# REPORTERS CREATED BELIEF THAT CRUTCHFIELD'S COURT WAS WITTICISM FOUNTAIN

## Clever Writers, Now Renowned in World of Literature, Twisted Many Incidents to Feed Desire of Public for Sayings of "One John."

BY HARRY TUCKER.

Justice John Jeter Crutchfield was not a humorist. He was a philosopher. Humor just naturally oozed out from him, and the reporters who were sent to the Police Court to write up its proceedings took advantage of the opportunity and tried to make light of the good old judge, who peddled out the milk of human kindness to the lowly who sat meekly—sometimes—before him. The twinkle in his eye was the only indication that he had even a sense of humor. He used to enjoy the stories written about him and about things that didn't happen in the courtroom, as much as any one else.

If there are any criticisms to be made about the decorum in the Police Court room over which Justice John presided, those criticisms should be directed to the men who assembled there, and who, despite the many warnings, insisted upon crowding the badly ventilated room to witness the manner in which the presiding genius of that dispensary of justice handed out the punishments to fit the crimes.

**Never Laughed in Court.**

Justice John was never known to have laughed in court. His decorum under the trying circumstances was remarkable. He was the only man who could resist smiling when witnesses made remarks foolish or simple or amusing enough to create storms of applause. It was the witnesses, not the justice, who caused the merriment.

And then the scribes—men with wonderful imaginative powers—who sent out the stuff to the world! Justice John was no wit; neither was he a humorist. He was the force through which the source of an amusing incident flowed toward its full development.

Harvey Wilson started it. It was this remarkably clever newspaperman who first brought Justice John into the public eye. He transformed the most humble attempt at humor into the most brilliant semblation. He wrote Indian Lucy into fame of Hiwatha, and all the encouragement he received from Justice John was the fact that Indian Lucy, having become a regular visitor before the throne of Justice John, and as regularly having been discharged, because she excited his sympathies by having her team wean arms a different baby upon each occasion which she had borrowed from the first neighbor she met on her way to court, and had become a fixture in the routine of the court.

**Full of Human Kindness.**

This writer followed Harvey Wilson in keeping Justice John in the spotlight. For fifteen all too short years he sat before the good old man and basked in the light of his mighty human kindness. He helped the vaudeville artists to gather new stuff for their acts, so that even now he recognizes some of the old jokes sprung from the Police Court, as they are thrown over the footlights by latter-day comedians.

**Origin of Some Jokes.**

The stuttering joke originated in Justice John's court.

A man was up one day, a quarter of a century ago, for drunkenness. He stuttered fearfully.

"What are you charged with," demanded Justice John, as he leaned over his desk and pointed to the frightened culprit.

"T-t-t-t-i, sss-sss-s-s!" was the response.

"What is that?" asked the justice.

"Sss-s-s-s-s, t-t-t-t-h."

Turning to Sergeant Thomas, the crier, Justice John said: "Sergeant, what is this man charged with?"

"He's charged with being drunk, your Honor."

"Two dollars and costs" was the verdict.

But was that not enough for the writer? It was decorous enough for the crowd of hangers-on, but the reporter had to have a story, so he wrote it thus:

"What is this man charged with, sergeant?" said Justice John, in Police Court yesterday morning, as John Smith, a well-known stutterer stood before him charged with being tight and unable to make himself intelligible.

"Judge, sir, he's charged with seltzer," replied Sergeant Thomas, amid a great uproar of laughter.

The "joke" has been hung around the neck of Smith ever since and it will probably be used as long as the public is easy for it.

**The Pickpocket Joke.**

Another good one is that of the pickpocket who followed a circus into town, and who was fined $12 as a "suspicious character."

"I haven't that much," protested the pickpocket.

"How much have you?" demanded Justice John.

"Twenty-four dollars."

"Gimme that! I'll lend you the other dollar."

Did the reporter write it that way? Nay, nay, he wrote:

"Well, sergeant, turn him loose in the crowd for ten minutes and let him get the other dollar."

Another old chestnut, which was used in Justice John's day, was that about the man who had been drinking.

