

# The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XXXIV NO. 29

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1917

5 CENTS A COPY

## Clinton Store

Antrim, N. H.



Are YOU Interested in Getting the Highest Grades of

## GROCERIES?

Then You Want to Patronize Us. We Insure Absolute Satisfaction to Our Customers. One Trial Will Prove Convincing

Dow's Beef Scraps  
Hoes, Rakes, Forks,  
All Kinds Farming Tools

A Good Line of  
General Merchandise

The Store That Tries to Please You

## Clinton Store

Antrim, N. H.

## Wall Paper!

Has taken a Great Advance in Price on account of Shortage of Dye Stuff, but by placing our order last Fall for 800 Rolls of Paper, we will have in a few days a New Line with but slight advance in price.

## Wall Board

We Carry a Full Stock at All Times.  
TELEPHONE 9-3

## GUY A. HULETT,

ANTRIM, N. H.

The Roads are Drying,  
I shall be here to do my Buying.  
No matter what you have to Sell,  
I always treat everybody well.  
And besides it is very nice  
To know that you get a good price.

Papers, Rags, Antiques, Rubbers, Metals and Automobiles.  
Drop me a postal.

MAX ISREAL, Henniker, N. H.

## GARDEN TALKS NUMBER THREE

### Deals with the Proper Methods of Growing and Caring for the Tomato Crop

When tomatoes are grown on a large scale, especially for canning purposes, it is customary to plant them four feet apart and let them go unpruned, so that they form a large plant which produces a heavy crop which ripens the latter part of the season. For the small garden it is often an advantage to set the plants closer together, about 30 inches apart in the row, and train them to a single stem to stakes. As soon as the plants are well established a stake can be set to each plant and as it grows it is tied to the stake with coarse twine or raffia, so that it does not cut the plant. The stakes are usually about 5 feet long and about 1 1/2 inches square. When the plant reaches the top of the stake the tip is nipped out and the side shoots or suckers are kept pruned off continually. These suckers grow in the axils of the leaves and main stem and grow rampant if not cut out. Care should be taken not to cut off the young fruiting clusters by mistake. Sometimes two main stems are allowed to develop and are tied to the stake, pruning out all other suckers.

The advantages of this system are that the fruit ripens earlier than on the ground, there is less trouble from disease, the fruit is larger and finer, and is clean when picked so that it will bring a higher price on the market. In this climate where the growing season is short it is advisable to use this method of training tomatoes.

When the plants are allowed to lie on the ground it is an advantage to spread a mulch of straw or hay under the plants which conserves moisture in dry weather and also keeps the fruit clean.

It might be well to mention at this time that a small black bug known as the flea-beetle is quite plentiful this year and is found on tomato and potato foliage. They puncture the leaves full of holes and stunt the plants. By coating the leaves with a spray of arsenate of lead the damage is greatly reduced.

### Successful Baptist Gathering

The mid-year gathering of the Dublin Baptist Association was held last Wednesday in the Cram grove on Jameson avenue, and at the Antrim Baptist church. The morning session was opened with devotional services in charge of Rev. F. R. Enslin, of East Jaffrey, followed by a business meeting of the women of the Dublin Association. At the men's business meeting held in the church, Frederick L. Kendall, superintendent of the Antrim-Peterboro-Hillsboro school district, delivered an address on "The Relation of the Church to the Day School." Basket lunch was enjoyed in the grove at noon.

Rev. H. E. Wetherbee, of Chesham, opened the afternoon session with a bible reading, "The Will of God." Rev. Walter F. Sturtevant, of the People's Baptist Tabernacle, Manchester, spoke on "The Power that Wins." Impressions Gathered at the Northern Baptist Convention were given by Mrs. D. H. Goodell.

Rev. William J. B. Cannell, pastor of the Antrim Baptist church, arranged the program and had the meeting in charge. It was a very successful gathering, attended by several from out of town who motored here.

### Workers and Liquor

The writer of this brief article was a former Antrim young lady, daughter of Mrs. Mary A. Clark of this town. She wrote to the editor of the Brockton, Mass., Enterprise, under the above caption:

Dear sir—Members of the union have seen the article "Conservation Mad" in the Shoeworkers' Journal of May.

Only an expert in economics can say whether the liquor business actually pays the country as a business venture, but everyone knows what it does to the human body, the efficiency it has turned to inefficiency, the crimes it has committed.

Is there anything more valuable to the country at this time than healthy men and women?

For the conservation of the mental and physical strength of the workers in factories, I hope for national prohibition.

LOIS M. CLARK,  
Finishers' Union No. 37.

### Auction Sale

By W. E. Cram, Auctioneer, Antrim

Having sold his farm and about to vacate, John E. Loveren will sell at public auction, on the premises at Loveren's Mills, in the west part of Antrim, on Friday, July 6, at 9.30 in the forenoon. There is a large amount of goods to be sold—an accumulation of more than half a century—and some very good articles, as will be seen by reading the auction bills.

Read the Antrim Reporter for all the local news.

### Antrim Has a Demonstrator of Practical Experience

Through lack of arrangements and shortness of time, the canning demonstrations to be given at North Branch and in Antrim last week were not held as scheduled. It appears quite difficult to make satisfactory arrangements, and under the circumstances it seems wise for the committee to cancel future dates for demonstrations.

Antrim ladies are fortunate in having one in our midst who is an expert in the art of domestic science, being dean of Nasson Institute of Sanford, Me., and Miss Edith B. Hunt will demonstrate to our ladies on such dates as may be arranged later; the services of Miss Hunt being available at this time makes it most fortunate for our people who appreciate this excellent opportunity to learn all the new things and ways in canning.

### Encampment Installation

The officers of Mt. Crooked Encampment, I. O. O. F., were installed Monday evening at the regular meeting by Sillman McClintock, D. D. G. P., of Hillsboro, assisted by a suite of installing officers from North Star Encampment. The officers installed were:

Chief Patriarch—Henry A. George  
High Priest—George D. Dresser  
Senior Warden—Willard Maning  
Junior Warden—E. M. Lane  
1st W.—Charles Fowler  
2nd W.—E. E. George  
4th W.—Leon Brownell  
I. S.—Philip Whittemore  
Ice cream and cake were served by a committee consisting of Charles Eaton, Walter Poor and Philip Whittemore. A good attendance of members were present.

### Odd Fellows Election

At the semi-annual election of officers of Waverley lodge, I. O. O. F., Saturday evening, the following officers were chosen:

Noble Grand—H. Burr Eldredge  
Vice Grand—Edward E. George  
Rec. Secy.—H. W. Eldredge  
Fin. Secy.—Morris E. Nay  
Treasurer—Fred I. Burnham

Archie N. Nay was elected as representative to the Grand Lodge, and H. W. Eldredge was chosen member of the Odd Fellows Home Corporation.

Installation will be held at Hillsboro on Friday evening of this week, jointly with Valley Lodge of that place.

### Fourth of July

In Hancock, the local Grange will give a grand fourth of July dance at town hall on Wednesday evening, with music by the Schubert orchestra. For particulars read posters.

### After Seven Years

Peterboro Testimony Remains Unshaken

Time is the best test of truth. Here is a Peterboro story that has stood the test of time. It is a story with a point which will come straight home to many of us.

Fred A. Clement, retired farmer, 102 Grove street, Peterboro, N. H., says: "Lameness and soreness across the small of my back troubled me a great deal. It hurt me to straighten up after stooping and, if I tried to lift anything, such sharp pains caught me that I could hardly straighten up. My kidneys acted irregularly. The kidney secretions were highly colored and contained sediment. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and in a few days the backache disappeared and my kidneys acted regularly. From that time I have had no trouble with my kidneys."

Over Seven Years Later Mr. Clement said: "I use Doan's Kidney Pills occasionally, whenever I feel in need of a kidney medicine, and they always help me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Clement has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. adv.

### SCIENCE TO THE RESCUE

Chemist Offers Mankind Kind of Chemical Soup as Nutritious as Beef Extract.

Science is hurrying to the rescue. Along sanitary and military and mechanical lines it has made marvelous progress. In the culinary field it leaves much to be desired.

Now comes a Philadelphia chemist and offers mankind a mineral soup that is pronounced fully as nutritious as the finest beef extract. He told the Franklin institute the other night how the substitute is prepared. It is a decidedly peculiar recipe and one that might well make the ordinary cookbook shudder. You take portions of sodium phosphate and calcium carbonate and ammonium sulphate, add a little sugar and a small amount of yeast. These ingredients are mixed and set away until reaction by autolysis ensues, and a brown sticky paste that has all the nutritive qualities of commercial beef extract is produced.

According to the chemist it is the yeast that transforms the inorganic minerals into the pronounced organic meat substitute. The yeast contains fermentation agents called enzymes, which are responsible for the alteration, and produce the food qualities from the chemicals. There were doubters about the table at the Franklin institute. They insisted upon tasting the "stone soup," and pronounced it good. They even declared that it was fully equal in nutrition and appearance to the market variety, and each of the samplers pronounced the odor remarkably beeflike.

Incidentally, the chemist announced that the cost of "stone soup," he called it synthetic meat, is less than that from the ox or sheep — which, of course, was to be expected.

However, it can be assumed that even if the substitute is cheaper and equally nutritious, it will be a long time before it takes the place of scrapple on the Philadelphia dinner plate. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### SIZE OF UNCLE SAM'S BELT

Some Interesting Figures Regarding the Area Under Control of Canal Board.

The total area of the Canal zone, which includes all the land and water within five miles on either side of the center line of the canal, but does not include the area within the three-mile limit on the Atlantic and Pacific ends of the canal, is 441 1/2 square miles, of which the land area is 332.35 square miles. The area of Gatun Lake within the five-mile limit is 108.4 miles, the area of Miraflores Lake, 1.9 miles, and the area of the canal channel itself, .85 miles. The area was given in 1911 as 448 square miles, which was correct at that time, but by a treaty proclaimed February 18, 1915, an area of 6 1/2 square miles adjoining Panama City was ceded to Panama in exchange for two small tracts, one of them in the city of Colon, on which one of the defense batteries of the canal is situated. The same treaty gave the Panama Canal administration control of all the waters of Gatun Lake outside of the five-mile limit and all land adjoining the lake up to the 100-foot contour line, adding 61 square miles to the 441 1/2 miles within the zone, making the area of the Canal Zone and controlled territory 502 1/2 square miles. —The Christian Herald.

## Cram's Store

New Skirts  
New Middies  
New Smocks  
New Waists  
New House Dresses  
New Straw Hats

New line of Trunks, Bags  
and Suit Cases

JULY PICTORIAL REVIEW

## W. E. CRAM

Odd Fellows Block Store,  
ANTRIM, New Hamp.

## ..Waists, Blouses, Skirts..

Excellent Variety of Models in Waists, Plain and Fancy Stripe. \* Middy Blouses, Plain, Smocked Ladies' and Misses' Outing Skirts. \* New Line Infants' Dresses and Bonnets.

ALL AT MODERATE PRICES.

## Miss S. E. Lane & Co.,

ANTRIM, N. H.

Collars Sweat Pads  
Dressing Metal Polish Etc.

NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE YOUR  
Harness Cleaned and Oiled  
FOR THE SUMMER  
At the Harness Shop

S. M. TARBELL, Antrim  
Telephone 18-21 North Main Street

Buy Rubber Stamps at This Office  
The Prices are Reasonable

John R. Putney Estate Undertaker First Class, Experienced Director and Embalmer, For Every Case. Lady Assistant.

W. E. Cram, AUCTIONEER I wish to announce to the public that I will sell goods at auction for any parties who wish, at reasonable rates. Apply to

W. E. CRAM, Antrim, N. H. FARMES Listed with me are quickly SOLD. No charge unless sale is made.

LESTER H. LATHAM, P. O. Box 408, Hillsboro Village, N. H. Telephone connection F. K. BLACK, BUILDER. Plans and Estimates Furnished HEATING a Specialty. Jobbing Promptly Attended To ANTRIM, N. H.

D. COHEN Junk Dealer, ANTRIM, N. H. Buyer of Old Magazines, Bags, Metals and Second-hand Furniture and Poultry. Customer will drop postal card or phone.

INSURANCE Everything INSURABLE written at this office. Is that Motor Car Insured? Why take the risk? Call at the office of E. W. BAKER, Agent, Antrim, N. H.

Advertising is the Foundation of All Successful Enterprises Franklin Square House a delightful place to stop. A Home-Hotel in the heart of Boston exclusively for women. 200 rooms, bath, comfortable convenient of access, prices reasonable. For particulars and prices address Miss Castine C. Swanson, Supt. 11 E. Newton St., Boston, Mass.

ARE YOU GOING TO BOSTON? Young women going to Boston to work or study, any lady going to Boston for pleasure or on a shopping trip without male escort will find the Franklin Square House

GO After Business in a business way—the advertising way. An ad in this paper offers the maximum service at minimum cost. It reaches the people of the town and vicinity you want to reach. TRY IT--IT PAYS

Sawyer & Boyd Antrim, N. H. Real Estate FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE AND MORTGAGES Farm, Village, Lake Property For Sale No Charge Unless Sale is Made Tel. 24-3 Auto Service

Agency. For The M. E. Wheeler Phosphate ICE! Rates for Family Ice 35c per 100 lbs. Long Distance Telephone. 19-3 G. H. HUTCHINSON, Depot St., Antrim, N. H.

Watches & Clocks CLEANED AND REPAIRED. PRICES REASONABLE. Carl L. Gove, Clinton Village, Antrim, N. H. J. D. HUTCHINSON, Civil Engineer, Land Surveying, Levels, etc. ANTRIM, N. H. TELEPHONE CONNECTION

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE NEWS

Tragedy at Lake Winnisquam. Laconia—Thursday afternoon Maurice P. Bradford, 28 years old, teacher of manual training at the New Hampshire School for Feeble Minded, invited three lady teachers to go with him to a cottage on the shore of the lake and have lunch. They were Miss Alice Black Richards, Miss Elizabeth Huess and Miss Dorothy Davis. During the evening Bradford became suddenly insane and attacked the three teachers. He bound all three hand and foot, cut Miss Richards' throat, beat the others over the head and cut their hair off. He then took his canoe and rowed the two miles to this city and after telephoning a physician to go to the cottage went to the police station and said to the officer in charge, "You had better lock me up." After he left the cottage one of the young women managed to free herself from her cords and untied the other. Then they locked the door and remained until the arrival of the officers when they were found in a hysterical condition. Bradford was locked up.

Weekly Publishers Elect Officers. Wolfeboro—At the business meeting of the New Hampshire Weekly Publishers' Association held here Saturday the following officers were elected: President, Edward W. Townsend, Salmon Falls; vice president, George F. Mitchell, Pittsfield; secretary, Charles G. Jenness, Rochester; treasurer, Arthur Rotch, Milford; executive committee, E. W. Townsend, Salmon Falls; Charles G. Jenness, Rochester; C. O. Barney, Canaan; Arthur G. Fish, Warner; O. N. Chase, Newport. Gov. Keyes was the guest of the association Saturday.

New Hampshire Bar Association. Laconia—The annual meeting of the N. H. Bar association was held in the Belknap county court house Saturday afternoon. Following the meeting the visitors were the guests of the Laconia lawyers on an automobile trip to points of interest. The annual banquet was held in the evening and Sunday the members of the association were guests of the Belknap County Bar association for a trip about Lake Winnepesaukee.

