

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XXXV NO. 11

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1918

5 CENTS A COPY

THE ANNUAL WARRANTS

For Town, School and Precinct Meetings Soon to be Held

TOWN WARRANT

You are hereby notified to meet at the Town Hall, in said town, on the TWELFTH DAY OF MARCH, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to act on the following subjects:—

- 1—To elect a Delegate to the Constitutional Convention and choose all necessary Town Officers, Agents and Trustees for the ensuing year.
- 2—To hear the report of the Auditors on the Treasurer's accounts and act thereon.
- 3—To see how much money the town will vote to raise and appropriate for the support of the James A. Tuttle Library.
- 4—To see how much money the town will vote to raise and appropriate to assist Ephraim Weston Post, No. 87, G. A. R. in properly observing Memorial Day.
- 5—To see how much money the Town will vote to raise and appropriate for street lighting or pass any vote relating thereto.
- 6—To see if the Town will vote to have the Invoice and Taxes printed for the ensuing year, with the valuation of each lot of real estate printed separately and raise and appropriate a sum of money therefor, or take any other action thereon.
- 7—To see how much money the Town will vote to raise and appropriate for repairing roads and bridges for the ensuing year.
- 8—To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate the amount of money necessary to secure state aid for the permanent improvement of highways, or take any other action thereon.
- 9—To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate the amount of money necessary to secure state aid for Trunk line construction, or take any action thereon.
- 10—To see if the town will vote to take from the road agent's districts, the State Aid Road, the Contoocook Valley Road, so called, the road from Clinton Four Corners to the end of the White Birch Point highway, the road from Clinton Four Corners, by the Tenney Farm to the Hancock town line, and the Forest Road, so called, and instruct the Selectmen to arrange with the State Highway Department to maintain said sections of road under the state patrol system and raise and appropriate, or set aside from the amount of money raised for highway work, the sum of \$1552.20, or take any other action thereon.
- 11—To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate a sum of money for repairing sidewalks, or take any other action thereon.
- 12—To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate a sum of money for the suppression of the White Pine Blister Rust, or take any action in relation thereto.
- 13—To see if the Town will vote to observe Old Home Day and raise and appropriate money therefor, or take any action thereon.
- 14—To see what action the Town will take in regard to complying with the provision of Chapter 129, sections 2, 3 and 4, Laws of 1917.
- 15—To see if the Town will vote to change the Board of Library Trustees from six members to three, allowing the members now serving and the ones elected this year, to serve out their terms of office, but as their terms expire, elect only one member for three years, or take any other action thereon.
- 16—To see if the Town will vote to widen and straighten the curve on the road leading from Clinton Village to Hancock a few rods south of Mason Butterfield's house, and to raise and appropriate a sum of money therefor.
- 17—To raise such sums of money as may be necessary to pay town charges, existing debts, and current expenses of the Town, or pass any vote relating thereto.
- 18—To transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

CHARLES F. BUTTERFIELD
JAMES M. CUTTER
FRANK P. ELLINWOOD

Selectmen of Antrim.

SCHOOL WARRANT

You are hereby notified to meet in the Town Hall, in said District, on the ELEVENTH DAY OF MARCH, 1918, at 1.30 o'clock in the afternoon, to act on the following subjects:—

- 1—To choose a Moderator for the ensuing year.

(Continued on fifth page)

UNION SERVICES CLOSE

March Third, at Presbyterian Church, to be the Closing Service

By the time the rounds of the three village churches have been completed—with the services of Sunday next at the Presbyterian church—closing nine weeks continuously of the plan as proposed by the committee from the churches, the services will come to a close, so far as the three village churches are concerned.

This was thoroughly understood by the committee when the plan was proposed: if either society felt that it would be for their best interests to withdraw, it would be perfectly right and proper that it should. No other explanation would be considered necessary other than a sufficient notice be given the other churches. This has now been done, and with the best of feelings and a hope that the union spirit has proved beneficial and that possibly there has been a saving of fuel, the present union plan comes to a close on Sunday next. However, on Sunday, March 10, if the other societies felt so inclined we feel sure there would be no objection to the other societies worshipping with the Methodist people at their church.

The occasion of this plan terminating at this time, is brought about by the fact that the annual Methodist conference meets this year on April 3; and there being matters in connection with the closing up of the year's work together with a number of reports from the several departments of the local church, the holding of the fourth quarterly conference and its adjourned session makes it absolutely necessary to have some time to properly close the conference year as it should be. Those having these matters in hand and knowing the advantages of this great connectional body of Methodism can easily understand what this means, and know that what is being done is for the best good of all concerned.

AGED CITIZEN DIED SUDDENLY

A Veteran of the Civil War and Long a Resident of Antrim Passes Quietly On

This would doubtless have been his wish, if he could have known he would be granted it,—to pass quietly on from this life to the great beyond, and in his own home where he had resided so many years. Up to within a very few days he had been at his work in the Goodell Company shop, and aside from not being very well at just this time he had been in his usual health,—nothing more than would be expected of a man of his years, who would have been if he had lived to June 15 next, 84 years of age.

James Chapin Richardson was born in Lempster, son of Phineas and Meritable (Clark) Richardson, and married Harriet E. Potter Nov. 24, 1853, coming to this town in August of the following year; and the most of this time he has resided here. He died on Sunday night of heart failure. His wife died a few years ago. Deceased was a member of the Thirteenth New Hampshire Regiment, from this town, and our town history says was "a soldier brave and true." These were his characteristics to the very last in whatever walk of life he was placed—brave and true. This was known to everyone who knew him at all. He held membership in the Presbyterian church and was a faithful and conscientious Christian man.

Thus the ranks of the Ephraim Weston Post of the Grand Army continue to be depleted, leaving but a very few of the faithful; yet they are of the right kind of material, and it is hoped they will remain with us just as long as possible.

A true and upright citizen of our town has passed away, and while he was quiet and unassuming in all his ways, he will be greatly missed, particularly in the home where he has had the care to some extent of his two only grandchildren, Theodore and Dorothy Richardson, children of his only son, Perley E. Richardson; his only daughter is Mrs. Forest Smith of Hudson, this state. These remaining members of the family have the sympathy of the community in their affliction.

Funeral services were held this afternoon, at 1.30 from his late home, Rev. S. P. Brownell, of the Presbyterian church, officiating. Interment at Maplewood.

A Worthy Tribute

We who have worked side by side with J. C. Richardson, familiarly known by his shop mates as "Uncle Chape," desire to speak a few words of tribute concerning the life he has lived among us. "Uncle Chape" was a remarkable man in many ways. He entered the employ of Goodell Co. more than fifty years ago and for about thirty years he worked in the paper department and we who have worked with him have learned to appreciate him for his many sterling qualities. He was an honest man, not merely in dollars and cents, but he did his work well, and no man had to do it over after him. His long life has been one of constant toil, but the manner in which he has met the problems of life and the courage he has shown, especially since he reached eighty years of age, have won the admiration of his shopmates. He never complained because he worked hard and he did not wish to become a burden to others, and because of this spirit his shopmates were always eager to lend a helping hand and thus ease for him the burdens of life.

Some years ago his wife was called upon to pass to the other side. This was a heavy burden for him to bear. Tenderly and carefully he has cared for her grave in yonder cemetery, and now we lay him by her side and when they rise together on the resurrection morning we feel that our shopmate will come before the Judge of all the earth and receive a promotion, and he will hear it said "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many."

HEAVY WIND, RAIN, SOME SNOW

All Came in One Day, and it Was Indeed a Wild Day in Which to be Out, Especially With Team

One of the worse days we have had this winter, so far as wind goes, visited us on Tuesday of this week; there was considerable rain with it and some snow, in fact a very squally day throughout, the wind keeping up a high velocity well into the night. Limbs of trees fell across electric wires and several times put the power out of commission. Tin roofs and eaves-troughs in many cases fared hard, while portions of piazzas about town were damaged considerably. A few chimneys were leveled to the roofs, in at least one case going through the roof.

A Twice-told Tale

One of Interest to Our Readers

Good news bears repeating, and when it is confirmed after a long lapse of time, even if we hesitated to believe it at first hearing, we feel secure in accepting its truth now. The following experience of a Milford man is confirmed after four years.

George E. Boutelle, farmer, Amherst St., Milford, N. H., says: "I suffered greatly from pains in my back. At times my back got so lame that I could hardly stoop over, and when I did it was all I could do to straighten again. Sharp twinges caught me across my kidneys and shot through my back and limbs. I had other symptoms of kidney trouble, too. I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and they quickly strengthened my back and kidneys. Every symptom of kidney trouble soon disappeared."

Over Four Years Later Mr. Boutelle said: "I shall always praise Doan's Kidney Pills for removing the kidney disorder I had. I confirm all I have said in their praise."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Boutelle has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

IN THE REPORTER

Contents of Today's Issue of Special Interest

Probably no better serial story is now being run in any newspaper—daily or weekly—than is starting today in The Reporter. Sergeant Empey's "Over The Top" is the thriller of the present day and will "get you" just as soon as you commence to read it.

Then "Cap'n Warren's Wards" is one of Joe Lincoln's best, and if you have started in reading it you can't possibly let up till you have read the last word in the last chapter.

New Hampshire state news in condensed form comes in for good space this week, as usual.

A special writeup is "Women are Power in New Russia," illustrated, a remarkably good bit of information.

A short story, sermonette, and other timely articles make up an unusually good number.

And in addition to all this, we give all the local news in this vicinity, prepared and presented in a very acceptable manner. Everyone interested in our town and its newspaper will be well repaid for the small investment of being a subscriber.

Cost of Our War

The war is now costing the United States about \$4,000,000 a day, but this country does not mind a little thing like that for it is only 25 cents a day from each person in this great and glorious country, and most of us are very willing to chip in a quarter a day to lick the Kaiser and make the world safe for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, says an exchange. The campaign for the third Liberty loan, expected to open in February has been postponed and the treasury department is asking the banking institutions of the country to furnish the money to run the war out of their surplus resources. Secretary McAdoo is calling on the banks for \$500,000,000 every two weeks, and expects to borrow three billion dollars in this way before the next bond issue. There are 20,000 banks in the country and to raise the needed money it will only be necessary for each bank to set aside each week one percent of its resources.

Often Sold Out

The Publishers of the Boston Evening Transcript receive a great many letters from distant points requesting back papers containing some article published in The Churchman Afield department of the Saturday Transcript. They frequently are obliged to reply that the demand for such articles has been so great that the edition has been sold out. The only way to be sure of securing what many people call the best religious and church survey published in New England and by far the best published in any daily newspaper in the world is to become a regular subscriber to the Saturday Evening Transcript.

Cram's Store

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

Winter Goods

Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Mittens,

Cap and Scarf Sets, Warm Coats,

Flannelette Night Robes,

Flannel Shirts

Blankets

For those who keep teams, we have Robes

and Blankets, Bells, Sleigh

Heaters, etc.

DIYOLA DYES

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS

W. E. CRAM

Odd Fellows Block Store,
ANTRIM, New Hamp.

You Will Find What
You Need at the

Woman's Specialty Shop

Miss S. E. Lane & Co.,

TOWN HALL BLOCK

ANTRIM, N. H.

We Have Purchased a Lot of
Strap Work, Comprising

Breastplates, Reins, Collars, &c

at Bargain Prices, and
Offer Them at

PRICES THAT WILL INTEREST YOU,

At the Harness Shop

S. M. TARBELL, Antrim

Telephone 18-21

North Main Street

Buy Rubber Stamps at This Office

The Prices are Reasonable

COMMONWEALTH HOTEL

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



Nothing to Equal This in New England Rooms with private baths \$2.50 per day and up...

Edmund G. Dearborn, M.D., Main Street, ANTRIM.

Office Hours: 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p.m. Telephone 22-2.

W. R. MUSSON, M.D.,

Main Street, Antrim. Eyes Examined Glasses Fitted Hours: 8 A. M., and 7 P. M. Tel. 9-12

DR. E. M. BOWERS, DENTIST.

Baker's Block, Hillsboro, N. H. REMOVED FROM ANTRIM. Telephone 31-3 Office hours—9-12 a.m. 1:30-5 p.m.

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.

Your Chimneys Clean? All orders for cleaning chimneys by Driscoll, the chimney sweep, a man of experience, should be left at the Reporter office.

The Purpose of an Advertisement

is to serve your needs. It will help sell your goods—talk to the people you want to reach. An advertisement in this paper is a reference guide to those whose wants are worth supplying.

... To the Heart of Leisureland ...

Where woods are cool, streams alluring, vacations ideal. Between New York City (with Albany and Troy the gateways) and Lake George Lake Champlain The Adirondacks The North and West The logical route is "The Luxurious Way" Largest and most magnificent river steamships in the world. DAILY SERVICE Send for Free Copy of Beautiful "Searchlight Magazine."

... 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

J. E. Parkins & Son

ANTRIM, N. H. LIVERY Feed and Sale Stable Good Higs for all occasions.

A FORD CAR At A-F-F-O-R-D Prices 5-passenger REO Auto at reasonable rates Tel. 2-4.

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. CUTLER, 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. 3:42 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.

Apple Growing as War Measure

Durham.—Warning to New Hampshire apple growers against turning from their orchards to devote their attention to production of other foods in times of shortage was given by Prof. Gourley, head of the department of agriculture at New Hampshire college. Instead, he said, they should help the war along by growing more apples, feeding them to New Hampshire people and advertising that they had for sale as good apples as grown anywhere in the United States.

Wood Cutting Statistics

Concord.—The state forestry department has compiled information secured from 357 farmers of this fuel district from which some very interesting conclusions can be drawn. The estimated number of cords to be sold from farms this year, as reported by the 357 wood lot owners, is less than 90 percent of the usual amount sold, whereas the number of cords which it is planned to cut for next winter's use is only slightly in excess of the normal cut.

Town Wants Historic Eagle

Charlestown.—This town has an article in its town warrant to see if the town will vote to place the historic eagle, for years perched in front of the old Eagle hotel, in an arch over the stage in the town hall. This is one of a pair that was carved by Stephen Hassen, a soldier in the Revolution. The other is now on the top of the Eagle block.

Memorial Tablet Decorated

Concord.—J. N. Patterson Camp, Spanish War Veterans, at memorial exercises held in its hall, decorated the memorial tablet made from bronze taken from the battleship Maine, which was sunk twenty years ago. The tablet is the only one in New Hampshire and was presented to the camp by congress.