Shoplifters had taken a lot of stockings and other things from the Broad Street store, and the case had reached the Police Court.

The justice held up a pair of red-striped stockings.

"Is this your style?" he asked Floor-Walker Cosby.

"Yep, right enough."

"I got my doubts" commented the justice.

"Well," responded Cosby, "I had occasion to prove it in the store this morning. A fellow from Westerfield came in and bought some hose."

"What kind, garters?" asked the saleslady.

"Nor lady," replied the farmer.

"Whereupon the saleslady produced several pairs of garters, of course.

"Air they regular lateest patterns stockings?" asked Cosby, with his from Chesterfield.

"They air," replied the saleslady.

"I don't believe it."

"Then," said Cosby, I was called upon to prove the saleslady a perfectly truthful person.

"Say, Mister Chesterfield," said Cosby, "come over here and stand in the middle of the room, while the wimmen are gathered around the bargain counter. Just keep still and look."

"Then I selected a good point of vantage, and shouted:

"Flats!"

**Latest Style of Hosiery.**

"If you had seen that bunch of wimmen grab their skirts and go daddle, you could have seen what was the latest style of hosiery."

"The farmer was satisfied," he said.

"You're right about it. Gimme 25 cents' worth."

Did all that conversation take place in the Police Court? It did not.

But the next day the world was told that it did, and another laurel wreath was placed in Justice John's escutcheon. And you can hear that old one even in this enlightened age if you attend the theater often enough.

Henry Dixey claims to be the author of this one:

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast; that's why they put a brass band around a dog's neck."

Justice John put the idea into the mouth of the Police Court reporter.

A man was arrested for having a vicious dog on his premises.

The dog was charged with having "bit a man on his pants."

The reporter made Crutchfield say, in delivering judgment:

"Now you take that pup out of here, and get a brass band and put it around his neck. If he's a Jackson Ward dog, he'll follow the band, and the noise will scare everybody away, because a Jackson Ward band makes plenty of noise."

These little incidents are merely mentioned to show that most of the merriment and hilarity credited to the courtroom dwelt mainly in the brain of the reporter. Many a hot summer's day, when the thermometer in Capitol Square registered 100 in the shade, the Police Court took on a hot wave that kept hangers-on, reporters, policemen, and even prisoners on bail away from the place. It was a deserted dungeon. But the next morning the regular column and half story appeared in the usual place.

**A Generous Spirit.**

Much has been written about Justice John's generous spirit, and his big heart, with its sympathetic feeling for the under dog. But the half has not been written. The justice had a habit of fining a culprit the limit and then remitting the fine later, after the accused had suffered the tortures of inferno for half an hour or so.

It has been estimated that the amount of money refunded to the poor and the lowly, during a year if it had been collected, would have almost paid the salary of Justice John for the year. Of course, in most cases the money would not have been paid any way, because of the financial embarrassment of the victim. But that doesn't change the situation.

Some of the most eminent writers the country has produced have covered Justice John's court. Naturally they improved their opportunities and gathered material for many human interest stories. Among the writers were Harvey L. Wilson, James Branch Cabell, Abram A. Moore, Charles Smith (Von Smith), Terry Cleanton, John D. Murrell, Tommy Atkins, and this writer, who probably held down the job longer and more persistently than any of the others. Jack Eutrelle covered the court for a short time as understudy for this writer.

The reporters' desk in the dingy courtroom now bears the names or initials of many of the Police Court reporters of the old day, cut deep into the tough wood, placed there to stay as long as the desk remains. James Branch Cabell's name in big Roman letters stands out above all the rest.

**Story of Bill Tansy.**

Some notable cases have been heard in this old court, and some noted figures have appeared there. Among the latter was Bill Tansy, which is not his name, who was for many years the court poet laureate, who used to send his contributions to Justice John by messenger from the City Jail. His only weakness was old John Barleycorn. He could drink more different kinds of the wicked stuff than any other living man outside Kentucky. He was sometimes known as the honorary mayor of the rock pile, under Squire Sugar Bottom Jones, who had charge of the rock-pile gang, who used to make all of them officials, such as official water boy, official sand scraper, official rock-puller, and so on. There were so many officials that there were no men to do the work, so the job was abolished.

