

# The Antrim Republic

VOLUME XXXVI NO. 43

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1919

5 CENTS A COPY

## Cram's Store



### THRIFT!

The week of October 6 to 13 has been set aside as Thrift Week for New England.

We are featuring Thrift Week by offering our customers some especially good chances to save money by buying for fall and winter needs now.

### Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves and All Merchandise

Whether wool, cotton or silk, were never so scarce, and the price is bound to be higher later. Our stock is very complete now, as a result of early purchases. New line of

### Blankets and Comforters

Just in, and a good variety of

### Flannelette Night Robes and Skirts

War Savings Stamps Make Thrift Easy

## W. E. CRAM

Odd Fellows Block Store,  
ANTRIM, New Hamp.

## Plows, Oil Stoves, Wheelbarrows,

## Rubber Hose, Tin and Paper Roofing

In All These Lines of Goods I have them in stock, at Reasonable Prices

You Should See Our Line of Oil Stoves Before You Buy

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Deeds, Mortgages, and all similar papers written with neatness, accuracy, and ABSOLUTE privacy. Give Me a Trial

### We Buy OLD FALSE TEETH

We pay from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per set (broken or not). We also pay actual value for diamonds, old Gold, Silver and Bridge-work. Send it once by parcel post and receive cash by return mail. Will return your goods if our price is unsatisfactory.

MAZENS TOOTH SPECIALTY  
Dept. X, 2007 So. 5th St. Philadelphia, Penn.

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I have reliable companies and will do your business for you with promptness and accuracy, having had many years of experience.

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Cold Tablets  
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### Automobile LIVERY!

Trailer for Light Loads  
Prices Guaranteed Satisfactory  
Tel. 22-4

## FROM WASHINGTON

### The Reporter's Correspondent Writes Again

THE H. C. OF L. AND FREIGHT RATES

A. F. Duffy, Manager of the Safety Section, Division of Operation, United States Railroad Administration, has decided to hold the National Railroad Accident Prevention Drive for a period of two weeks, beginning October 18 at 12.01 a. m., and ending October 31 midnight, along the general lines of the recent successful sectional campaigns of like character.

Intensified safety work on American railroads has attracted the attention of British and Japanese railroad officials who have written to the United States Railroad Administration for information on the subject.

The recently expressed theory that increase freight rates have played an important part in advancing the cost of living has been sharply answered by Julius Kruttschnitt, President of the Southern Pacific Company, in a letter to Representative John J. Esch, Chairman of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

Mr. Kruttschnitt has drawn up figures based upon Bradstreet's reports and the Interstate Commerce Commission's railway reports, which show the total value on all goods transported by railway, the average value per ton of these goods, the freight charges per ton, and the relation of these freight charges to the cost of the goods themselves.

The average value per ton of all freight transported by the American railways in 1914 was \$56; in 1919 it had risen to \$119, an increase to the consumer amounting to \$63 a ton. The freight charge per ton in 1914 was \$2, and under the rate increases put into effect by the Director General of Railroads these freight charges per ton have increased 40 percent since 1914, making the 1919 average freight charge \$2.80 per ton.

In other words, whereas in 1914 freight charges were 3.6 percent of the total value, they did not increase during the ensuing five years nearly as fast as did the value of the goods themselves, so that the present percentage is only 2.4 percent.

Thus it is seen that, whereas the freight transported has cost the consumer \$63 per ton more than in 1914, the freight charges paid on it amount to only 80 cents per ton more, or, to express it in more graphic terms, only "one and one-third cents out of every dollar of increase in value of commodities was caused by increased freight charges. The responsibility for the remaining 98.7 cents out of every dollar must be sought elsewhere; it was not caused by freight charges."

### PROMOTING A CONTENTED CITIZENSHIP

In dabbling with the housing problem of the nation, the government agencies determine a number of things in connection with this undramatic phase of human existence. For instance, how aspiration out-travels the purse is shown by the peculiarity of housing that the supply is usually adequate or ahead of that required by the higher income earning classes; while on the other hand, the lower income earning classes usually find a very limited supply to meet their modest demands. \$100,000,000 was voted by Congress in the summer of 1918 for housing work. Owing to the close of the war the sum was not all spent. Under the government building plan 89 percent of the workers (in 24 localities) were provided with individual houses, and the report says that "assuming that a worker's family represents on the average at least four persons, the cost per family may be roughly set down as a trifle over \$4,400." It would be interesting to know how this cost compares with that obtained by private corporations who have built equally comfortable living places for employees, at presumably far less cost. If, however, the most modest home that the American workman can build, now costs over \$4,000, the figures themselves doubtless furnish the best reason that exists for the universal shortage of houses throughout the country. For, it may be observed, four-thousand

dollar bills do not grow on every bush! After an exhaustive investigation by government departments and bureaus the conclusion has been reached that the people of the country are not favorable to the nationalization of home-building, even as it was carried out by the Government in war-time. It is a form of socialism that comes so close to the individual that it is objectionable.

There has been an ever-increasing shortage of housing accommodations throughout the country since 1913, and the number of good people who have no castles of their own, and who are at the same time experiencing hard-sledding in securing proper quarters by the rent-processes, is constantly increasing.

### COLD STORAGE

Uncle Joe Cannon believes in practical regulation of cold storage, and he told his fellow Members of Congress that he wanted the law so fixed that "when it said 'spring chicken' on the dining-car menu he would know which spring was referred to, whether it was this spring or last spring."

