

# DR. SMITH'S OLD HOME DAY POEM AT HUDSON CELEBRATION

[A distinctive feature of the celebration of Old Home Day in Hudson last week in connection with the Welcome Home exercises for the returned veterans of the World War, was the following poem, written by Dr. H. L. Smith of this city, and read by his brother, Dr. H. O. Smith of Hudson.]

Welcome home! each son of Hudson, and each daughter, welcome, too!  
We have thrown the doors wide open, and have set a plate for you.  
Pull your chairs up to the table; we can feast and talk the while.  
Pitch right in and help your neighbors, in the good old country style!  
Leave your worries till to-morrow! Just forget the price of shoes!  
We, who used to go bare-footed, may defy them if we choose!  
It would ruin your digestion, and your food would lie in lumps.  
If you thought of twenty dollars for a measly pair of pumps,  
Push us not too far, McElwain! Taylor, you had better stop!

When we all go round in sandals, you will have to shut up shop!  
Leave behind your other troubles; just forget them for a spell.  
Hudson's S. O. S. will save you, P. D. Q., from H. C. L.  
Never mind who beat Jess Willard; never mind Babe Ruth's home run.  
Yesterday is far behind you, and to-morrow not begun.  
Yes we know the many problems that you'd like to see worked out,  
And the scores of hard conundrums which you'd like to know about.

Will the Senate pass the treaty? Will the Kaiser get the hook?  
If he started all the fighting, will he put it in a book?  
Will the Crown Prince ever tell us what he thinks about his Pa?  
Will he start a revolution, (what they call a Coup d'Etat)?  
Will the common German people, who are used to being kicked,  
Ever cut their wisdom molars, and discover they are licked?  
When will John Bull cease to swagger, giving all the world a slam,  
Claiming that HE licked the Kaiser, when WE know 'twas Uncle Sam?  
Will the Bolshevik get us? What does Japan want to do?  
When she finishes with China, will she try to lick US too?

When will Wilson send some dough-boys down to clean up Mexico?  
If canned eggs are going higher, how much higher CAN they go?  
When the phoney girls stopped phoning, what was Currier Keyes about?  
Where, Oh! where was brother Moses, when the railroad lights went out?  
What in time is "Our Ed." doing, that he doesn't stop the strikes?  
Why, can't one be independent, and do just the things he likes?  
Who will stop those income taxes, which we now can scarcely pay,  
Though we hustle every minute, working sixteen hours a day?

Does the President's type-writer have three speeds and no reverse?  
How can things be getting better, when they're always getting worse?  
How can men who work eight hours, and but five days in a week,  
Earn enough to buy a silver, and go past us like a streak?  
In this world of sin and sorrow, what a lot of things seem strange!  
Just explain how Arthur Andrews finds the time to run the Grange!  
Land o' goodness! With some people turn around, or sneeze, or laugh,  
You can find out all about it by tomorrow's Telegraph!

But enough of these complaints! For this day bid them good bye  
Let us fill our hearts with pleasure, and our stomachs with squash pie!  
Most of us have good containers, but you'll find, so help me Bob,  
If you try to Phillip Connell, you will have a man-sized job!  
There's one, though, who can beat him, the he eat from morn till night;  
Willis will be always FULLER, should he never take a bite!

There! Already I feel better, with that nonsense off my chest.  
Please be sure, while you're forgetting, to include this with the rest.  
Every mortal has some weakness, which will trip him up at times;  
Cover with a smile of pity these insane and silly rhymes!  
Turn your thoughts to something nobler; fill your hearts with sweeter joys,  
As you stretch the hand of welcome to our noble soldier boys.  
Mighty things have happened, neighbors, since our last reunion day;  
Mighty things, whose consequences none of us would dare to say.  
Thrones have tottered; kings have fallen; men have fought and bled and died  
Foes engaged in legal murder now lie buried, side by side.  
To fulfill the wild ambition of that crazy over-lord,  
Precious blood has flowed in rivers, since G. I. Mars unsheathed the sword.  
What we count on earth most precious, human beings, went as naught.  
Gems and gold can be re-gathered, but a soul cannot be bought.