Moses Seeks Hollis' Seat

Nashua.—George H. Moses of Concord, former United States minister to Greece, at the Washington's birthday celebration at Nashua lodge of Elks, launched his campaign for the United States senatorship to succeed Henry F. Hollis. He is one of half a dozen Republicans out for the nomination.

New Hampshire's First Recruit

Leonia.—Word has been received from Frank J. Morin of this place, who claims the record of being the first New Hampshire boy to get into the world war, having enlisted in a Canadian regiment at the outbreak of the struggle, that he has been wounded. He was in a hospital for eleven weeks but has now recovered.

Booming the Liberty Loan

Concord.—Charles W. Tobey, director of the forthcoming Liberty loan campaign in New Hampshire, states that several towns have been organized in the state and that the work of reaching all of the towns with an effective organization is making satisfactory progress. A number of corporations and individuals have agreed to meet the expense of advertising space for the promotion of the sale of bonds.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE NEWS

Thinks Naval Battle Will Decide War. Manchester.—Lieut. Henry Reuter, U. S. N., in an address before the Manchester Institute, expressed his belief that Germany could not be defeated on land and that the only chance of defeating her, if at all, was on the sea. He said that Germany's military standing was never as strong on land as at the present time. Eventually, he believed, public sentiment in Germany would compel the German fleet to come forth and give battle and when it did it would meet with defeat, and the allies would in this manner win the war. He said that the making of sacrifices had not yet hardly begun, and that not only the boys but husbands and fathers would have to be enrolled.

Senator Boyd Returns Home

Londonderry.—State Senator Dan-feld M. Boyd of this town, aged 59, who disappeared while on a business trip to Boston several weeks ago, returned and collapsed when he learned that his wife, an invalid, had died in his absence. He told a physician who attended him that he lost his mind soon after leaving home and that he was unable to recall his own name. Memory returned to him, he said, as he lay in a cot in a hospital in Newark, N. J. Since his disappearance he had been sought by the police of many cities, but no trace of him was found. Boyd is the owner of one of the largest dairy farms in southern New Hampshire.

School Head a Suicide

Lebanon.—Thomas A. Roberts, superintendent of the Lebanon public schools for the past ten years, committed suicide by shooting. Roberts had been confined in a sanitarium for several weeks and had just left there. He appeared to be improving and visited H. L. Sawyer, principal of the Lebanon high school. Excusing himself for a few minutes he went to the barn, placed the muzzle of a shotgun in his mouth and fired, blowing off the top of his head. Roberts was 45 years of age and is survived by a wife.

Attempt to Murder Charged

Portsmouth.—Viscenco Stompanato is held by the police on a charge of attempt to murder John Finnelli, who is in a dangerous condition. In a row on Wall street Stompanato fired five shots at Finnelli. Three went through his hat, one took effect in his left arm and the other in the breast. Stompanato was arrested while hiding in a house on Green street.

Dartmouth Sophs Take Honors

Hanover.—In the first of the interclass meets held in alumni gymnasium, the Dartmouth sophomores won easily. The feature was the mile run in which McGoughran nosed out Daniels within five yards of the tape. The individual honors went to Shea of Worcester, Mass., who captured first in the quarter-mile, 45-yard low hurdles and shotput.

Farmers Need Nitrates

Concord.—Wesley Adams, formerly master of the state grange, has appealed to the New Hampshire delegation at Washington in behalf of New England farmers for supplies of nitrates. Senator Gallinger and Congressmen Wason and Burroughs have agreed to do what they can in behalf of the New England farmers.

Lafayette's 114th Levee

South Lyndeborough.—The 114th anniversary levee of the famous Lafayette artillery was held here with a dinner, followed by an address by Rev. Edward P. Daniels of Wilton. The annual concert and ball brought together a party of 150. Percy W. Putnam is the present captain of this old organization.

Auto Express to Boston

Franklin.—Thomas J. Jaffrey announced that three prominent business men are arranging to start a long distance auto truck express line between this town and Boston. It is believed that express business can be handled conveniently and economically by this method.

Pig Helps Red Cross

Hinsdale.—The 150-pound pig given the local Red Cross by Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Strouse was drawn by W. Schaffner. The pig has netted the Red Cross about \$125.75 and it bids fair to win another cow sum, as Schaffner has given it back to the society to be sold over again.

Sunday School Worker Killed

Greenland.—George Rumlill, aged 23, superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school here, was found dead beside a sawdust pile in Stratham, where he was working. It is supposed that he was struck by a frozen clod from the top of the heap.

Was One of Kansas Free Soldiers

Manchester.—Attorney John G. Crawford, 83 years old, a veteran of the Civil war, and one of the original Free Soldiers in Kansas, died in his home here. For a time he was in the United States consular service in Canada.

Great Addition to Phillips Exeter

Exeter.—The new gymnasium at Phillips Exeter academy, one of the finest school gymnasiums in the country, was opened for the first general use by the students and proved a source of satisfaction and delight. This handsome addition to the academy property, named after William B. Thompson, '90, of New York, who donated \$200,000 for its erection, was dedicated by Principal Lewis Perry and Thomas Lamont, '88, of the trustees. It is a two-story building with a frontage of 228 feet and traverse wings 98 feet wide.

Dartmouth, 1921, Elects Officers

Hanover.—At the Dartmouth freshman balloting O. H. Hicks of Minneapolis was chosen president; G. B. Harris, Jr., Allston, Mass., vice president; F. A. Ross, of Melrose, Mass., secretary; R. W. Elsassor of New York, treasurer, and J. W. Hubbell, Philadelphia, representative to the college club. Harris, Ross and Elsassor held the same offices last semester. Hicks defeated W. B. Miller of Brookline, Mass., who held the presidency at the beginning of the year.

Punished For Selling Hard Cider

Keene.—Alexander Betts of Dublin was arraigned in the municipal court, charged with selling hard cider. He was arrested as a result of a visit to his farm by Deputy Nute of Jaffrey and Deputy Emerson of Fitzwilliam, when they found men drinking cider and bottles of same selves. Betts was fined \$25 each on three complaints, together with costs of \$56.20, making the total of \$131.20. The officers found twenty-three barrels of cider in the cellar at the farm.

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New Hampshire's Big Regiment

Concord.—The First New Hampshire regiment is now 3400 strong, according to a letter received from Maj. O. E. Cain. The regiment is now stationed at Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

TO SPEED NEW FLEET

Call is Issued for 250,000 Volunteers to Aid in Work.

Reserve Organization of American Mechanics is Formed to Complete Great Shipbuilding Program Planned to Win the War.

All states have been requested to contribute their quota of volunteer shipyard workmen to speed America's new merchant fleet to rapid completion. The United States Shipyard Volunteers of the Public Service Reserve has been formed, embracing skilled workers in many trades. Two hundred and fifty thousand workmen will be enrolled, all of whom will stand ready to respond when they are called to go to shipyards for service.

An appeal for volunteers has been made by the department of labor, the council of national defense, the shipping board, the 20,000 four-minute men, governors of the various states, organized labor and business men. The aim is to fill all the present and future needs of the government's shipyards.

Pay of volunteers will be in accordance with the prevailing wage in the shipyards at the time they are called. Construction of houses for the workers is being pushed with energy, and the necessary homes will be ready when the men are called.

Preliminaries Are Arranged. All preliminary work, such as the building of shipyards and shipways, construction of housing facilities, preparation and transportation of material, and the training of workmen, is being rushed to completion. Thus the organization of the shipyard volunteers is being hastened with energy and enthusiasm.

Volunteers are requested to go to the nearest enrollment agent of the public service reserve or state council of defense and sign up. Should there be no enrolling agent in the vicinity, they are asked to write to Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the United States shipping board, Washington.

Cards are issued to all applicants, bearing statements of the purpose of the shipyard volunteers, classifying them according to trades and asking signers to respond when called. Buttons will be given to volunteers bearing the inscription, "U. S. Shipyard Volunteers." In addition, the worker will receive a certificate signed by Chairman Hurley, which reads:

"This is to certify (name of volunteer) of (city, state), has enrolled in the United States Shipyard Volunteers of Public Service Reserve to aid the nation in its imperative needs for merchant ships with which to overcome the submarine menace and maintain our forces at the front."

Shipyards to Win or Lose. "The world war will be won or lost in the American shipyards. Every rivet driven is a blow at the kaiser. Every ship turned out brings America nearer to victory."

"Those who give their strength and influence to the speedy construction of ships render service that is patriotic and highly essential to the successful termination of the war."

Quota of Each State

Each state has been assigned a quota, based upon the population and industries. The quota is as follows:

Table with 2 columns: State and Quota. Maine 2,972; New Jersey 11,348; New Hamp. 1,888; Pennsylvania 32,771; Vermont 1,790; Ohio 19,802; Massachusetts 4,321; Indiana 19,847; Rhode Island 2,353; Illinois 23,662; Connecticut 4,736; Michigan 11,177; New York 29,528; Wisconsin 9,611; Minnesota 8,762; Alabama 5,998; Iowa 5,331; Mississippi 7,433; Missouri 11,912; Arkansas 6,022; North Dakota 2,584; Louisiana 7,064; South Dakota 2,238; Oklahoma 8,492; Nebraska 4,400; Texas 17,023; Kansas 6,299; Montana 1,653; Delaware 811; Idaho 1,621; Maryland 6,250; Wyoming 618; Dist. of Col. 1,290; Colorado 8,920; West Virginia 8,485; New Mexico 1,428; Virginia 8,227; Arizona 883; N. Carolina 8,294; Utah 1,660; S. Carolina 6,223; Nevada 396; Georgia 11,001; Washington 5,294; Florida 3,435; Oregon 8,204; Kentucky 8,260; California 11,310; Tennessee 7,962.

Trades Needed in Shipbuilding

The department of labor has provided the following list showing the kind of trades most needed in shipbuilding, and a special appeal is addressed to men in those occupations to enroll in the United States Shipyard volunteers:

Acetylene and electrical welders, asbestos workers, blacksmiths, angle-smiths, drop-forge men, flange turners, furnace men, boiler-makers, riveters, roammers, carpenters, ship carpenters, dock builders, chippers and calkers, electrical workers, electricians, wiremen, crane operators, foundry workers, laborers (all kinds), loftmen, and template makers, machinists and help-machine hands (all sorts), helpers, painters, plumbers and pipe fitters, sheet metal workers, copper-smiths, shipfitters, structural iron workers, erectors, bolters up, cementers and crane men.

Everybody Does It

One form which our national lying not infrequently takes is to say, when a prominent friend finally does come around and pay back what he owes you, or part of it: "Why, I'd forgotten all about it."—Ohio State Journal.

Worth While Quotation

"Some people seem to take up all the sorrows of the past; to them they add the burdens of the present; then they look ahead and anticipate a great many more trials than they will ever experience in the future."

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. 3-13 Auto Service

D. COHEN

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Customer will drop postal card or phone.

We're Opposed to Mail Order Concerns Because—

They have never contributed a cent to furthering the interests of our town. Every cent received by them from this community is a direct loss to our merchants.

In almost every case their prices can be met right here, without delay in receiving goods and the possibility of mistake in filling orders.

But—

The natural human trait is to buy where goods are cheapest. Local trade is usually secondary in the game of life as played today.

Therefore

Mr. Merchant and Business Man, meet your competitors with their own weapons—advertising.

Advertise!

The local field is yours. All you need do is to avail yourself of the opportunities offered. An advertisement in this paper will carry your message into hundreds of homes in the community. It is the surest medium of killing your greatest competitor. A space this size won't cost much. Come in and see us about it.

Don't Overlook

that subscription. If you are in arrears remember that we can always find good use for the MONEY

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.

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

a delightful place to stop. A Home-Hotel in the heart of Boston exclusively for women. 200 rooms, safe, comfortable environment of access, prices reasonable. For particulars and prices address

Miss Castine C. Swanson, Supt., 11 E. Newton St., Boston, Mass.

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Advertising is the foundation of all successful enterprises. It is the basis of all business success.

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Civil Engineer, Land Surveying, Levels, etc. ANTRIM, N. H. TELEPHONE CONNECTION

John R. Putney Estate

Undertaker First Class, Experienced Director and Embalmer, For Every Case.

Lady Assistant. Full Line Funeral Supplies. Flowers Furnished for All Occasions. Calls day or night promptly attended to. New England Telephone, 194, at Post-Office, Corner High and Pleasant Sts., Antrim, N. H.

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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.

FARMS

Listed with me are quickly SOLD. No charge unless sale is made.

LESTER H. LATHAM, P. O. Box 408, HILLSBORO BRIDGE, N. H. Telephone connection

ADVERTISE IN This Paper

Cap'n Warren's Wards

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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THE CAPTAIN STARTS OUT TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING ON HIS OWN HOOK.

Synopsis.—Atwood Graves, New York lawyer, goes to South Densboro, Cape Cod, to see Captain Ellisha Warren. Caught in a terrific storm while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his home. The lawyer informs Cap'n Warren that his brother, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, has died and named him as guardian of his two children, Caroline aged twenty, and Stephen, aged nineteen. The captain tells Graves he will go to New York and look over the situation before deciding whether he will accept the trust. The captain's arrival in New York causes consternation among his wards and their aristocratic friends.

CHAPTER V.

The Captain Makes a Friend.

FIVE minutes later he was at the street corner inquiring of a policeman "the handiest way to get to Pine street." Following the directions given, he boarded a train at the nearest subway station, emerged at Wall street, inquired once more, located the street he was looking for and consulting a card which he took from a big stained leather pocketbook, walked on, peering at the numbers of the buildings he passed.

The offices of Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves were on the sixteenth floor of a new and gorgeously appointed skyscraper. When Captain Ellisha entered the firm's reception room he was accosted by a wide awake and extremely self possessed office boy.

Informed by the none too courteous lad that none of the firm was in, he left his card, saying he'd return later.

Captain Ellisha strolled down Pine street, looking about him with interest. It had been years since he visited this locality, and the changes were many. Soon, however, he began to recognize familiar landmarks. He was approaching the water front, and there were fewer new buildings. When he reached South street he was thoroughly at home.

The docks were crowded. The river was alive with small craft of all kinds. Steamers and schooners were plenty, but the captain missed the old square riggers, the clipper ships and barks, such as he had sailed in as cabin boy, as foremast hand and later commanded on many seas.