Representative King of Illinois, told the House that he believed that from three to five percent of the membership of Congress suffered constantly from ptomaine poisoning caused from eating cold-storage food, "and if the truth were known," he added, "it would be found that the President of the United States, on his long trip to the Pacific coast, was served with cold-storage food, so that he is now suffering from nothing else than ptomaine poisoning."

Hoarding and profiteering are charged up to the cold-storage system, but in defense of the practice it is pointed out that the Government itself is right now disposing of thousands of carloads of food that were held in cold storage for the army and navy.

And so, Congress, weighing the ifs and ands of the storage problem has decided in its favor, but is intent on maintaining stiff rules and bylaws in order that the thing may be done right.

### STRIKES AND UNIONS

Careful students agree that the industrial disputes are not upsetting American ideals of free government.

Secretary of Commerce Redfield says that "organized labor is losing the sympathy of the general public." He explains that "organized labor agitators are taking advantage of a sort of post-war economic crisis to increase their power over the whole field of industry at a time when all elements should be moderate and pull together for the national well being."

### Auction Sale

By W. E. Cram, Auctioneer, Antrim,

Benj. F. Tenney will sell a lot of twenty-seven head of cattle, almost every one of which was raised by him on his farm; they are good young stock, and are being sold because he is overstocked and unable to secure a good stock caretaker. In this lot are some fine cows for family use. In addition to these belonging to Mr. Tenney's herd, there have been a number of cattle consigned by neighbors who wish to reduce their stock, making in all fifty-three head of cattle to be sold. This is a large cattle sale for this section and all parties interested should be sure to attend this sale, which will be positive. For other particulars and description read auction bills. Sale Thursday, Oct. 16, at one o'clock.

### Road Much Improved

Emery hill, so-called ought to be in splendid condition, so much work and money have been expended upon it. "Twas all needed, however. A dreaded spot on the Keene to Concord road, through North Branch, has been removed and autoists will breathe easier and enjoy the ride over this route very much.

### Forbidding Trust

My wife, Laura M. Thompson, having left my bed and board without just cause or my consent, I forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account as I shall pay no bills of her contracting after this date.

Henry S. Thompson

Antrim, N. H.  
October 4, 1919

## A FEW THOUGHTS

### Suggested by What Is Happening Around

The continual falling of leaves is a sure indication that Autumn is with us and soon the very beautiful foliage will be a thing of the past.

It pays to advertise in the Reporter and here is another instance of proof. F. J. Boyd advertised a used auto for sale last week, and at once received three telephone calls of inquiry. He immediately sold the car to H. A. Coolidge who in turn sold it to Will A. Nichols for his own use.

By an advertisement on our first page today it will be seen that Hon. Windsor H. Goodnow, of Keene, announces himself an active candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination at the primaries. The reasons of his determination along this line are given in this announcement. His claims are just and doubtless this section of the state will stand loyally by Mr. Goodnow and give him a large vote in the primaries.

How strange that the sugar situation continues so bothersome all the time. First, the housewife gets two pounds, then one pound, and sometimes none. And now we hear that in the not far distant future the government will have no further authority over its sale and price. What shall we then expect? Maybe the authorities before that time will have all the profiteers behind the bars, but we are afraid there may be a few left. We hope not anyway!

General uncertainty as to when the clocks shall be turned back and daylight saving abolished seems to have resulted from the recent action of congress in repealing the daylight saving act. In answer to numerous inquiries officials have pointed out that clocks may not be turned back until the last Sunday of October, or October 26, at 1 a. m.

There may be some who object to this return to what they consider a wrong interpretation of a good thing. Yet, to straighten out the thing, this can be done locally very easily, by changing the time of working hours for mills, factories, stores, etc., and then everybody will be satisfied.

The world is in a turmoil. The country is facing one of a few crises in its history. The pessimist declares that we are on the verge of revolution. The optimist asserts that always when matters reach their worst they begin to mend, and that that time is near at hand. The country passed through almost as severe conditions in the 15 years after the close of the Civil War and through very much worse conditions at the conclusion of the War of the Revolution.

While the nation is passing through what seems to be turbulent times the history of the country shows that turbulence is no rarity, and that from every seeming danger the country has emerged because of sane thought upon the part of those who viewed the situation from a high mental altitude. The optimist of the present day believes that the country will safely pass through the present storm. The only thing which can be done to meet the situation is for men to think, and think correctly.

When so much is being written and voiced about the League of Nations or whatever you may call it, which will accomplish the desired end, it is well to hark back to a former most remarkable paper that has been the guiding force for so many years, and note what is said concerning its makers.

The framers of the Constitution were the most remarkable group of men ever associated in any governmental activity. It has been truly said that never in the history of the world has there been displayed so much insight into the principles of government, so much knowledge of the theory and practice of its different forms as that which accompanied the formation of the Constitution of the United States. James Madison, who knew intimately almost every member of the convention, who was never absent even for a single day from its meetings, and whose journal is the

only authoritative record of the proceedings, near the close of his life thus wrote of its membership:

"I feel it my duty to express my profound and solemn conviction, derived from my intimate opportunity of observing and appreciating the views of the convention, that there never was an assembly of men, charged with a great and arduous trust, who were more pure in their motives or more exclusively or anxiously devoted to the object committed to them than were the members of the federal convention of 1787."