Find Body of Unknown Man in Mascoma River. Lebanon—The body of an unknown man, about 35 years of age, was found in the Mascoma River near the excelsior mill Friday morning. It was discovered by one of the workmen in the mill and had evidently been in the water several weeks. It was lodged near the dam and badly decomposed. The suit was of blue serge, but there was no money or papers, or any marks of identification.

Oil Peddler Seriously Burned. Nashua—While driving his auto along the street one night last week William E. Rand, who peddles gasoline and oils, was so seriously burned that he is in a hospital in a dangerous condition. People on the street saw that his auto was on fire and called to him. As long as he was going the flames were kept from him, but the minute he stopped the blaze set his clothing on fire. He was pulled from the auto and a rug extinguished the flames, but not until he had been seriously burned. An alarm was rung in, but the auto was completely destroyed. It is supposed that a leaky gasoline can in the rear of the auto dripped on the tall light.

Held for Breach of Promise. Rochester—Charles Leighton Cookson was arrested Thursday afternoon for breach of promise on complaint of Nellie M. Ray of Haverhill, Mass., who brought suit against him to recover \$5000. She represents that he promised to marry her in October, 1911, when he had a wife living whom he married eight years before. Cookson was held in \$2000 bonds for his appearance at the September term and at last accounts was an inmate of the police station here.

Two Large Autos Collide. Lebanon—An auto owned by Charles M. Stewart of Whitesville, Mass., and having as passengers Mr. Stewart's wife, his brother and three small children, collided with a large limousine on the state highway near here Friday afternoon. Mr. Stewart was badly injured and a little girl was thrown from the car and narrowly escaped being killed. The other car contained five persons who were badly shaken up. Both cars were demolished.

Rockingham Park Now a Training Camp. Salem—Members of the reserve Engineers corps began arriving at Rockingham Park last week, and it now resembles a real military camp. It is expected that fully 1500 engineers will be stationed here for training.

Young Girl Drowns in Lake. Laconia—While Margaret Hurd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Hurd, was playing with some companions at Rowe's point on the shore of Lake Winnisquam Thursday afternoon she fell into the strong current and was carried out into the lake. Her companions were helpless and it was an hour before the body could be recovered.

Gets a Jolt on His Honeymoon. Nashua—August Perrault, a druggist and optician of this city, 48 years old, was married Saturday morning to Miss Hermine Caron, aged 20 and the couple at once left on a bridal tour. Immediately after their departure attachments were placed on Perrault's real estate to the amount of \$20,000. The plaintiff in the case is Miss Alice Marquis, who claims that when Perrault's wife died a year ago he wanted to marry her within three months, and she now sues for breach of promise. Her counsel stated that he delayed serving the writs until after the departure of the newly married couple "so as not to mar the pleasure of their honeymoon."

You Have Heard of This Case. Concord—The full bench of the New Hampshire supreme court in an opinion handed down Saturday sustaining the decision of Judge Kivel of the superior court in dismissing the libel for divorce of Major Ralph G. Carpenter of Wolfeboro against Margaret, late Paul Carpenter of Boston. Under an order of Judge Kivel Ralph G. Carpenter, Jr., has been living in Concord with his mother and attending school. This order terminated Saturday and the boy was taken to Wolfeboro to spend the summer with his father.

As far as is known not a shot was fired, not a knife was drawn. It was a single-purposed protest, backed by tough fists and superior physical condition, made by army and navy men, at first in groups and later as a unified body, against a demonstration which displeased them. The leaders were not officers but men from the ranks.

The attitude of the police throughout was singularly passive, almost complaisant. Only twice were policemen massed at any one point: first at the Parkman band stand on the Common and later in Park Square, after soldiers and sailors had wrecked the Socialist headquarters at No. 14. Though there were innumerable individual encounters between soldiers and sailors on the one side and Socialists on the other, the officers made no serious effort to interfere. They seemed to regard the series of exciting events in the radiant light of patriotic impulse, irresponsible and not seriously harmful. They did, however, arrest 10 civilians on charges of participating in an affray, assault, etc. before the afternoon closed.

At 2:15 o'clock nearly 8000 persons were jammed in Park Square opposite the Socialists' headquarters. Of this throng more than 6000 were Socialists intending to participate in the parade to the Common, where James Maurer of Reading, Pa.; James Oneal of Boston, state secretary of the Socialist party; W. T. Colyer of Boston, known as the "British conscientious objector"; Joseph Murphy of Lowell and others were to make addresses.

Three bands had stations in the line. At the head a man bore the American flag, and further down the line was another. Everywhere, however, red banners blazed out of a dull afternoon, and everywhere, aloft where all could read, were placards bearing radical inscriptions, thus: "The U. S. Government Has Ordered 200,000 Coffins for Our Boys"; "Mothers Bear Life, Militarism Crushes Life"; "A Six-Hour Day in Socialistic Russia—Why Not Here?"; "If This is a Popular War, Then Why Conscription?"; "War is Hell; Jingo Capitalists Should Go to War"; "Make Democracy Safe from Our Imperialism"; "Unite with Us to Repeal the Conscription Act"; "No Annexations, No Indemnity, No Conquests," and so on.

Along the sidewalks were groups of youthful sailors, marines and soldiers, watching the preparations. They eyed the banners closely and commented disparagingly on their preachers. One cried suddenly "Look at that sign about 200,000 coffins," and another, "Let us stop that parade, fellows." "Pull down all the red flags," a private cried, "be careful of the women and children in the line." Nevertheless the Socialists' meeting stopped then and there, and the parade, and participants melted away, minus two American flags and many red banners and placards. The men in uniform, however, were not ready to call it a day. They broke from the Common back on to Tremont street. Forming just south of Park street they marched back over the course which the discomfited Socialists had covered.

Turning into Park Square, the marchers halted in front of the Socialists headquarters and gave cheers for the United States and the allies. Then things began to happen. Soldiers, sailors and marines tore screens from other windows and scaled them into the square. After the screens came a large book, containing bound copies of Socialist newspapers, then a deluge of canes—such as were carried by the Socialists in their parade—and small triangular red banners, perhaps 300 of them. Next there came a shower of metal music stands, placards and leaflets.

Woman Admitted to the New Hampshire Bar. Concord—Miss Winifred McLaughlan of Gorham enjoys the distinction of being the first woman in New Hampshire to pass the examination for admission to the bar of the state. She passed a successful examination with nine men on Friday and the oath was administered Saturday morning.

Attorney Held on Charge of Embezzlement. Concord—Frank G. Driscoll, a local attorney, was arraigned in municipal court Saturday on a charge of embezzlement. He was held in \$300 bonds for the October grand jury.

Boston & Maine Property Taxable. Concord—The supreme court ruled Saturday that materials used in Boston & Maine repair shops were taxable by the state, but not by the city. This ruling sustains an appeal of the railroad against such taxes levied by the city of Concord.

Nashua—Ernest Deboisbrinend, aged 13, son of Jean Baptiste Deboisbrinend, was drowned in the Nashua river Saturday afternoon while bathing with another boy. The body had not been recovered at dark.

SOCIALIST FLAG PULLED DOWN Boston Parade Stopped by Soldiers and Sailors MARCHER KISSED BANNER

Inscriptions Rouse Ire of Uniformed Men—Bands Forced to Play Patriotic Airs—Arrest 10 Civilians.

Boston—The red flag of Socialism and banners denouncing the war and conscription, assembled for a "great peace parade and demonstration" on Boston Common Sunday afternoon, cited at least 300 soldiers, sailors and marines in the United States service, with the vocal encouragement of several thousand civilians, to acts of systematic violence covering nearly three hours, and under conditions without parallel in the annals of the community. The parade was broken up and the Socialists headquarters wrecked.

The disturbance began apparently without any premeditated plan of attack, and progressed as the physically exuberant fancies of the aggressors led them. It lacked the essentials of a riot in that it did not run wild, strike down men, women and children wherever found, or destroy public or private property blindly or promiscuously. Several "Kilties" joined with enthusiasm in the anti-red flag proceedings.

As far as is known not a shot was fired, not a knife was drawn. It was a single-purposed protest, backed by tough fists and superior physical condition, made by army and navy men, at first in groups and later as a unified body, against a demonstration which displeased them. The leaders were not officers but men from the ranks.

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COMMONWEALTH HOTEL inc. OPPOSITE STATE HOUSE Boston, Mass. Storer F. Crafts, Gen. Mgr.

Nothing to Equal This in New England Rooms with private baths \$1.50 per day and up; suite of two rooms and bath \$4.00 per day and up. ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF STRICTLY A TEMPERANCE HOTEL SEND FOR BOOKLET

Edmund G. Dearborn, M.D., Main Street, ANTRIM. Office Hours: 1 to 8 and 7 to 9 p.m. Telephone 22-2.

W. R. MUSSON, M.D., Main Street, Antrim. Hours: 8 A.M., 1 and 7 P.M. TEL. CONNECTION.

DR. E. M. BOWERS, DENTIST. ANTRIM, N. H. Telephone 21-8

C. E. DUTTON, AUCTIONEER, Hancock, N. H. Property advertised and sold on reasonable terms.

B. D. PEASLEE, M. D. HILLSBORO, N. H. Office Over National Bank Diseases of Eye and Ear. Latest instruments for the detection of errors of vision and correct fitting of Glasses. Hours 1 to 3, and 7 to 8 p.m. Sundays and holidays by appointment only.

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Show 'em Now-to-day ADVERTISE the best thing you have in stock at your store in the next issue of this paper. Feature it. Push it strong. Then sit in your store and harvest the pecuniary fruit of your wisdom. H H H H

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J. E. Perkins & Son ANTRIM, N. H. LIVERY Feed and Sale Stable Good Rigs for all occasions. A FORD Car At A-F-F-O-R-D Prices 5-passenger REO Auto reasonable rates Tel. 8-4

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town hall block, the Last Saturday after noon in each month, at 2 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties regarding School matters. H. B. DRAKE, G. E. HASTINGS, J. D. HUTCHINSON, Antrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town hall block, the First Saturday in each month, from two till five o'clock in the afternoon to transact town business. The Tax Collector will meet with the Selectmen. C. F. BUTTERFIELD, J. M. CUTTER, F. P. ELLINWOOD, Selectmen of Antrim.

ACCOMMODATION! To and From Antrim Railroad Station. Trains leave Antrim Depot as follows: A. M. 7.05 7.40 10.29 11.52 P. M. 1.53 3.45 4.18 6.45 Sunday: 6.33 a.m.; 4.14, 4.53, 8.49 p.m. Stage leaves Express Office 15 minutes earlier than departure of train. Stage will call for passengers if word is left at Express Office in Jameson Block. Passengers for the early morning train should leave word at Express Office the night before.

New Home Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name NEW HOME on the arm and in the leg. This machine is warranted for all time. No other like it No other as good The New Home Sewing Machine Company, ORANGE MASS. FOR SALE BY C. W. THURSTON, BRENNINGTON, N.H.

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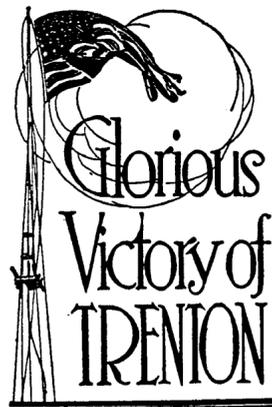
... Hudson Navigation Company ... Pier 32, North River New York "THE SEARCHLIGHT ROUTE"

Remember That every added subscriber helps to make this paper better for everybody



# The GLORIOUS FOURTH

The dawn of the Fourth—the old annual story—  
The nervous man's dread and the small boy's glory,  
The east is yet gray when all the land rumbles,  
And the small cannon pops and the big cannon grumbles,  
And the torrid sun creeps through a blue haze of powder,  
And the torpedoes snap and the cannons boom louder—  
On the Fourth of July—  
The old-fashioned Fourth of July.



The winter night is cold and drear,  
Along the river's sullen flow;  
The cruel frost is camping here—  
The air has living blades of snow,  
Look! pushing from the icy strand,  
With ensigns freezing in the air,  
There sails a small, but mighty band,  
Across the dangerous Delaware.

A rush—a shout—a clarion call,  
Salute the early morning's gray;  
Now, roused invaders, yield, or fall!  
The worthy land has won the day!  
Soon shall the glorious news be hurled  
Wherever men have wrongs to bear;  
For freedom's torch illumines the world,  
And God has crossed the Delaware!  
—Will Carleton.

THE winter of 1776, the year of the glorious Declaration of Independence, found the fortune of the budding nation at its lowest ebb. Beaten, buffeted and broken, the little army of George Washington had been pushed beyond the Delaware. He had scarce 4,000 men to command, while Cornwallis and Howe, the British commanders, had six times that many scattered over New Jersey and New York.

Many Americans were becoming disgusted with the war. Even Washington's troops were disheartened and he faced the calamity of having all but 1,500 of them quit the service the first of the year, when their enlistment expired. To make matters worse, General Gates and some other high officers in the army were trying to influence congress against Washington. They used every argument they could to discredit their leader.

### Brilliant Strategy.

But while almost the entire country was losing heart, Washington was planning a brilliant stroke to revive the patriotism of the people and the enthusiasm of his troops. He determined to strike a blow at the British forces in New Jersey, a dangerous thing to do, one must admit, when it is remembered that he was outnumbered six to one.

He was too wise a man to risk battle with the main British force. He decided to attack one of the detachments

occupying the various cities of New Jersey. After careful deliberation he selected Trenton as the point to be stormed. It was nearest his own position across the river and the majority of the troops there were Hessians, German soldiers England had hired to fight in America. Cornwallis and Howe had gone to New York with their staffs, where social life and gaiety was at a higher pitch than in the little New Jersey towns.

### Left Trail of Blood.

Washington's plan was to cross the river Christmas night with a body of picked troops, a time when he thought the German commander, Colonel Rahl, and his officers and men would be carousing. He assembled the attacking force quietly on his side of the river. Some of the troops Washington had ordered to join him failed to arrive at the crossing point in time. But despite that disappointment Washington pushed on. He determined to make the attack with the column he had accompanied. Washington's troops were so poorly clad on the march that day that a courier from General Gates in Philadelphia was able to trail Washington's force by bloody footprints in the snow. When men key their course to that point nothing can stop them.

### Patriots' Powder Spoiled.

Delay at the ferry made an attack before daylight impossible. Washington had hoped to surprise the British and Hessians. The river was filled with floating ice and it looked for a time as if most of the little army might be drowned in crossing. But fortune smiled on them and none was lost.

Once on the New Jersey side, at a point about nine miles from Trenton,



Washington Watching the Last of His Troops Land Before the Battle.

a terrific storm of snow and sleet drove into the faces of the soldiers. It soon ruined what little powder Washington's men had, so the order was passed to rely on the bayonet. Washington

divided his men into two columns, one under General Sullivan and one under General Greene. They were to march by different roads and attack the British outposts simultaneously.

### "Advance and Charge!"

General Sullivan became somewhat dubious about the outcome while on the march and sent a messenger to Washington to ask what should be done. "Advance and charge," was Washington's succinct reply. Washington said in his report the next day that he might have retreated at this time had he thought he could have crossed the river without being discovered by the British.

It was nearly eight o'clock before the American advance met the first British outposts. The latter were attacked quickly and driven back on the town without trouble. A rattle of musketry from the outposts announced the beginning of the battle. Wayne Whipple says in his "Life of Washington" that the Americans were so mad that morning that they would have attacked the British with broomsticks.