At length, however, he saw four masts towering above the roof of a freight house. They were not schooner rigged, those masts. The yards were set square across, and along with them were furled royals and upper topsails. Here at last was a craft worth looking at. Captain Ellisha crossed the street, hurried past the covered freight house and saw a magnificent great ship lying beside a broad, open wharf. Down the wharf he walked, joyfully, as one who greets an old friend.

The wharf was practically deserted. An ancient watchman was dozing in a sort of scutry box, but he did not wake. There was a pile of foreign looking crates and boxes at the farther end of the pier, evidently the last bit of cargo waiting to be carted away. The captain inspected the pile, recognized the goods as Chinese and Japanese, then read the name on the big ship's stern. She was the Empress of the Ocean, and her home port was Liverpool.

The captain strolled about, looking her over. The number of improvements since his seagoing days was astonishing. He was standing by the wheel, near the companionway, wishing that he might inspect the officers' quarters, but not liking to do so without an invitation, when two men emerged from the cabin.

One of the pair was evidently the Japanese steward of the ship. The other was a tall, clean cut young fellow, whose general appearance and lack of sunburn showed quite plainly that he was not a seafaring man by profession. He said he was a friend of one of the consignees and would be pleased to show the captain over the ship.

Captain Ellisha, delighted with the opportunity, expressed his thanks, and the tour of inspection began. The steward remained on deck, but the captain and his new acquaintance strolled through the officers' quarters together.

"Jerushy!" exclaimed the former as he viewed the main cabin. "Say, you could pretty nigh have a dance here, couldn't you? A small one. This reminds me of the cabin aboard the Seagull, first vessel I went mate of—it's so different. Aboard her we had to walk sittin' down. There wa'n't room in the cabin for more'n one to stand up at a time. But she could sail, just the same, and carry it too. I've seen her off the Horn with studdin' sails set when craft twice her length and tonnage had everything furled above the tops' yard. Hi hum! You mustn't mind an old salt runnin' on this way. I've been out of the pickle tub a good while, but I call the brine ain't all out of my system."

His guide's eyes snapped. "I understand," he said, laughing. "I've never been at sea on a long voyage in my life, but I can understand just how you feel. It's in my blood, I guess. I come of a salt water line. My people were from Belfast, Me., and every man of them went to sea."

"Belfast, hey? They turned out some A. No. 1 sailors in Belfast. I

sailed under a Cap'n Pearson from there once. James Pearson his name was."

"He was my great-uncle. I was named for him. My name is James Pearson also."

"What?" Captain Ellisha was hugely delighted. "Mr. Pearson, shake hands. I want to tell you that your Uncle Jim was a seaman of the kind you dream about, but seldom meet. I was his second mate three y'ages. My name's Ellisha Warren."

Mr. Pearson shook hands and laughed good humoredly.

"Glad to meet you, Captain Warren," he said. "And I'm glad you knew Uncle Sam. As a youngster he was my idol. He could spin yarns that were worth listening to."

"I bet you! He'd seen things with yarm'n' about. So you ain't a sailor, hey? Livin' in New York?"

The young man nodded. "Yes," he said. "Then, with a dry smile: 'If you call occupying a hall bedroom and eating at a third rate boarding house table living. However, it's my own fault. I've been a newspaper man since I left college. But I threw up my job six months ago. Since then I've been free lancing.'"

"Have, hey?" The captain was too polite to ask further questions, but he had not the slightest idea what "free lancing" might be. Pearson divined his perplexity and explained.

"I've had a feeling," he said, "that I might write magazine articles and stories—yes, possibly a novel or two. It's a serious disease, but the only way to find out whether it's chronic or not is to experiment. That's what I'm doing now. The thing I'm at work on may turn out to be a sea story. So I spend some time around the wharves and aboard the few sailing ships in port picking up material."

Captain Ellisha patted him on the back. "Now, don't you get discouraged," he said. "I used to have an idea that novel writin' and picture paintin' was poverty jobs for men with healthy appetites, but I've changed my mind. I don't know's you'll believe it, but I've just found out for a fact that some painters get \$20,000 for one picture—for one, mind you! And a little mite of a thing, too, that couldn't have cost scarcely anything to paint. Maybe novels sell for just as much. I don't know."

His companion laughed heartily. "I'm afraid not, captain," he said. "Few, at any rate. I should be satisfied with considerably less to begin with. Are you living here in town?"

"Well—well, I don't know. I ain't exactly livin', and I ain't exactly boardin'." But, say, ain't that the doctor callin' you?"

It was the steward, and there was an anxious ring in his voice. Pearson excused himself and hurried out of the cabin. Captain Ellisha lingered for a final look about. Then he followed leisurely, becoming aware as he reached the open air of loud voices in angry dialogue.

Entrances to the Empress of the Ocean's cabins were on the main deck, and also on the raised half deck at the stern, near the wheel, the binnacle and officers' cornered beef tubs swinging in their frames. From this upper deck two flights of steps led down to the main deck below. At the top of one of these flights stood young Pearson, cool and alert. Behind him half crouched the Japanese steward, evidently very much frightened. At the foot of the steps were grouped three rough looking men, foreigners and sailors without doubt, and partially intoxicated. The three men were an ugly lot, and they were all yelling and jabbering together in a foreign lingo. As the captain emerged from the passage to the open deck he heard Pearson reply in the same language.

"What's the matter?" he asked. Pearson answered without turning his head.

"Drunken sailors," he explained. "Part of the crew here. They've been uptown, got full and come back to square a grudge they seem to have against the steward. I'm telling them they'd better give up and go ashore, if they know when they're well off."

The three fellows by the ladder's foot were consulting together. On the wharf were half a dozen loungers, collected by the prospect of a row.

"If I can hold them off for a few minutes," went on Pearson, "we'll be all right. The wharf watchman has gone for the police. Here, drop it! What are you up to?"

One of the sailors had drawn a knife. The other two reached for their belts

behind, evidently intending to follow suit. From the loafers on the wharf came shouts of encouragement.

"Do the dude up, Pedro! Give him what's comin' to him."

The trio formed for a rush. The steward, with a shrill scream, fled to the cabin. Pearson did not move. He even smiled. The next moment he was pushed to one side, and Captain Ellisha stood at the top of the steps.

"Here!" he said sternly. "What's all this?"

The three sailors, astonished at this unexpected addition to their enemies' forces, hesitated. Pearson laid his hand on the captain's arm.

"Be careful," he said. "They're dangerous."

"Dangerous? Them? I've seen their kind afore. Here, you!" turning to the three below. "What do you mean by this? Put down that knife, you lubber! Do you want to be put in irons? Over the side with you, you swabs! Git!"

He began descending the ladder. Whether the sailors were merely too surprised to resist or because they recognized the authority of the deep sea in Captain Ellisha's voice and face is a question. At any rate, as he descended they backed away.

"Mutiny on board a ship of mine?" roared the captain. "What do you mean by it? Why, I'll have you tied up and put on bread and water. Over the side with you! Mutiny on board of me! Live! Tumble up there!"

With every order came a stride forward and a correspondingly backward movement on the part of the three. The performance would have been ridiculous if Pearson had not feared that it might become tragic. He was descending the steps to his new acquaintance's aid when there arose a chorus of shouts from the wharf.

"The cops, the cops! Look out!"

That was the finishing touch. The next moment the three "mutineers" were over the side and running as fast as their alcoholic condition would permit down the wharf.

"Well, by George!" exclaimed Pearson.

Captain Ellisha seemed to be coming out of a dream. He stood still, drew his hand across his forehead and then began to laugh.

"Well!" he stammered. "I snuim! I—I—Mr. Pearson, I wonder what on earth you must think of me. I declare the sight of that gang set me back about twenty years. They—they

aces of Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves. The clerk who had taken his place was very respectful.

"Captain Warren," he said, "Mr. Sylvester is at the Central club. He wished me to ask if you could conveniently join him there."

Captain Ellisha pondered. "Why, yes," he replied slowly, "I s'pose I could. I don't know why I couldn't. Where is this—er—club of his?"

"On Fifth avenue, near Fifty-second street. I'll send one of our boys with you if you like."

"Oh, no. I can pilot myself, I guess. I ain't so old I can't ask my way."

The captain found the Central club, a ponderous institution occupying a becomingly gorgeous building on the avenue. Mr. Sylvester was expecting him, and they dined in the club restaurant.

"Now, Captain Warren, just how much do you know about your late brother's affairs?" asked Mr. Sylvester at the conclusion of the meal.

"Except what Mr. Graves told me, nothin' of importance. And, afore we go any further, let me ask a question. Do you know why Bijé made me his executor and guardian and all the rest of it?"

"I do not. Graves drew his will, and so, of course, we knew of your existence and your appointment. Your brother forbade our mentioning it, but we did not know until after his death that his own children were unaware they had an uncle. It seems strange, doesn't it?"

"It does to me; so strange that I can't see two lengths ahead. I call late Mr. Graves told you how I felt about it?"

"Yes, that is, he said you were very much surprised."

"That's puttin' it mild enough. And did he tell you that Bijé and I hadn't seen each other, or even written, in eighteen years?"

"Um-hm. Well, when you consider that can you wonder I was set all a-back? And the more I think of it the fogger it gets. Why, Mr. Sylvester, it's one of them situations that are impossible, that you can prove fifty ways can't happen. And yet, it has—it surely has. Now tell me: Are you or your firm well acquainted with my brother's affairs?"

"Not well, no. The late Mr. Warren was a close mouthed man, rather secretive, in fact. Have you questioned the children?"

"Caroline and Steve? Yes, I've questioned 'em more than they think I have, maybe. And they know—well, leavin' out about the price of oil paintin's and the way to dress and that it's more or less of a disgrace to economize on twenty thousand a year, their worldly knowledge ain't too extensive."

"Do you like them?"

"I guess so. Just now ain't the fairest time to judge 'em. You see, they're sufferin' from the joyful shock of their country relation droppin' in, and"—

He paused and rubbed his chin. His lips were smiling, but his eyes were not. Sylvester noted their expression and guessed many things.

"They haven't been disagreeable, I hope?" he asked.

"No. No, I wouldn't want to say that. They're young and—and, well, I ain't the kind they've been used to. Caroline's a nice girl. She is, sure. All she needs is to grow a little older and have the right kind of advice and—and friends."

"How about the boy?" Mr. Sylvester had met young Warren, and his eyes twinkled as he spoke.

"Steve? Well—there was an answerin' twinkle in Captain Ellisha's eye—"well, Steve needs to grow, too, though I wouldn't presume to tell him so. When a feller's undertakin' to give advice to one of the seven wise men he has to be diplomatic, as you might say."

The lawyer put back his head and laughed uproariously.

BIG INCREASE IN FOOD SUPPLY IS DEMANDED

Agricultural Department's Program for 1918 Points Out Needs of Nation and Allies.

GROW MORE SPRING WHEAT

Necessity of Producing Large Supply of Foods and Feedstuffs is Emphasized—More Hogs Demanded—South is Urged to Feed Itself.

Washington, D. C.—The planting of an increased acreage to spring wheat and the production of an increased supply of other food products and of live stock, especially hogs, is recommended in a supplementary food production program issued by the United States department of agriculture.

This program re-emphasizes and amplifies the food-production program for 1918 issued by the department in August, 1917, and other suggestions made in the fall and the first of this year regarding increased pork production and increased production of foodstuffs in the South. Taken in connection with the recommendations previously made, it suggests in full the proposals which the department thinks it desirable to offer with a view to securing enough meat and dairy products, cereals, sugar and other staple and perishable foods, wool and cotton for the nation, its armies, and the allies.

It gives suggestions for the approaching spring operations, based upon the latest available information as to the condition of the fall-planted crops of winter wheat and rye and as to the number of meat and dairy animals reported for 1917. They represent the best thought of the specialists of the department who have had the benefit of advice from agricultural leaders throughout the country.

Our Best Efforts Required. "Notwithstanding an increased production of staple crops in the United States in 1917, there is need for more food," the program states. "Taking into account our own needs, the needs of the nations associated with us in this war, and the needs of friendly neutral nations, our best efforts will be required to provide enough food in 1918. Whether the war continues or not, the demands on this country, because of the increasing population and the needs of Europe will be great. An especially strong demand will be made on this country for meats and live stock. In 1917, notwithstanding the many difficulties encountered, the farmers planted the largest acreages in the history of the nation, harvested record crops of most things except wheat, and succeeded in greatly increasing the number of live stock."

"The situation is such that chief emphasis should be given to the production of the great staple food products, with special stress on wheat and hogs, the leading war foods."

The South is urged to provide food for its own people and feed for its live stock and then to plant as much cotton as can well be cultivated and harvested. To raisers of hogs and beef animals the world need for meats and fats is made clear. Farmers are urged to join with the men on the ranges in providing sheep whose wool is needed to equip soldiers.

The program discusses the farm labor problem, points out the lines of effort for relief, and outlines the activities of the federal and state agencies to furnish assistance.

Spring Wheat. In dealing with the question of spring wheat, the program states: "The acreage of spring wheat should be increased in order to make certain that we shall have an adequate supply of wheat for our own uses and to meet the needs of the allies."

"While the area of winter wheat sown in 1917 was the largest on record, the condition of the crop, as reported on December 1, was the lowest ever recorded, indicating a probable production of only 540,000,000 bushels. Whether the actual production will be greater or less than the estimate will depend upon conditions prevailing between now and the time of harvest. If there were planted to spring wheat in the United States this year an acreage equal to the sum of the record planting in each spring wheat state within the last ten years, there would be sown approximately 23,300,000 acres. If there should be planted an acreage equal to the sum of the record planting for each state within the last five years there would be sown approximately 21,000,000 acres. The record planting for any year was 20,381,000, in 1911. The acreage for 1917 was 18,511,000."

"The department of agriculture has carefully studied all these records and other data in connection with the present war conditions and needs, and believes that it will be possible this year to secure an acreage in excess of the record acreage which was planted in 1911. It is believed that increased acreages can be secured in states and sections where spring-wheat production is known to be seasonably promising, and that such increases can be made without upsetting farm plans."

The total acreage will be greatly increased by what is done in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Idaho, where the conditions have not been the

Record Broken.

The total value of the mineral production of the country in 1918 was more than \$3,470,000,000, increasing \$1,078,200,000, or 45 per cent over the \$2,392,800,000 recorded for 1915, and exceeding the former record year (1913) by more than \$1,000,000,000, according to the geological survey, department of the interior.