Bill Tansy got out a book not many years ago, in which Justice John was the main figure. It made a hit, and it was the turning point between the rock pile and a comfortable little business, which he now conducts, and where he spends much of his idle time in shouting the praises of Justice John as the one who has saved more souls than any other man in the State of Virginia.

# STATELY WESTOVER, MOST ANCIENT COLONIAL HOME IN OLD DOMINION

## Ancestral Home of Byrds Withstands Ravages of Three Centuries.

### TWO SECRET ROOMS ARE REFUGE FROM SAVAGES

### Profligate Scion of Ancient Family Dies Suicide New Year's Day, 1777.

Oldest of all the Colonial mansions in Virginia and probably the oldest Anglo-Saxon home in America is Westover, that magnificent pile on the lower James, where two William Byrds, and the lovely, yet unhappy, Evelyn, lived in semi-regal state. For nearly three centuries it has stood enveloped in ancient box bushes and poplars, and today is in as perfect preservation as when its distinguished early owners wrapped the drapery of their couch about them and laid down to pleasant dreams.

Like many estates on the James, history has been made at Westover from the beginning, even from the time when Captain Francis West selected the site for the lands of Henry West, fourth Lord Delaware, and Governor of Virginia in the summer of 1619. It was patented as West and Shirley Hundred, although later called West Hundred, and in 1637 Captain Thomas Pawlett repatented 2,000 acres. In 1622 the long train of historic episodes began, when the Indians scalped thirty-three persons on the place, including Edward Lester, said to have been a Mayflower passenger of two years before.

**The Original Grant.**

Westover is described in Pawlett's grant as "2,000 acres in Charles City County, bounding to the river south, northward to the main, eastward to the lands of Captain Perry, west upon Berkeley Hundred land, extending by the river side from Herring Creek to a cut dividing Westover from Berkeley." Captain Pawlett died in 1641 and the place was sold to Theodorick Bland by his brother, Lord John Pawlett, in 1660. On the death of Theodorick the property went to his two sons, Theodorick and Richard Bland, and in 1688 they conveyed 1,200 to William Byrd, Esq., goldsmith, of London, for 300 pounds of English coin and 10,000 pounds of tobacco.

This first William Byrd, known as Captain Byrd, aided Nathaniel Bacon in his noted rebellion, and built for himself a wooden house at Westover, where he died in 1697, eleven years after completing the simple structure. Just when this little dwelling stood is now lost in the past, but it is believed to have been built over the old dry well, which is preserved to day, a trifle to the east of the present mansion. The bottom of the well, which is about thirty feet deep, is reached by a ladder, and from the top may be seen dimly an arched passageway on both sides.

**Lead to Secret Rooms.**

These entries lead to two underground rooms, each about six feet square, and tall enough to permit a person of average height to stand erect. It is thought that this secret hiding place was provided as a refuge from the Indians when they visited the plantation on their raids. That they did visit it often, and at one time probably had a village there, is evidenced by the quantity of arrow heads and other stone implements found on the farm.

On the death of this first William Byrd the estate went to his son, Colonel William Byrd, II., founder of Richmond, who began the construction of the present residence in 1728, according to plans drawn by Sir Christopher Wrenn, who designed several Virginia mansions. These plans were carried out in detail, much of the material having been obtained from England and the continent. Work went on year by year, and at the end of the eighth year the place stood complete—a veritable palace in the wilderness.

Surrounded by his books and pictures this polished gentleman of Virginia lived until 1744, and his remains now rest beneath an old weather-beaten stone in the center of the garden. It was the third William Byrd, only son of the colonel, who inherited Westover, and in 1743 married Elizabeth Carter, daughter of John Carter, of Shirley, the sole James River plantation of that period, having been in the original family known to the present. She died tragically in 1769, and her husband consoled himself by marrying Mary Willing, of Philadelphia, a goddaughter of Benjamin Franklin.