Washington's surmise about Colonel Rahl and his officers was correct. They had spent the night at the home of Abraham Hunt, drinking and making merry. Hunt had furnished them an elaborate Christmas supper. While the supper was in progress, late that night, a negro servant entered the room and gave Colonel Rahl a note. The latter thrust it in his pocket without looking at it. It was fortunate for America that he was too drunk to act properly, for that note was from a Tory warning him of Washington's approach.

### Hessian Colonel Killed.

While the officers drank and sang Washington's men had fought their way into the outskirts of the town. The British cannon was captured and trained down the streets on their former owners. The sound of firing brought realization of the danger to Colonel Rahl and he rushed from the Hunt house to form his men. He was a brave man, but he had stayed too long at his merrymaking. More than a thousand Hessians had surrendered already. Colonel Rahl rallied some men and made a show of resistance. Almost the first fire wounded him mortally.

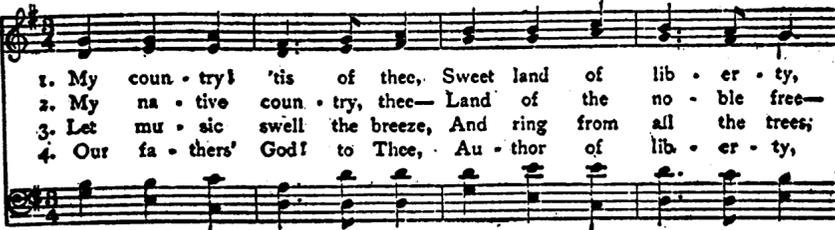
When the Hessians saw their commander fall, some of them started to retreat toward Princeton. But Washington sent a detachment to head them off and they soon surrendered.

Long before noon the Americans were in possession of the entire city and the British and Hessians prisoners were being transported across the river for safe-keeping. Washington sent couriers to congress with the joyful news. It spread quickly over the country and enthused the cause of liberty so well that Washington was able to hold his army together and face the British in the spring with determination and courage.



Words by Rev. S.F. Smith

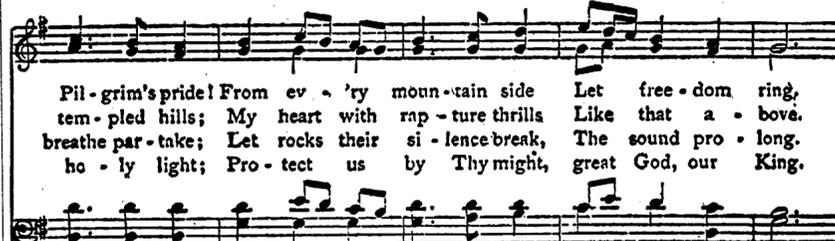
Music by Henry Carey



1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee— Land of the no - ble free—  
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees;  
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that  
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's



Pil - grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring,  
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, great God, our King.



## Women's Work for Freedom

ALTHOUGH an aging woman at the time of the Revolutionary war, Mary Washington labored incessantly with her servants in making clothing for the soldiers, herself knitting many pairs of stockings for their use. And upon his return home from the field her distinguished son never failed in showing reverence for his mother by visiting the little cottage in Fredericksburg, where she still gave him words of counsel and encouragement, which doubtless fulfilled their part in the great cause.

And who can say that Martha Washington did not do her part for American independence when she shared the awful winters in camp with the commander in chief? The officers and the men welcomed her coming, for her presence brought them cheer and in her presence they found relief from suffering. She was wont to say in her later life that she heard the first cannon at the opening and the last at the closing of all the campaigns of the Revolutionary war. She walked by the side of her lord through every step of his career, ascending the difficult path that opened before him, and at length stood with him on the summit, deservedly sharing in the glory of his renown.

### Two Brilliant Women.

Then there was Lady Washington's brilliant friend, Mercy Warren, who warmly espoused the cause of her country, and whose letters of cheer to her husband on the field sustained him, while her dissertations upon politics of the time made her opinions sought by the greatest men. Thomas Jefferson, John and Samuel Adams

and others of the great spirits of that day were among her correspondents. Her home was the rendezvous of much company, and she herself said: "By the Plymouth fireside were many political plans discussed and digested."

Elizabeth Schuyler entered warmly into her husband's plans and sympathies when she became the wife of Alexander Hamilton; and Susan Livingston, the eldest daughter of William Livingston, governor of New Jersey at the time of the Revolution, is credited with two strategic moves against the enemy which might have done credit to the cleverest daughter trained in camp life today.

### Patriotic Mary Draper.

There was Mary Draper of Massachusetts, who surely did her "bit" for American independence when she sent husband and son to the front with all dispatch; and when the daughter begged that the boy might be left at home, she said: "He is needed, and must go. You and I have also service to do. Food must be prepared for the hungry, for before tomorrow night hundreds will be on their way to join the Colonial forces, and we must feed as many as we can."

Mary Draper's bread and cheese and cider kept many a weary soldier from exhaustion as he passed on his way to the war. Nor did she stop with this service. Her stock of pewter vessels went into the melting pot, and with a mold for casting bullets, she transformed her domestic utensils into balls for the Continental army.

Then there was humble Molly Pitcher, whose heroism on the field of battle at Monmouth has been recounted upon the pages of American history; and her firing the gun when her gunner husband was stricken dead by the enemy has become a familiar story. This humble wife of a barber had the heart of a heroine, although her mission was but to carry water to those who needed it, and she was to win her reward when the commander in chief himself commissioned her a sergeant.

### Alexandria's Heroine.

Alexandria had a heroine in the Revolution less well known than those whose praises have often been sung. This was Ann McCarty Ramsay, who was the daughter of Maj. Dennis McCarty, and his wife, Sarah Ball, who was a cousin of the mother of George Washington.

Ann McCarty was born in 1731, and early in life met and married William

Ramsay, a native of Scotland, who settled as a trader and merchant in Alexandria in 1744, and early and fully identified himself with the colony of Virginia. His extensive commercial and shipping connections enabled him to supply much of the outfit to the military expeditions of Virginia from 1754 to 1763, and he served for a time as captain of a military company under Washington. Records show that his family was on terms of intimacy with the family at Mount Vernon.

### Friend of Great Men.

About this time the revolutionary spirit was running high, and Ann Ramsay became fully imbued with patriotic fervor. Her zeal took the form of collecting money for the equipment and use of the army, and so great was the confidence placed in her ability in this regard that she was made treasurer of all moneys collected for the purpose in the township of Alexandria.

So successful were her efforts that she turned over a sum exceeding \$75,000 to the cause. Thomas Jefferson in his writings accredited her with being one of the most patriotic women in Virginia, and George Washington offered to assist in the education of one of her sons.

Mrs. Ramsay reared two sons to fight for the cause of American independence. One served as a surgeon in the Continental army; the other as a colonel in the Virginia line.

When this brave woman died, on April 1, 1785, Washington attended her funeral, for his diary contains this entry: "Went to Alexandria to attend the funeral of Mrs. Ramsay on Friday last."

### Splendid Work of D. A. R.

To come down to present-day women, the Daughters of the American Revolution have surely done their part for American independence. They have accomplished an immense amount of memorial work, and there is hardly a city or town on the Atlantic seaboard or in near which battles of the Revolution were fought where there is not some evidence of their work in recording the revolutionary deeds of their ancestors, their aim being to perpetuate the memory of the heroes who wrought independence for our country.

American independence was manifested and sustained by the women at the time of the Revolution, as it was in later years, and as it is being manifested and sustained today in every section of our land.

## "Till He Come"

By REV. W. W. KETCHUM  
Director of Practical Work Course,  
Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.—1 Cor. 11:26

The Lord's Supper is like a double-fingered signboard in that it points in two directions; backward to the Cross of Christ, and forward to his coming again. This solemn service should ever remind us of the blessed fact that he is coming again.

As we partake of the Lord's Supper, we are by faith to look back to Calvary where Christ's blood was shed for the remission of sin and his body broken for us; we are also by faith to look forward to his blessed appearing. It is the latter fact that is brought to our minds by the phrase "till he come." By it, we are led to understand that as our Lord once came and was here upon this earth, so he is to come a second time.

His own Word gives us the promise of his return. Speaking to his disciples about his coming departure he said: "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." (Jno. 14:3.) By this he meant his own personal return and not the coming of the Holy Spirit. Whenever our Lord spoke about the coming of the Holy Spirit, he always referred to it in such a way that there could be no confusing of that event with his own coming. And we know that long after the advent of the Holy Spirit, John the evangelist on the island of Patmos heard again from our Lord the promise of his return. The word of the Lord to him was "Surely, I come quickly," and the heart of the apostle responded "Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus!" (Rev. 22:20).

### Waiting for Jesus.

In the Church at Thessalonica we read of Christians who "turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for his son from heaven." (1 Thess. 1:9-10.) Evidently from this, as well as from other Scriptures, it was not the Holy Spirit for whom they waited, for he had come; or for anyone else. It was for the Lord Jesus Christ himself, and they waited for him to come from heaven. With this agrees the promise of the two men in white spoken to the disciples of our Lord at the time of his ascension: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts 1:11.) It is then from heaven, into which our Lord ascended that he is to come, and it is himself for whom we are to look, and not for another.

Neither did our Lord mean the death of the believer, when he spoke of his coming again. At death, the believer departs to be with the Lord. It was Paul, who having had word concerning his decease, said: "The time of my departure is at hand." At the coming of Christ, the Lord himself returns to the earth and the believers shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. Then, after an interval of time they shall come with the Lord when he comes in all the glory of the father and his holy angels. There are thus two parts to the second coming of Christ; his coming for the believers, and his coming with the believers. First Thessalonians refers to the first part, while the Second Thessalonians tells of the second part of his coming.

### What the Coming of Jesus Means.

One has only to read the word of our Lord to Peter after his resurrection to know that by the coming of Christ is not meant the death of the believer. In response to Peter's question concerning John, "What shall this man do?" the risen Lord said, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" "Then," adds the evangelist, "went this saying abroad among the brethren that that disciple should not die: Yet Jesus said not unto him, 'He shall not die,' but, 'If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?'" (Jno. 21:21-23.) Here you see is a clear distinction made between death and the coming of Christ.

In that once famous, but now almost forgotten book "The Life of Jesus," the author, David Friedrich Strauss, refers to the frequency with which our Lord speaks of his second coming. He uses this as an argument against the credibility of the Gospel narrative because he says a dead man cannot come back to earth. This argument a little child who knows anything of the truth can easily controvert, for it is not whether a dead man can come back to earth, but whether the Son of God, who rose from the dead, can fulfill his oft-repeated promise: "I am coming."

Yes, he is coming back again and the Lord's Supper is a token of this fact. Already there are foregleams of that day. The evening red is upon the western horizon. "For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and he will not tarry." (Heb. 10:37.) Are you ready?

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Baker's Block HILLSBORO

**Men's Elite Oxfords**

English last, drop toe, black or a rich dark mahogany tan. With Neolin sole. All the style and quality is there. Neolin sole will out-wear any leather sole,—it's more flexible and water proof.

Buy "Elite" Shoes  
For Comfort  
Black Cat Hosiery  
Reinforced



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The Cash Shoe Store Hillsboro  
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Full Stock of  
**New Tires and Tubes**

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**Best Cylinder Oil**

WE CAN BUY

FREE COMPRESSED AIR

**Antrim Garage**

Main and Depot Streets  
Tel. 40

**Out-of-Door Furniture**

The coming three months are out-of-door weather. One-fourth of the whole year to live in the open. . .

Every year sees great advance in open air furnishing. People have learned the comfort and satisfaction of out of doors, and just now the porch is the all important part of the home.

**VUDOR PORCH SHADES**—The green, satisfactory, durable sort. Prices \$2.50 to \$8.00.

**PALMER BED HAMMOCKS**—With supporting frames and awnings if needed. Everything from the Baby Sleeping Hammock at \$2.00 to the full sized Family Hammock with adjustable upholstered back at \$16.00

**PORCH CHAIRS AND ROCKERS**—For all people and all purses. The sort which withstand the weather. "Kaltex" pieces give special dignity. "Shaker" pieces are very durable. Prices are \$1.00 and up.

**LAWN SWINGS**—For two or four people. Strong hardwood frames. Prices \$5.00 to \$9.00

These are but a few of the specialties. We have the articles you desire. Summer Furniture for the Cottage or home. The Goods you want, and ready for Immediate Delivery. The Best of Everything.

A Big City Assortment at Much Lower Prices

**EMERSON & SON, Milford**

**The Antrim Reporter**  
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon  
Subscription Price, \$1.50 per year  
Advertising Rates on Application  
H. W. ELDREDGE, PUBLISHER  
E. B. ELDREDGE, ASSISTANT  
Wednesday, July 4, 1917

Long Distance Telephone  
Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a Revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the lines.  
Cards of Thanks are inserted at spec. each.  
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.  
Obituary poetry and lists of flowers charged for at advertising rates; also will be charged at this same rate list of presents at a wedding.

Entered at the Post-office at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter.

**Antrim Locals**

**Storage Room**

I wish to announce that I have room for storing a limited number of automobiles for the summer, at \$1.00 per month each.  
H. W. ELLIOTT, Antrim.

Stawberries for sale. Phone 32.  
Mrs. N. A. Richards, Antrim. adv

Erwin D. Putnam has purchased a trailer for use in his auto livery business.

Diamond A. Maxwell, of Henniker, was the week-end guest of Antrim relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Downes, of Watertown, Mass., are camping at the lake.

Walter T. Poor and family occupied Ferncroft cottage at Gregg lake for the week end.

E. E. Smith, from Boston, was with his wife at Alabama Farm for over Sunday.

Miss Florence L. Brown has been spending a few days with friends in Moosup, Conn., and Wilbraham, Mass.

Mrs. Arthur W. Whipple, of Nashua, is passing a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Thompson.

Walter Parker was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Lucius E. Parker, the past week, his school having closed for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Vose and daughter, Miss Emily, and son, William, of Watertown, Mass., are in town for a season.

Charles Brookes, Jr., and family, of Worcester, Mass., were the week-end visitors of Mr. Brookes' mother, Mrs. Bertha Brookes.

Carrol N. Gibney has completed his school teaching duties at Brooklyn, N. Y., and is spending the summer vacation here and with his parents in Windsor.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Boyd accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Hunt, of Hillsboro, on an auto trip over the Mohawk trail last week in Mr. Hunt's car.

Mrs. Fred Robinson, and two sons, Neal and William, of New Rochelle, N. Y., are spending a season with Mrs. Robinson's parents, Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Cooley.

Cecil W. Pentiss entered the city hospital, in Hartford, Conn., on Saturday last for an operation that day for appendicitis, and at last reports was getting along nicely.

Rev. R. S. Barker has returned home and resumed his pastoral duties at the Woodbury Memorial Methodist church. He has been taking a two weeks' summer course of study at the Boston University School of Theology.

The Boy Scouts did a few hours work on Thursday last in the garden of W. H. Harlow. Mr. Harlow is still unable to work as a result of his accident some time ago. This kindness of the Scouts is highly commendable.

The Antrim Base Ball team will play the John C. Page Co. team of Boston, on the afternoon of July Fourth, on West street grounds. Ralph Little, of Medford, Mass., is managing the visiting team. It has been decided to vote the entire proceeds of the game to the Antrim Branch Chapter of the Red Cross Society.

**Notice to Barber Shop Patrons**

After July 7, N. J. Morse's barber shop will be closed each evening at 8.45 o'clock, excepting Wednesday and Saturday evenings. adv

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.  
Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, etc.  
Beware of cheap imitations.