The utmost anxiety attended the convening of the assembly. The delegates were slow to arrive. It was a week after the day fixed before even 7 of the 13 states were represented. The members who arrived appeared anxious and apprehensive. They realized that the work they were undertaking was vitally important and of tremendous difficulty. Indeed, the difficulties to be overcome seemed insurmountable. The confederacy had failed. Its requisitions were refused by the states. Commercial rivalry and discord between the states was pronounced. Open rebellion had appeared, foreign debts had become urgent, and the havoc of paper money had destroyed both business and confidence. Treaties had been violated and some of the states were threatening foreign alliances.

And yet, every reader of history knows what was the outcome and the

### Profit by This

Don't Waste Another Day

When you are worried by backache; By lameness and urinary disorders— Don't experiment with an untried medicine.

Do as thousands of people are doing. Use Doan's Kidney Pills.

Read this Concord resident's experience:

Mrs. M. E. McQueston, 9 Wall St., Concord, N. H., says: "I had backache and shooting pains across my kidneys that seemed to bear down on me like a great weight. At times I was also bothered by dizziness and headaches. Rheumatic twinges almost crippled me, too. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got some. They gave me great relief and removed the trouble, so I haven't had to use a kidney medicine for a long time."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. McQueston had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

one idea. "America for Americans" prevailed and her loyal supporters have ever had this thought in mind. We see no reason if this plan is continued why this country can not always be the great and glorious country she has been.

(Political Advertisement)

## To the Republicans of New Hampshire

I wish to announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Governor of New Hampshire at the hands of the Republican voters, and that I shall conduct an active campaign. My decision is made at this time in view of political developments that have occurred and only after a thorough canvass of the state, together with conferences with many prominent Republicans in all sections, which has demonstrated that there is a real demand for my candidacy.

I am a Republican and believe in the principles of the Republican party. I believe I am qualified to perform the duties of governor or by reason of my legislative experience in the Senate and the House and as a member of the present Executive Council for the two years preceding the term of office for which I am candidate, and also thru my business training and experience, in which at the present time I am the executive head of thirteen stores employing more than six hundred men and women and transacting business in four different states.

I believe that my experience as a business executive actually coming in daily contact with many people through the natural channels of my business gives me a greater knowledge of and places me in more direct touch with the needs, the desires, the demands, the aspirations and the problems of the average man and woman making up our citizenship than can be obtained by any man in any other way.

Because of the fact that Cheshire County long has been passed by in the bestowal of high honors the Republicans in the county feel that the next Governor should be a Cheshire County man. The last Governor from the county was chosen by the Republicans in 1882 and since that time no such office has come to Cheshire at the hands of the Republicans, although the county has always rolled up a Republican majority varying from 1,000 to 1,500 votes every election. Such majorities deserve recognition.

The above are, briefly, the reasons for my candidacy. Upon them I base my request for the active support of all Republicans.

Very truly yours,

WINDSOR H. GOODNOW, Keene, N. H.

## Nucoa Nut Margarine

Is made from the meat of the cocoa-nut, imported from Ceylon and the Philippine Islands. This is crushed and refined into a cream white butter. Peanut oil, imported from France and Holland, is added. This is just like olive oil in color and texture. These two products are churned with cultured milk, first having been pasteurized. When it leaves the churn it is worked and salted the same as creamery butter. The only secret is efficiency and care. Try a Pound.

Quality and Price Always the Same.

35c. a pound

Sold only at

## HEATH'S STORE

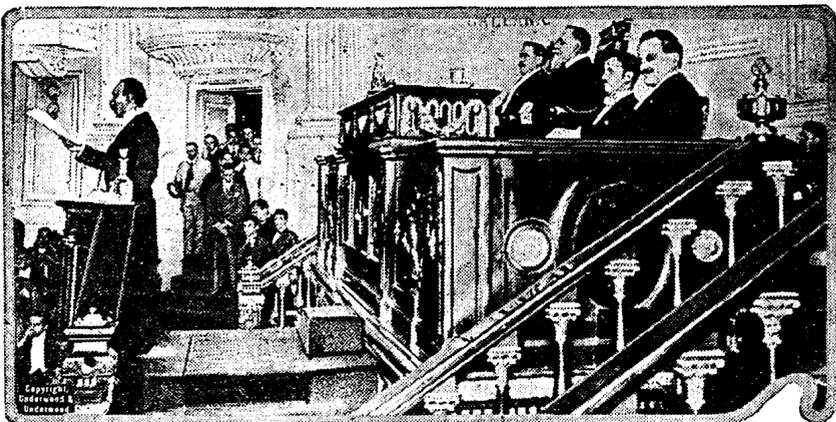
Goodell Block, ANTRIM  
Tel. 31-2

**HARVARD STUDENTS HELP QUELL RIOTS IN BOSTON**



Remarkable photograph showing Harvard students (armed with clubs) and some of the few loyal policemen wearing helmets trying to quell a riot in Boston, during the strike of practically the entire police force.

**CARRANZA PRESIDES AT OPENING OF MEXICAN CONGRESS**



Opening of regular session of Mexican congress at night, showing President Carranza presiding.