Men became as very devils, babes were slaughtered; women raped.  
But the master fiend who led them, like a beaten cur, escaped.  
Is there justice, still, in Heaven? William, War-lord, rear your doom!  
May the curse of murdered millions follow you beyond the tomb!  
When your slimy treacherous monsters, crawling in the Ocean's deep,  
Sent those babes and shrieking mothers to their last eternal sleep,  
Did you sneer with naughty grins, thinking thus to terrorize  
Till all earth should bow before you? Thought you they would ne'er arise?  
Fatal error! At the Judgment, when the sea gives up its dead,  
There will then be no escaping, for their blood is on your head.

Months and years the conflict wavered; up and down the balance swayed.  
Brave men trembled; women shuddered; whence could come the much-sought aid?  
Hark! There came the sound of marching, as of men sent forth to fight!  
Count them! Hundreds! thousands! millions! marching, marching, day and night!

Listen! Hear the hammers sounding! Ships are building by the score;  
Ships to hunt the deep-sea monsters, till they trouble man no more.  
Listen! There's a steady rumble of the wheels that turn and turn,  
Making guns and shells and powder for a purpose grim and stern.

See those giant birds a-sailing, up above the harassed earth,  
Hastening to mark the hour of newer freedom's birth!  
Hark ye! Listen still more closely; there's a rustling in the air,  
Like the leaves of Autumn, falling, falling, everywhere!  
'Tis the rustling of the dollars, dropping as the leaves of Fall  
It is these that give new vigor to the energies of all!

Loud and louder is the tramping, carried forward on the breeze,  
Till the straining ears of Europe hear it coming o'er the seas.  
How their weary muscles strengthen, and their tired nerves grow strong,  
As they hear the welcome voices they have waited for so long!  
Then their hearts grow strong within them, for they know the end is near,  
And they greet the boys in khaki with a cheer and a cheer.  
For 'tis Uncle Sam that's coming, with his stately flag flung high,  
Breathing vengeance to the spoiler; guarding land, and sea, and sky.

Do you wonder that the mothers and the children and the men  
Gave those gallant boys, their saviors, such a hearty welcome, then?  
And, they were not disappointed, for you know the story well—  
How those lads, without a quiver, stormed the very gates of Hell!  
Though they knew the task before them was a task no man could do,  
Yet they never quailed an instant, and, by heck!, they put it through!

When the Germans saw them coming, they just thought 't would be a cinch.  
For, of course, a six-months soldier would be very apt to finish.  
But in just about five minutes they began to see a light.  
For they found the Yankee soldier was just itching for a fight.  
When they found they could not lick him, then they tried their nasty tricks.  
But the Yankee was a YANKEE, and their wives were good for nix.  
So they all took for the border, with the longest legs they had,  
Or they stuck their dirty hands up, with a whining "Kamerad!"

Then the smiling sons of Sammy sought the nearest snow of hay;  
They had got their job well finished, and they knocked off for the day!  
Well, the folks back here in Hudson did the work, and did it brown.  
Course, we could not all go over; SOMEONE had to run the town!  
So we picked our finest youngsters, and we said to Uncle Sam:  
"Every kid is well house-broken, and as quiet as a lamb."  
"You may think, from their appearance, that they have a yellow streak;  
"But sometimes the hardest kicker is the mule that looks most meek!"  
"Things that grow up, here in Hudson, are quite likely to be tough,  
"For they wouldn't last a fortnight, were they made of yellow stuff."  
"What with rocks upon the hill-tops, and the witch-grass on the plains,  
"They are bound to have good muscles, with a FAIR amount of brains."  
"We sent you this consignment, Hudson, N. H., F. O. B."  
"Every piece is straight grained timber, product of a tough old tree."  
"They will all stand without tiring; (that's a change of metaphor);  
"Keep them well fed up and watered, and they'll last clear through the war!"