Not only did William Byrd, III. inherit the estate of his eminent father, but also his charm and accomplishments, the chief difference being that the younger man had a strong propensity for gambling which he seemed neither able nor willing to control, and in England, where he passed his later years, he squandered practically all his property, with the exception of his home in Virginia.

New Year's Day, 1777, saw this fascinating profligate again in his wilderness home, and there in the northwest room, overlooking the garden, in which his father's body rested, he fired a bullet into his brain, leaving his wife a legacy of debt. In his will he expressed a desire to be laid beside his sister, Evelyn, and there he remains, between the belle of Old Virginia and the sorrowing wife.

It is said that Mistress Evelyn Byrd yet visits the spot on moonlight nights in spirit form, and that she can be seen bending over her grave and weeping, probably because of her unhappy love. Her brother, too, refuses to rest in quietness, and he can be heard rocking vigorously in his room or ascending and descending the broad stairway. Every spring, when the birds are singing, a border of narcissus grows up around the graves.

At the death of Mary Willing, the estate was bought by William Carter, in 1811. After living there for a few years it was sold by Mr. Carter to a Mr. Doutnat, then to one of the Harrisons, at Brandon, later to Colonel John Selden, and finally to Major Augustine Drewry, hero of Drewrys Bluff, for $75,000. It was from the widow of Major Drewry that the place was purchased by the present owner, Mrs. Charles Sears Ramsay, in 1898.

**Of Maryland Stock.**

Mrs. Ramsay's childhood home was in Westover, Maryland, the country seat of the Risleys, of Maryland. The Risley line goes back to one of the oldest, and noblest of the Norman families, and Mrs. Ramsay's paternal ancestors came to America in 1633, with the expedition of Rev. Thomas Hooker. Her maternal ancestors having come on the Mayflower—and a Sears in 1625—a Howel in 1629.

Once having centered on the work of restoration, Mrs. Ramsay spared neither time nor care, with the result that the beautiful old house, as it stands today, is as perfectly the house of the second William Byrd as it was during the life of the "Dandy Saunterer." Looking at the handsomely finished interior one ceases to wonder why Cornwallis and Benedict Arnold, of the Revolution, and Fitz John Porter McClellan and others, of the War Between the States, made their headquarters whenever the tides of conflict brought them near.

Westover is surrounded by a lawn of several acres, inclosed with a low brick wall, and the three gates of hand-wrought iron are the original ones brought from England by the builder. The wall is comparatively new, but like the remainder of the plantation, has the appearance of great age. For miles the wall was torn down by one of the much owners, and the bricks used to construct a stable. Later, however, an appreciative owner and skilled workmen restored it, and the storms of a few winters did the rest.

All three gates are masterpieces of an old craftsman's art, and those at the east and west entrances are duplicates, plain old barred portals, with scroll headings and coats of arms, but it is the main gate, just in front of the rear entrance of the house, that stands out most conspicuously. Into its bars at the tip are intricately wrought the initials "W. B." and on each of the massive posts a leaden eagle is perched on a large ball. Perhaps these eagles were an especial delight of this second William Byrd, for they look toward the house instead of the road, a circumstance that is always commented on by visitors. In the War Between the States passing soldiers could not resist the desire to take a shot at the life-size birds, and the tail of one was shot away entirely but was later restored.

**Mansion Was Shelled.**

In those tragic years of 1861-65 the east wing of the mansion was shelled and practically destroyed, and what was left of the walls was torn down by Major Drewry, an artillery man. The house could not possibly be complete without this wing, and this was the hardest problem that confronted Mrs. Ramsay when she set about the work of restoration. But with an old painting of the house, and the paneling and woodwork of the other rooms as a guide, skilled workmen duplicated the original wing so admirably that visitors only know it as a restoration by being told.

This wing is used as a ballroom, and is finished in graceful Chippendale and Queen Anne. The mantle of the Chippendale period was brought from England.

The passageway leading to the ballroom is the only modern furnished room in the house. With rows of high windows on either side, it is furnished in Chinese bamboo, and in the summer and winter is a cheerful lounging room.