**ESKIMO GIRL MEETS VICE PRESIDENT**



Miss Anna Miller of Nome, Alaska, said to be the only Eskimo girl residing in the United States, presented Vice President Marshall with a gavel made of walrus tusk. The gift was made by Eskimo friends of Miss Miller. Her Eskimo name is Kiviek Kuznek. She was brought to this country by Capt. W. R. Miller, whose ward she is, and is attending the Central Normal college at Danville, Ind.

**EDITH CAVELL'S BETRAYER SENTENCED**



Someone in the military court in Paris when Georges Gaston Quen, who betrayed Edith Cavell to the Germans, was being sentenced to death for having had communication with the enemy. He is shown standing in the dock.

**YOUNG HERO FROM BELGIUM**



Harry Gillman lived in Belgium in 1914 when the German war juggernaut started on its ruthless path of destruction through the defenseless country. He saw both his parents killed by the Hun. Taking his father's revolver, he managed to kill three German officers in the party which shot his father and mother. For this deed he was arrested and placed in a German prison camp. After six months' confinement he escaped and made his way to a detachment of British cavalry, with which outfit he remained for two years. In 1917, when the Second Division of the American army came upon the scene, he left his British bunkies and joined in with the "Devil Dogs." He was wounded at Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood and gassed in the Argonne. He is shown on his arrival at New York aboard the Chicago. He is in charge of Eva E. Sorenson of Duluth, who will see to his future welfare.

**English Mayor in Hot Water.**  
Women were slighted at the peace banquet at Luton, England, and there was a lively row about it. The board of guardians includes five women, and the male members only were invited to the dinner. The mayor tried to explain that there was room only for five hundred, but the ladies declared there were not five hundred men in the district who had done public work during the war, while each of the five women had.

**Horticultural Points**

**TEST OF GRAPE FERTILIZERS**

Summary of Results Obtained at Geneva Station—Nitrogen Has Been Most Helpful.

After a ten-year test of fertilizers for grapes on the substation at Fredonia, N. Y., the Geneva Experiment station summarizes the results as follows:

These tests show that nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium have had a marked beneficial effect upon wood growth, yield and quality of fruit.



**Grapes Are Healthful and Delicious.**

The data indicate that of the three elements nitrogen has been most helpful.

Potassium has given more pronounced results than phosphorus up to the present, although the latter has had a more beneficial effect upon the green-manure crops in the vineyard.

Nitrogen has not only affected favorably the growth of wood, but it has increased the fruit and given larger berries and clusters. Phosphorus and potassium have increased the production of wood and fruit, but have not influenced the quality of the fruit to the same extent as the nitrogen. Potassium has caused earlier ripening of the foliage than the other elements.

Even though the same number of canes be tied up for fruiting purposes, the data show that the fertilizer plots have produced a decided gain of fruit over the unfertilized.

The foliage, after the first few years, has been of better color and size in the plots to which nitrogen was applied. That from the phosphorus and potassium plots ranked second, with that from the check a poor third.

**PLACE FOR COMMON STORAGE**

Do Not Afford as Advantageous Conditions as Do Modern Commercial Warehouses.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Common storages for apples do not offer as adequate and satisfactory conditions as do the modern commercial warehouses, but nevertheless, there is a distinct place for common storage on the calendar of many apple producers, as it provides facilities for the temporary protection of the fruit so that it can be graded, packed and placed in cold storage, or else marketed during the early part of the storage season.

Under favorable climatic conditions common-storage houses can be so constructed and operated as to furnish satisfactory conditions for carrying the crop throughout the normal storage season. The failure of the early common-storage houses were due principally to faulty construction and location, as well as to lack of appreciation of the fundamentals underlying proper storage conditions for the fruit.

Many of these structures were inadequately insulated and provided with insufficient means for ventilation, so that the fruit could not be promptly cooled directly after picking and held under favorable conditions.

**HORTICULTURAL NOTES**

Clean, well-packed fruit in neat boxes will sell best.

Blackberries do best in a cool, moist soil where the roots can feed freely.

Correct practices in pruning are fundamental to the welfare and worth of a fruit tree.

Strawberry beds that are to be fruited another year should have their tops cut promptly after the fruiting season.

Strawberries should be covered about four inches deep with straw. If the bed is in a windy location, five or six inches may be used to advantage.

**Making Money and Thrift**

Sheer lack of thrift has caused more financial failures than anything else. How many men there are today who might have become wealthy had they only known how to save money! During the course of their careers they have earned large sums, but these have slipped from their fingers from day to day. They had the natural gift of making money, just as their successful rivals, but they lacked the quality of permanent success—which is thrift.

Although the ability to make money is, to a considerable extent, a matter of natural aptitude, the still more important accomplishments of thrift can be acquired by anyone. There is no excuse for not saving money.

Thriftlessness is an indication of weakness. It is indecision of character.

Thrift requires steadfastness, and the marshaling of the last ounce of moral strength that we possess. But it does not require any special genius or brilliant gift of mind.

It is within the power of every man and woman to thrive through the cultivation of prudent habits. Practices of thrift do not bring a guarantee of great wealth. But they are an absolute assurance of modest success and a never-failing protection against complete failure and poverty.

The primary value of thrift lies in the fact that through it we secure full advantage of the little things.

Those who are thriftless in money matters do not, as a rule, dissipate their resources in large amounts. The processes of waste are going on constantly, however, in the way of unnecessary or ill-advised spending.