**Moving Pictures!**  
Town Hall, Antrim

Friday Eve., July 6 — Variety program of six reels.

Tuesday Eve'g, July 10 — Margaret Clarke in "The Goose Girl," 5 reel feature. 1 reel Comedy.

W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

**Antrim Locals**

Maurice Cutter was a recent Manchester-visitor, going by auto.

Mrs. Lucius E. Parker and children have joined Mr. Parker at Hancock.

S. S. Sawyer is entertaining his son, Dr. W. H. Sawyer, of Dorchester, Mass.

FOR SALE—Two Brown Leghorn Cockerels. Apply to Wilbur Tandy, Antrim.

July 25th is the date appointed by the Ladies Aid of the Methodist church for their annual sale.

George Ongley, a former resident, and now from New Haven, Conn., is spending a week's vacation in town.

Loren T. Baker, of Worcester, Mass., has been enjoying a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Whitney, of New Haven, Conn., are enjoying a few days renewing former acquaintances here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Murray and two children of Lynn, Mass., are spending a week in town renewing former acquaintances.

Joseph Hansle and friend, Edward Trotter, of New Haven, Conn., are visiting Mr. Hansle's mother, Mrs. Lena Hansle.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Town and daughter, Evelyn, of Somerville, Mass., are spending a couple weeks at Welkitt, at the lake.

Miss Ethel Muzzey has closed her school in Milton, Mass., and is spending the summer in town with her mother, Mrs. Emma Muzzey.

My store will close Wednesday morning, July 4, at 9.00 o'clock for the day. No order teams will be sent out during the day. W. E. Cram. adv.

Mrs. Viola King, of Weymouth, Mass., has been visiting her father, Lyman Tenney. She was accompanied by a Mrs. Davis from the same town.

Owing to a misunderstanding, the canning demonstrations were not held last week, the chairman of the local committee not being notified in advance.

Reports from Caleb M. Hills at St. Joseph's hospital, in Nashua are not as encouraging as his many friends would wish. He continues a very sick man.

Mrs. J. R. Rablin and son, Richard Rablin, and William Loring, of Milton, Mass., are occupying the Loring cottage at the Centre for the summer. Mr. Rablin was here for over Sunday.

All Odd Fellows who desire transportation to Hillsboro on Friday evening of this week, July 6, should give their names as soon as possible to any member of the committee: H. Burr Eldredge, Ed. E. George and Charles L. Eaton. Autos will leave I. O. O. F. hall at 7.00 o'clock Friday evening.

The summer people are commencing to arrive for the season and we are pleased to welcome them again to this town. Several of our people will be entertaining friends and relatives during the coming weeks, and we ask our readers to kindly furnish us with the items concerning their guests. Telephone 31-3, or mail your news items not later than Tuesday noon of each week and earlier if possible.

**CLINTON VILLAGE**

A family from Dorchester, Mass., are occupying rooms at Elmer Merrill's for the summer.

Miss Addie Whittemore has gone to Whitefield where she has employment for the summer.

John Loveren is moving into the north tenement in Charles Abbott's house and will board with Mrs. Mary Sawyer.

Mrs. Rosina Boutelle is in very poor health.

Miss Jessie Butterfield returned to East Andover with Mrs. Homer Kilburn for the week end.

Shops are shut down this week for the usual July vacation.

Dr. Kelso and family, of Hillsboro, and Mason Butterfield and family, from Manchester, spent Sunday at their farm.

Robert Handy is at his home in Seaway for a few days.

**HANCOCK**

Our Weekly News Letter

Mrs. W. M. Davis furnished and arranged most of the flowers at the church Sunday. Mrs. Fred Paige will furnish flowers n.x. Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wood and daughter, Pauline, of Woburn, Mass., are at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wood for several days while Mr. Wood is completing architectural work in Dublin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilds and children, of Somerville, Mass., are occupying a tenement in the Eaves house during their vacation.

All women are urged to attend the bandage folding gatherings at the vestry each Friday afternoon or to take work to do at home.

Miss Ethel Woodward went to Dublin last week where she has employment for the summer.

Miss Viola Rose, who has been teaching in No. 7 school, spent last week in South Lyndeboro, where she formerly taught. She is now visiting in Winthrop, Mass., and will later return to her home in Springfield.

Master Sheldon Damon and sister, Grace, are with an aunt in Hillsboro for a week.

Mrs. Frank Fowle and sons are at the home of Mrs. Helen Fowle.

Miss Louise Skillin, of Hallowell, Me., came with her brother, Rev. C. D. Skillin, when he returned from his vacation Saturday, and is spending two weeks at the parsonage.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

FOR SALE!

A good Mare, weight about 1250 lbs., fully guaranteed.

Best English Hay, \$12.00 ton at barn.

United States Cream Separator, large capacity.

McCormick Hay Tedder.

Two one-horse Mowing Machines, both in good order.

Five-horsepower General Electric Motor and Transformer, practically new.

One and two-horse Hay Racks.

One-horse Farm Wagon.

STANDING GRASS ON FARM.

WANTED—To buy some Good Cattle.

C. W. PETTY,  
Telephone. Antrim, N. H.

**FERTILIZER!**

Stockbridge General Crop \$2.15

Stockbridge Cereal Manure 2.00

Hill and Drill Garden Manure 2.00

This is the best fertilizer we can buy. We have a good supply; get your orders in early. All kinds of seed. Come and see what we can do for you. These prices to the consumer are practically same as last year.

CRAM'S STORE, Antrim

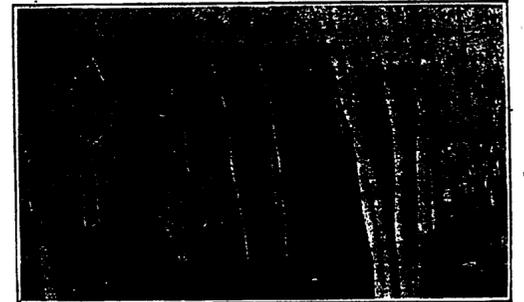
**July 25**

Is the day appointed by the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church for their annual Sale. Make your plans to attend.

**FOR RENT!**

**LAKEHAVEN**

12 Days, from July 23d



Well-Furnished Cottage, beautifully located on the shore of Gregg Lake. Stable connected. Boat goes with it. Everything that is desired for a quiet vacation is here and price most reasonable.

Correspond with

H. W. ELDREDGE, Antrim, N. H.

**Expert Advice on Water Supply**

It is our especial contribution of War Service. To Farm successfully, abundant Water is needed. We have drilled many successful wells in and about Antrim, as well as in other parts of New Hampshire, and can point to a long list of satisfied customers. Several of our machines are now at work in New Hampshire. Calls for advice on individual or Community Artesian Wells will receive prompt attention.

**BAY STATE ARTESIAN WELL COM'Y, INC.**  
42 No. Main St. CONCORD, N. H.



In conducting each funeral service we realize our responsibility to those who have entrusted us with its management. You will be told by other people in this town that we always give a good account of our stewardship. We are at the service of those who are planning a modern, dignified burial.

H. B. CURRIER CO., Hillsboro, N. H.

# FAMILY DOCTOR'S GOOD ADVICE

### To Go On Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Because They Did Her Good

Rochester, Jan. 14th, 1915.

"I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with 'Fruit-a-tives'."

"I consider that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives' and I want to say to those who suffer from indigestion, constipation or headaches—'try Fruit-a-tives' and you will get well." CORINE GAUDREAU, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

### With the Churches

**METHODIST CHURCH**  
Rev. R. S. Barker, Pastor

July 5. Thursday evening prayer meeting. "Peace: False and True."

Sunday, July 8. Morning topic, "The Conflict Between Good and Evil." Evening, "The Kinsman Redeemer."

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

### MAPS SAVE MANY MILLIONS

Work of the Government Geological Survey is Having a Cumulative Effect.

The work of the government's oldest scientific bureau, the geological survey, is having a cumulative effect, as the years go by, in a thousand different ways in enhancing the economic efficiency of the nation. The foundation of the geological survey's work is the construction of a great topographic map of the United States. Already 1,200,000 square miles, or 40 per cent of the nation's area, has been mapped. The distinctive characteristic of these maps, which are minutely accurate in every detail, is the contour lines, each line representing a certain altitude above sea level, the intervals in altitude represented by the distance between the lines being 10 to 100 feet according to the character of the country. These maps are of immense practical value. For example, when the Lackawanna railroad decided to relocate 34 miles of its main line a few years ago, the engineer of construction got down a geological survey map and, sitting comfortably at his office desk, ran all the preliminary surveys and even made the final location for his twelve million dollar improvement from the data on the printed sheet. It was only necessary to shoulder a transit and go out into the brush to verify the final location and drive stakes.—Charles Frederick Carter in World's Work.

### WAR FORTUNES IN BRITAIN

Big Profits in Manufacture of War Munitions and in Other Lines of Industry.

War fortunes are being made in Great Britain, says the Edinburgh Scotsman, in the manufacture of munitions of war, in shipping, in coal, in many trades that have been stimulated to unusual energy and by fishermen—by the few who have been left to carry on that industry. Trawler skippers are driving their own motorcars and their wives and daughters ride in them clad in costly furs. Potato growers are gaining great wealth by the rise in "spuds." "A little over two months ago," says the Scotsman, "a South Lincolnshire farmer sold his 1,000 acres of growing potatoes at £40 an acre, on the assumption that the price would be £5 a ton. He made a profit of over £20,000, but the purchaser is in a position to sell today at double the price he gave, and to make a profit on the deal of £40,000. Imagine £80,000 from 1,000 acres of potatoes! So much for the romance of the humble tuber, the staple food of so many hundreds of thousands of poor people, who will soon grimly wonder where the romance comes in, if today's abnormal prices are not immediately readjusted, and potato exploiters taught that there is a limit to profit mongering, even although the nation is in the throes of a great war."

### Receiver's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that he has been appointed by the Superior Court as Receiver of the Antrim Creamery Corporation. All persons indebted to said Corporation are required to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated June 19, 1917.  
E. W. BAKER, Receiver.

## Their Waif

Now, at the very beginning, there were only two Merrifields. In due time, however, there were six and then seven. In those latter days there was a great expanse of dining-table in the Merrifield farmhouse.

The years slipped by so rapidly that you could hardly count them, and pretty soon one of the young Merrifields heard the age-old call of the "land farther on," and he married and moved far away. Ere long another followed, then another, and then another. That left only their first-born, and when, one wintry day, he left them and took the long trail, there were only the two who had started out alone in the Merrifield place on the hill.

The dining table shrank to its original size. It seemed very small. And the house seemed very still. Something was gone, and loneliness crept in. Mother said nothing. Neither did father. But at times their eyes met, and they understood.

Several lonely years dragged by. Then one day father came home from the city with a little boy who was very dirty and very ragged, and, quite probably, very wicked.

He was about nine years of age, but his eyes bore the look of a tired, sad, old man. And he was very small.

They gave him a warm bath, a supper of fried chicken with hot gravy, thick slices of home-made bread with lots of jam, and I don't know how many mugs of good, rich milk.

They put him to sleep in a big bed that looked so clean and white that the boy was almost afraid of it, especially when he dropped down so far he was almost buried. Then, to the boy's wonder, the old mother's soft hands tucked him in lovingly, and her soft lips gently touched his forehead. It seemed to him a dream; to her it was living a memory, a memory of years that could not return.

Father and mother quietly descended the stairs to the parlor. He told her that the boy was a runaway from the Orphans' home, but had been caught and would be returned unless a home was found for him. The little fellow seemed to have a horror of the place and father had decided to keep him awhile. "I don't believe he'll bother you much," said father, a bit worried. "Bother!" echoed mother. "That dirty little boy will be a bushel of bother. He'll break things, and he'll lose things, and he'll hurt himself, and he'll eat more'n two hired men. Bother! Why, he'll bother me all the time. And if he doesn't, Jim Merrifield, you can take him right back quick, for I—I just want to be bothered."

In the morning they fed the little fellow mush with real cream, fried eggs, "taters," and a big plate of pancakes such as, I suppose, they make in the New Jerusalem, and more mugs of milk. The Merrifields never had had a hired man who could eat half as much as that boy who had been starved all his life.

Before he went to bed that night, tired but happy, he had been all over the farm and had found a dozen strange and wonderful places. He had romped over the hay mow, but had not disturbed the pigeons' nests—just looked and looked. He had waded in the creek and chased tadpoles; climbed the highest tree on the farm; knew where the best apples were in the orchard; helped feed the hogs; thought it great sport when Mr. Merrifield squirted milk into his mouth; sat on the fence and let the young calves suck his bare toes; asked a million questions; and ended by putting his face on old Barney's soft, warm nose and telling the wise old horse all about what a "rippin' time" he was having.

After supper he had thrown wind-falls like a naughty boy, and, horrible to relate, had missed his aim once and broken the kitchen window. He had stood paralyzed for a little while. Then he walked slowly into the house. Father and mother awaited him with sober faces. "I done it," said he.

Well, his hosts must have been getting old and childish, for they didn't spank him even one little spank. Instead, they patted him on the head and clapped him on the back and declared it didn't matter because they were tired of that old window, anyway.

In the cozy bed, the little lad stretched his limbs and yawned sleepily. He was all tired out; but what fun he'd had!

Downstairs, father and mother were sitting in the parlor looking out over the moonlit fields, and thinking. Remembering a certain other moonlit night years gone, father took mother's hand in his great calloused paw, and held it. "How foolish you're getting Jim," said mother, but her eyes shone strangely, and she did not take her hand away.

"He's an awful bother," she said after a long silence. "I just love him."

"And it'll cost a heap to fix that window," added father. "Hasn't he a winning smile!"

"He's absolutely good for nothing. And he swears."

"Gracious!"

"Shall I take him back tomorrow? Mother sat quickly erect.

"Well, I should say—"

"Not!" father joined in and helped finish the sentence.

"Christmas is coming pretty soon," continued mother. "And do you know, Jim, if we keep him until then, we can have a Christmas tree and red engines and tin horns and—"

Father knew that Christmas was only an excuse, but he said nothing. Besides, he, himself, was thinking of Fourth of July!

As they passed the boy's room, they paused, and then went in on tip-toe. The moonlight shone through the window and fell softly on the tousled head of the sleeping boy, late of the big city streets. He stirred and rubbed his eyes with a thin hand and mumbled sleepily:

"Golly, old Barney, I didn't know anybody could be so good to a feller. I'm 'bout bustin', I'm so full o' happiness and—and pancakes!"

### Young Matrons, Take Notice

Here is a little row of thoughts for the younger women, who are starting in and who haven't made their mistakes yet:

1. Your husband is an average human being; his opinion is worth at least as much as any one other person's opinion.

2. What you give your children's bodies is infinitely less important than what you give their souls.

3. Nothing good was ever accomplished by an unhappy woman.

4. In a divorce, as everywhere else, the blame of the burden falls on the woman. This is not fair, of course, but it is true.

5. You have the material for happiness in your life right now.

6. The way to begin living happily is to begin.—Kathleen Norris in Pictorial Review.

### He Knew

Little Willie was playing with the girl next door, when the latter, exclaimed:

"Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done so. Aren't you going in?"

"Not yet," replied Willie, imperturbably.

"Won't she whip you?" demanded the little girl, awed.

"No!" exclaimed Willie, "she's got company. So when I go in she'll just say: 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he's had the measles.'"

### Good Reason

A Sunday school teacher, after reading the story of Ananias and Sapphira to the juvenile class, proceeded to ask them a few questions.