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most favorable and where, in some sections, they have been decidedly unfavorable during the past two years. North Dakota's acreage in the last five years was that of 1917—7,000,000; Minnesota's, 3,200,000 in 1917; Montana's, 850,000 in 1913, and Idaho's, 200,000 in 1913. North Dakota's record acreage in the last five years was 8,850,000 in 1915; Minnesota's 4,150,000 in 1913; Montana's 1,122,000 in 1917, and Idaho's 875,000 in 1917. North Dakota's five-year average (1912-1916) was 7,657,000; Minnesota's 3,985,000; Montana's 568,000, and Idaho's 231,000. Montana's annual planting has shown increases during the last four years as follows: 1914-15, 821,000; 1915-16, 125,000; 1916-17, 187,000. What these states can do this spring it is difficult to determine.

It is hoped that many farmers, especially in the northern part of the corn belt, will find it possible to plant five to ten acres additional in wheat. In some cases they will plant more. In a number of states in the eastern and central portions of the country where spring wheat has not been grown in recent years, the crop is now being re-established and it is recommended that this movement be encouraged.

To a small extent the acreage in oats, if necessary, could be reduced in the interest of wheat. Likewise, a very small portion of the acreage which normally would be planted to corn in the northern part of the corn belt might be sown to spring wheat.

If the acreage of spring wheat indicated for some of the states cannot be planted, the barley acreage, which is known to grow better in some localities, might be increased. The use of barley for food is increasing in this country and it is a welcome food in Europe.

Summary of Other Recommendations. Following is a summary of other important recommendations regarding cereals, meat, poultry, and perishables. Hogs. The number of hogs should be increased by at least 15 per cent during the year 1918.

Sugar. Effort should be made to maintain the acreage of sugar cane and sugar beets, and to increase these areas in so far as these crops are well established or are necessary to sound agricultural practice.

Production of satisfactory substitutes for sugar, including sorghum, corn and cane sirup, maple products and honey can and should be increased.

Sorghum sirup, it is pointed out, may be produced in nearly every state in the Union, and increased production of sorghum sweets would enable the public to conserve still further the sugar supply in the form most available for transportation to our soldiers.

Dairy Products. The supply of dairy products should be maintained to meet the needs of this country and to help supply the increasing demands of the allies.

Poultry. Poultry production should be increased greatly, especially in back yards and on farms where waste material is available and the purchase of expensive grains and other material is not required.

Corn. An acreage of corn approximately equal to that of 1917 should be planted, with possible slight reductions in certain sections to free areas for spring wheat.

Oats, Barley, Rice, Buckwheat and Flaxseed. The area in oats should be maintained, especially in regions and on soils which are not so well adapted to other grains, but with a small reduction to provide for increasing the wheat acreage. Barley production should be increased in regions where it grows best, especially in the northern edge of the corn belt and in sections north and west of the belt; and rice, buckwheat and flaxseed production should be maintained and, if possible, increased.

Grain Sorghums. The production of grain sorghums (kafr, milo, fetterita, etc.) should be increased greatly throughout the drier portion of the Plains region. Kafrs are the most certain grain crops in this section and they can be made to supplement wheat as human food and to replace corn as animal food.

Potatoes. The normal acreage of Irish and sweet potatoes should be maintained in 1918, notwithstanding the large crops in 1917.

Hay, Forage and Pastures. Wherever feasible, the area devoted to hay, forage and silage crops should be increased and these products should be used to a greater extent in place of grains and other concentrates.

Beef Animals. The number of beef animals should be maintained and, in areas where it is clearly the best range and farm practice, should be increased.

Beans, Peas and Peanuts. The production of beans and peas should be increased in regions to which they are adapted, because of their high food value, keeping qualities, and availability for domestic or export trade. Soy beans and peanuts should be increased in order to supplement beans and peas as human food, as a source of much needed oil, and as animal feeds.

Perishables. (a) Market gardens near large consuming centers should be increased so as to meet, as nearly as possible, the needs of the community, and in order to obviate the necessity of transporting such products from distant points. It is important to do all that is possible to relieve the strain upon transportation facilities. (b) The planting of home gardens, especially for family needs and for preserving food for future use, again should be emphasized. (c) The commercial production of perishables generally should be increased above normal wherever it is reasonably clear that transportation and marketing facilities will be available.

Britain Lays to Decimal System. The movement in England looking toward the adoption of the decimal system for currency, which has the backing of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, is gaining ground. The London Statist states that the association has resolved to press the matter upon the attention of the government and to urge the introduction of a bill in parliament. It is proposed to retain the sovereign as standard value of a thousand mills, the half sovereign 500 mills, the four shilling piece 200 mills, the two-shilling piece or florin 100 mills, the half florin, commonly known as the shilling, 50 mills, and the sixpence 25 mills. Of subsidiary coinage it is recommended to coin ten-mill pieces and five-mill pieces. Below these it is suggested that a four-mill, three-mill and two-mill piece also be coined, and if found desirable a coin representing one mill. As the farthing is so little used it is not regarded as likely that anything below the value of a half penny will be coined.

Singing Telegraph Wires. The singing of telegraph wires is sometimes regarded as a weather prognostic, though opinions differ as to the kind of weather it foretells. There has been much discussion as to the cause of this sound. Probably it is simply the Aeolian harp effect, and its occurrence depends chiefly upon the direction of the wind

RIDLON'S SHOE STORE
Baker's Block HILLSBORO

Converse Triple-tread RUBBERS

Are Made to Wear Long. Leather Heel-seat and Red Soles make these Rubbers Worth Two of Any Other. Ask For Them Always.

La France Shoes

For Women. Flexible Soles with Genuine Kid Uppers. These Shoes have Comfort and Style Combined.

BLACK CAT REINFORCED HOSIERY

RIDLON'S SHOE STORE

The Cash Shoe Store Hillsboro
Tel. 36-12

The Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
Subscription Price, \$1.50 per year
Advertising Rates on Application
H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
H. B. ELDRIDGE, Assistant
Wednesday, Feb. 27, 1918

Long Distance Telephone
Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which an advertiser fee is charged, so from which revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.
Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.
Ordinary 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.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

Antrim Locals

Miss Gladys Colby is at her home here for a week's vacation from Keene Normal School.

Dalmer F. Newhall has been sent to Charlotte, N. C., Camp Greene, at his own request.

Miss Mildred Cram spent the holiday and week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cram.

Miss Caroline Hoitt, from Claremont, was the week end guest in the family of H. W. Eldredge.

Bernard Davis and Don Madden were at their homes here from the State College, at Durham.

Paul F. Paige, of the Navy branch, was at his home here for over Sunday, with his mother, Mrs. E. C. Paige.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McClure are the proud parents of a baby girl, Marion Frances; born Feb. 15; weight 8 1/2 lbs.

Miss Helen Hardy of Sunapee and Miss Anna Budd Kendrick of Concord were week end guests of Miss Muriel Colby.

The cold frosty nights of last week froze up a number of pipes and the plumbers were kept busy for two or three days.

Miss Anna Hollis and party of lady friends, from Boston, enjoyed a few days the past week at her cottage at White Birch Point.

Mrs. C. S. Emerson and Mrs. C. A. Weaver joined Mr. Emerson and Dr. Weaver at the Maplehurst for a day or two last week; they left town on Friday.

The old folks dance and the camp-fire girls supper of last Friday evening were the means of adding some fifty or more dollars to the Red Cross treasury.

Howard Hawkins, of Brandon, Vt., has purchased of J. C. Richardson his home place, corner Elm and Concord streets, and expects before long to occupy it with his family.

Cranston D. Eldredge and A. Wallace George, both first class privates, C. A. C., from Fort Foster, Kittery, Maine, were at their homes here from Friday noon till Sunday noon.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church will meet at the church parlors Wednesday, March 6. Supper will be served as usual, after which all are invited to remain and enjoy a social hour.

Each week for the next few weeks The Reporter is contributing space to the work of the forthcoming Liberty Loan. We feel it our duty, and our patriotic privilege will be to publish herewith the writings of "Timothy Hay" who will write on "Over Here" and "Over There."

CASTORIA

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

Maple Syrup

Having carefully figured the cost of production we find we shall be unable to sell choice Maple Syrup for less than \$2.25 per gallon, which is the present wholesale price for syrup made two and three years ago.

A. D. White and Son
B. F. Tenney
J. E. Perkins
I. P. Hutchinson
Geo. S. Wheeler

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Antrim

Monday Evening, March 4—
Five-reel Drama.
Crimson Stain Mystery—Chap. 9

W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

Miss Ethel Proctor is having a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Susie Maxwell is at her home here for a vacation.

Miss Anna Noetzel is spending a season in Boston and vicinity.

Mrs. Ralph Bass, of Concord, was at Charles Bass' over the week end.

William Brownell has been at his home here a few days the past week.

John B. Jameson, Esq., from Concord, was in town for the week end with relatives.

E. W. Baker, Esq., was in Manchester on Monday on business in the Probate Court.

Miss Mabel Gibson is home from her school in Riverdale, for a six weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gibney, of Hillsboro Upper Village, were in this place on Sunday.

Miss Carrie Fadisch, from Keene, was with friends here for over the holiday and week end.

M. D. Cooper is recovering from his recent illness, though unable to attend to his work yet.

E. M. Lane has been at his home here the past week recuperating from a severe case of bronchitis.

William E. Larkin was confined to his room, at the Baker house, by illness a few days last week.

Forerunner of Spring: Boys playing marbles in the street, or elsewhere as they see a chance.

Mrs. Henry A. Hurlin has been visiting in the family of her son, Ralph Hurlin, in Worcester, Mass.

George W. Price, of Beverly, Mass., was in town over the holiday and week end, guest at Miss Ella Robinson's.

Mrs. D. W. Cooley has returned from her visit with her daughter, Mrs. F. W. Robinson, in Philadelphia, Penn.

Joseph Nichols and Amos Wyman, of Hillsboro, were in town today to attend the funeral of James C. Richardson.

Matt Cuddihy visited his brother, Andrew, at the St. Joseph's Hospital, Nashua, Monday and found him improving, expecting to be home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Smith, of Hudson, and Perley E. Richardson, of Concord, were called here by the death of their father, J. C. Richardson.

The management tells us that the Red Cross Minstrels are making great progress; as soon as tickets go on sale there's sure to be a rush for the best seats.

Miss Doris Hayward, of Hancock, and Miss Julia Proctor, and Alton and Myron Durnell, from Northfield, Mass., have been spending a few days in the family of A. W. Proctor.

The soft weather the past week settled the snow a great deal and made work in the woods much more of a pleasure (if such work can be considered a pleasure). But sledding on Main street is getting pretty poor in places.

Clarence H. Bradshaw, who was reported as lost in the Tuscania disaster, has been reported among the last ones to be picked up and saved. This we got from the newspaper accounts and presume it is accurate, although we have not heard anything from the family direct.

A few more of The Reporter subscribers will want to get in on the \$1.50 rate; they perhaps don't realize that time is getting short and that only two days remain. Read the adv. on this page today; you will be just so much ahead by attending to this small matter within a day or so.

The Athol, Mass., Transcript of Feb. 19 contained this item regarding Mrs. Warren Shaw, who formerly lived in Antrim and is known by many of our people: Dr. Bissow, assisted by Dr. Marion Bowker, performed a very serious operation upon Mrs. Warren Shaw of Central street Saturday morning at the Memorial hospital. It was for an internal and abdominal hemorrhage. Mrs. Shaw's condition was very critical for a time but it was believed yesterday she would recover.

With the Churches

The regular union services will be held next Sunday at the Presbyterian Church. Sermon in the morning by the pastor, Rev. S. P. Brownell, and in the evening by Rev. R. S. Barker.

March First Is the Date When The Change in Price to \$2.00 of Reporter Subscription goes into effect---two days more

Many have taken advantage of our Special Offer, although a few have not. The time now is getting very short and we hope none will get left.



For Reasons which seem Good and Sufficient, principally because of the short notice given our subscribers, it has been thought best to extend the date of making change to March 1st. Don't Forget to Renew Your Subscription to The Antrim Reporter at \$1.50, for after this new date the price will be advanced to \$2.00 per year.

Antrim Garage

Is Ready to

Care For Your STORAGE BATTERY!

This Winter that it May be in Good Shape Next Spring.

We are Prepared for

Winter Overhauling

Of Your Car. No Winter Storage Charge on Cars Put in for Repairs. They Will Be Ready For You in the Spring.

Tel. 40

H. A. COOLIDGE

Main and Depot Streets

OVERLAND AGENT

BUY NOW!

AND GET THE ADVANTAGE OF PRESENT PRICES.

The Trend of All Prices is so Strongly Upward that This Means More than You May at First Imagine.

OUR EARLY PURCHASES OF ALL SORTS OF

House Furnishings!

When Prices Were at a Much Lower Level, Gives You a Great Advantage When Purchasing From Us.

Goods for Spring are beginning to arrive and prices will be averaged. Our prices will remain much below the market, but there is money to be saved by buying right now.

We Will Store Free and Deliver Anytime Before May First.

There Is No Chance To Lose—It Is a Sure Gain.

Our Object is to do Some of Next Spring's Business Now. Three Months From Now We Will be Full of Business. Winter is always quiet in our line. It will be an object for you to help distribute this business.

EMERSON & SON, Milford

RED CROSS MINSTRELS

Every rehearsal means just so much nearer perfection and the boys are sure some hummers—every one a vo-



calist and full of pep. March will soon be here and a crowded house is assured.

Orders from Washington

We can sell you but 1/2 bbl. of flour for each family at one time, and then only if you buy an equal amount of some substitute for flour. We must obey the order and ask our patrons to help us by not asking us to do what we have no right to do. Thanking you for your cooperation.
Cram's Store



Dry Mash \$3.25

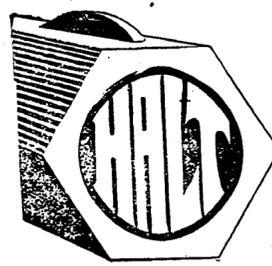
Why pay more when there is none better at any price? Our customers are always satisfied and are getting an egg yield beyond expectations. All we ask is a trial and leave the rest to results. We guarantee satisfaction. Ask your dealer for it.

GREENE'S CHICK FEED CO., Marblehead, Mass.

