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

[A distinctive feature of the cele-| veterans of the World War, was the bration of Old Home Day in Hudson following poem, written by Dr. H. L. last week in connection with the Wel- Smith of this city, and read by his come Home exercises for the returned prother, 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 measley 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 shep! 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 Bolsheviki 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 Guv'nor 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 flivver, 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! When some people turn around, or sneeze, or laugh, You can find out all about it by tomorrow's Telegraph!

But enough of these complainings! 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 is 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 nongon e 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-reusion 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. im Mars unsheathed the sword What we count on earth most precious, human beings, went as naught.

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, read 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 shricking mothers to their last eternal sleep, Did you sneer with haughty grimness, 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.

Gems and gold can be re-gathered, but a soul cannot be bought.

Months and years the conflict wavered; up and down the balance swayed. Brave men trembled; women shuddered; whonce 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

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 harrassed earth, Hastening to mark the hour of newer freedom's birth! Hark yo! Listen still more closely; there's a rustling in the air, Like the leaves of Autumn, falling, 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 tear-drop and a cheer For 'tis Uncle Sam that's coming, with his starry 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 qualed an instant, and, by heck!, they put it through!

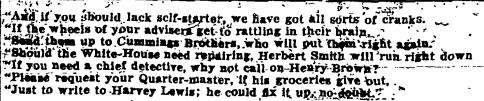
When the Germans saw them coming, they just thought twould be a cinch. For, of course, a six-months soldier would be very apt to flinch. But in just about five minutes they began to see a light, . For they found the Yankee soldier was just itching for a fight. When they found they could not lick him, then they tried their nasty tricks, But the Yankee was a YANKEE, and their wiles 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 mow of hay; They had got their job well finished, and they knocked off for the day! Well, the folks back here in Hudson did their 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 mile 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. 'So we send 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 tying; (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 bend or so. "We can furnish you some hay-carts, to be modeled into tanks,

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. They may give temporary relief but they almost never reach the cause of the trouble and are likely to weaken the heart. The most common form of headsiche, frequently called sick headache, arising from a disordered stomach, may be avoided by one in the choice of food. Shun reach, and the choice of food. by care in the choice of food. Shun postry, 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." Atmood's Medicine after each meal. This old reliable remedy has been a perfect blessing to thousands for sixty, years. Get a bottle to-day, and prove it for yourself. Any dealer has it for fifty cents, or we mail a fite sample on request. "L. F." Medicine Co., Portland,



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 sets 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 flivver, 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 crimps! One by one, with red-hot pincers, 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 Giblets 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 are woes too deep for utterance—draw the picture, ye who can! For without his patent point-ups. Kaiser Bill was just a man! Do you wonder at his terror? That his very soul was cowed, -When he saw those flends incarnate were 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 "barberous" 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 its 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 fulthful 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

To that land beyond the Ocean which lent US a holping 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!

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 soldlers and sailors and to the heirs of 200 who died in the service.

Officers discharged	Army Damobilization. The War department gives the following figures, showing demobilization to July 19:
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Troops sailed from Europe since Nov. 11, 1918:	
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Killed in Action, Corp. John F. O Connor (previously reported missing in action) Manches

Pvt Robert Maxwell Borland, Errol Pvt. William M. Boodreau(previously reported misisng in action) Concord.

Pvt, Joseph Carrigan (previously reported missing in action) Manchester. Pvt. Carence J. Croteau (previously) reported missing in action) Marlborough. Fvt. homas TM2son Donnally (pre-

vidusly reported missing in action) Northumberland. Pvt, Christopher Dougherty, Hills-

Pvl. Napoleon Houle, Groton. Ptt. Jason Hunt (previously reported missing in action) Haverhill. Pvt. Arthur J. Lemire(previously reported died from accident) Manches-

reported missing in action) Enfield, Died of Wounds.

Pvt. Harry E. Bassett (previously reported missing in action) Boscawen. Pvt Charles & Hart (previously reported missing in action) Lancaster, Pyts William Nelson Perry. Died of Disease,

Lieut. Theodore Hervey Guething

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Lieut Edward J Mack, Portsmouth Leut John Paitrick White, Ports

Sgt. John Tanco, Portsmouth Pvt Arthur E Drouln, Windham, Pvt Wilmer R Ellingwood (prevlously reported missing in action)

Northumber land Michael J. Lynch (Navy) Portsmouth.