"Now, children," she said, "why doesn't the Lord strike everybody dead who tells a lie?"

"'Cause there wouldn't be anybody left, hardly," answered a bright youngster.

### Locating Piping.

Piping, such as is made use of for conducting air, water, steam or hot water, is frequently buried in the wall, with nothing to indicate its presence, so that when repairs are necessary it is often a difficult matter to ascertain the location of these conduits. Very often this is accomplished only by tearing out the plaster and doing considerable damage to the property. A recently patented electric method for locating the pipes is simply a special application of the well-known induction balance principle. A convenient apparatus is made up, consisting of two sets of coils placed on ends of a magnet bar. One set of coils receives alternating or vibratory current from a suitable source, and the other coils are connected to a telephone. The balance is first established so that no sound is heard in the telephone. When the device comes near the metal piping this disturbs the balance and a sound is heard. It is thus an easy matter to find the exact position of the pipes and to reach them with less damage to the wall.

### Rings on the Oyster.

A popular theory about rings on an oyster shell being an indication of its age is not supported by the careful investigation of Miss Ann L. Massey, who tested specimens from the oyster station at Ardfray, at the head of Galway bay.

It has been supposed by many that each ring, or group, on the oyster's deep valve stood for a year's growth, but Miss Massey says that this deduction is not reliable. After a patient scrutiny of over six hundred samples of various ages, from eighteen months to six years, she says: "An oyster of eighteen months or two summers appears to possess at least two rings, but may have as many as five."

"One of three summers has at least two rings and may have six. A four-year-old oyster may have only three rings or may possess seven or eight."

### A Sad Experience.

Bill—"Don't you believe there is a time for everything?"

Jill—"Surely; but I've discovered that the time to ask a father for his only daughter's hand in marriage is not just after he has been in the kitchen kicking the everlasting daylight out of the cat."

### Laura Jackson Fetter.



Laura Jackson Fetter, the young leading lady of the Avon Players Company, which will produce the "Man From Home" at the coming Chautauqua, is a graduate of Swarthmore College, where she appeared in every undergraduate play which was produced during the four years of her college course. Three of her summers while an undergraduate were spent in theatrical companies touring Chautauqua circuits. Her first part was in a "Twelfth Night" production four years ago. Since then she has played the leading role of the "Man From Home" during its three successful seasons.

### M'DONOUGH-BAIRD COMPANY



The opening number of this pair of entertainers, who will take part in the coming Chautauqua program, is under the title "The Girls From the North and the South." Miss McDonough is a soprano and reader of exceptional worth, who reads such selections as "War Brides" and "Peg o' My Heart" and is notable in dialect selections. Miss Baird is a contralto soloist of excellent ability. Both girls play the banjo. The closing number of their program is known as "The Minstrel Maids," a strikingly costumed sketch, which will be an effective part of their entertainment.

### MRS. LEONORA M. LAKE.



Mrs. Leonora M. Lake, called "Mother Lake" by her host of friends everywhere, is undoubtedly one of the great orators among American women. She has toured the country many times and always in behalf of a subject next to her heart, "The Right of the Child"—the right of the child to be well born, to be well educated and to be well cared for. It is needless to say that her work has done an immeasurable amount of good, and many a member of the new generation may thank Mrs. Lake for the influence she has had in his behalf.

## The Reporter Press

Our best advertisement is the large number of pleased customers which we have served. Ask any one who has had their Job Printing done at this office what they think of our line of work. Our Job Department has steadily increased with the years and this is the result of Re-orders from pleased customers. This means good work at the right prices.

Anybody can make low prices but it takes good workmen, good material, and a thorough knowledge of the business, to do first-class work. We have these requirements and are ready to prove our statement. A Trial Order Will Convince You.

## The Reporter Press

Telephone ANTRIM, N. H.

# WATCH FOR IT

# FOLLOW THE CROWD

The Weather is Fine or We Will Make it so. We Will Enjoy the Week of

## July 27 -- August 1

The Chautauqua Week

We have a Selected Program that will Enlighten Us All and Make Us Feel as if Life is Yet Worth the Living.

# WANTED

### UNMARRIED WOMAN

Does Not Have to be Specially Young, but must have a fairly good education, to learn to operate a typesetting machine and set type by hand. Apply at once, at

**Reporter Office**  
Antrim, N. H.

### STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

HILLSBOROUGH SS. Court of Probate  
To the heirs at law of the estate of William S. Hutchinson late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:  
Whereas John D. Hutchinson, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the account of his administration of said estate:  
You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be held at Hillsborough Bridge, in said County, on the 27th day of July next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court.  
Given at Nashua, in said County, this 5th day of June, A. D. 1917.  
By order of the Court,  
E. J. COPP, Register.

### WOOLENS

Dress Materials and Coatings direct from the factory. Write for samples and state garment planned.  
F. A. PACKARD,  
Box 53, Camden, Me.

For Your Job and Book Printing

Patronize the  
**REPORTER PRESS**  
Antrim, N. H.

Every Woman Wants

## Paxtine

**ANTISEPTIC POWDER**

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Dissolved in water for douches against pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleaning and germicidal power. Sample Free. See all druggists or ordered by mail from The Paxtine Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

**Had Their Tickets.**  
Mary Ellen, the colored maid, had been carefully instructed by her mistress in a number of things concerning which she appeared to be profoundly unenlightened. Particular stress had been laid upon the proper manner of receiving visitors and of informing the mistress of their presence in the house.

Perhaps altogether too much had been said about it or perhaps Mary Ellen had stage fright at the crucial moment, for when the first callers came after Mary Ellen's advent into the family she "ushered" them only as far as just inside the hall door. Taking the cards they gave her, and leaving the visitors standing there, she went to the foot of the staircase and shouted:

**'Ow Much?**  
London children get some quaint views of life. An instance of this recently occurred in an East End Sunday school, where the teacher was talking about Solomon and his wisdom.

"When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon what did he say?" she asked presently.

One small girl who had evidently had experience in such matters promptly replied:

**'Ow much d'yer want for the lot?'**  
Choosing His Words.  
Wife—"Why are you speaking so sharply?" Hubby—"Because I want to get a word in edgeways."

**DANDRUFF AND ITCHING**  
Disappear With Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Trial Free.

The first thing in restoring dry, falling hair is to get rid of dandruff and itching. Rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp, next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Prevent skin and scalp troubles by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparation.

**NEW METALS BEING SOUGHT**  
Manufacturers Looking for Substitutes for Those Now Used Because of Advance in Prices.

The recent advance in price of many of the more commonly used metals has led manufacturers to adopt or consider the adoption of various substitute metals or alloys for certain purposes. The advice of the bureau of standards has frequently been sought in this connection. An interesting field of investigation is opened up by such inquiries. It appears that the metals traditionally and currently used for various articles are in many cases no better adapted for the purpose than others, and a slight difference in price would warrant a substitution. It is not usually possible, however, to suggest substitutes offhand, as there are many factors involving manufacturing peculiarities, durability and other physical and chemical properties that first have to be determined. "There is," says the bureau, "a very wide field of research here, which would undoubtedly repay manifold the efforts put upon it."—Scientific American.

**An Abandoned Industry.**  
Henry—I see it is ordained as the farmers should grow pigs these times. Have you any coming along, Jarge?  
George—No. Erics; I haven't taken no interest in pigs much since the missus died.—London Tatler.

**Willing to Share.**  
She—Ninety-nine women in a hundred are naturally generous.  
He—Yes; where one woman will keep a secret, ninety-nine will give it away.

**The Danger Zone for Many Is Coffee Drinking**

Some people find it wise to quit coffee when their nerves begin to "act up."

The easy way nowadays is to switch to

**Instant Postum**

Nothing in pleasure is missed by the change, and greater comfort follows as the nerves rebuild.

Postum is economical to both health and purse.  
**"There's a Reason"**

**NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN**  
By Frank H. Spearman  
Author of Whispering Smith

**CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.**

De Spain suspected nothing of what they were talking about, but he was uneasy concerning Nan, and was not to be balked, by any combination, of his purpose of finding her. To secure information concerning her was not possible, unless he should enter the house, and this, with scant hesitation, he decided to do.

He wore a snug-fitting leathern coat. He unbuttoned this and threw it open as he stepped noiselessly up to the door. Laying his hand on the knob, he paused, then, finding the door unlocked, he pushed it slowly open.

The wind, rushed in, upset his calculations and blew open the door leading from the hall into the living room. A stream of light in turn shot through the open door, across the hall. In stantly De Spain stepped inside and directly behind the front door—which he now realized he dare not close—and stood expectant in the darkness. Gale Morgan, with an impatient exclamation, strode from the fireplace to close the front door.

As he walked into the hall and slammed the front door shut, he could have touched with his hand the man standing in the shadow behind it. De Spain, not hoping to escape, stood with folded arms, but under the elbow of his left arm was hidden the long muzzle of his revolver. Holding his breath, he waited. Gale's mind was apparently filled with other things. He did not suspect the presence of an intruder, and he walked back into the living room, partly closing the second door. De Spain, following almost on his heels, stepped past this door, past the hall stairs opposite it, and through a curtained opening at the end of the hall into the dining room. Barely ten feet from him, this room opened through an arch into the living room, and where he stood he could hear all that was said.

"Who's there?" demanded Duke gruffly.

"Nobody," said Gale. "Go on, Druel."

Druel talked softly and through his nose: "I was only going to say it would be a good idea to have two witnesses."

"Nita," suggested Gale.

Duke was profane. "You couldn't keep the girl in the room if she had Nita to help her. And I want it understood, Gale, between you and me, fair and square, that Nan's going to live right here with me after this marriage till I'm satisfied she's willing to go to you—otherwise it can't take place, now or never."

De Spain opened his ears. Gale felt the hard, cold tone of his crusty relative, and answered with like harshness: "What do you keep harping on that for? You've got my word. All I want of you is to keep yours—understand?"

"Come, come," interposed Druel. "There's no need of hard words. But we need two witnesses. Who's going to be the other witness?"

Before anyone could answer De Spain stepped out into the open archway before the three men. "I'll act as the second witness," he said.

With a common roar the Morgans bounded to their feet. De Spain, standing slightly sideways, his coat lapels flapped wide open, his arms akimbo, and his hands on his hips, faced the three in an attitude of readiness only. He had reckoned on the instant of indecision which at times, when coupled with apprehension, paralyzes the will of two men acting together. Under the circumstances either of the Morgans alone would have whipped a gun on De Spain at sight. Together, and knowing that to do so meant death to the one that took the first shot from the archway, each waited for the other; that fraction of a second unsettled their purpose. Instead of bullets, each launched curses at the intruder, and every second that passed led away from a fight.

De Spain took their oaths, demands and abuse without batting an eye. "I'm here for the second witness," was all he repeated, covering both men with short glances. Druel, his face muddily white as the whisky bottle deserted it, shrunk inside his shabby clothes. De Spain with each epithet hurled at him took a dreaded step toward Gale, and Druel, in the line of fire, brought his knees up and his head down till he curled like a porcupine.

Gale, game as he undoubtedly was, cornered, felt perhaps recollections of Calabass and close quarters with the brown eyes and the burning face. What they might mean in this little room, which De Spain was crossing step by step, was food for thought. Nor did De Spain break his obstinate silence until their burst of rage had blown. "You've arranged your marriage," he said at length. "Now pull it."

"My cousin's ready to marry me, and she's goin' to do it tonight," cried Gale violently.

Duke, towering with rage, looked at De Spain and pointed to the hall

door. "You hear that! Get out of my house!" he cried, launching a vicious epithet with the words.

"This isn't your house," retorted De Spain angrily. "This house is Nan's, not yours. When she orders me out, I'll go. Bring her down," he thundered, raising his voice to shout off Duke, who had redoubled his abuse. "Bring her into this room," he repeated. "We'll see whether she wants to get married. If she does, I'll marry her. If she doesn't, and you've been putting this up to force her into marrying, so help me God, you'll be carried out of this room tonight, or I will."

He whirled on her uncle with an accusing finger. "You used to be a man, Duke. I've taken from you here tonight what I would take from no man on earth but for the sake of Nan Morgan. She asked me never to touch you. But if you've gone into this thing to trap your own flesh and blood, your dead brother's girl, living under your own protection, you don't deserve mercy, and tonight you shall have what's coming to you. I've fought you both fair, too fair. Now—before I leave—it's my girl or both of you."

He was standing near Druel. Without taking his eyes off the other man, he caught Druel with his left hand by the coat collar, and threw him halfway across the room. "Get upstairs, you old carrion, and tell Nan Morgan Henry De Spain is here to talk to her."

Druel, frightened to death, scrambled into the hall. He turned on De Spain. "I'm an officer of the law. I arrest you for trespass and assault," he shouted, shaking with fear.

"Arrest me?" echoed De Spain contemptuously. "You scoundrel, if you don't climb those stairs, I'll send you to the penitentiary the day I get back to town. Upstairs with your message!"

"It isn't necessary," said a low voice in the hall, and with the words Nan appeared in the open doorway. Her face was white, but there was no sign of haste or panic in it; De Spain choked back a breath; to him she had never looked in her silence so awe-inspiring.

He addressed her, holding his left hand out with his plea. "Nan," he said, controlling his voice, "these men were getting ready to marry you to Gale Morgan. No matter how you feel toward me, you know me well enough to know that all I want is the truth: Was this with your consent?"

She stepped into the line of fire between her cousin and De Spain as she answered: "No. You know I shall never marry any man but you. This vile bully"—she turned a little to look at her angry cousin—"has influenced Uncle Duke—who never before tried to persecute or betray me—into joining him in this thing. They never could have dragged me into it alive. And they've kept me locked up for three days in a room upstairs, hoping to break me down."

"Stand back, Nan."

If De Spain's words of warning struck her with terror of a situation she could not control, she did not reveal it. "No," she said resolutely. "If anybody here is to be shot, I'll be first. Uncle Duke, you have always protected me from Gale Morgan; now you join hands with him. You drive me from this room because I don't know how I can protect myself under it."

Gale looked steadily at her. "You promised to marry me," he muttered truculently. "I'll find a way to make you keep your word."

A loud knocking interrupted him, and, without waiting to be admitted, Pardaloe, the cowboy, opened the front door and stalked boldly in from the hall.

If the situation in the room surprised him, he gave no evidence of it. And as he walked in Nan disappeared. Pardaloe was drenched with rain, and, taking off his hat as he crossed the room to the fire, he shook it hard into the blazing wood.

"What do you want, Pardaloe?" snapped Duke.

Pardaloe shook his hat once more and turned a few steps so that he stood between the uncurtained window and the light. "The creek's up," he said to Duke in his peculiarly slow, steady tone. "Some of Sant's boys are trying to get the cattle out of the lower corral." He fingered his hat, looked first at Duke, then at Gale, then at De Spain. "Guess they'll need a little help, so I asked Sassoon to come over—" Pardaloe jerked his head indelicately toward the front. "He's outside with some of the boys now."

"Tell Sassoon to come in here!" thundered Gale.

De Spain's left arm shot out. "Hold on, Pardaloe; pull down that curtain behind you!"

"Don't touch that curtain, Pardaloe!" shouted Gale Morgan.

"Pardaloe," said De Spain, his left arm pointing menacingly and walking instantly toward him, "pull that curtain or pull your gun, quick." At that moment Nan, in hat and coat, reappeared in the archway behind De Spain. Pardaloe jerked down the curtain and started for the door. De Spain had backed up again. "Stop, Pardaloe," he called. "My men are outside

that door. Stand where you are," he ordered, still enforcing his commands with his right hand covering the holster at his hip. "I leave this room first. Nan, are you ready?" he asked without looking at her.