As in most of the Colonial homes, the hallway at Westover is the most impressive part of the interior. Running the full width of the house, its spaciousness is relieved by a great Chippendale table and a handsome old mirror above, reaching to the ceiling and once the property of the Calverts, of Maryland. Westover boasts two signed paintings by Charles Le Brun, court painter to Louis XIV., dated 1654.

At the rear of the hall rises the stairway with the twisted balustrades and handrail of mahogany, upon which have rested the fingers of many generations. The house itself does not show the many generations that have occupied it, but the stairway does, for as one's foot touches the first step it fits into a deep hollow and each succeeding step bears its mark of service. The dining-room, running the entire length of the hall on the west side of the house, is another imposing apartment, and the table and chairs are Hepplewhite.

**Proud of Library.**

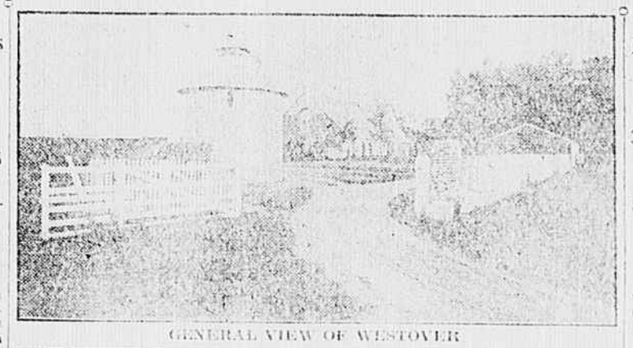
To the east of the hall is the library, "one of the greatest prides of Colonel Byrd's life," with its high Chippendale book cases and big stone mantle. The Adam table just in front of the fireplace is a marvel of delicate inlaid work, with the color as fresh as when completed by the master craftsmen.

Adjoining the library is the drawing-room, over which the mantle of black Italian marble presides. Scattered around on every side are such gems as a paint box, in which Sir Joshua Reynolds carried his brushes and colors, and delicate Adam screens painted by Angelica Kaufman. The chambers above are all furnished in Chippendale, Sheraton, and handsome old Queen Anne, each with its corresponding four-poster. The ghost of the third William Byrd lovers around, and has on a number of occasions appeared in knee breeches and powdered wig, the elegant gallant of the eighteenth century.

There are three rooms on the third floor, two small and one large. In the larger room Mary Willing was jeered by Colonial soldiers when they visited the house on one occasion in search of her cousin, Benedict Arnold. A secret passage led from this room to the cellar, where there was a secret room, from which a passage once probably led to the river. Filled with its treasures of old furniture, china, and paintings, and keeping a firm hold on the traditions and grandeur of Colonial Virginia, Westover stands today preeminent among the monuments to those early days in the life of the Old Dominion.

**Defective Scales Seized.**

The second round-up of defective scales in two weeks was made yesterday afternoon by inspectors from the Bureau of Weights and Measures. Eight sets of scales were seized and the owners summoned to court. Chief Inspector Joseph says the bureau is determined to clean up the city in respect to false or neglected scales and prosecutions will be more frequent after January 1.



GENERAL VIEW OF WESTOVER

## Magnificent Estate Surrounded by Lawn of Several Acres.

### 3 HAND WROUGHT GATES BROUGHT FROM ENGLAND

### Shells of '61-'65 Destroy East Wing, Which Later Is Replaced by Mrs. Ramsay.

# BRITISH OFFICIAL DENIES "SQUANDERMANIA" CHARGE

**Defends Expenditures Made by Government as Essential to Nation's Vital Interests.**

(By Associated Press.)

LONDON, Dec. 4.—A spirited defense against charges of "squandermania" the popular term for official extravagance, is made by Captain Frederick Guest, joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury.

Captain Guest admits he doesn't see where the government can cut down expenses of departments of the state thus:

The navy and army—The personnel of the fighting services has now been reduced practically to pre-war numbers. In 1914, however, the private soldier received one shilling per day. He now receives two shillings and nine pence. There has been a corresponding increase in the pay of naval men. The result is that while the fighting services cost £86,000,000 in 1913-14, owing to these and other consequential increases, the figure is £269,000,000 today.