CHARLES F. CARTER, Antrim, N. H.
TERMS CASH

Administrator's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of John Man, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsboro, deceased.
All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.
Dated, Feb. 20, 1918.
MARY E. MUMFORD



You Cannot Afford to Pass By if You Are Looking for the Right Kind of Merchandise of All Kinds.

This is where you will always find the Best Quality at Economy Prices.

SERVUS SOUPS can't be equalled at the price 10¢ Help Out the Dessert Problem by Serving JUNKET both healthy and delicious.

Economize—Use More Peanut Butter; we have some that is excellent.

We have some Good Quality Unbleached Sheetting—and all Materials for making Bed Comforts.

The Store That Tries to Please You

Clinton Store, Antrim

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.

Executor's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed executrix of the will of Joseph A. Tibbitt, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.
All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.
Antrim, N. H., February 19, 1918.
SANSFORD M. TARBELL, Executor

Administrator's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Administratrix of the Estate of Harriet N. Hunt, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.
All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.
Dated February 9, 1918.
ANTOINETTE A. RICHARDS

Keeping Yourself Well

That Lingering Cold

is a steady drain on your physical stamina. It impoverishes the blood, distresses the digestion, and exhausts your vigor. It affords a fertile field for serious infection and is likely to become chronic.

You Needn't Suffer

from it if you will take Peruna and use prudence in avoiding exposure. Peruna clears up catarrhal conditions. Thousands have proved this to any fair person. Get a box of the tablets today—prove it yourself. Many prefer the liquid form. Both are good. At your druggists.



THE PERUNA COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

Our Country gives the young men she has treasured to suffer—and to die, perhaps—for you. By God's own standard let your gifts be measured. And to their highest hold your champions true. To keep our country free, our children fearless. Our women clean, they face the hell of war. Arm them with memories pure to courage peerless—Give them a womanhood worth dying for! (Amelia Josephine Burr The Churchman)

To the Taxpayers of Antrim

All of those Taxpayers in the town of Antrim who have not paid their taxes for the year of 1917, must pay them on or before April 1, 1918. All real estate on which the taxes have not been paid on above date will be advertised and sold for taxes.

Antrim, N. H., April 11, 1918.
LEWIS R. GOVE, Collector.

School meeting March 11th, and Town meeting the 12th.

THE ANNUAL WARRANTS

(Continued from first page)

- 2—To choose a Clerk for the ensuing year.
- 3—To choose a Treasurer for the ensuing year.
- 4—To choose a Member of the School Board for three years.
- 5—To hear the reports of Auditors, Agents, Committees, or officers heretofore chosen, and pass any vote relating thereto.
- 6—To see what compensation the District will fix for services of School Board, Trust Officer, and other District Officers.
- 7—To see how much money the District will vote to raise and appropriate for the support of Schools additional to Statutory requirements.
- 8—To see how much money the District will vote to raise and appropriate for repairs on School buildings.
- 9—To see if the District will vote to adopt Article 83 of the Laws of 1913, providing for the medical inspection of Schools.
- 10—To see how much money the District will vote to raise for carrying out medical inspection.
- 11—To choose all other necessary Officers, Agents, etc., for the ensuing year.

Given under our hands in said Antrim this 23d day of February, 1918.

HARRY E. DRAKE,
GEORGE E. HASTINGS,
JOHN D. HUTCHINSON,
School Board.

PRECINCT WARRANT

You are hereby notified to meet in Engine House Hall, in said Precinct, on MARCH 13, 1918, at 7:30 o'clock in the afternoon, to act upon the following subjects:—

- 1—To choose a Moderator for the year ensuing.
- 2—To choose all necessary Officers and Agents, for the year ensuing.
- 3—To hear the report of the Auditors on the account of the Treasurer, and act thereon.
- 4—To hear the reports of the Commissioners, Fire Wards, and Agents, and act thereon.
- 5—To see what sum the Precinct will vote to pay the members of the Fire Department for their services for the year ensuing, and appropriate a sum of money therefor.
- 6—To see how much money the Precinct will vote to raise to defray expenses and pay existing debts the year ensuing.
- 7—To see if the Precinct will vote to light the streets in the Precinct, raise or appropriate money therefor, or take any other action thereon, provided the Town votes to discontinue lighting the streets.
- 8—To act upon any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

Given under our hands in said Antrim, this 23d day of February, 1918.

GEORGE W. HUNT,
FRANK P. ELLINWOOD,
CHARLES F. DOWNES,
Precinct Commissioners.

MR. BUTTERFIELD

State Superintendent, Enters Vigorous Protest

State Superintendent of Instruction Butterfield appears to have the approval and endorsement of thoughtful people in his stand against employing the organization of our New Hampshire public school system to introduce a Junior Red Cross into the public schools. A writer in the Portsmouth Chronicle sizes up the situation very pertinently as follows: The proposed invasion of the public schools of the country in the interest of an organization to be known as the Junior Red Cross is part and parcel of what is nothing short of an American mania for organization. The wave has swept on until there is hardly a man, woman or child in the country that has not been "organized," many of them many times over. The matter has become not only tiresome but expensive, and if this mania cannot be halted anywhere else it should be brought to a dead stop at the door of the school house. Through that entrance nothing of the sort should ever be permitted to pass, and the thoughtful people of New Hampshire should appreciate the righteous stand Superintendent Butterfield has taken. The legitimate work of the schools is sufficient to occupy all of the time and energy of teacher and pupils. If any changes were to be made that work should be lessened rather than increased. A good many frills have been tacked on to the public schools in recent years, and it would be better to apply the pruning knife than to add any further duties and obligations. The schools should be left to do the work for which they were established. That is enough for them. The "organizations" have all the rest of the world to work on, and that should be enough for them.

CLINTON VILLAGE

State Superintendent, Enters Vigorous Protest

Mrs. Hattie Wheeler is working in the mill at Hillsboro. A little son, Robert Winslow, arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Wheeler recently. Mrs. Wilkins is again with her daughter, Mrs. Amos Harrington, after an absence of several weeks in Peterboro. A somewhat peculiar accident befell Andrew Cuddihy on Thursday evening last while out sliding on the crust. He was riding on a hand sled and in putting up his arm to save his head from hitting a tree, struck and broke his elbow in such a manner as to be a very difficult bone to set; he was taken to St. Joseph's hospital in Nashua for treatment. Leon Brownell went to the hospital with him. Sergeant Byron G. Butterfield, from

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, S. S. Court of Probate.

To all persons interested: Whereas a petition for the adoption of Albert Ellis of Nashua, in said County, a minor child of Mildred Ellis, has been filed in the Probate Office for said County, said petition being open for examination by all parties interested; You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Milford in said County, on the 29th day of March next, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. The petitioners are 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 25th day of February A. D. 1918. E. J. COPP, Register.

THE REPORTER'S HONOR ROLL

A List of Antrim's Boys and Girls Who Are at Present Serving Their Country

The Reporter's Honor Roll we change weekly, as required, keeping it up-to-date:

- In our endeavor to get a complete list of the Antrim volunteers we have been successful in part; if anyone can help us we shall greatly appreciate the favor:
- "Somewhere in France"
Howard E. Paige, Supply Sergeant
Raymond Butterfield, Sergeant
Leo E. Mulhall, Horsehoer
John W. Bryer, 1st class Private
Winfield S. Hilton, Private
William A. Myers, 1st class Private
Henry E. Newhall, 1st class Private
John Newhall, 1st class Private
All members of Co. B, Machine Gun Battalion, 103d Reg., 52d Brig.
Charles Myers, in the Quartermaster's Corps of the Regular Army, is "Somewhere in France."
Frank Bemis is a Private in the Infantry "Somewhere in France"
Ernest Henry McClure, enlisted March, 1917, rank Machinist Mate, 2nd class, Dept. U. S. Naval Reserve, stationed at Rockland, Maine, on U. S. S. Kangaroo, Coast Patrol.
Cranston D. Eldredge and A. Wallace George are members of Dover Co. S, Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort Foster, at Kittery Point, Maine.
The former has returned from Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Florida, where he was attending a technical school; both are First Class Privates, and the latter is officers' cook at Fort Foster.
Henry B. Eldredge is a First Class Private in Medical Dept. of U. S. Regular Army, connected with Base Hospital at Camp McClellan, Alabama.
Charles N. Robertson is a Corporal of the Cavalry, stationed at Camp Greene, Charlotte, North Carolina.
William Hurlin is 2d lieutenant in the Infantry, at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Francis A. Whittemore, enlisted on December 15 in the Aviation Corps, and is at Camp Waco, Texas, in the 17th Squadron.
Louis Mallett is at Fort Warren, Boston, in the 31st Co., Coast Artillery.
Roger Hilton is enlisted in the aviation corps, motor cycle branch, and is at Kelly Field, South San Antonio, Texas, Line 120.
Charles Harold Clough is in Camp at Mineola, Long Island, N. Y., as gunner in the Aviation Corps.
Paul F. Paige has enlisted in the Naval Reserves as first class yeoman in the Paymaster's Dept.
Will Congreve is an enlisted man in the Navy, now employed in conveying transports probably.
Miss Margaret Redmond, Registered Nurse, expects soon to report for foreign service.
Miss Helen Stowell, Registered Nurse, with Dr. Hugh Cabot's Harvard Unit, somewhere in France.
Miss Fannie Burnham, Registered Nurse, connected with Base Hospital, Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Richard Brooks was a member of the Peterboro Cavalry, N. H. N. G., contracted malaria on Mexican border and was unable to pass examination.
As a matter of record, The Reporter desires to keep a list of all those who would have enlisted but were rejected for one cause or another.
Dalmar Newhall Norman Thompson
Paul R. Colby D. Wallace Cooley
- Those who have been examined on draft call and passed the physical examination to enter the new army are:
Byron G. Butterfield
Carlton L. Brooks
Leo George Lowell
John Shea Whitney
Robert H. Cleaves
Howard C. Gokey
The first two in this list have been at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., since early in October; they each have been made Sergeants.
Robert H. Cleaves is in the Infantry, at Charlotte, North Carolina.
Arthur Fluri is in the Hospital Corps, at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.
Frank E. Cutter is in Company B, 49th Infantry, Engineer Piers, West 56th street, North River, New York.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Performance—"delivering the goods"—is the biggest feature to be considered when you come to buy a motor car. "Will it do as I expect? Is it thoroughly reliable? Is it easy to understand? Is it reasonable in cost of operation?" Well, you cannot go far before meeting one of the millions of Ford owners, and he or she will give you the correct answer. Place your order today. Chassis \$400, Runabout \$435, Touring Car \$450, One-Ton Truck Chassis \$600. These prices f. o. b. Detroit. Your order solicited. In view of the fact that the Ford car has advanced in price, you have still got the very greatest car on the market that your dollar can buy.

FRANK J. BOYD
Authorized Dealer
Tel. 34-2 ANTRIM, N. H.

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monyhan's Letter Published by Her Permission.



Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, sometimes I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia. I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONTYHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., spent three days last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Butterfield.

The Ladies Aid meets Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Fannie Pike.

Richard Brooks is with friends in Franklin.

Miss Amy Butterfield is at home for a week's vacation from her work at Keene Normal School.

E. K. Wheeler has recently sold a pair of horses to Henry Rogers.

FOLEY'S URINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION

Buy Your Bond AND BE SECURE

Why Run The Bazard

Of accepting personal security upon a bond, when corporate security is vastly superior! The personal security may be financially strong to day and insolvent to-morrow; or he may die, and his estate be immediately distributed. In any event, recovery is dilatory and uncertain.

The American Surety Company of New York, capitalized at \$2,500,000, is the strongest Surety Company in existence, and the only one whose sole business is to furnish Surety Bonds. Apply to

H. W. ELDRIDGE, Agent,
Antrim.

Information Wanted

I want to know the name of everybody who has goods in my line to dispose of for a CASH price. Papers, Rags, Antiques, Rubbers, Metals and Automobiles. Drop me a postal.

MAX ISREAL, Henniker, N. H.

SOUVENIR POST CARDS!

I have a nice lot of Souvenir Post Cards, all local subjects, genuine photographs, which I am making a specialty on just at this time. Have a large quantity and all fresh and good ones. Will sell them at one cent each. W. E. CRAM.

THE Corona Typewriter!

Does perfect work, is low in price \$50 light in weight 6 lbs., and is used all over the world.

C. H. ROBINSON, Agent,
Antrim, N. H.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FIRST CHAPTER IN TODAY'S REPORTER

Subscribe Now and Get the Complete Story—The Back Numbers may be hard to get a little later.

Over the Top

By an American Soldier Who Went ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

When the Lusitania was sunk Arthur Guy Empey decided that he could not wait for his country to declare war—so he sailed without orders for England, and enlisted as a Canadian.

He recounts this incident in "OVER THE TOP" in less than five hundred words. In a few thousand more words he completes his experiences in England—and after that he is in France—for the greater part of the eighteen months before he was invalided home, in the "Front Line Trenches."

"OVER THE TOP" is the first story by one of the American soldiers who went to France, has been a real combatant and has seen long service in the trenches.

Sergeant Empey tells what it actually means and feels like:
to be wounded seven times;
to live for a year and a half with mud and rats and shells;
to be covered with "cooties" and never to get rid of them;
to go "over the top" in a charge;
to grasp for your gas helmet when a second's delay mean's death;
to capture a Prussian;
to get tangled up in barb-wire with that machine gun working a few yards away;
to lie for thirty-six hours wounded and unconscious in "No Man's Land."

For a year and a half, until he fell wounded in "No Man's Land" this American soldier saw more actual fighting and real warfare than any war correspondent who has written about the war. His experiences are grim, but they are thrilling, and lightened by a touch of humor as original as the Soldiers Three. And they are True.

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just in the degree that we become true.
—Phillips Brooks.

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Colds in 24 hours. They are so pleasant to take
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"That bride is a peach!"
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"Well, that's a fine sort of pair!"

Whenever there is a tendency to consti-
pation, sick headache or biliousness, take
a cup of Garfield Tea. All druggists. Adv.

The pearl is the only gem that does
not require the lapidary's art to bring
out its beauty.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER
has been a household remedy all over
the civilized world for more than half
a century for constipation, intestinal
troubles, torpid liver and the generally
depressed feeling that accompanies
such disorders. It is a most valuable
remedy for indigestion or nervous dys-
pepsia and liver trouble bringing on
headache, coming up of food, palpi-
tation of heart and many other sym-
ptoms. A few doses of August Flower
will immediately relieve you. It is a
gentle laxative. Ask your druggist.
Sold in all civilized countries.—Adv.