"Yes."

Her uncle's face whitened. "Don't leave this house tonight, Nan," he said menacingly.

"You've forced me to, Uncle Duke."

"Don't leave this house tonight."

"I can't protect myself in it."

"Don't leave this house—most of all, with that man!" He pointed at De Spain with a frenzy of hatred. Without answering, the two were retreating into the semi-darkness of the dining room. "Nan," came her uncle's voice, hoarse with feeling, "you're saying goodby to me forever."

"No, uncle," she cried. "I am only doing what I have to do."

"I tell you I don't want to drive you from this roof, girl."

A rush of wind from an opening door was the only answer from the dark dining room. The two Morgans started forward together. The sudden gust sucked the flame of the living-room lamp up into the chimney and after a brief, sharp struggle extinguished it. In the confusion it was a moment before a match could be found. When the lamp was relighted, the Morgans ran into the dining room. The wind and rain poured in through the open north door. But the room was empty.

Duke turned on his nephew with a choking curse. "This," he cried, beside himself with fury, "is your work!"

**CHAPTER XXIV.**

**Flight.**  
De Spain, catching Nan's arm, spoke hurriedly, and they hastened outside toward the kitchen. "We must get away quick," he said as she buttoned her coat. "And, knowing how she suffered in what she was doing, he drew her into the shelter of the porch and caught her close to him. I'll take you straight to Mrs. Jeffries. When you are ready, you'll marry me; we'll make our peace with your Uncle Duke together. Great God! What a night! This way, dearie."

"No, to the stable, Henry! Where's your horse?"

"Under the pine, and yours, too. I found the pony, but I couldn't find your saddle, Nan."

"I know where it's hidden. Let's get the horses."

"Just a minute. I stuck my rifle under the porch." He stooped and felt below the stringer. Rising in a moment with the weapon on his arm, the



"This," He Cried, Beside Himself With Fury, "Is Your Work!"

two hurried around the end of the house toward the pine tree. They had almost reached this when a murmur unlike the sounds of the storm made De Spain halt his companion.

"What is it?" she whispered. He listened intently. Without speaking, he took Nan and retreated to the corner of the house. "There is somebody in that place," he whispered, "waiting for me to come after the horses. Sassoon may have found them. I'll try it out, anyway, before I take a chance. Stand back here, Nan."

He put her behind the corner of the house, threw his rifle to his shoulder, and fired as nearly as he could in the darkness toward and just above the pine. Without an instant's hesitation a pistol shot answered from the direction in which he had fired, and in another moment a small fusillade followed. "By the Almighty," muttered De Spain, "we must have our horses. Nan, stay right here. I'll try driving those fellows off their perch."

She caught his arm. "What are you going to do?"

"Run in on them from cover, wherever I can find it, Nan, and push them back. We're got to have those horses."

"If we could only get away without a fight!"

"This is Sassoon and his gang, Nan. You heard Pardaloe. These are not your people. I've got to drive 'em, or we're gone, Nan."

"Then I go with you."

"Nan, you can't do it," whispered De Spain energetically. "A chance bullet—"

She spoke with decision: "I go with you. I can use a rifle. Better both of us be killed than one. Help me up on this roof. I've climbed it a hundred times. My rifle is in my room. Quick, Henry."

Overruling his continued objections, she lifted her foot to his hand, put her second foot on De Spain's shoulder, gazed the sloping roof, and scrambled on her hands and knees up

to the window of her room. A far-off peal of thunder echoed from the mountains. Luckily, no flash had preceded it, and Nan, rifle in hand, slid safely down to the end of the lean-to, where De Spain helped her to the ground. He directed her how to make a zigzag advance toward the pine, and, above all, to throw herself flat and sideways after every shot—and not to fire often.

In this way they advanced slowly but safely to the disputed point and then understood—the horses were gone. A fresh discharge of shots came from two directions—seemingly from the house and the stable. A moment later they heard sharp firing far down the gap—their sole avenue of escape.

They withdrew to the shelter of a large rock familiar to Nan even in the dark. While De Spain was debating in his mind how to meet the emergency, she stood at his side, his equal he knew, in courage, daring and resource, and answered his rapid questions as to possible gateways of escape. The rain, which had been abating, now ceased, but from every fissure in the mountains came the roar of rushing water, and little openings of rock and waterway that might have offered a chance when dry were now out of the question. In fact, it was Nan's belief that before morning water would be running over the main trail itself.

"Yet," said De Spain finally, "before morning we must be a long way from this particular spot, Nan. Sassoon has posted men at the neck of the gap—that's the first thing he would do. I'll tell you," he said suddenly, as when after long uncertainty and anxious doubts one chooses an alternative and hastens to follow it. "Retreat is the thing for us, Nan. Let's make for Music Mountain and crawl into our cave till morning. Lefever will get in here some time tomorrow. Then we can connect with him."

Realizing that no time was to be lost, they set out on the long journey. Every foot of the troublesome way offered difficulties. Water impeded them continually. Nan picked their trail. But for her perfect familiarity with every foot of the ground, they could not have got to the mountain at all. When they got to the mountain trail itself they found their way swept by a mad rush of falling water, its deafening roar punctured by fragments of loosened rock which, swept downward from ledge to ledge, split and thundered as they dashed themselves against the mountainside. On a protected floor the two stood for a moment, listening to the roar of the cataract that had cut them off their refuge.

"No use, Nan," said De Spain. "There isn't any other trail, is there?"

She told him there was no other. "And this will run all night, Henry," she said, turning to him and as if thinking of a question she wanted to ask, "how did you happen to come to me tonight when I wanted you so?"

"I came because you sent for me," he answered, surprised.

"But I didn't send for you."

He stopped, dumfounded. "What do you mean, Nan?" he demanded uneasily. "I got your message on the telephone last night, in my office at Sleepy Cat, from a man that refused to give his name."

"I never sent any message to you," she insisted in growing wonderment. "I have been locked in a room for three days, dearie. The Lord knows I wanted to send you word. Who ever telephoned a message like that? Was it a trap to get you in here?"

He told her the story—of the strenuous efforts he had made to discover the identity of the messenger—and how he had been balked. "No matter," said Nan at last. "It couldn't have been a trap. It must have been a friend, surely, not an enemy."

"Henry," every time she repeated his name De Spain cared less for what should happen in the rest of the world. "What are we going to do now? We can't stay here all night—and talk what they will greet us with in the morning."

He answered her question with another: "What about trying to get out by El Capitan?"

She started in spite of herself. "It would be certain death, Henry."

"I don't mean at the worst to try to cross it till we get a glimpse of daylight. But it's quite a way over there. The question is, Can we find a trail up to where we want to go?"

"I know two or three," she answered, "if they are only not flooded."

The storm seemed to have passed, but the darkness was intense, and from above the northern Superstitions came low mutterings of thunder. Compelled to strike out over the rocks to get up to any of the trails toward El Capitan, Nan, helped by De Spain when he could help, led the ascent toward the first ledge they could hope to follow on their dangerous course.

The point at which the two climbed almost five hundred feet that night up Music Mountain is still pointed out in the gap. No person, looking at that confused wall, willingly believes it could ever have been scaled in the dead of night. Torn, bruised and exhausted, Nan, handed up by her lover, threw herself at last prostrate on the ledge at the real beginning of their trail, and from that vantage point they made their way along the eastern side of Music Mountain for two miles before they stopped again to rest.

It was already well after midnight. A favoring spot was seized on by De Spain for the resting place he wanted. A dry recess beneath an overhanging well made a shelter for the fire that he insisted on building to warm Nan in her soaked clothing. It was dangerous, both realized, to start a fire, but they concealed the blaze as best

they could and took the chance—a chance that more nearly than any that had gone before, cost them their lives.

The mutterings above the mountains now grew rapidly louder, and while the two hovered over the fire, a thunder squall, rolling wildly down the eastern slope, burst over the gap. Nan knew even better than her companion the fickle nature of a range storm, and understood uncomfortably well how a sudden shift might, at any moment, lay their entire path open to its ferocity. She warned De Spain they must be moving, and, freshened by the brief rest, they set out toward El Capitan.

They had covered more than half the distance that separated them from the cliff, when a second thunderstorm seeming to rush in from the desert, burst above their heads. Drenched with rain, they were forced to draw back under a projecting rock. In another moment the two storms, meeting in the gap, rushed together. As if an unseen hand had touched a thousand granite springs above the gap, every slender crevice spouted a stream that shot foaming out from the mountainsides. The sound of moving waters rose in a dull, vast roar, broken by the unseen boom of distant falls, launching huge masses of water into caverns far below. The storm-laden wind tore and swirled among the crowded peaks, and above all the angry sky moaned and quivered in the rage of the elements.

It was only the lulls between the sharp squalls that enabled them to cover the trail before daylight. When they paused before El Capitan the fury of the night seemed largely to have exhausted itself, but the overcharged air hung above the mountains, trembling and moaning like a bruised and stricken thing. Lightning, playing across the lanky heavens, blazed in constant sheets from end to end of the horizon. Under it all the two refugees, high on the mountainside, looked down on the flooding gap.

Their flight was almost ended. Only the sheer cliff ahead blocked their descent to the aspen grove. Hardly a moment passed after they had started until the eastern sky lightened before the retreating storm, and with the first glimmer of daylight the two were at the beginning of the narrow foothold which lay for half a mile between them and safety.

The face of El Capitan presents, midway, a sharp convex. Just where it is thrown forward in this keen angle, the trail runs out almost to a knife-edge, and the mountain is so nearly vertical that it appears to overhang the floor of the valley.

They made half the stretch of this angle with hardly a misstep, but the advance for a part of the way was a climb, and De Spain, turning once to speak to Nan, asked her for her rifle, that he might carry it with his own. What their story might have been had she given it to him, none can tell. But Nan, holding back, refused to let him relieve her. The dreaded angle which had haunted De Spain all night was safely turned on hands and knees, and, as they rounded it toward the east, clouds scudding over the open desert broke and shot the light of dawn against the beetling arete.

De Spain turned in some relief to point to the coming day. As he did so a gust of wind, sweeping against the sheer wall, tipped him sideways, and he threw himself on his knees to avoid the dizzy edge. His rifle, which lay under his hand on the rock, slipped from reach. In the next instant he heard it bouncing from rock to rock, five hundred feet below.

Greatly annoyed and humiliated, he regained his feet and spoke with a laugh to reassure Nan. Just as she answered not to worry, a little singing scream struck their ears; something splashed suddenly close at hand against the rock wall; chips scattered between them. From below, the sound of a rifle report cracked against the face of the cliff. They were so startled, so completely amazed, that they stood motionless.

De Spain looked down and over the uneven floor of the gap. The ranch-houses, spread like toys in the long perspective, lay peacefully revealed in the gray of the morning. He could discover no sign of life around any of the houses. But in another moment the little singing scream came again, the blow of the heavy slug against the splintering rock was repeated, the distant report of the rifle followed.

"Under fire," muttered De Spain. He looked at Nan. "We'd better keep moving," he said. "Come! whoever is shooting can follow us a hundred yards either way." In front of De Spain a fourth bullet struck the rock. "Nan," he muttered, "I've got you into a fix. If we can't stop that fellow, he is liable to stop us. Can you see anything?" he asked, waiting for her to come up.

"Henry." She was looking straight down into the valley, and laid her hand on De Spain's shoulder. "Is there anything moving on the ridge—over there—see—just east of Sassoon's?"

De Spain, his eyes bent on the point Nan indicated, drew her forward to a dip in the trail which, to one stretched flat, afforded a slight protection. He made her lie down, and just beyond her refuge chose a point where the path, broadening a little and rising instead of sloping toward the outer edge, gave him a chance to brace himself between two rocks. Flattened there like a target in midair, he threw his hat down to Nan, and, resting on one knee, waited for the shot that should tumble him down El Capitan or betray the man bent on killing him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Is Your Work Hard?**  
Work which brings any unusual strain on the back and kidneys tends to cause kidney ailments, such as back-ache, lameness, headache, dizziness and distressing urinary troubles. Kidney complaints make any kind of work doubly hard and if neglected there is danger of gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease. If your work is hard on the back, keep your kidneys in good condition with Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands rely on them.

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W. H. Gibbs, 134 Tremont St., Roxbury, Mass., says: "I was in bad shape from disordered kidneys. Mornings I was stiff and lame and found it hard to do my work. The least exertion started my back aching. I got nervous and had to get up at night to pass the kidney secretions. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of all these signs of kidney trouble and am glad to say that the good results have lasted."

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Write for full information, say how many rooms.  
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Standard remedy for fifty years and result of many years experience in diseases of throat and lung diseases by Dr. J. H. Guild.  
Treatise on Asthma, its cause, treatment, etc., sent upon request. Price 50c. Dr. J. H. Guild, 100 N. 3rd St., St. Paul, Minn.

**BREAD AS ECONOMICAL FOOD**  
Would Be Used More Extensively If Home-Baked Variety Was Always Good. Say Government Experts.

If home-baked bread were uniformly well made, it would be used more extensively than at present in place of more expensive foods, say specialists in the United States department of agriculture, and this would be a distinct economy. From the standpoint of nutrition it makes very little difference whether breadstuffs are served in the form of bread or in the form of breakfast cereals, side dishes with meat, or desserts.

A man engaged in moderate muscular work can profitably consume about three-fourths of a pound a day of breadstuffs in any one of these forms. This quantity is the equivalent of one pound of baked bread. As a matter of fact, however, it is not probable that in the average family this quantity is consumed and the deficiency is made up by the use of more expensive substances. Of course bread alone is not sufficient for the maintenance of health, but from both an economical and a hygienic point of view should be used more extensively than it usually is, declare the experts.

**A Slight Mistake.**  
"This punch—hic—seems a trifle weak."  
"Go slow, old man. You're dipping into the goldfish globe."

**"Give all the kids Post Toasties"**  
—They like 'em—  
Bobby

# Elva's Profession

By John Elkins

(Copyright, 1917, by W. G. Chapman.)

Cedric Shaw was intently watching the girl across the room. Sometimes the ailing dancers in the hotel ballroom came between him and her; but always his gaze went back persistently to the bright animated face of a young woman who stood talking with an elderly lady. The first thing that had attracted him was the absence of the painted lips and cheeks, which he saw on almost all of the young girls present. Next to take his attention was the pretty dancing gown, which unlike the others covered her back, and came above the shoulders all around in a becoming line.

The young man could not have been called old-fashioned or "straight laced," but a certain fine respect for womanhood which had been carefully instilled in him by his mother, felt a kind of repulsion at the artificially covered faces, and the too scantily covered forms of the girls he met in society everywhere. He felt that this girl must be different, and as he watched her face his conviction grew. He determined to know her, and started out to see if he could find someone to introduce him.

Finally he accomplished his object, and soon found himself guiding Miss Burt through the mazes of the dancers. Yes, decidedly Miss Burt was "different." It was not long before Shaw's heart began to give curious but unmistakable evidences of being considerably off its normal condition.

He managed to get an invitation to call, which was not exactly difficult since Miss Burt was quite as anxious that he should ask as he was to get the permission. If the truth must be told she was at the same time experiencing something like the same alarming symptoms the young man was suffering. She had not analyzed her reasons



"He Lights a Bit of Paper So's He Can Look Better."

for being attracted; she simply knew that she was. As these things are happening every second among mortals on this globe it seems a waste of time to inquire why.

