leaking like a sieve. (Zing! Boom!)

When the brave old tar turned sadly To the middy by his side, And this fatherly advice to him did give:

"The ship is doomed and sinking like a house-brick.

One thing I'd like to say before we drown:

Be calm, my lad, and do not lose your temper,

And never bite your sister when she's down.

"Although 'tis five to one that we shall seldom meet again,

Remember my avuncular advice. (Pip! Pip!)

Do not wear a pair of spats

With your evening dress, for that's A thing not done by people who are nice.

You should always tip your soup plate up towards you,

And remember as you journey on through life (Wow! Wow!)

That it's trifles such as these

Made us mistress of the seas,

So never eat your gravy with your knife.

"They strive, my lad, to be a little gentleman,

And do not stoop to mean and paltry ways.

You should never hit a woman with your hat on,

And remember that politeness always pays, Ta-ra-ra!

Remember that politeness always pays!

Sham Plain says that the best way to feel at home is to stay there.

"I have nothing to declare," said the returning American tourist, but a few bottles that I am taking home with me for a case of emergency."

"Well, it may be emergency all right," replied Inspector Emerson Lawyer as he led the way up the flight of stairs to the Rouses Point custom house, "but it looks like a plain case of Scotch to me."

"There should be a legal penalty for flirting," opines an exchange. There is. It's marriage.

The convivial Rouses Pointer, returning home in the wee sma' hours of the morning and feeling some excuse necessary for his dishevelled appearance: "Thash so, my dear, been held up by two highwaymen."

Wife: "Oh, I do believe you, John, and all the way from Napierville, too."

—S. E. D.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Youth Found in Work

(From the Minneapolis Journal) When he was well past eighty, Dr. Harvey Wiley said that his plan of meeting old age and keeping it at bay was to do a little more work every year than he had done the year before. Most persons would be more youthful and happy in age, if they did a little more work than those around them usually think they should do.

An English writer, Edgar Wallace, has recently come into prominence because of the prodigious amount of creative work he carries out every year. Mr. Wallace has produced twenty-six readable novels and six plays in a single year. And the plays are good plays, too. Six of them are running in England now. His novels are popular reading at our public library.

Mr. Wallace has the assistance of secretaries who take his rapid dictation, read proofs and attend to the mechanical part of the work. But the creative part of it is his alone. His case recalls the remark of William James that we all have reservoirs of energy that are never tapped.

Activity is the creative life in expression. If we cease to create and cease to keep in a state of activity, old age and death begin to make their inroads. Retirement from business activities has brought sudden senescence to many a man who should have had ahead of him years of useful effort and of happiness in the effort.

Keep active and allow the creative spirit to have its way. That is the best remedy for age. Dr. Alexis Carrel, biologist of the Rockefeller institute says that "the number of years during which a man has lived has nothing to do with his real age."

Hot Books

(From the Baltimore Sun) Book wagons are often seen in rural neighborhoods when an alert public library, such as that at Hagerstown, decides that its books should be made available to farmers as well as to city folk. But the New York library taps a new field with its truck which makes daily trips through outlying sections of the Bronx and delivers books just as if they were necessities like milk or ice. Perhaps they are. At any rate, the circulating library which lives up to its name is doing a capacity business that leaves the hot dog and peanut stands simply nowhere.

Quiet Thoughts

Men are seldom as good as they pretend to be or as bad as they are said to be.

If a man keeps cool he commands himself and others.

There's nothing like leather with the exception of Welsh rarebit.