On the other hand thrift consists of saving by small degrees.

A point often overlooked is that a few years of thrifty habits will place one in a financial position where he can enjoy many of life's wholesome pleasures, whereas continual thriftlessness yields only inadequate and superficial pleasure.—S. W. Straus in Thrift Magazine.

**About Poultry Feeding**

The high prices of grain this past year have caused many poultry people to try different feeds and feeding from what might be called standard feeding.

From reports reaching the Pennsylvania department of agriculture and the observations of the poultry experts in its employ, these experiments in new or abbreviated feeding have mostly been a failure and have resulted in much poultry having made an unprofitable growth and being puny and stunted.

A notable exception is the feeding of boiled oats, which feed, previously used by only a few poultry keepers, has become very popular, particularly among the larger poultry keepers having much feeding to do.

Boiled oats are greedily eaten by chickens of all ages; make a good growing and a good laying feed and in results obtained or obtainable are proving to be the cheapest food that has been available the last six months. Boiled oats have largely, too, superseded the sprouted oats so much exploited a few years ago, as they are safer, a better and a less fussy feed.

To prepare, soak good, heavy oats 12 hours or more (in hot weather or a warm room a fresh lot should be soaked daily), dissolve one tablespoonful of salt in each bucket of water used for this; boil two or three hours and so gauge the amount of water used for soaking that at the finish the water is boiled away. Feed warm, but not hot. White Leghorn pullets can have these boiled oats twice daily, say, at 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., and all they will eat up clean. For old hens or heavyweight pullets, one feed a day is enough, and not too much at that, lest they become too fat on this much-liked feed.

**SOME POSTSCRIPTS**

In one region of government forest land in Argentina it is estimated that there are at least 1,000,000 pine trees large enough for profitable lumbering.

An Illinois inventor has patented hangers for barn or other doors that are suspended from tracks that can be adjusted to work properly when a door warps.

To save automobile tires when a car is standing in a garage a jack has been invented that automatically lifts the car clear of the floor when run over it.

The Siamese musical scale is an equal division of the octave into seven parts and music never is written, but learned by ear and handed down traditionally.

**Tartar on Teeth May be Cause of Many Diseases**

Where tartar is allowed to grow undisturbed it eventually covers the teeth and forces the gum from around them. The gums become spongy and bleed freely when brushed. In advanced stages pus pours out from around the roots of the teeth into the mouth and is swallowed into the stomach, causing many diseases. Keep your teeth clean if you wish to be healthy. Watch 'em! Your eyes can greatly assist in this work.

**Poverty.**

No man is poor that does not think himself so.—Jeremy Taylor.

**Central Longitudinal Line of the United States Runs Through State of Kansas**

Discussing the frequently used term "middle West," an American writer remarks that the territory so designated might more reasonably be called the "middle East." The central longitudinal line of the United States passes through Kansas not far from Topeka. On one side of the line, geographically speaking, lies the true West; on the other the true East, and the eastern side includes what is ordinarily called the "middle West," whereas the geographical "middle West" would cover the region of the Rocky mountains. The expression originated on the eastern seaboard, just when or how it would perhaps be difficult to discover, and seems in the beginning to have been a patronizing phrase indicating that, compared with the older cultural condition of the states bordering the Atlantic, the nearer states toward the west were well-meaning but somewhat backward, although nothing like so lacking in the amenities as those younger states which were growing up still nearer the sunset. The idea has vanished with the development of the nation, and the term remains as a convenient but rather indefinite way of referring to what many people think is really a geographical division of the country.

**Why the Tree Leaves Turn Red When Chilly Autumn Days Return**

An examination of the withered leaves of the autumn foliage at the time of their turning red shows that they contain more sugar and less starch than in midsummer. Leaves of evergreens, however, lose their red tints with the return of the warm season, and reassume their green color. In these plants—i. e., the holly and ivy—the sugar of the leaf is transformed into starch in springtime. From these observations two inferences can be drawn—first, that the red coloring substances are probably of the nature of the glucoses, being in most cases compounds of tannic substances with sugar; second, the chief physical conditions for the formation of the red color are sunshine, which, on the one hand, enhances the assimilation and production of sugar, and, on the other hand, quickens the chemical process that leads to the formation of the coloring matter, and, furthermore, a low temperature, which prevents the transformation of the sugar into starch. In other words, the red tints of autumn are the direct product of the meteorological conditions prevailing during that season—i. e., sunshine and low temperature.

**Fate of American Indian, Now Slowly Disappearing**

There is, in the fate of the Indian, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever.—Joseph Story.

**Silent Motor Coming.**

The effort to make a silent motor and propeller for the airplane is progressing steadily.

**Was Laid Up In Bed**

Doan's, However, Restored Mrs. Vogt to Health and Strength. Hans' Suffered Since.

"I had one of the worst cases of kidney complaint imaginable," says Mrs. Wm. Vogt, 515 Audrey Ave., Wellston, Mo., "and I was laid up in bed for days at a time."



"My bladder was inflamed and the kidney secretions caused terrible pain. My back was in such bad shape that when I moved the pains were like a knife-thrust. I got so dizzy I could not stoop and my head just throbbled with pain. Beds of perspiration would stand on my temples, then I would become cold and numb. My heart action was affected and I felt as if I couldn't take another breath. I got so nervous and run down, I felt life wasn't worth living and often wished that I might die so my suffering would be ended. Medicine failed to help me and I was discouraged."

"Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me and I could tell I was being helped after the first few doses. I kept getting better every day and continued use cured me. My health improved in every way and best of all, the cure has been permanent. I feel that Doan's saved my life."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Cuticura Soap**

IS IDEAL

**For the Hands**

Soap No. 1, Ointment No. 2, etc., Talcum No. 3, Sample each mailed free by "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

**Embroiderers**

Experienced hand embroiderers on scaled underwear. Steady. Work sent out of town. Send samples.

**ESTELLA-SCHILLER BROS.**

119 West 24th Street New York City

**An Unforeseen Calamity.**

"I'm never going to return a lost article to anyone again," said a Kansas City man the other day.

"Why?" we asked.

"Well, this fellow advertised a reward for the return of his dog, and no questions asked. And then when I took the dog and went up and rang the bell his wife answered the door."—Kansas City Star.



**BAKER'S Pure Fruit EXTRACTS**

For Sale at All Grocers  
BAKER EXTRACT COMPANY  
Springfield, Mass., and Portland, Maine



**GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM**

from the finest spruce or spruce. Stop it in time and do not gamble with your health. Use it 15 to 20 years in treating coughs, colds and allied complaints. Everybody buys the Large Size 50¢ Montreal D. WATSON & CO., New York

**Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy**

for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLES.

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By Equipping With CLEVELAND TIRES STANDARD TIRES

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**INDIGESTION**

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**The Antrim Reporter**  
 Published Every Wednesday Afternoon  
 Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year  
 Advertising Rates on Application  
 H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER  
 H. B. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANT  
 Wednesday, Oct. 8, 1919

Long Distance Telephone  
 Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., in which an admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the user.  
 Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c each.  
 Resolutions of ordinary length, \$1.00.  
 Obituary notices 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.

**Apprentice Wanted!**

To the right party, an excellent opportunity is offered to learn the Printer's Trade. We are looking for a young man with a fairly good education and a willingness to learn the different branches of the business. Anyone interested can learn all about this position by applying in person at

THE REPORTER OFFICE.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

**Antrim Locals**

L. J. White was in Brockton, Mass., last week, where he visited the fair.

Henry Thompson spent the past week with relatives in Wilmington, Mass.

Dr. and Mrs. E. G. Dearborn attended the fair at Brockton, Mass., a couple days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Thompson have removed to a tenement in the Mrs. Flanders house on North Main street.

Cranston D. Eldredge spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eldredge; he returned to his work in Hanover Monday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barker, of Peterboro, was the guest on Saturday at the Methodist parsonage, with her son, Rev. R. S. Barker and family.

Rev. J. D. Cameron, D. D., and Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Edwin D. Jameson were in Laconia a portion of last week, attending a conference.

Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Barker were in Manchester two days last week, on business connected with the Methodist church and Sunday school of the N. H. conference.

Mrs. Emma W. Eldredge and Mrs. S. S. Magathlin, who have been visiting in the home of H. W. Eldredge, have returned to their homes in Harwichport, Mass., and enroute spent a day or two in Boston.

Morris Cutter, Fred Cutter and John Whitney brought in four nice yearling coons on Thursday morning last, the result of one night's hunting. They were all taken in Antrim, only a few miles from the village.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold their annual Harvest Supper and entertainment Friday, October 10. Supper will be served from 5.30 to 7.30 p. m. Adults 35 cents, children under 12 years, 15 cents.

Ensign Paul F. Paige has arrived at his home here and is spending a season with his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Paige. He has now completed his labors in the U. S. Navy and will soon be a discharged man; will in a very short time return to labors in civilian life.

CANDY—Earn \$25 to \$50 weekly. Advertise Men, Women. Start one of our Specialty Candy Factories in your home, small room anywhere. Grand opportunity. We tell how and furnish everything. Candymakers House, 1819 Ranstead St., Philadelphia. Pa. advertisement

Miss Fannie Burnham has gone to Boston, where she has entered Boston University to take a special course in factory nursing. After a number of years as trained nurse in private families, and experience as Army Nurse at Camp Devens, she has decided to specialize in this work and is now fitting herself for special work.

Rev. R. S. Barker, pastor of the Methodist church in Antrim, has been selected by the district superintendent and resident bishop to take a special course at Boston University under the centenary program for rural church work, and entered upon his studies on Monday of this week. He will be at home every week end to occupy his pulpit.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Smith, of North Hampton, this state, were in town a portion of the past week, while on their wedding trip. They passed a portion of the time at Greystone and stopped a time at Lakehaven, at Gregg lake. Mr. Smith is an intimate friend of Cranston D. Eldredge, they having served in the same company during the late war.

**Moving Pictures!**

Town Hall, Antrim  
**FRIDAY Eve., Oct. 10**  
 A Women's Experience  
 6 Reel Drama, 2 Reel Comedy  
**TUESDAY Eve., Oct. 14**  
 Every Woman's Husband  
 4 Reel Drama, 2 Reel Comedy  
 W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

**Antrim Locals**

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bartlett spent the week end in Boston.

Miss Ophelia R. Lapoint spent the week end with friends in Worcester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Morse were in Manchester on Sunday, guests of Harold Clough.

Miss Annie Bryant, of Peterboro, was with her grandmother, Mrs. E. C. Paige, over the week end.