No Light on the Subject.
"Who is the author of the saying,
'Meeting the devil before day?' asks a
correspondent of the Adams Enter-
prise, and the editor replies:
"Dunno. Sometimes we are under
the impression that we said it ourself,
after we had successfully dodged a
well-aimed kerosene lamp on a 3 a. m.
stairway."

No Older Than Your Face.
Is true in most cases. Then keep your
face fair and young with Cuticura
Soap and touches of Cuticura Oint-
ment as needed. For free samples ad-
dress, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston."
Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap
25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Two Classes of Women.
In this country the women are di-
vided into two main classes—those
who don't believe all their husbands
tell them and those who haven't any
husbands.—Indianapolis News.

The top of a new table is hinged to
fold back and reveal a writing desk
with its usual accessories.



**WOMEN
ARE POWER
in NEW RUSSIA**

RUSSIAN WOMEN RAILWAY WORKERS

By LIEUTENANT NORTON C. TRAVIS
In Philadelphia Public Ledger.

RUSSIA'S women, alone, stand today
shoulder to shoulder with men. They
occupy, indeed, a place higher than
that of men of their own nation, for
the spotlight of the world is turned
upon them. In the scales of blind
Justice, where are balanced autocracy
or democracy for Russia, it is the Rus-
sian woman who turns the balance for
freedom.

Russian women soldiers, virtually
untrained and unofficered, drove back
the Germans in their first trial of fire.
For eighteen days I was quartered in the first
line of trenches with 2,500 of these Russian women
warriors. I studied them at close quarters—there
were no more intrepid soldiers in all this world than
were those women of a divided and bewildered
nation.

The Battalion of Death is no more. They were
wiped out by German shells and German bayonets,
and only four wounded survivors remain of 200
who fought through hell fire to shame the men of
Russia into a sense of patriotic duty. To lack of
training and of officers is ascribed the annihilation
of this first battalion of women warriors in the
modern world. They fell in their object—the
stimulating of compatriots to defense of their
country.

That free Russia fears the power of women is
indicated by the fact that those who were con-
nected with the imperial circle of the former court
are confined in the prison of Peter and Paul, guarded
by barriers of water as well as by walls of stone,
while minor offenders have been banished from
Petrograd.

The Russian woman warrior is the product of
outdoor life and simple, wholesome food. In the
ranks one finds the majority of soldiers from the
upper class of Russian society, and by their sides
are serfs and peasants accustomed to working in
the fields of Siberia and Russia with the men of
their households.

Ladies of Russia are noted for their proficiency
in outdoor games and sports; they are great walk-
ers, skaters, horseback riders and devotees to
sledding, games that require vigor and furnish ex-
citement, and to their summer and winter car-
nivals and pageants, which occur several times a
year. At these times it is their pleasure to in-
dulge in native folk dances, and dancing on the
ice is a pastime to which they are devoted, and to
which, I believe, they owe much of their muscular
development and rapidity of action. The life of
the Russian woman has bred her to war's
service; she does not care for afternoon teas or
any form of indoor amusement during the daytime.

Instead you will find her engaged in active sports
on the frozen Neva, beside the trolley tracks that
link icebound towns in a chain of gay activity,
even more bustling than when boats ply the river
in summer and fetch and carry between Russia's
capital and the Neva's outlying villages.

And now you will find women at the switches
along the shining miles of ice-floored single track
of the Neva's winter trolley lines.

In singular contrast to the sturdy, muscular build
of Russian women, stocky of form and short of
stature, are Russian men of the upper class, who,
when they acquire refinement and high-breeding,
seem, also, to become weak and effeminate.

Not only in trench work, but in the ordinary avo-
cations of men one now finds Russian women.
Street-car conductors and motorwomen handle the
traffic with efficiency. Conductors call out the
streets, and from the second belt on the man's coat
that tops their blue skirts, they draw checks of
varying colors and hand them out in receipt of
fares. These colors represent from one to five
fares, and also indicate the distance a passenger
expects to travel. One fare now costs fifteen ko-
pecks, or two and a half cents. Under ordinary
conditions fifteen kopecks were worth five cents.
But two and a half cents is a lot of money in Rus-
sia today. On the other hand, while women fill
places on railroads and street cars, there are still
to be found many men driving motortrucks.

Another avocation of women is the driving of
draskeys—Russian dumpcarts—a flat, two-wheeled
wagon drawn by one or two horses. In the latter
case one horse is always harnessed outside the
shafts, leaving the burden to be borne by the animal
inside of them.

This peculiar method of harnessing is even car-
ried out in ambulances at the front, and a wound-
ed man transported in this fashion usually has the
life bounced out of him on his way to the hospital.
Sometimes, indeed, such makeshift ambulances are
drawn by men, for life is accounted so cheap in
Russia that the Russian will not use horses when
men can serve the purpose of draft animals.

Not only men, but women, take the place of
horses. They often draw their field kitchens
about, and bivouac to cook their good bread, made
of wheat and rye flour; their soup, horse meat and
vegetables. Russian horse meat is not half bad,
and that is their principal army meat. Horses are
plentiful, but very small, and they do not furnish
much beef, so that numbers are slaughtered to



MEMBERS OF THE BATTALION OF DEATH

obtain a sufficient supply. I should judge that
Russian ponyskin coats, which have often been
so popular in America, ought to be cheaper than
ever this season if there has been any way of
curing and transporting the skins of these glossy-
coated animals of the steppes.

Women's army kitchens are adequately sup-
plied with horse meat, and from ladies of rank
to serfs the women soldiers have learned how to
prepare palatable food. They have also learned
not only to draw their field pieces, but actually
carry them.

All women are enrolled in the infantry division
of the army, so that theirs are machine guns,
which three or four women can carry together.
Some of these guns are light enough to be borne
on the shoulders of one woman.

While Russians are not good marksmen they are
expert at bayonet work, and there is nothing the
Germans fear more than a Russian bayonet en-
counter, when the sturdy dwarf of the North not
only sticks his enemy through, but has an appal-
ling habit of lifting him up on the bayonet. I
saw one victim of this shocking act slide off the
keen blade, dead.

And if the Germans fear such attacks of un-
sprung Russian men, they dread the savage charge
of fiery Russian women, and when they succeeded
in capturing three in battle they tortured them to
death by way of satisfying spite against those
hundreds of young women who lay slain—martyrs
to patriotism.

I watched women soldiers dig out their own
trenches, where rain or bombardment had caused
them to fall in; pull around their heavy ammu-
nition wagons and guns, as well as their field kit-
chens, and set up their barbed-wire entanglements.
Many of them were noblewomen and wealthy mem-
bers of the "upper froth" of Russia; quite a num-
ber were wives and mothers whose husbands were
fighting in another sector on the line; and every
one was a volunteer.

With courage went cheerfulness. In the midst
of the hardships of trench life—and they can
scarcely be overestimated—these women sang bal-
lads and catchy songs as they worked at the busi-
ness of death. Some played on musical instru-
ments that they had brought into the trenches,
while most of them found time to attend to the com-
fort of their pets, especially the battalion mascots
—a parrot and a cat.

All were short of clothing—simple as was their
uniform. It consisted of a grayish khaki colored
material, like washed-out khaki, made in overalls
and jumper, with a tight-fitting high collar and
belt. They wore the same boots as were used by
men, and some had their feet encased in shoes and
puttees. One of the chief difficulties in equipping
women has been to fit the "upper froth" with
boots, and to the rigors of trench life has been
added the discomfort and, I fancy, pain of dainty
feet in coarse, heavy unaccustomed boots, stand-
ing often in a mire of mud and water.

Women soldiers had shifts of ten days in first-
line trenches of the enemy, with four hours on and
four hours off duty. At the least unusual noise
or sudden alarm the whole 2,500 women were
out and in readiness for battle.

Every thirty feet in the women's sector stood a
"post" or sentry, who fired without ceasing. It
was her duty to call out, on occasion, the soldiers
who rested in their malodorous dugouts on shelves
that protruded from the walls along each side.

Mere children were many of these modern Ama-
zons, for their ages vary from fifteen to thirty-five
years, and for ten days on a stretch they had no

opportunity to change or remove their clothing.
When not fighting or on sentry duty the women
rest as best they may in their dugouts, where roar
of guns does not penetrate very loudly. No ven-
tilation reaches these deep burrows under the hills
except that at the entrance to the trench, and con-
ditions are offensive to every sense of comfort and
sanitation. Our Red Cross commission sought to
remedy some of the worst features of Russian
trench life, but modern war is one of unbelievable
horrors, not the least of which is the insect pesti-
lence of the trenches.

Every ten days a section of trench is cleaned up
and its occupants are stripped, sprayed with an
insect destroyer, brushed down with brooms, given
a bath and clean clothes. In singular contrast to
the many antiquated methods of battlefield exist-
ence common in the Russian army are comfortable
bath trains provided for the soldiers' fortnightly
baths.

As the world knows, the Battalion of Death was
organized by Madame Vera Butchikoff, who lived in
a small Cossack settlement in Siberia at the
outbreak of the war. When Madame Butchikoff's
husband was killed in battle she formed the Legion
of Death, mainly to shame Russian men into ac-
tion, and partly to relieve the awful suspense and
monotony of village life far from the scene of
strife. Therefore, in the original ranks of women
warriors were to be found hardy peasants from the
vast agricultural region of Siberia, and many such
women belong to the present regiments of femi-
nine soldiers.

Far different from their once peaceful, remote
lives is the terrific action of the battlefield, where
instead of distant sparks of stars in quiet skies,
they witness clusters of shells shrieking upward,
five a minute, and bursting around a moving speck
in the heavens—some airplane target for great
guns. Timed to explode at 5,000 or 6,000 feet, as
well as the distance of the plane can be gauged,
the shells turn to fall at the designated height and
shrapnel sprays the night skies with vivid foun-
tains of flame.

In the great Russian upheaval Siberia has deter-
mined to achieve an independence of its own. I
found the people in this vast storehouse of na-
ture's wealth distinct in type from those in any
other part of Russia. They are a mixture of Mon-
gol and Russ; a peculiar young-old folk. Nowhere
else in the world have I found as strange looking
people. The men have a drawn expression and
fixed, staring eyes. Women, too, exhibit this char-
acteristic to a marked degree, and everywhere one
finds the form of youth surmounted by the facial
appearance of age. I wondered whether this ex-
pression proceeded from the squalor of their
meager lives. They are an exceedingly dirty, filthy
people; ragged for the most part, and with feet
shod in a sort of straw sandal. With a land of
rare agricultural, timber and mineral wealth sur-
rounding them, they yet wear an appearance of
stolid dejection.

HAD A GOOD FATHER.

The store was crowded with customers when a
child walked in and with an important air ap-
proached the owner of the store, held up a quar-
ter, and remarked in a high treble: "My father
said I could buy anything I wanted for my sup-
per."

"Well, you have a good father," said the store-
keeper.
"Yes," replied the kidlet, "and it's me that
knows it."

Resisting the Devil

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.
Dean of Moody Bible Institute,
Chicago

TEXT—Resist the Devil and he will flee
from you.—James 4:7.

There are two spiritual kingdoms in
existence, the kingdom of light and
the kingdom of darkness, and
they are in contin-
ued, universal
and deadly an-
tagonism. At the
head of one is
Christ and at the
head of the other
Satan. The prin-
cipal field of op-
erations of these
opposing king-
doms is the hu-
man heart.

Satan cannot be
everywhere at
once in his own
person; but his
messengers are legion, which makes it
practically true of him that he is
ubiquitous, attacking us both by sug-
gestions of evil within and sollicita-
tions to evil without. His agents are
not only demons, but bad men and
women, bad literature, bad amuse-
ments, bad habits, bad examples, and
when we are resisting these we are re-
sisting him.

(1) The best time to resist him is at
the beginning of the temptation, when
we are at our strongest and the tempta-
tion at its weakest point. For exam-
ple, have we ever known a drunkard
who became one all at once? Did not
the deceitful habit creep over his fac-
ulties by slow degrees until at last it
controlled him? How many latent pas-
sions are there in the human breast
which never would see the light were
it not for the apparently accidental cir-
cumstance that first made them known
to us? This suggests the carefulness
with which we should select the books
we read as well as the society in
which we mingle.

(2) The temptations of Satan will be
felt most powerfully at our weakest
point, and each one of us has that
point which is a predilection towards
some special sin or error.

Gambling is an example of what is
meant, since there is in almost every
heart a desire to possess riches, and it
requires only a slight bend in this cur-
rent to turn the youthful mind away
from honest labor and healthful oc-
cupation. Some wise man has said, "The
way the tide of man's constitution
runs, that way the wind of temptation
blows."

(3) The devil often tempts us where
we least expect it, and where we think
ourselves least liable to fall. Abra-
ham's name is a synonym for faith, and
yet he fell through unbelief. When-
ever we speak of patience we think of
Job, and yet Job "cursed his day."
Moses was meek above all the men
which were on the earth, and yet his
lack of meekness, as exhibited in strik-
ing the rock at Kadesh, prevented him
from entering the promised land.

(4) The devil can successfully be re-
sisted only in the strength of God. That
was the way David coped with Goliath
when he said to Saul, "The Lord who
delivered me out of the paw of the lion
and out of the paw of the bear, he will
also deliver me out of the hand of this
uncircumcised Philistine." He was
not trusting in his physical strength,
nor his personal courage, nor his great
skill in the use of the sling. All these
were brought into active exercise it is
true, but yet he had learned to lean
upon a power greater than his own and
greater than which he opposed.

This gives significance to the latter
half of the text, "Resist the devil and
he will flee from you." We must do
the resisting, but our victory over him
is brought about by God. In other
words, the reason the devil will flee
from a man if he resists him is because
he has been overcome once for all by
the Son of God for all mankind.

O, what hope and encouragement is
in those words, "He will flee from
you." "Behold I give you power over
all the power of the enemy, and noth-
ing shall by any means hurt you," said
Jesus to his disciples in Luke 10:19.
What a compass there is in this decla-
ration! The tempted Christian is in
the wilderness of despair and hears the
roaring of the satanic lion. He is trav-
eling on a lonely road and remembers
that he has an adversary with murder
in his heart. He is in the fires of a
fierce conflict and the angel of the bot-
tomless pit is stirring up the flames.
"O, thou God of life and light," he
cries, "Is there no escape? Can I
not free myself of this? Shall my
spiritual life be threatened every mo-
ment with spiritual death?" "No," is
the answer of our Almighty God and
eternal savior, "Resist the devil and
he will flee from you."