In 1914 the interest on the national debt was £24,000,000; today it is £345,000,000.

War Pensions—In 1914-15 these were nil; today, £127,000,000.

Education—In 1914-15 this cost £17,000,000; today, £53,000,000.

Bread subsidy—This year it has cost £41,000,000.

Old Age Pensions—In 1914-15 these cost £12,000,000; today they cost £26,000,000.

Unemployed grants to ex-soldiers, £27,000,000.

Railway and housing subsidies, £52,000,000.

Captain Guest states, are two items considerable blame in the government expenditure for the year "No liberal in the country," he declares, "will wish to retrench by decision. As for the other items no fruitful suggestion has so far been made as to how they can be reduced and no specific case of extravagance has been made out against the administration.

"Since the financial commitments of the government are examined, the more it will be realized how profoundly the war has affected national finance and how difficult it is for the government, with the best intentions in the world, to keep down national expenditure," Captain Guest concludes.

# PET STOCK SHOW OPENS AT ARMORY ON TUESDAY

**Feathered Bipeds and Pet Stock on Exhibition in Grays' Armory Next Tuesday.**

The thirteenth annual poultry and pet stock show of the Virginia Breeders' and Fanciers' Association will open in the Grays' Armory next Tuesday and will continue four days. The exhibits promise to be the largest and most varied collection the association has ever put on display.

The annual poultry show in Richmond now ranks with the largest in America. It draws breeders and exhibit from many States. The association has for its object the advancement of poultry raising primarily, but many other features are provided to attract public interest.

# LORD RATHCREEDAN SAYS KING CAUSED REVOLT OF COLONIES

## Origin of Historical Society's Name Recounted by Recent Visitor.

### ANCIENT MANOR IS HOME OF WASHINGTON'S FAMILY

### Nobleman Is Impressed With Strong Resemblance of Citizens of Two Countries.

**This article, by Lord Rathcreedan, is to appear in the December issue of the Old Colony Magazine, the official publication of the Old Colony Club, of which he is a member. Lord Rathcreedan, as head of the British commission of the Sulgrave Institution, was a recent visitor in Richmond, following his stay at Jamestown and Williamsburg.**

BY LORD RATHCREEDAN.

In visiting America as the head of the delegation of the Sulgrave Institution sent to participate in the ceremonies commemorative of the establishment of the first Puritan settlement on American soil and the celebration of the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, I have but given expression, more to the cause to which a large part of my active life has been devoted, the ideal of international peace through international understanding.

The Sulgrave Institution grew out of a movement initiated on both sides of the Atlantic some thirteen or fourteen years ago, having for its purpose the celebration with fitting ceremonies of the centennial of the signing of the treaty of Ghent, which marked the end of war between the United States and Great Britain in 1815. The outset of the great war, in which more than five years after they had fought each other as enemies, Americans and Britons fought side by side for the first time as allies, prevented the carrying out of the centennial plans in 1915.

But the response, in England as well as in America, to the suggestion of permanent organization and permanent memorials, not only to commemorate 100 years of peace between the two great English-speaking nations but to foster and keep alive the mutual friendship based upon our common ancestry, language and traditions, was such as to warrant those who had set the original plan on foot in continuing their activities. The result was the founding of the Sulgrave Institution, an international organization of English-speaking men and women, having affiliated with it some scores of associations and organizations, the members of which are desirous of destroying the last vestiges of misunderstanding between the peoples of the two countries.

**Origin of Name.**

This institution derives its name from Sulgrave Manor, the English country house, which was the home for generations of the Washington family, from which your first President and leader of your armies in the Revolution of 1776, was descended. Sulgrave Manor is now owned by the Sulgrave Institution. It has been restored to its original condition and there have been assembled there many relics of the Washington family.

It is the hope, in which I sincerely share, that in both America and Britons Sulgrave Manor may become such a shrine as Mount Vernon has been for many years to Americans especially, but also to all of England who understand that it was a great man who lies there, who was a Englishman leading his people in a struggle against their revolt against tyrannical abuses as no other Englishmen could tolerate, to-day.