Rev. and Mrs. W. J. B. Cannell were in Manchester last week attending the N. H. Baptist convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Johnson entertained the former's father and mother at their home here recently.

Nelson St. Sauveur, a former resident, now residing in Woonsocket, R. I., is spending a few days in town.

The union service next Sunday evening will be in the Baptist church. Sermon by Rev. W. J. B. Cannell. Topic: The Limpers.

Mrs. Henry McClure has returned from Concord, where she visited several days with her daughter, Mrs. Charles N. Friend.

Mrs. I. C. Hanscom and son, Clarence Hanscom, and Miss Ariel Savage are at their home on Highland avenue for the week.

Delmar Newhall has reentered the employ of Goodell Company and is to remove his family and household goods from Oakland, Maine, to this town.

H. Burr Eldredge was at his home here from Monday noon till Tuesday afternoon, when he returned to his work on the Worcester Telegram in Worcester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice A. Poor, Mrs. Frank Seaver, Miss Muriel Colby and Miss Jennie Craig took an auto trip through the White Mountains Friday and Saturday of last week.

Miss Caroline E. Holitt, employed as teacher in the Plymouth Normal School, was at Lakehaven cottage with friends for the week end and visited in the family of H. W. Eldredge.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Robbins, from Cavendish, Vt., Harry R. Gammon, Mrs. Mary S. Gammon and Miss Jean Hoyle, of Proctorsville, Vt., were guests on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Wheeler.

B. J. Wilkinson and family were in Goffstown on Sunday, guests of Mrs. Wilkinson's brother, who started Monday for French Guinea, Africa, where he has a position as civil engineer with a mining firm.

Mrs. E. G. Dearborn, Mrs. D. W. Cooley, Mrs. C. E. Peaslee, Mrs. G. W. Hunt, Mrs. F. J. Boyd and Miss Mamie Barrett were in Claremont last Thursday and Friday to attend the annual meeting of the State D. A. R.

Chester Holt, formerly of this town and a charter member of Waverley Lodge of Odd Fellows, and now at the I. O. O. F. home in Concord, is reported in failing health. In addition to the usual care at the home he is constantly being looked after by his niece, Mrs. Muzzey.

Mrs. Arthur A. Miller was unfortunate on Monday in falling and breaking her hip. She was about her work in the kitchen when she fell. This will confine her to the bed for a number of weeks, but her many friends hope for a complete recovery in as short a time as possible.

H. W. Johnson, works manager of the Goodell Company, and Mrs. Johnson, have been enjoying a vacation of a week or two, visiting relatives in Vermont. They made the trip by auto. Also motored to Montreal and Quebec, into the state of Maine, thru the White Mountains, and into Massachusetts. They report a most wonderful trip thru the most beautiful section of the country at a time of year that cannot be equalled.

For Sale  
 House and Barn, and Three Acres of Land, at Antrim Centre, N. H.

Being unable to maintain my property as I have been accustomed, and to carry on my religious work in Greenfield, I have decided to offer my property at the Center for sale. Price and terms on application.

O. M. Lord

Oct. 1, 1919

**HAS NOT HAD AN HOUR'S SICKNESS**

Since He Commenced To Take "Fruit-a-tives"

78 LEES AVE., OTTAWA.  
 "Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from Liver and Kidney Trouble. Having heard of "Fruit-a-tives", I thought I would try them. The result was surprising.  
 I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using "Fruit-a-tives" or Fruit Liver Tablets, and I know now what I haven't known for a good many years—the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain." WALTER J. MARRIOTT.  
 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from FRUIT-A-TIVES Limited, OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

**Automobile LIVERY!**

Parties carried Day or Night. Cars Rented to Responsible Drivers. Our satisfied patrons our best advertisement.

**J. E. Perkins & Son**  
 Tel. 33-4 Antrim, N. H.

**NOTICE!**  
**LIBERTY FARM ANNOUNCES FALL PIG CONTEST**

There being so much interest in our Spring pig contest, we have decided to have a contest on Fall pigs. We will give next Spring an 8 weeks old thorough BERSHIRE SOW or BARROW to the person whose pig makes the greatest gain from the time it leaves the farm until it is 6 months old.

Our stock is all thoroughbreds. Barrows, \$8.00; Sows, \$8.00 up. Pigs sold 7 to 9 weeks old. Pick your pig early.

Pigs for sale farrowed July 24 to Sept. 21.

**LIBERTY FARM, Antrim, N. H.**

Purchased Auto

Harold Brown, who has been employed by Mrs. J. M. Swift, in Bennington, during the summer, has completed his labors there and with his wife has returned to his home in North Branch. He has purchased an Overland auto of H. A. Coolidge.

This Space is Reserved for  
**THE CLINTON STORAE**  
 Which Very Soon Will Tell  
 You Somewhat of Its Fine  
 Line of General Merchandise  
 It Constantly Carries.

**Buy Your Bond AND BE SECURE**

**Why Run The Hazard**

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.**

**FOR SALE!**

**BUSHEL BOXES**

FOR APPLES. Have some in stock, or will make them on orders. Inquire of

**G. H. CAUGHEY, Antrim.**

**Wall Paper, Paints, Moulding, &c.**

**GUY A. HULETT,**  
 ANTRIM, N. H.  
 Telephone 9-3

**Stock Pattern DINNER WARE!**

From Which You Select Such Pieces as Fill Your Present Needs, and Come Back and Get More Whenever Changed Conditions Make it Desirable.