Elva Burt lived alone in a "furnished room" in the big city. The bed was quarantined as a couch during the day, and a screen covered the stationary washstand. She made it look like a sitting room, and the house was clean and respectable, if not fashionable. Still she felt a slight qualm at receiving the stranger in her humble quarters. He seemed to her like a man used to good society, one used to mingling with cultured people in refined surroundings. In this supposition she was right. The mother of Cedric Shaw had belonged to a family of high social standing, and his father had been president of a college. When a lad of twelve, his father had died, leaving a moderate fortune to the wife and son, and at eighteen, Cedric had started in to earn his own living. He had done so well that at twenty-five he was now a junior partner in the concern.

Elva, on the evening Shaw was to call, put on her most becoming frock and sat down to wait for him.

"Oh, dear!" she said to herself, "it isn't very scrumptious," surveying the room. "But if he's what I think he is, he won't mind. If he does—well—"

The sentence ended in a sigh.

It did not appear from the animated conversation and the length of Shaw's call that he did "mind." The next day he wrote a note of apology for having stayed so late, and asked when he might come again.

Even after Shaw had become a frequent visitor and had several times taken Elva to dine and to places of amusement he knew little or nothing of her circumstances. She had told him her parents lived in a small village in the states, and with the exception of a few friends, she was alone in the city, and was earning her own living. As to how she was earning it she had not informed him, and had evasively put him off when he had asked. He concluded that perhaps she might have a little

foolish pride about revealing her occupation, and said no more.

The suite of offices occupied by his firm were in a building which had been remodeled from a dwelling house. Next to it stood a residence which the march of business up the avenue had so far left undisturbed, and it was now rented out for bachelor apartments.

One morning the papers had an item on the front page telling how Spray, Galland & Co., diamond importers, had been robbed of valuable gems by the blowing open of a safe. This was Shaw's firm, and that evening he told Elva they were entirely mystified as to how the burglars had entered. There was a watchman on the outside who could not have failed to see them from the front, and the roof and back of the building showed not the slightest trace of any forcible entrance.

About two days after this, Shaw, in passing the house next his office, saw a young man hastily coming down the front steps. Something about him caused Shaw to stare curiously at the man. Instantly the man turned away to avoid his scrutiny, and almost stumbled down the remaining steps. Shaw purposely stood in his way, and as the young man dodged him, caught at his arm.

"Elva Burt!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean?"

"Let me go!" she begged. "Let me go quickly!"

"But—" he began.

"Don't keep me here!" she urged. And, freeing herself from his grasp, she hurried on, hailed a taxi, and had vanished before Cedric Shaw could quite collect his scattered senses.

He went to his desk in a dazed state of mind. No woman except a laundress or scrubwoman was ever seen coming out of this house. For the girl whose delicate womanliness had first of all appealed to him to be seen in such a guise, and coming out of bachelor apartments, was a shock from which it was not easy to recover. He had given her the deepest devotion, the love of his life, and he had meant to tell her this. The blow staggered him. He meant to see her again, and at least try to wring from her an explanation, but he felt he could not go that day.

Late in the afternoon the telephone rang, the senior partner took the message, and when he had hung up the receiver he called the heads of the firm together and told them. It was from police headquarters; they had made an important arrest—two men from the house next door. Shaw felt his heart stop beating, and things running before his eyes. What if one of these men was Elva Burt? What if he had to face her in the prisoner's dock? A detective was now on the way up, and they wished someone to remain, and go with him to the cellar. Investigation revealed a tunnel from the house next door, through which the thieves had crawled, and which they must have worked, digging for some time. The police had not yet discovered the gems, but they believed they had got the right men, the janitor and a young fellow. A "young fellow," Shaw shuddered at confronting him. They went down to headquarters. The "young fellow" was short, stumpy, and red-haired, and both men protested their innocence.

"Well," announced the chief, "this was about the neatest bit of detective work you'd pull off in a month of Sundays. The finding of that hole in the cellar was a jim dandy. You see, the detective pretends to go in there to inquire about rooms, and all of a sudden he sniffs something, and he yells out to the janitor he smells fire, and it's coming from the cellar. The minute the man unlocks that cellar door, he's down there ahead of him, and nosing around to beat the band. He lights a bit of paper so's he can look better, puts it out, and sniffs a burnt smell somewhere. But he's not what he came for, the sight of a hole, and bricks and dirt behind a box, and he hasn't let on to the janitor he's seen a thing out of the common, and he's awful sorry he gave him such a scare. He finds out there's only a terribly high-priced apartment to rent, and is awful sorry again, it being too much for his purse, and he gets out, and down here quick—'n' lightning. And the two fellows are jailed in just about one hour from that time."

Here one of the partners asked if he might see the detective. The chief said he supposed by night—that is, if he happened to be in.

He went to a door, opened it, looked in, and beckoned to someone. A neat, dressed young woman appeared in the doorway. Shaw gasped.

"Miss Burt," asked the chief, "do you know where Sanderson is?"

She gave him an inquiring look, then she suddenly saw Shaw's eyes upon her. Official caution vanished before the questioning of his gaze.

"The older man, rushing up to her, grasped her hand, expressing their thanks and the desire to make it some thing more substantial than thanks. Then Shaw said, as he took her hand: "Miss Burt is a very dear friend of mine—but I never knew 'Sanderson.'"

Then he drew her aside as the other men talked, and added: "I wanted to say something more than 'friend'—may I?"

Her look prompted him to add: "And you'll never be 'Sanderson' again."

Joy in One's Work.

The idea of joy in one's work has been often ridiculed, but nevertheless it is fast taking root in the minds of many and proving its value and merit. To perform the day's work joyfully and joyously may not be possible, in cases, without effort, but the fact is being realized more and more that it is very much worth while to develop the habit.

## BEET-SUGAR INDUSTRY

### American Seed Is Usually Superior in Germination.

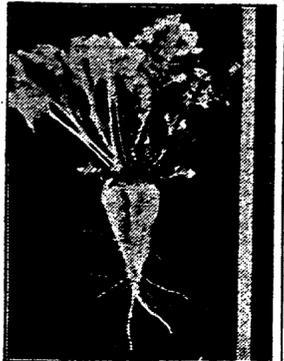
#### Soil and Climatic Conditions Favor Production of Seed in Sufficient Quantity to Meet All Future Requirements.

(By C. O. TOWNSEND.)

Our experience thus far indicates that American sugar-beet seed is usually superior in germination and capable of producing larger and better roots than the imported seed.

Our soil and climatic conditions, extending over large areas, favor the production of sugar-beet seed in sufficient quantity to meet all future requirements.

Well-defined strains of sugar beets of high yield and quality are essential to the development of a satisfactory seed industry. Enough has been done



Type of Beet Found in Many Fields.

to prove that by careful and painstaking work such strains can be produced.

No intelligent study of cultural methods in the production of sugar beets or of problems involving a comparison of varieties can be made until uniform and fixed varieties with which to work are available.

The production of strains having roots of uniform size and habit of growth and capable of yielding seed stalks uniform in habit of growth and maturity should make possible improved cultural methods, especially in the planting of the roots and in the harvesting of the seed, that will reduce greatly the cost of production.

After seed harvest the beet roots and stalks remain in the ground in a sound and palatable condition for live stock feed. The present practice is to feed these roots in the field, utilizing them as pasture.

The beet-sugar industry in the United States is composed of three distinct branches, namely, beet-seed production, sugar-beet growing, and beet-sugar extraction and refining. They are so linked that each is dependent upon the others, not only for its complete success but for its very existence. Without seed the sugar-beet industry, in which more than 70,000 American farmers are directly interested, could not exist, and without beets the \$4 beet-sugar mills now standing, with an invested capital of more than \$100,000,000, would be idle.

The beet-sugar industry is, of course, the foundation upon which sugar-beet growing and beet-sugar extraction rests. Because of its fundamental character, it is surprising that sugar-beet seed production in this country has not received more general and more earnest attention in the past. The two primary causes that have operated against the development of the sugar-beet seed industry in this country were (1) the fact that a sufficient quantity of seed to meet our requirements was easily obtainable from European countries at a reasonable price and (2) the prevailing idea that conditions in this country, from the standpoint either of labor cost or of climate, would not permit the successful development of the seed industry in the United States. Recent experiences, however, have shown the folly of depending upon foreign countries for our beet-seed supply, while experiments extending over many years have proved the falsity of the opinion relative to labor and climatic conditions.

Maintaining Pigs on Rape.

Minnesota Station Finds It Most Valuable of Forage Crops—Red Clover Also Excellent.

At the Minnesota experiment station more pigs have been maintained on a given area with the pasturage of rape than any other forage crop. Red clover is also an excellent pasture, more palatable than rape and nearly as good as alfalfa. Bluegrass is extensively used for a hog pasture and serves this purpose well until it becomes more or less dead during the late summer. Rye is sown for a late fall and early spring pasture.

Guard All Alfalfa Leaves.

Two-Thirds of Feeding Value of Plant Is in Leaves—Rake Into Windrows Before Dry.

Two-thirds of the feeding value of the alfalfa plant is in the leaves. If the leaves are lost in curing only one-third of the feeding value remains. This fact is regarded as important by farmers who advocate that alfalfa be cured so as to save the leaves. This means that the alfalfa must be raked into windrows before the leaves dry and fall off. Raking can be done two hours after cutting, thus saving the leaves and preserving the green color and desirable flavor.

Cow's Tail of Importance.

Often Measured in Judging Animal—Chief Purpose Is for Brushing Flies Away.

The tail is often measured in judging a cow and to meet the standard requirements should reach to, or below, the hocks and carry a good switch. This renders it most useful in brushing flies, which is its chief purpose.

## INJURY BY CORN-EAR WORMS

### Kansas Agricultural College Finds It Possible to Control Little Pest by Spraying.

Nearly all roasting ears on the market in recent years have been injured by the corn-ear worm, and those known to be free from the injury can be sold at from 5 to 10 cents more per dozen.

For six years the department of entomology of the Kansas State Agricultural college and experiment station has been studying the worm and has found that a large proportion of the eggs deposited in the summer are placed on the fresh corn silks. From these eggs the worms that injure the ears originate. The young larvae begin feeding on the silks and eat their way down into the ear. It is, therefore, possible to control much of the injury by keeping the silks sprayed during the silking period.

Powdered arsenate of lead has been found to be the most efficient poison. A 75 per cent mixture of arsenate of lead, with air-slaked lime or land plaster is practically as good as the poison alone. The dust is shaken upon the silks from an ordinary cheesecloth bag or flour sack. Under average weather conditions four or five applications at intervals of three or four days are sufficient.

MAKING MONEY OUT OF COWS

Seven Fundamental Principles of Successful Dairying—Weed Out All Poor Animals.

There are ten rules for making money out of cows and they all begin with "milk good cows."

To put the case in a nutshell, or rather to skim the cream from the whole matter, let us admit that there are, say, seven fundamental principles of successful dairying, about as follows:

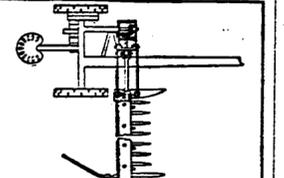
1. Weed out the poor cows by means of the scales and the Babcock test.
2. Feed the good cows plenty of clean, choice stuff as close to a balanced ration as possible.
3. Eliminate competition by producing a better product than the other fellow and demanding a good price for it.
4. Head the herd with a high-class, pure-bred sire.
5. Raise the promising calves from the best cows only.
6. Develop a market for your surplus bull calves and other stock.
7. Feed the mind of the man behind the cow.

CUTTING BLADES ON MOWERS

Finger Bar Arranged in Which Alternate Cutters Rotate in Different Directions.

In illustrating and describing a finger bar for mowers, invented by C. A. Johnson, 3010 Upper Stockton road, Sacramento, Cal., the Scientific American says:

"This invention provides an arrangement of cutting members which correctly strike the grass or vegetable matter to be cut and without in any



Finger Bar for Mowers.

way interfering with the remaining parts of the device. It provides a finger bar in which the alternate cutters rotate in a different direction, the position of rotation of these cutters being such that one cutter will overlay the other cutter during the cycle of rotation though never coming in contact."

PLAN TO DESTROY CUTWORMS

Paris Green Mixed With Bran Is Recommended by North Dakota Station—Spread in Evening.

(North Dakota Agricultural College Bulletin.)

Cutworms eat off the young plants at the surface of the ground, and they do this in the night. In the daytime they can usually be found buried an inch deep and only a short distance from the last plant eaten. Plants that are transplanted can be protected by wrapping paper around the stem, covering it half an inch above and below the surface of the soil. The cutworms can be poisoned with the following: One-half pound paris green mixed dry with 25 pounds bran, then add one gallon water and one quart molasses and mix thoroughly. The set time to spread this is in the evening, or late afternoon.

His Trouble.

Visitor—My poor man, when you get out of this place, do not yield too hastily to temptation. Take time to think; take time.

Convict—That's wot I'm in fer. I took too many watches.

Ups and Downs.

"I threw up a good position to please that girl."

"Did she appreciate the sacrifice?"

"No, she didn't; she threw me down."

Sore Gravelled Eyelids.

Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy**. No Stinging, Just Eye Comfort. At Drugists or by mail 50c per Bottle. **Murine Eye Relief** in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye FREE ask **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

## Twenty-Five Years' Experience With

### Kidney Remedy

Between twenty-five and thirty years ago I commenced selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and during all that time I have never heard a single complaint from any customer; they are more inclined to judge from their favorable remarks and the repeated praise they enjoy I am confident that Swamp-Root is a valuable medicine for the troubles for which it is intended.

Very truly yours,  
OTTO H. G. LIPPERT,  
Pharmacist.

1801 Freeman, Cor. Liberty Sta. Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Sept. 19, 1918.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

A Sporting Event.

At a recent sports meeting in a country town an old countryman picked up a disused program of events and was studying it earnestly when a swell approached him.

"Hello, old chap, what's the next event on the program?"

Old Man (looking up from his card)—A donkey race, sir. Are you going to run?"

## FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles as the prescription outline—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get a course of either—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength outline, this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Ruins.

"Have you ever visited the ruins of Pompeii?"

"Yes," replied the globe trotter. "But after seeing a few churches shot up in this war, Pompeii doesn't impress me as ranking high as a ruined city."

A woman knows more about styles in a minute than a man does in a lifetime.

Catching On.

"What is the meaning of 'alter ego'?" asked the teacher of the beginners' class in Latin.

"It means the 'other I,'" responded a pupil.

"Give me a sentence containing the phrase."

"He winked his alter ego."—Boston Transcript.

Un Sophisticated.

Woman—"But these strawberries are quite green." Fruit Peddler—"Well, damn, they're just from the country."

Don't be dissatisfied with your lot. Hang on to it and wait for a real estate boom.

Her Parting Shot.

"You have returned all my letters and presents, Hortense," says Egbert, "but you seem to be retaining my photograph. May I yet dare to hope that—"

"Oh, your photograph? I sent that to Life, thinking the editor would want to run it as one of those pictures for which they pay a \$100 to anybody that can supply a proper title."—Life.

## Save the Babies

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of **Castoria** would save many of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. That **Castoria** can be no danger in the use of **Castoria** if it bears the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher**, as it contains no opiates or narcotics of any kind. Genuine **Castoria** always bears the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher**.