Here is a clear command and a
precious promise! May he who in his
own person overcame our enemy give
us diligently to obey the one because
we faithfully believe the other.

Many of our prayers are like letters
which are insufficiently addressed. They
get lost in the dead letter office of
heaven. There is not sufficient di-
rection about them.—Donald Sage
Mackay.

Only as we are true to ourselves can
we be true to our friends. God's love
must be perfect in us in order that we
may love others perfectly.—E. V. H.

**BRITONS and
CANADIANS
Come Across Now**

Agreement with the United States provides
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teer. All men between 20 and 40 are liable.

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Are Calling to You**

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need is imperative; you will not be doing
your full duty if you wait to be drafted.

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British or Canadian Armies**

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TEA**

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45 bushels to the acre you are bound to make money
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OVER THE TOP

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT
ARTHUR GUY EMPHEY
MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

WRITTEN BY
ARTHUR GUY EMPHEY

FOREWORD

"Over the Top" is a true story of trench warfare on the French front, written by an American soldier who got into the great war two years ahead of his country. Sergeant Empey tells what the fighting men have done and how they have done it. He knows because he was one of them. His experiences are grim, but they are thrilling, and they are lightened by a delightful touch of humor.

CHAPTER I

From Muffi to Khaki.

It was in an office in Jersey City. I was sitting at my desk talking to a lieutenant of the Jersey National Guard. On the wall was a big war map decorated with variously colored little flags showing the position of the opposing armies on the western front in France. In front of me on the desk lay a New York paper with big glaring headlines:

LUSITANIA SUNK! AMERICAN LIVES LOST!

The windows were open and a feeling of spring pervaded the air. Through the open windows came the strains of a hurdy-gurdy playing in the street—"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier."

"Lusitania Sunk! American Lives Lost!"—"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." To us these did not seem to jibe.

The lieutenant in silence opened one of the lower drawers of his desk and took from it an American flag which he solemnly draped over the war map on the wall. Then, turning to me with a grim face, said:

"How about it, sergeant? You had better get out the muster roll of the Mounted Scouts, as I think they will be needed in the course of a few days."

We bustled ourselves till late in the evening writing out emergency telegrams for the men to report when the call should come from Washington. Then we went home.

I crossed over to New York, and as I went up Fulton street to take the subway to Brooklyn, the lights in the tall buildings of New York seemed to be burning brighter than usual, as if they, too, had read "Lusitania Sunk! American Lives Lost!" They seemed to be glowing with anger and righteous indignation, and their rays wagged the message, "Repay!"

Months passed, the telegrams lying handy, but covered with dust. Then, one momentous morning the lieutenant with a sigh of disgust removed the flag from the war map and returned to his desk. I immediately followed this action by throwing the telegrams into the wastebasket. Then we looked at each other in silence. He was quivering in his chair and I felt depressed and uneasy.

The telephone rang and I answered it. It was a business call for me, requesting my services for an out-of-town assignment. Business was not very good, so this was very welcome. After listening to the proposition I seemed to be swayed by a peculiarly strong force within me, and answered, "I am sorry that I cannot accept your offer, but I am leaving for England next week," and hung up the receiver. The lieutenant swung around in his chair, and stared at me in blank astonishment. A sinking sensation came over me, but I defiantly answered his look with, "Well, it's so. I'm going." And I went.

The trip across was uneventful. I landed at Tilbury, England, then got into a string of matchbox cars and proceeded to London, arriving there about 10 p. m. I took a room in a hotel near St. Pancras station for "five and six—free extra." The room was minus the fire, but the "extra" seemed to keep me warm. That night there was a Zeppelin raid, but I didn't see much of it, because the slit in the curtains was too small and I had no desire to make it larger. Next morning the telephone bell rang, and someone asked, "Are you there?" I was, hardly. Anyway, I learned that the Zeps had returned to their fatherland, so I went out into the street expecting to see scenes of awful devastation and a covering populace, but everything was normal. People were calmly proceeding to their work. Crossing the street, I accosted a Bobbie with:

"Can you direct me to the place of damage?"

He asked me, "What damage?"

In surprise, I answered, "Why, the damage caused by the Zeps."

With a wink he replied: "There was no damage; we missed them again."

After several fruitless inquiries of the passersby, I decided to go on my own in search of ruined buildings and scenes of destruction. I boarded a bus which carried me through Tottenham Court road. Recruiting posters were everywhere. The one that impressed me most was a life-size picture of Lord Kitchener with his finger pointing directly at me, under the caption of "Your King and Country Need You." No matter which way I turned, the accusing finger followed me. I was an American, in mufti, and had a little American flag in the lapel of my coat. I had no king, and my country had seen fit not to need me, but still that pointing finger made me feel small and ill at ease. I got off the bus to try to dissipate this feeling by mixing with the throng of the sidewalks.

Presently I came to a recruiting office. Inside, sitting at a desk was a lonely Tommy Atkins. I decided to interview him in regard to joining the British army. I opened the door. He looked up and greeted me with "I s'y, myte, want to tyke on?"

I looked at him and answered, "Well, whatever that is, I'll take a chance at it."

Without the aid of an interpreter, I found out that Tommy wanted to know if I cared to join the British army. He asked me, "Did you ever hear of the Royal Fusiliers?" Well, in London, you know, Yanks are supposed to know everything, so I was not going to appear ignorant and answered, "Sure."

After listening for one half-hour to Tommy's tale of their exploits on the firing line, I decided to join. Tommy took me to the recruiting headquarters, where I met a typical English captain. He asked my nationality. I immediately pulled out my American passport and showed it to him. It was signed

by Lansing. After looking at the passport, he informed me that he was sorry but could not enlist me, as it would be a breach of neutrality. I insisted that I was not neutral, because to me it seemed that a real American could not be neutral when big things were in progress, but the captain would not enlist me.

With disgust in my heart I went out in the street. I had gone about a block when a recruiting sergeant who had followed me out of the office tapped me on the shoulder with his swagger stick and said: "S'y, I can get you in the army. We have a 'leftenant' down at the other office who can do anything. He has just come out of the O. T. C. (Officers' Training Corps) and does not know what neutrality is." I decided to take a chance, and accepted his invitation for an introduction to the lieutenant. I entered the office and went up to him, opened up my passport and said:

"Before going further I wish to state that I am an American, not too proud to fight, and want to join your army."

He looked at me in a nonchalant manner, and answered, "That's all right; we take anything over here."

I looked at him kind of hard and replied, "So I notice," but it went over his head.

He got out an enlistment blank, and placing his finger on a blank line said, "Sign here."

I answered, "Not on your tintepe." "I beg your pardon?"

Then I explained to him that I would not sign it without first reading it. I read it over and signed for duration of war. Some of the recruits were lucky. They signed for seven years only!

Then he asked me my birthplace. I answered, "Ogden, Utah."

He said, "Oh, yes, just outside of New York?"

In training quarters, "somewhere in France," Empey hears the big guns booming and makes the acquaintance of the "cooties." Read about his experiences in the next installment.

With a smile, I replied, "Well, it's up the state a little."

Then I was taken before the doctor and passed as physically fit, and was issued a uniform. When I reported back to the lieutenant, he suggested that, being an American, I go on recruiting service and try to shame some of the slackers into joining the army.

"All you have to do," he said, "is to go out on the street, and when you see a young fellow in mufti who looks physically fit, just stop him and give him this kind of a talk: 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a Britisher, physically fit, and in mufti when your king and country need you? Don't you know that your country is at war and that the place for every young Briton is on the firing line? Here I am, an American, in khaki, who came four thousand miles to fight for your king and country, and you, as yet, have not enlisted. Why don't you join? Now is the time.'"

"This argument ought to get many recruits, Empey, so go out and see what you can do."

He then gave me a small rosette of red, white and blue ribbon, with three little streamers hanging down. This was the recruiting insignia and was to be worn on the left side of the cap.

Armed with a swagger stick and my patriotic rosette, I went out into Tottenham Court road in quest of cannon fodder.

Two or three poorly dressed civilians passed me, and although they appeared physically fit, I said to myself, "They don't want to join the army; perhaps they have someone dependent on them for support," so I did not accost them.

Coming down the street I saw a young dandy, top hat and all, with a fashionably dressed girl walking beside him. I muttered, "You are my meat," and when he came abreast of me I stepped directly in his path and stopped him with my swagger stick, saying:

"You would look fine in khaki; why not change that top hat for a steel helmet? Aren't you ashamed of yourself, a husky young chap like you in mufti when men are needed in the trenches? Here I am, an American, came four thousand miles from Ogden, Utah, just outside of New York, to fight for your king and country. Don't be a slacker, buck up and get into uniform; come over to the recruiting office and I'll have you enlisted."

He yawned and answered, "I don't care if you came forty thousand miles, no one asked you to," and he walked on. The girl gave me a sneering look; I was speechless.

I recruited for three weeks and nearly got one recruit.

This perhaps was not the greatest stunt in the world, but it got back at the officer who had told me, "Yes, we take anything over here." I had been spending a good lot of my recruiting time in the saloon bar of the Wheat Sheaf pub (there was a very attractive blonde barmaid, who helped kill time—I was not as serious in those days as I was a little later when I reached the front)—well, it was the sixth day and my recruiting report was blank. I was getting low in the pocket—barmaids haven't much use for anyone who cannot buy drinks—so I looked around for recruiting material. You know a man on recruiting service gets a "bob" or shilling for every recruit he entices into joining the army, the recruit is supposed to get this, but he would not be a recruit if he were wise to this fact, would he?

Down at the end of the bar was a young fellow in mufti who was very patriotic—he had about four "Old Six" ales aboard. He asked me if he could join, showed me his left hand, two fingers were missing, but I said that did not matter as "we take anything over here." The left hand is the rifle hand as the piece is carried at the slope on the left shoulder. Nearly everything in England is "by the left," even general traffic keeps to the port side.

I took the applicant over to headquarters, where he was hurriedly examined. Recruiting surgeons were busy in those days and did not have much time for thorough physical examinations. My recruit was passed as a corporal to make note of his scars. I was mystified. Suddenly the corporal burst out with, "Blime me, two of his fingers are gone." Turning to me he said, "You certainly have your nerve with you, not 'alf you ain't, to bring this beggar in."

The doctor came over and exploded, "What do you mean by bringing in a man in this condition?"

Looking out of the corner of my eye I noticed that the officer who had recruited me had joined the group, and I could not help answering, "Well, sir, I was told that you took anything over here."

I think they called it "Yankee impudence," anyhow it ended my recruiting.

In training quarters, "somewhere in France," Empey hears the big guns booming and makes the acquaintance of the "cooties." Read about his experiences in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Newport News"

In Virginia's early days communication with the mother country was, of course, wholly by ships, and when one was expected the colonists were all eagerness for the news from home. On the occasion of one, it may have been the first, of a certain Captain Newport's expected return from England, at or near the place now bearing his name, a large number of persons collected to receive "Newport's news." Hence the name, now shortened to its present form.

"The Calf"

By Jessie M. Robinson

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Bob Marston verily haunted the library rooms of the state university. Not that he was avid for learning. The little amber-haired lady seated at the librarian's desk was the magnet which drew him. Notwithstanding that Clara Brownlee was a college graduate, that she was being wooed by Professor Nicholls, A. B., and that Bob felt that she was as far above him as the Goddess Minerva was to the plebeian Greek, Bob still aspired to become her chosen one. Bob was a hero on the gridiron, but two years plodding at the university had failed to bring out any great mental brilliancy. He was well aware that on the campus he had been dubbed "The Calf" because of his mooning proclivities, but he was too deeply in love to mind ridicule.

This morning Clara's brown eyes met his blue ones inquiringly, and she smiled at the tall, gangling youth, with his shock of black hair, came toward her desk.

"Miss Brownlee, I should like to find something about the Gastropoda," he said bravely, while consulting his notebook.

"You asked that yesterday—don't you remember? It is in Volume II, page 593, third shelf, Encyclopedia Britannica," was the curt response of his ladylove.

Bob sheepishly stumbled over toward the shelves. He had looked up



Sped Through Sweet Air.

another question for today and read the wrong one, but it mattered not. He hurriedly pretended to write in his notebook. After what seemed to him ages and ages, he sauntered casually back to Clara's desk. She paid no attention to him so long as there were other students asking for books, but finally they had all gone but Bob, and she turned to him rather impatiently.

"Miss Brownlee, you get every other Saturday afternoon off, don't you? Won't you—go out with me in the car tomorrow afternoon?" he half stammered.

"I'm sorry, Bob, but I must go to a librarian's meeting in the afternoon, and in the evening I have promised to go to a lecture on 'Ethical Culture' with Professor Nicholls."

"Hang Nicholls!" thought Bob. "Well, make it two weeks from tomorrow?" persisted he.

"That is a far time ahead, but," seeing his keen disappointment, "I will try to go then."

However, fortune favored Bob, for at seven o'clock that evening he was called to the phone, and the liquid voice of Miss Brownlee thrilled over the wire:

"The librarian's meeting has been postponed, so if we can get home early and if you wish it, I shall be glad to go with you tomorrow."

As the big car chugged away from the curb the next day, with its pretty passenger in white linen, Bob was supremely happy. Whirling along the boulevard, Bob could hardly wait to tell her his news.

"I am going to quit the university, Miss Brownlee. No us, trying to plug away any longer. Mother wanted to make a lawyer of me, but dad has at last decided to take me into business, and so I am going into partnership with him this week. Now, Clara—"

But Miss Brownlee was smiling and nodding in the opposite direction. Bob turned the big machine just in time to avoid running over a tall, pale-faced young man with large horn-rimmed glasses, who frowningly lifted his hat to the pair in the auto.

"Now the professor is mad, and I'm glad," giggled Clara. Evidently she considered this ride but a schoolboy and schoolgirl escapade.

"What's your going with me today got to do with Professor Nicholls?" queried Bob, visibly ruffled.

"No more than that he thinks I should not be riding with anyone but him, I suppose."

"Oh, I see; you're engaged," commented Bob, bitterly rude.

Clara tightened her lips, and the silence that fell about them was appalling, especially to Bob, who liked vivacity and conversation. She was nothing but a flirt, after all, but he could not help loving her. He formed a wild scheme. He would elope with the lady.