For the English people have never looked upon the people of America, I speak, of course, of the colonists of the early days, for the colonists your dominant element of to-day is being any different from the other. As a matter of fact we are proud that your great nation has been built up by men of English blood, your government established upon English principles and your laws based upon the English law that reached by a ladder, and from the top may be seen dimly an arched passageway on both sides.

**Lead to Secret Rooms.**

These entries lead to two underground rooms, each about six feet square, and tall enough to permit a person of average height to stand erect. It is thought that this secret hiding place was provided as a refuge from the Indians when they visited the plantation on their raids. That they did visit it often, and at one time probably had a village there, is evidenced by the quantity of arrow heads and other stone implements found on the farm.

On the death of this first William Byrd the estate went to his son, Colonel William Byrd, II., founder of Richmond, who began the construction of the present residence in 1728, according to plans drawn by Sir Christopher Wrenn, who designed several Virginia mansions. These plans were carried out in detail, much of the material having been obtained from England and the continent. Work went on year by year, and at

## Head of Sulgrave Institution Gives Interesting Sidelights on England.

### GEORGE III. PERSECUTOR OF AMERICANS AND IRISH

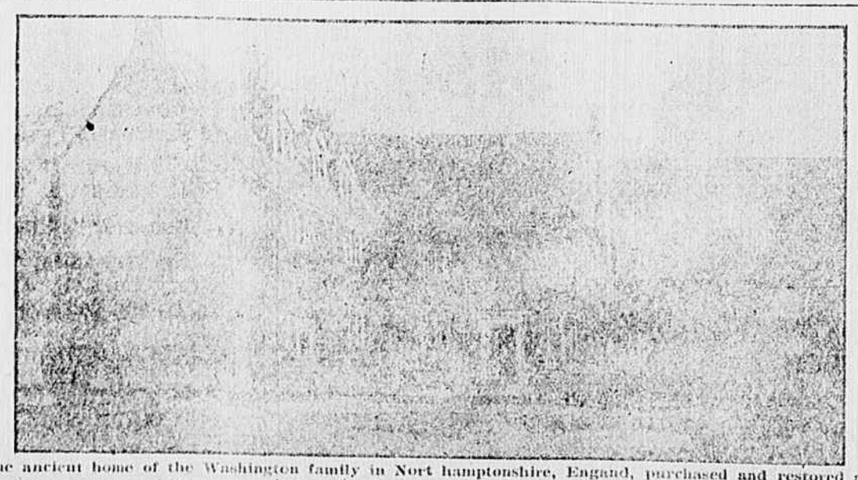
### Says Mother Country Always Handled Emerald Isle Situation Badly.

about to be fulfilled, were not truly representative of the English people, but rather the government, that during years of war between the States, had committed the country to a policy of support of the South, represented by the people of England. The feeling of antipathy in America engendered by the two wars between these two countries would have vanished, I am convinced, half a century ago, had it not been stirred afresh by the ill-advised attitude of the ministers of that day.

English history as taught in England has never dealt with the relations between England and America

(Continued on Third Page.)

## Sulgrave Manor, Home of the Washingtons



The ancient home of the Washington family in Nort hamptonshire, Engand, purchased and restored as a permanent international memorial by the Sulgrave Institution.

With gargles or sprays it is impossible to keep a sore throat under anything like continuous treatment. With Formamint, it makes no difference where you are, at work, in crowded car, shop, theatre or church, you can dissolve one of these delicious, almost candy-like tablets in your mouth once an hour or so. An effective yet harmless antiseptic is released and, carried by the saliva, continuously bathes the entire lining of the mouth and throat, checks germ growth, and gives the sore, infected tissues chance to heal.

Formamint tablets used when especially exposed to infection reduce your danger of catching sore throats, and even influenza, from others.

Children can—and should—use them freely as defence against throat affections and influenza which spread so readily in congested school-rooms.

*Formamint is sold by all druggists. Any druggist will tell you how widely Formamint is recommended by throat specialists, physicians and dentists.*

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