Pvt Perley V Smith, Lebanon, Pvt. Peter Suzon, Dover Pvt Leland H Woods, Hudson.

Died of Accident. Coxswain Russell H. Ward, Swan-Corp. Ashley M. Morton, Warner, Pvt David S. Constantine, Roches-

i'vt. Charles S. Hart. Lancaster. Pvt Fred H. Marshall, Groton. Drowned.

Pvt Laurence Wilkins (in the Rhone near Lyons, France, May 8, 1919)

Wounded Severely. Sgt. Edward H. Fielding, Manchesl'vt Ligouri C. Couture, Manchester,

Pvt. Adolphe Dube, Nashua. Pvt. George E. Lundgren, Manches-Pvt. Vincenty Murowsky, Exeter. Pvt John Sankovski, Nashua. Pvt. Sidney A. Taylor, Brentwood.

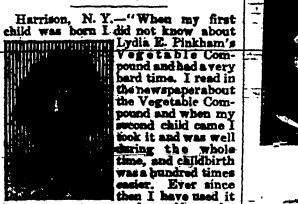
Pvt. Arville Trachy, Franklin. Wounded Slightly. Col Charles A Hunt, Nashua Lieut. Russell T Fry, Claremont. Sgt. Owen Garrahan, Manchester. Sgt. Sumner E. Pike, Farmington. Sgt. Herbert M Ralston, London-

Corp. John E. Peterson, Manchester. Corp. Edgar Routhier. Somersworth. Corp. Merton J Sargent, Newport Waboner Ernest Charron, Nashua. Wagoner Thomas Chasse, Somers-

Wagoner Thomas Laro, Enfleld. Pvt. Ovila Belair, Claremont, Pvt. Clyde E. Braley, Bristol.

HOW WEAK

Mrs. Westmoreland Tells in the Following Letter.



ported died from accident) Manchester.

Pvt. Sidney R. Pickles (previously reported missing in action) Portage mouth.

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MORELAND, Harrison, N.Y. Women who suffer from displacewoman was samer from dispises, meanth, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, hashathe, headaches and nerveuseus should less no time in giving this famous rest and herb remady, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vagetable Compound, a trial, and for special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Medi.

Pyt. David Brinn, Manchester. Livi. Dana E. Chency, Franklin. Pvt. Harold E. Clark, Laconia. Pvt. John D. Cochrane, Claremont Pvt. Ernest Comtols, Berlin. Pvt. Michael P. Connelly, Manches

Pvt. Neal Connolly, Rochester, Pvt. George W. Conway, Concord. Pvt. Ernest G. Cowan, Manchester, Prt. Harold Farnum, Warner. Pvt. Frederick E. Garrett, Manches

Pvt. John Gendron, Laconial Pvt. John J. Grady, Manchester. Pvt. Alfred Grenier, Manchester, Pvt. Paul Hamel, Concord. TPvt. Percy O. Hamel, Manchester. Pvt. William Harris, Nashua. Pvt. William G. Horton, Derry,

Pvt. Felix Jankouski, Portsmouth. Pvt. Angela C. Jensen, Manchester. Pvt. Arthur S. Johnson, Merrimack, Pvt. David W. Johnson, Manchester. Pit. Charles Ragiliery, Dover. Pvt. eHnri Lanoux, Manchester. Pvt Leo Lizzotte, Nashua.

Duncar Stuard, McIntyre, Pvt. Almenzor J. Metivier, Keene. Pvt Don I Nichols, Plymouth John Perry, Berlin. PVt Albert J. Rene Manchester

Austin E. Tracy, Winchester.

1'vt Robert U. Vantine, Nashua. l'vi Lesife II Wiggin, Newton. Pvt. William S. Williams, Manches-Pvt. Louis D. Wheeler, Swanzey.

Wounded (Degree Undetermined.) Pvt Edward C. Brooks, Littleton. Pvt. Patrick II Cogger, Nashua.

Pvt. John Haney, Colebrook. Pvt. Carl H. Keene (previously reported missing in action) Milton, Pvt. Herbert P. McGetterick, Manchester. Pvt.

Harvey James Spellman Nashua. Pvt. Ernest Villandry, Derry.