"Bah, Bob Marston, you're the silly calf they call you on the campus," he finally concluded. "If Clara is unwilling, what's the use. I suppose the old highbrow is more to her taste."

"We're going to enjoy the afternoon together, anyhow," he said aloud, with little spirit, and inwardly resolved to travel as many miles as he dared.

"Of course we are, you foolish boy. I am so glad that you are going into business, Bob," said she, remaining the former conversation. "I am sure you will be a success."

Bob shut his lips together and gazed glaring ahead.

"Where are we going?" asked Clara.

"To the end of the world, I hope," he replied glumly.

Bob turned the machine off the boulevard into a forest road overhung with immense pines, and for miles they sped through the sweet, resinous air.

At last Bob spoke. "My Aunt Mary lives down this road. It can't be far from here. Shall we stop and see her? She may have some strawberries and cream for us."

"I'm sure I should be delighted," responded Clara, in a tone which indicated that any digression would be a relief.

"By the way, my aunt married a college professor. He is retired now on account of poor eyesight."

It seemed to Bob as they stopped at his aunt's gate that her modest home among the pines was more of a little paradise than he had ever known it to be before, and he hoped it might not seem so to Clara. But undoubtedly it did, as her exclamations of delight at frequent intervals testified.

Clara went to see his aunt's garden of wild flowers, successfully transplanted from the woods, while Bob stayed in the cool, old-fashioned parlor with the half-blind professor.

"Wouldn't you like to live in the city?" Bob heard her ask his aunt as they appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, no, my dear," replied Aunt Mary. "It is so much lovelier and more quiet out here, and we are not afraid with Bruno," affectionately patting a large collie. "Besides, we have close neighbors, and they are always willing to help."

"Bring Miss Brownlee again," urged his aunt, as they climbed into the auto, ready to depart.

"Yes, I should love to come," said Clara, as Bob sulkily forbore to reply.

"How happy they seem!" sighed Clara, as they drove down the road.

"Oh, of course, life with a professor is always happy," sneered Bob, sorry he had shown her his aunt's idyllic existence and thus enhanced his rival's cause.

"Oh, why do you—"

But Clara never finished her sentence, for as they made a sharp turn a long-legged calf, standing awkwardly in the middle of the road, loomed upon their startled sight. The frightened animal was only a few feet away, and Bob tried in vain to stop the machine. He turned sharply to the left, and the next instant the great car swerved on its side into the ditch, while the calf went bawling off into the woods. Clara, half laughing and half crying, clung frantically to Bob, but to their mutual astonishment they had both remained in their seats.

"My darling, are you hurt?" futilely questioned Bob, who was well aware of those soft arms clinging about his neck.

"No, dear, are you?" half echoed Clara.

The "dear" did not escape Bob, and he proceeded to shower the little upturned face with kisses. He was in heaven for a few moments, and then woke up.

"I forgot. Can you forgive me? You are engaged—"

"To Bob Marston," completed Clara.

"Bless the calf—I mean the four-legged one," ejaculated Bob.

And Clara Brownlee was too late to attend the lecture on "Ethical Culture" that evening.

An Old Song.

"The Bostonians" are remembered and will long be remembered from one end of the country to the other for many pleasant things, but more particularly for Henry Clay Barnabee's characterization of the sheriff of Nottingham, and for Jessie Bartlett Davis' rendering "Oh, Promise Me." That song was to the nineties, what John McCormack's "I Hear You Calling Me" has been to the present period.

"Oh, Promise Me" for a whole decade, was hummed and whistled, as well as sung, in every nook and corner of the land, and wherever Jessie Bartlett Davis appeared, no matter what she had to offer, she would not be excused until she had sung that song—Christian Science Monitor.

His Vision Probably All Right.

A United States recruiting officer whose jurisdiction extended over a large part of Tennessee, tells of a man who could neither read nor write, and who thus failed at the usual eyesight tests with letters. At last he was asked if he had ever hunted, and what kind of game he had killed. He replied that he had often hunted squirrels with a rifle, and someone added that he seldom missed a shot. Accordingly the officer reported on the man as follows: "Difficult to determine applicant's acuteness of vision, as he does not know his letters, but he can kill squirrels with a rifle." The man was accepted.

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Oh, He Knew Him. Bill—And he asked you for a loan of ten dollars? Jill—That's what he did. "Why, I didn't think you knew him very well!" "Knew him? Well, say, I knew him well enough to say no!"

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Wise Selection. "How did the poet you speak of come to be all the talk?" "He wrote about a woman's tongue."

Natural Conduct. "The man who started out to put politics on a moral basis, is complaining that people are making game of him."

Between Girls. "Jack declares he'll go crazy if I don't marry him." "Ah! Then there's no hope for him either way."

Garfield Tea, by purifying the blood, eradicates rheumatism, dyspepsia and many chronic ailments. Adv.

Even a clever girl if wise will learn to cook. Silence is dignity's greatest asset.

Are Your Livestock and Poultry Free From Lice? Don't use a liquid insecticide in cold weather. Use Dr. David Ross' Lice and Poultry Louse Powder. Effective dry powder that is inexpensive and easy to apply. See and read the Practical Home Veterinarian and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

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Win the War by Preparing the Land

Sowing the Seed and Producing Bigger Crops

Work in Joint Effort the Soil of the United States and Canada
CO-OPERATIVE FARMING IN MAN POWER NECESSARY TO WIN THE BATTLE FOR LIBERTY

The Food Controllers of the United States and Canada are asking for greater food production. Scarcely 100,000,000 bushels of wheat are available to be sent to the allies overseas before the crop harvest. Upon the efforts of the United States and Canada rests the burden of supply.

Every Available Tillable Acre Must Contribute; Every Available Farmer and Farm Hand Must Assist

Western Canada has an enormous acreage to be seeded, but man power is short, and an appeal to the United States allies is for more men for seeding operation.

Canada's Wheat Production Last Year was 225,000,000 Bushels; the Demand From Canada Alone for 1918 is 400,000,000 Bushels

To secure this she must have assistance. She has the land but needs the men. The Government of the United States wants every man who can effectively help, to do farm work this year. It wants the land in the United States developed first of course; but it also wants to help Canada. Whenever we find a man we can spare to Canada's fields after ours are supplied, we want to direct him there.

Apply to our Employment Service, and we will tell you where you can best serve the combined interests. Western Canada's help will be required not later than April 5th. Wages to competent help, \$50.00 a month and up, board and lodging. Those who respond to this appeal will get a warm welcome, good wages, good board and find comfortable homes. They will get a rate of one cent a mile from Canadian boundary points to destination and return. For particulars as to routes and places where employment may be had apply to: U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF LABOR

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60c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

GREENFIELD

Miss Josephine Labier and Mr. Louis Lavoy, of Greenville, have been spending the week with Miss Labier's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Labier.

Miss Anna Flynn is home from her school in Harrisville for a vacation.

Whooping cough seems to be keeping up. Most cases seem to be light.

Hillsboro County Pomona Grange met with Greenfield Grange last Wednesday. Seventy five from the surrounding Granges were present, a good number since the going was so bad. A very interesting program was given; twelve took the fifth degree. A Hoover dinner was served at noon, and all reported a good time.

E. H. Clover is improving slowly.

Joe Aiken visited at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Aiken, recently.

The town flag has been flying at half mast for the past few days as a token of respect to the first of our boys to give his life for his country. Gerald K. Clover was born in Ohio, came to Greenfield four years ago and spent most of his time here until his enlistment last June. He was an only son, and leaves a sister besides his parents and many friends who mourn his loss.

Mr. Clover was among the identified dead and was buried on the coast of Scotland with the others whose bodies were saved from the sinking Tuscania and the sea.

G. D. Gould has recently purchased a pair of black horses.

The snow has settled a great deal the last two weeks with the few warm days that we have had. It seems good to see a few bare spots of ground on the side hills.

It is reported that they will finish cutting the lumber on the Cashion lot this week.

These warm days make the farmers who own sugar lots think of tapping.

Charles Mann and Mrs. Ella M. Straw, both long time residents of Greenfield, were recently married. Their friends wish them many happy years in their new relation.

Help your country; buy a thrift stamp.

HANCOCK

The John Hancock Grange will hold a Mock Town Meeting after their regular meeting Feb. 28.

The Hillsboro County Pomona Grange met at Greenfield town hall Feb. 20. At the morning session the fifth degree was conferred on fourteen candidates. An interesting program was held in the afternoon, consisting of a song, The Star Spangled Banner, by the Grange; address by Fred A. Rogers, Master of the New Hampshire State Grange; vocal solo by Mrs. Lucy D. Putnam of Lyndeboro; discussion: Country Roads, opened by A. W. Putnam, followed by other speakers.

The next meeting of Hillsboro County Pomona Grange will be held at Hollis March 5. At this meeting the afternoon session will be public and a prominent speaker will be present and speak on the Liberty Loan and Food Production.

EAST ANTRIM

Miss Ethel Day, of Melrose, Mass., spent the holiday season with Mrs. Abi Perry.

A few attended the Old Folks dance, and others were detained by the non-appearance of the jitney.

Mr. and Mrs. Rokes were recent visitors in Bennington.

C. D. White was recently in Vermont where he bought a carload of cattle.

Guy Hulett is doing some painting

BENNINGTON

A Weekly News Letter of Interest

Mr. and Mrs. George Duncklee are both on the sick list.

Miss Mae Cashion spent the week end with her sisters in Manchester.

Mrs. George Holmes is at St. Joseph's Hospital in Nashua for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Miles have returned to their home here after spending the winter with relatives in Woburn, Mass.

Mrs. Cryus Philbrick was called to Fall River the last of the week by the sickness of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Manning.

A Mock Town Meeting was held at the Grange meeting last night. All the officers were elected and the articles in the warrant acted upon.

The forth-coming Town Reports will show that the town affairs have been well administered the past year, and that we are now out of debt; the tax rate is very low too.

Mrs. George Olson, from Boston, and William Harrison, from New Haven, Conn., spent Sunday with Mrs. Harrison. They returned by the way of Manchester to see Mrs. Olen Newhall, who is in the Notre Dame Hospital, and improving rapidly; she expects to be home soon.

CORN WILL WIN DEMOCRACY'S WAR

America's Greatest Cereal Crop
Is Now Moving to
Market.

MAINSTAY IN NATION'S CRISIS.

Surplus Wheat of the United States
Has Been Sent to Famine Threatened Europe.

America's great corn crop, exceeding 3,000,000,000 bushels, will save the world's food situation, officials of the United States food administration believe.

Corn is the nation's best food cereal, housewives are beginning to realize. It contains all the elements needed to keep the body in a state of health and when used according to the scores of tried recipes, especially when combined with an added portion of oil or fat, will sustain life indefinitely. Indian warriors in colonial days lived on parched corn alone for many days at a time, and at Valley Forge parched corn was at times the sole ration of the Continental soldiers.

Owing to transportation difficulties caused by the war the corn crop moved more slowly to market this year than ever before. Now, however, the cereal is reaching the millers and consumers. In the meantime the nation's surplus wheat has been sent to Europe.

Today there are approximately 30 bushels of corn for every American. This quantity is greater by five bushels than in former years.

Corn has become the nation's mainstay in the crisis of war.

Just as this cereal saved the first American colonists from famine on many occasions, just as it served as a staple food during the War of the Revolution and during the Civil War, King Corn has again come to the front in the nation's battle with autocracy.

Corn meal is finding greatly increased use in the making of ordinary white bread. Hundreds of housewives and many of the larger bakers are mixing 20 per cent. corn meal with wheat flour to make leavened bread. This kind of a mixture is worked and baked in the same recipes and with the same methods that apply to straight wheat bread.

Corn bread—using corn meal entirely—is gaining a greater popularity than ever before. Housewives are coming to realize that every pound of wheat saved in America means a pound of wheat released for shipment to the nations with which America is associated in the war.

There are a score of corn products that today possess unusual importance for Americans. Corn syrup for sweetening corn cakes and buckwheat cakes and for use in the kitchen instead of granulated sugar is one of the leading products made from corn.

Corn oil, excellent for frying and for every other purpose filled by salad oils, is appearing on the market in large quantities. It comes from the germ of the corn.

and paper hanging for Mrs. Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Merrill visited at the Nylander home the first of the week.

Walter Knapp has been entertaining a ball on his face; he is better at this writing.

Andrew White is in Massachusetts visiting friends.

A Caddy Story.
The gentleman was learning to play golf and it had been too much for the composure of his caddy. The caddy had made valiant efforts at first, but by the third hole he was helpless with mirth. The gentleman fixed him with a cold eye and said:

"What do you think I'll give you on your card if you are so silly and jiggle all the time? Do you think you'll see a 'good'?"

"No," replied the chortling caddy. "I'll get a V. G."

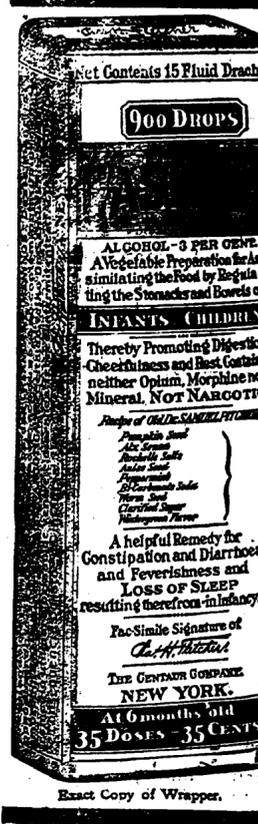
"V. G. I suppose that stands for very good," snapped the infuriated gentleman.

"No, sir. V. G., very giggly," said the abandoned little caddy, rolling on the ground.

**MAKING MEATLESS
DAYS PERMANENT.**

In the meatless menu there is a fertile field for developing new and nourishing dishes, according to E. H. Niles, writing in the Hotel Gazette, who believes that the present shortage of meat and fats will not end with the coming of peace, but may grow more acute and continue for five or six years, thus making it worth while to develop menus of grain, vegetables and fish on a more or less permanent basis. Meat can be replaced by cereals and other protein foods, or may be served in very small portions as a flavoring for other food. In making up meatless menus this author finds our American Creole and southern cuisine a broad field for investigation.

Read our advs. and then say you saw it in the Reporter.



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We take great pride in the large line of dress materials that we are now able to show at prices that we believe will save you considerable money.

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