## Raise High Priced Wheat on Fertile Canadian Soil

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help feed the world by tilling some of her fertile soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think of the money you can make with wheat around \$2 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming in Western Canada is as profitable an industry as grain growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. There is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is beautiful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature as to reduced railway rates to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

Miss A. Bowley, 73 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.  
J. E. Laffan, 1129 Elm St., Manchester, N. H.  
L. W. Austin, Bismarck, N. D.  
Canadian Government Agents



AN EARLY BREAKFAST

BUT no need for the housewife to get up an hour before breakfast time to coax along a sluggish fire—touch a match to the New Perfection Oil Cook Stove and the cooking begins.

No smoke, no soot, no ashes. The Long Blue Chimney gives perfect combustion. All the heat you want, when you want it. You can see where the flame is set and there it stays.

New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves are making 2,500,000 kitchens comfortable today.

The New Perfection Kerosene Water Heater gives abundant hot water for laundry, kitchen or bath at low cost. Ask your hardware or housefurnishing store for descriptive booklet.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY of NEW YORK  
(Principal Offices)  
New York Albany Buffalo Boston

## NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVES AND OVENS

FOR SALE--47 ACRE TRACT

of good hammock and citrus land. Hammock ideal for trucking. 440 yards frontage on Lake Ready, Polk County, Florida. Half mile of Frostproof. Access to well as I am expecting to be called to the colors. Address P. O. BOX 171, Frostproof, Fla.

Men! Every Town in the U. S.

Should have a Course of the Order of the Golden Rule. Can act as Board of Trade or other civic function. Gives best benefit; free physician for most ailments. Ideal plan for curing for various ailments. Is profitable and cooperative. Club course allowed, but no horse sold or handled. Chapter given in 200 more members. If you are a trader and want something that will be a success, write to P. H. COOPER, 203 Commercial Building, DAYTON, OHIO

Amateur Photographers!

I need men to develop and print. Lowest prices for first class work; prompt service. Free list and price list. Make colored, free with first order. Agents wanted. R. L. PHOTO ART CO., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Every Woman Wants

**Paxtine**

ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

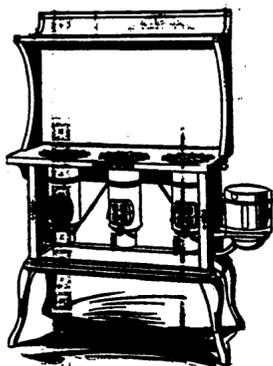
Dissolved in water for douches, stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing powder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. The extraordinary cleaning and germicidal power. Sample free. 50c. at drugists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxtine Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

GUARANTEED DEPOSITS in North Dakota ought to be made in the State Bank of North Dakota, Fargo, N. D. Maximum rate 10c. When Deposited County Bank, Park, S. D.

CARRIAGE ORDERS for June and July delivery. Make orders. Free with first order. Free call by parcel post. CARRIAGE PLANTS. E. F. LESTER, Iowa Woodmen, Iowa.

W. N. U., BOSTON, No. 27-1917.

## TWO HOT WEATHER COMFORTS!



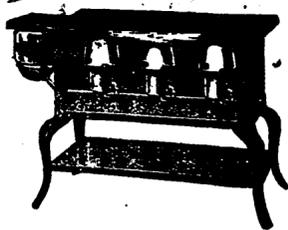
The **BALDWIN** Refrigerator  
Will Keep the Food Cool

**NEW PERFECTION Oil Stove** Is the Successful Oil Stove and Surely a Hot Weather Comfort. Fully Guaranteed to Give Perfect Satisfaction. Catalogue sent upon request.

The circulation of the **BALDWIN Dry Air Refrigerator** is such that a continuous wave of cold, dry, pure air passes from the ice compartment down the food compartments back up over the ice, condensing the impurities, which pass down the drain pipe. The material used in making is the best quality in every particular. It is economy to buy a good Refrigerator. Best 35 years ago; Best today.

## Barber's Big Department Store

MILFORD, New Hampshire



## Crescent Oil Stoves!

The Latest Thing in Oil Stoves, with the new Patented Burner. It is the Best Cooker with the Least Amount of Oil burned for fuel. With "BOSS" Ovens.

## George W. Hunt

ANTRIM, N. H.

# AUCTION

Bills, Dance Posters, and Poster Printing of every kind and size at right prices at this office. We deliver them at short notice, clearly printed, free from errors, and deliver them express paid.

Notice of every Ball or Auction inserted in this paper free of charge, and many times the notice alone is worth more than the cost of the bills.

Mail or Telephone Orders receive our prompt attention. Send your orders to

The Reporter Office,  
ANTRIM, N. H.

## OLD BOSTON DIVINE

JOHN COTTON FAMOUS AMONG CLERGYMEN.

Driven From England, He Sought Refuge in the New World, Where He Was Received With Honors and Given High Place.

John Cotton, the Puritan clergyman, who introduced into New England the custom of keeping the Sabbath from evening to evening, according to some historians, died December 23, 1652. He was born in Derby, England, December 4, 1585.

John Cotton was minister at Boston, in Lincolnshire, England, when he fled to Boston, in New England. He had been minister in the Boston of the old England for more than 20 years, when he found that his theological views were about to get him into trouble.

The father of John Cotton was a lawyer named Roland Cotton. John, when he was only thirteen years old, and he rapidly distinguished himself for scholarship.

He was brilliant as well as learned, and he enjoyed a great reputation. It was while he was teaching in Emanuel college at Cambridge that he imbibed Puritan views of theology, observes a writer in the Washington Post. He was about twenty-seven years old when he was appointed minister at Boston.

In this charge he got into his first ecclesiastical trouble by refusing to conform to certain ceremonies of the established church. He believed that many of these ceremonials were unscriptural.

He was suspended by his bishop, but the majority of his people stood by him and he was restored. For more than 20 years he remained there as minister, and his influence is said to have been of the most salutary nature. A change in the authority of the church took place and Cotton's parishioners were divided into factions. It was reported to Cotton that he was about to be summoned before the high commission court, and he fled to London, whence after a period of hiding he sailed for Boston in New England. He was welcomed cordially there, and within two weeks after his arrival was appointed by the magistrates teacher in the First church. Here he remained until his death.

Cotton was a rare scholar. He devoted 12 hours a day to study, and before going to sleep at night he loved, as he said, "to sweeten his mouth with a piece of Calvin." With all his profound learning he preached in the simplest language. Soon after coming to Boston he prepared, at the request of the general court, an abstract of the laws of Moses for use in the colony. It was not adopted, but a revision of it, supposed to be the joint work of Cotton and Sir, Henry Vane, was afterward used.

Cotton wrote nearly 50 books, which were sent to London to be published. He could discuss fluently in Hebrew, Greek and Latin.

It is one of the perplexities of human nature that persons who have suffered from intolerance are so seldom taught by that experience to be tolerant toward others. John Cotton was an example of this unhappy fact. He had been persecuted in old England and he had to flee for safety to New England, but once here he showed the extremities of his views as to the power of the civil authority in religious matters. On this subject he carried on a famous controversy with Roger Williams, who charged him with holding a "bloody tenet of persecution."

His son, John, and his grandson, Josiah were distinguished clergymen, as was another son, Seaborn, so named because born at sea on the passage of his parents to New England in 1633.

### Cooking Wild Ducks.

A camp chef gives a number of important "don'ts" which apply to the preparation of wild ducks for the table. Don't bleed or draw or pluck the bird until the last moment; don't hold it over a week to let it get "high," or subject it to a refrigerating process to make it tender; don't stuff it with bread crumbs, potatoes, oysters, or chestnuts; don't lay it on its back while roasting, and don't, above all, allow it to become overdone. Affirmatively, pluck and draw the bird, wipe it off with a wet cloth, place it breast downward, in a covered pan, put it in a very hot oven, and allow it to remain there for not less than 20 and not more than 25 minutes. If a wild duck is cooked too long, if blood does not follow the cut of the knife when it is carved, it will not have the true wild celery flavor, and—a bird in the air is worth two on the platter if the cook bungles his art.—All Outdoors.

### Verbal Will Held Valid.

In one of the London courts of justice recently a verbal statement before witnesses, without any writing, was pronounced a good will. This statement was made by an officer (since killed in action), who told his brother officers that if he were killed all his property was to go to his wife. The possibility of executing such a valid will is a privilege reserved to soldiers and sailors on active service by an act of 1877, which says: "Any soldier, being in actual military service, or any mariner or seaman, being at sea, may dispose of movable, wages and personal estate as he or they might have done before the making of this act."

## BENNINGTON

A Weekly News Letter of Interest

### Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Bennington Saturday Eve., July 7 — Chap. 17, "Liberty." Well balanced program of four reels.

Wednesday Evening, July 11 — "The Rose of the Rancho," five reel feature. 1 reel comedy.

W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

The Goodell Company shop is closed for the week.

H. W. Wilson was in Grassmere recently for a day.

Mrs. Bernice Haas spent the day Tuesday visiting in Contoocook.

Charles Harrison, of Bridgeport, Conn., is passing a vacation season at his home here.

County Commissioner Patch, of Franctown, was a business visitor here Saturday.

Mrs. Jeaton Root and daughter, of Philadelphia, are the guests of Mrs. Root's mother, Mrs. Cody.

John Day and family, Mrs. Hattie Messer and Miss Mabel Bailey were in Hillsboro first of the week.

The Monadnock Paper Mills are closed for an indefinite period while extensive repairs are being made.

About thirty girls arrived Monday evening at the Tall Pines. A party of boys are at the Roxbury Neighborhood Camp.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Pearson and Edward J. Fallon, of Fitchburg, Mass., are stopping at Terrace Lodge with Mrs. Mary E. Burnham.

Otto Manley is at home from the hospital where he has been for three months. He is reported as much improved at this writing.

Mrs. Mary Cashion passed away at her home Saturday night after a lingering illness of quite a long time. Her son, William, of New York, and daughter, Mrs. Margaret Bishop, of Berlin, are in town.

Arthur and Kasimir Fluri, of Northampton, Mass., motored to town for a few days' vacation visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fluri.

### REDS ARE MAKING PROGRESS

Indians Learn English Language and Take Up the Ways of Civilization.

Twenty thousand Indians have learned to read and write the English language in the last four years. There are now 75,000, or 30 per cent of the total, who can use English. More than 190,000 Indians have discarded the native dress and adopted the white man's costume.

The income of the Indians from various sources is now more than \$28,000,000, an increase of \$6,000,000 in four years. They own \$30,000,000 worth of live stock and are cultivating 878,527 acres of land. There are 98,000 actual farmers, an increase of 7,000 in the last three years.

Living conditions are better among the Indians. They are gradually turning away from the medicine man when in need of medical attention, and as a consequence the death rate has fallen from 30 to 1,000 in 1915 to a little more than 22 per 1,000 in 1916. The death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced 15 per cent. Better sanitary conditions have reduced the death rate of children. In 1914 there were 2,391 deaths of children under three years of age, and in 1916 there were only 1,303 deaths.

### A Sure Way.

Congressman Charles R. Davis of Minnesota relates that one afternoon a train on a Western railroad stopped at a small station, when one of the passengers, in looking over the place, found his gaze fixed upon an interesting sign. Hurrying to the side of the conductor, he eagerly inquired: "Do you think that I will have time to get a soda before the train starts?" "Oh, yes," answered the conductor. "But suppose," suggested the thirsty passenger, "that the train should go on without me?" "We can easily fix that," promptly replied the conductor. "I will go along and have one with you."—Argonaut.

### Smoke Less, Read Less, Too.

In the last year Harvard students have smoked fewer cigarettes and cigars and have played billiards and pool less than they did a year ago. There was a loss of about 20 per cent in the sale of cigarettes and cigars. Harvard students spent \$3,042 for tobacco in 1915 and only \$2,537 in 1916. For billiards and pool, \$1,825 was spent in 1915 and \$1,292 in 1916. Curiously enough, the reading habits of Harvard men slumped last year. In 1915, \$1,325 was spent for reading matter; in 1916, \$1,292.

### WHEN EGGS COME REAL HIGH

Returned Diplomat Declares Hen Fruit Cost \$12.50 Each in City of Mexico.

It is a weird tale of finance and food costs which has been brought to St. Louis by Henry Herschkowitz, formerly translator at the United States embassy, City of Mexico. Herschkowitz said he was forced to leave Mexico by H. C. L.

Articles of food in the Mexican capital have different prices, according to the kind of money paid for them. An egg, for example, only costs 10 cents in silver money. But in Mexican paper money the same egg will cost 25 pesos. The peso for many years has been considered worth 50 cents in United States money, thus bringing the egg price to \$12.50. But the money changers declare the value of the peso has depreciated to one-quarter of a cent.

It is the same with butter. A pound of medium quality butter can be purchased in the City of Mexico for only \$1.25 United States money. It will cost \$2.50 in Mexican silver and 625 pesos in paper money.

Even in the United States coin the price of shoes has doubled, while corn is 150 per cent higher than in 1913, and charcoal is 250 per cent higher. Charcoal is universally used for cooking.

According to Herschkowitz, there is no police protection in the City of Mexico. Instead, martial law prevails, but it does not prevent the bolter thieves from plying their trade, although detection means not a trial, but immediate execution.—St. Louis Republic.

## GASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That  
Genuine Castoria  
Always  
Bears the  
Signature  
of  
*Chas. H. Watson*  
In  
Use  
For Over  
Thirty Years  
**GASTORIA**

Net Contents 15 Fluid Ounces  
900 DROPS

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.  
A Vegetable Preparation which  
simulates the Food of Infants,  
and the Stomachs and Bowels of  
CHILDREN.

Thereby Promoting Digestion,  
Cheerfulness and Rest, Contains  
neither Opium, Morphine nor  
Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Fac-Simile Signature of  
*Chas. H. Watson*  
THE CENTRAL DISPENSARY  
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old  
35 DROPS—35 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

## ..HAYING TIME!..

Is here, and we have All the Tools to work with, as well as a Good Supply of Everything Else. Give Us a Call.

Groceries Grain Flour Hay  
Meats Provisions Clothing  
Boots Shoes Rubbers

Anything from a Pin to an Automobile

**GEORGE O. JOSLIN**  
BENNINGTON : : CLINTON

### ACCOMMODATION!

To and From Antrim  
Railroad Station.  
IN EFFECT JUNE 25, 1917  
Trains leave Antrim Depot as follows:

A. M.	P. M.
7.05	7.40
10.29	11.52
1.58	3.42
4.18	6.45

Sunday: 6.33 a.m.; 4.14, 4.58, 8.40 p.m.  
Stage leaves Express Office 15 minutes earlier than departure of train.  
Stage will call for passengers if word is left at Express Office in Jameson Block.

Passengers for the early morning train should leave word at Express Office the night before.

### ENGRAVED CARDS

Are needed by everybody. Sometimes when most needed the last one has been used. If YOUR engraved plate is at THE REPORTER office—where a great many people leave them for safe keeping—it might be well to order a new lot of cards before you are all out. If you have never used engraved cards, wouldn't it be a good idea to call at THE REPORTER office and see samples? They are not expensive,—more of a necessity than a luxury.

W. L. Lawrence  
ANTRIM, N. H.  
Sole Agent for  
Geo. E. Buxton  
**FLORIST**

The Largest Greenhouses in Southern N. H.  
FLOWERS for all OCCASIONS  
Flowers by Telephone to All Parts of U. S.  
Phone 811-W NASHUA, N. H.

400 TYPEWRITERS  
All kinds and all grades, REMINGTONS \$15 up.  
Instruction book with each machine.  
EMPIRE TYPE FOUNDRY, Mfrs. Type and Printers Supplies, BUFFALO, N. Y.