Prisoner. Pvt. Wilmer R. Ellingwood tdied in German prison höspital) Northumber-

Gassed. Lieut. Merton J. Sargent, Sunapee. Sgt. James E. Coyle, Somersworth Corp. Albert Bergeron, Berlin. Corp. Frank Cutter, Antrim. Pvt. Herbert L. Barker, Lancaster.

Pyt. Fred Elmer Booth, Newport. Pvt. Edward C Brooks, Bethlehem. Pvt. Herman Louis Carter, Clare-

Pvt. John Joseph Kelleher, Portsmouth.

Pvt. Alfred J. Lamb. Somersworth. Pvt Albert A Marcotte, Claremont, Pvt. Everett W. McGlary,-Claremont. Pvt. Chester E. Mitchell, Derry. Pvt. James E. Perreault, Somers-

worth Pit. Harry Segee, Dover.

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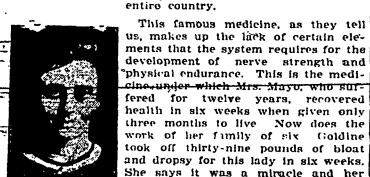
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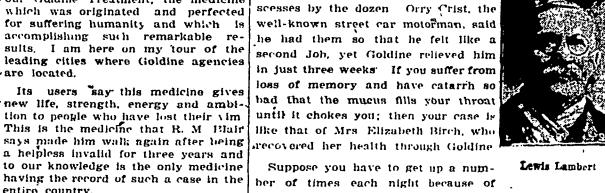


and dropsy for this lady in six weeks. a bad case of indigestion. Compare meals and watch the results. There is your case with that of Mrs. Anna Mc no atring to this offer. You don't need. Kelvey, who says she had stomach to buy it if you don't want to. This trouble so had that crackers and milk offer is to every man and woman of was her principal diet. She regained this city. We ask you to test Goldine her health through Goldine and her for yourself. Come yourself or bring case was of twelve years' standing.

any suffering member of your family

Remember I am going to give every | Then maybe again you are troubled man and every woman a free test of with impure blood, have bolls and abour Galdine Treatment, the medicine scesses by the dozen. Orry Crist, the which was originated and perfected for suffering humanity and which is well-known street car motorman, said accomplishing such remarkable re- he had them so that he felt like a sults. I am here on my tour of the second Joh, yet Goldine relieved him leading cities where Goldine agencies in just three weeks. If you suffer from loss of memory and have catarrh so Its users say this medicine gives new life, strength, energy and ambi- bad that the mucus fills your throat tion to people who have lost their vim until it chokes you; then your case is This is the medicine that R. M. Blair like that of Mrs. Elizabeth Birch, who says made him walk again after being recovered her health through Goldine a helpless invalid for three years and to our knowledge is the only medicine Suppose you have to get up a num-

your water, your kidneys and blader This famous medicine, as they tell trouble you severly, the water burns us, makes up the lack of certain ele- like fire, you have rheumatism until you can hardly get around, you have development of nerve strength and bad blood poison in your left arm and physical endurance. This is the medi- are eighty-seven years old, then you cine, under which Mrs. Mayo, who sur- might think that Goldine couldn't do fered for twelve years, recovered you any good. If you think that, ask health in six weeks when given only W H Nichols. If you are still one of three months to live Now does the the doubters, I will give you names work of her family of six Goldine and addresses of these people so you took off thirty-nine pounds of bloat can go and see and find out for yourself what it has done and is doing. No She says it was a miracle and her matter how skeptical you are you owe neighbors think the same. Maybe you it to yourself or the loved one in whom are cating three square meals a day, you are interested to investigate. We but can't gain in strength because you urge your investigation. Come tomordon't assimilate your food. Or maybe row, and I will give you a large-sized you are nervous, easily excited, can't test dose of Goldine. The minute you sleep, get weak and tremble, have take it people say you feel it to your floating specks before your eyes, and toes. Then take it six days at your



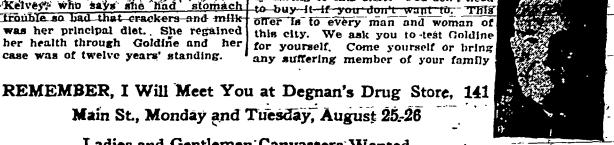
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