"We would like to loan you millions, if we only had the dough,  
"But we'll dig down in our pockets, and buy up a bond or so."  
"We can furnish you some hay-carts, to be modeled into tanks,

"And if you should lack self-starter, we have got all sorts of cranks."  
"If the wheels of your advisers set to rattling in their brains,  
"Send them up to Cummings Brothers, who will put them right again."  
"Should the White-House need repairing, Herbert Smith will run right down  
"If you need a chief detective, why not call on Heavy Brown?  
"Please request your Quarter-master, if his groceries give out,  
"Just to write to Harvey Lewis; he could fix it up, no doubt!"

"Tell the President to write us, when in doubt just what to do;  
"Every blessed man in Hudson will be glad to help him through."  
"If he gets some knotty problems, which Lloyd-George could not decide,  
"Tell him not to be discouraged; WE can recommend Judge Clyde!"  
When he read this, Uncle Sammy gave his galluses a hitch,  
Satisfied that Hudson backed him to the very last-est ditch.  
Well he knew that when the Kaiser heard Cap'n Hazelton was there,  
With the other boys from Hudson, he would straightway tear his hair.  
Call in Hindenburg, and tell him—"Stop the fight and call a truce!"  
"We could knock out all creation! But there's Hudson! What's the use!"

Then the Kaiser cranked his finger, and made Holland on the run;  
For when HUDSON sent her fighters, then he knew the war was done!  
He had had a frightful night-mare, which had left him pale with fright,  
Shrieking loud in mortal terror, in the darkness of the night.  
He had dreamed he was in Hades, and a bunch of grinning imps  
Had pulled out that sacred mustache, all done up in curling clips!  
One by one, with red-hot pliers, they pulled out that royal hair.  
Talk of Spanish Inquisition! that was nothing to compare  
With the agony of body and the tragedy of soul  
Which his Royal Gliblets suffered, as each hair-root left its hole!  
Let them take away his country; let them slaughter all his men!  
How could he without his mustache, dare to face the world again?

Years and years imperial barbers had exhausted all their skill;  
As the Kaiser was to Deutschland, so his mustache was to Bill.  
There was no work to be done for utterance—draw the picture, ye who can!  
For without his patent point-up, Kaiser Bill was just a man!  
Do you wonder at his terror? That his very soul was cowed,  
When he saw those fiends incarnate wore our wild-eyed Hudson crowd?  
I would like to name them over, but you know them, every one.  
And can guess they kept on pulling till their "barbarous" work was done.  
Then Orlando, just for practice, did some high vaults o'er the bed,  
While Gaudette, our brave young sprinter, ran in circles round his head.  
Can you wonder that the Kaiser, scared to death, without mustache,  
Realized that with Hudson fighting all his plans had gone to smash?

Well, the war IS ended, neighbors, and our boys are home once more  
We are here to give them welcome, every home with open door.  
They have all come back with honor, for they did their duty well,  
Whether as a faithful sentry, or in facing shot or shell.  
One brave lad will carry always scars that show he met the foe.  
Reuben Groves, YOUR decoration is the noblest one we know.  
Hush a moment! call the roster! Two brave lads went but to stay—  
Two among the many thousands that our Country mourns to-day.  
We shall miss each goodly feature, cheery face and happy smile,  
At the cost of ONE such hero can there be a war worth while?  
Leland Woods and Merrill Spaulding, you are deeply missed by all,  
You, who gave what men hold dearest, when you heard your Country's call.  
Your young lives have gone to strengthen ties which bind your native land

To that land beyond the Ocean which lent US a helping hand.  
Father, mother, sister, neighbors, though your very hearts be bowed,  
Rise above the moment's suffering! Be not sorrowful, but proud!  
You have lost your greatest treasure, yet we're envious of you.  
He who gives his life for Country, has done all that man can do.

Boys in khaki, dough-boys, towns-men, we are proud of you to-day  
This time YOU may do the bidding; OURS the duty to obey.  
All we have is yours for asking. Don't be bashful; speak up loud!  
Not a town in this wide country has more reason to be proud!  
For we know, should trouble threaten, and our Country need good men,  
You will gladly don the khaki, and say:—"HUDSON; HERE!", again!

## NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE WAR

(By R. W. Husband, State Historian.)  
The state war historian announces that his resignation, offered on May 18, has not been accepted by the governor and council, nor by the committee on public safety.  
In the meantime, the work at state headquarters has been seriously delayed and many things have been left undone.  
Now the state historian has agreed to continue, provided the work can be carried through to completion rapidly.  
To do this, it will be necessary to have the hearty and prompt assistance of every local historian.

### State Bonus.

The state bonus of \$30 has already been paid to 12,500 returned soldiers and sailors and to the heirs of 200 who died in the service.

### Army Demobilization.

The War department gives the following figures, showing demobilization to July 19:  
Officers discharged ..... 137,786  
Enlisted men discharged ..... 2,399,018  
Total ..... 2,536,804

### Troops sailed from Europe since Nov. 11, 1918:

Officers ..... 75,897  
Enlisted men ..... 1,841,271  
Total ..... 1,917,168

### New Hampshire Casualties.

Reported to May 10 May 10 to Aug 9  
Killed in action ..... 211 ..... 13  
Died of wounds ..... 68 ..... 3  
Died of disease ..... 305 ..... 10  
Died of gas ..... 2 ..... 0  
Died from accident ..... 24 ..... 5  
Drowned ..... 8 ..... 1  
Suicide ..... 2 ..... 0  
Wounded severely ..... 295 ..... 8  
Wounded slightly ..... 434 ..... 48  
Wounded (degree undetermined) ..... 344 ..... 7  
Prisoners ..... 22 ..... 1  
Missing in action ..... 38 ..... 0  
Gassed ..... 95 ..... 15  
Shell-shocked ..... 12 ..... 0

### How Weak Women Are Made Strong

Mrs. Westmoreland Tells in the Following Letter.

Harrison, N. Y.—"When my first child was born I did not know about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and had a very hard time. I read in the newspaper about the Vegetable Compound and when my second child came I took it and was well during the whole time, and childbirth was a hundred times easier. Ever since then I have used it for any weakness and would not be without it for the world. I do all my work and am strong and healthy. I am nursing my baby, and I still take the Vegetable Compound. You may publish my testimonial for the good of other women, if you choose to do so."—Mrs. C. Westmoreland, Harrison, N. Y.

Women who suffer from displacement, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, leukorrhea, and nervousness should lose no time in giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. Write for special advice to L. E. P. Medicine Co., Portland, Me.

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Dr. Harold E. Clark, Laconia.  
Dr. John D. Cochran, Claremont.  
Dr. Ernest Comtois, Berlin.  
Dr. Michael P. Connelly, Manchester.  
Dr. Neal Connolly, Rochester.  
Dr. George W. Conway, Concord.  
Dr. Ernest C. Cowan, Manchester.  
Dr. Harold Farnum, Warner.  
Dr. Frederick E. Garrett, Manchester.  
Dr. John Gendron, Laconia.  
Dr. John J. Grady, Manchester.  
Dr. Alfred Grenier, Manchester.  
Dr. Paul Hamel, Concord.  
Dr. Percy O. Hamel, Manchester.  
Dr. William G. Horton, Derry.  
Dr. Felix Jankowski, Portsmouth.  
Dr. Angela C. Jensen, Manchester.  
Dr. Arthur S. Johnson, Merrimack.  
Dr. David W. Johnson, Manchester.  
Dr. Charles Kalligery, Dover.  
Dr. eHuri Lanoux, Manchester.  
Dr. Leo Lizzotte, Nashua.  
Dr. Duncan Stuart, McIntyre, Dover.  
Dr. Almenzor J. Metivier, Keene.  
Dr. Don I. Nichols, Plymouth.  
Dr. John Perry, Berlin.  
Dr. Albert J. Rone, Manchester.  
Dr. Austin E. Tracy, Winchester.  
Dr. Robert C. Vanthine, Nashua.  
Dr. Leslie H. Wiggan, Newton.  
Dr. William S. Williams, Manchester.  
Dr. Louis D. Wheeler, Swansey.  
Dr. Edward C. Brooks, Littleton.  
Dr. Patrick H. Cogger, Nashua.  
Dr. John Hancy, Colebrook.  
Dr. Carl H. Keene (previously reported missing in action) Milton.  
Dr. Herbert P. McGetterick, Manchester.  
Dr. Harvey James Spellman, Nashua.  
Dr. Ernest Villandry, Derry.  
Dr. Wilmer R. Ellingwood (died in German prison hospital) Northumberland.  
Dr. Merton J. Sargent, Sunapee.  
Dr. James E. Coyle, Somersworth.  
Dr. Albert Bergeron, Berlin.  
Dr. Frank Cutter, Antrim.  
Dr. Herbert L. Barker, Lancaster.  
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We've the Best School Shoes money could induce the Best School Shoe Manufacturers to make.

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### THE GOLDINE MAN

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DEGNAN'S CITY DRUG STORE, 141 MAIN ST.  
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Invite All To Try Their Wonderful Method Absolutely Free.

Remember I am going to give every man and every woman a free test of our Goldine Treatment, the medicine which was originated and perfected for suffering humanity and which is accomplishing such remarkable results. I am here on my tour of the leading cities where Goldine agencies are located.

Its users say this medicine gives new life, strength, energy and ambition to people who have lost their vim. This is the medicine that E. M. Blair says made him walk again after being a helpless invalid for three years and to our knowledge is the only medicine having the record of such a case in the entire country.

This famous medicine, as they tell us, makes up the lack of certain elements that the system requires for the development of nerve strength and physical endurance. This is the medicine which Mrs. Mayo, who suffered for twelve years, recovered health in six weeks when given only three months to live. Now does the work of her family of six Goldine took off thirty-nine pounds of blot and dropsy for this lady in six weeks. She says it was a miracle and her neighbors think the same. Maybe you are eating three square meals a day, but can't gain in strength because you don't assimilate your food. Or maybe you are nervous, easily excited, can't sleep, get weak and tremble, have floating specks before your eyes, and a bad case of indigestion. Compare your case with that of Mrs. Anna McKelvey who says she had stomach trouble so bad that crackers and milk was her principal diet. She regained her health through Goldine and her case was of twelve years' standing.

Then maybe again you are troubled with impure blood, have boils and abscesses by the dozen. Or, if you are a well-known street car motorman, said he had them so that he felt like a second job, yet Goldine relieved him in just three weeks. If you suffer from loss of memory and have catarrh so bad that the mucus fills your throat until it chokes you; then your case is like that of Mrs. Elizabeth Birch, who recovered her health through Goldine.

Suppose you have to get up a number of times each night because of your water, your kidneys and bladder trouble you severely, the water burns like fire, you have rheumatism until you can hardly get around, you have had blood poison in your left arm and are eighty-seven years old, then you might think that Goldine couldn't do you any good. If you think that, ask W. H. Nichols. If you are still one of the doubters, I will give you names and addresses of these people so you can go and see and find out for yourself what it has done and is doing. No matter how skeptical you are you owe it to yourself or the loved one in whom you are interested to investigate. We urge your investigation. Come tomorrow, and I will give you a large-sized test dose of Goldine. The minute you take it people say you feel it to your toes. Then take it six days at your meals and watch the results. There is no string to this offer. You don't need to buy it if you don't want to. This offer is to every man and woman of this city. We ask you to test Goldine for yourself. Come yourself or bring any suffering member of your family.

REMEMBER, I Will Meet You at Degnan's Drug Store, 141 Main St., Monday and Tuesday, August 25-26  
Ladies and Gentlemen Canvassers Wanted.

## In your head

In treating a headache, there is one safe rule to follow—Never use any medicine containing acetanilid or similar coal-tar derivatives without the advice of your physician. These drugs give temporary relief, but they never reach the cause of the trouble, and are likely to weaken the heart. The most common form of headache, frequently called sick headache, arising from a disordered stomach, may be avoided by care in the choice of food. Shun pastry, candy and rich food, take time to eat, chew your food thoroughly and keep your bowels in good condition by using one-half to one teaspoonful of "L. F." Atwood's Medicine after each meal. This old reliable remedy has been a perfect blessing to thousands for sixty years. Get a bottle today, and prove it for yourself. Any dealer has it for fifty cents, or we mail a free sample on request. "L. F." Medicine Co., Portland, Me.