Our way of handling Stock Patterns, keeping the matchings long after the sale of sets in the pattern is ended, selling the cup without the saucer and the dish without the cover or the cover without the dish to replace breakage, selling one piece at the same rate as a dozen, is surely the most satisfactory manner one can possibly purchase dinner ware.

**Nippon Hand Painted, Haviland, and Other Imported Chinas, English Semi Porcelain**

In a variety of patterns of new decorations, all figure prominently on our tables. The Goods Are Right. Apart from the New Patterns Just Brought Out from the Factories, the stock was all purchased and paid for months ago. The Price Reflects the Time of Purchase, and is Altogether in Your Favor. Our prices were always less than the city store, but there is more difference now than formerly; just take a look about and see for yourself. You know how difficult it has been to get Crockery; we have been selling staple goods like cups and saucers for months into the neighboring cities, because we foresaw the pinch and prepared for it.

The Goods Are Right, The Assortment is Right, The Price is Right, Your Treatment is Right.

**EMERSON & SON, Milford**

**Pine Logs Wanted**

Will Buy in Carload Lots at Any Station on the Boston & Maine Railroad

**American Box & Lumber Co.,**  
 NASHUA, N. H.

**DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S Asthma Remedy**

A most effective remedy for the relief of asthma and hay fever. The healing fumes from burning herbs relieves the choking sensation by clearing the air passages and soothing the irritated membranes. In use for more than 40 years. Two sizes—25c and \$1.00.

Send for free sample.  
 If your dealer cannot supply you order direct from  
**Northrop & Lyman Co. Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.**

**PRINCE ALBERT**

the national joy smoke makes a whale of a cigarette!

YOU certainly get yours when you lay your smokecards on the table, call for a tidy red tin or a toppy red bag of Prince Albert and roll a makin's cigarette! You'll want to hire a statistical bureau to keep count of your smokestunts! Why, you never dreamed of the sport that lies awaiting your call in a home rolled cigarette when it's P. A. for the packing!

Talk about flavor! Man, man, you haven't got the listen of half your smokecareer until you know what rolling 'em with P. A. can do for your contentment! And, back of P. A.'s flavor, and rare fragrance—proofs of Prince Albert's quality—stands our exclusive patented process that cuts out bite and parch! With P. A. your smokesong in a makin's cigarette will outlast any phonograph record you ever heard! Prince Albert is a cinch to roll. It's crimp cut and stays put like a regular pall!

Prince Albert upsets any notion you ever had as to how delightful a jimmy pipe can be! It is the tobacco that has made three men smoke pipes where one was smoked before. It has won men all over the nation to the joys of smoking.

**R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.**

# Tired Nervous Mothers

Should Profit by the Experience of These Two Women



Buffalo, N. Y.—"I am the mother of four children, and for nearly three years I suffered from a female trouble with pains in my back and side, and a general weakness. I had professional attendance most of that time but did not seem to get well. As a last resort I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which I had seen advertised in the newspapers, and in two weeks noticed a marked improvement. I continued its use and am now free from pain and able to do all my housework."—Mrs. B. B. ZIELINSKA, 202 Weiss Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Portland, Ind.—"I had a displacement and suffered so badly from it at times I could not be on my feet at all. I was all run down and so weak I could not do my housework, was nervous and could not lie down at night. I took treatments from a physician but they did not help me. My Aunt recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried it and now I am strong and well again and do my own work and I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound the credit."—Mrs. JOSEPHINE KIMBLE, 935 West Race Street, Portland, Ind.

Every Sick Woman Should Try

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

## Encouraging Bolshevism

Everything that falsely encourages unrest also encourages bolshevism.

Misunderstanding of American industrial organization, and of its benefits to mankind, leads to unrest, dissatisfaction, and radicalism.

For example, the Federal Trade Commission tells the public that the large packers had an agreed price for lard substitute (made of cotton-seed oil).

It reproduces letters taken from the files of one of the packers, showing that such agreed price existed.

But it failed to mention that the agreed price was determined at the request of and in co-operation with the Food Administration!

Even the Department of Justice, in its unjust attempt to create prejudice against the packers, has made public these same letters, with no explanation.

How long must this kind of misrepresentation continue? In so far as it is believed, it not only breeds discontent, but results in injustice to our industry.

Let us send you a "Swift Dollar." It will interest you. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.



## ADVERTISE

In THE REPORTER

And Get Your Share of the Trade.

## SPEED PLANS FOR RED CROSS DRIVE IN NEW ENGLAND

Chapters Appoint Chairmen to Direct Third Roll Call in November

Seventy of the 118 Chapters in the New England Division of the American Red Cross have already appointed chairmen to direct the Third Red Cross Roll Call for members and money from November 2 to 11, and these chairmen are rapidly organizing their forces for the campaign. Every effort will be made to exceed the present Red Cross membership of 150,000 in the New England Division.

The Roll Call will open on Sunday, November 2, and before that date the clergymen of all faiths will be asked to devote their services on "Red Cross Sunday" to the American Red Cross and its membership appeal to the American people. The clergy will be provided with leaflets outlining what the American Red Cross did during the war, and presenting information on the things still to be done, together with suggestions for services on "Red Cross Sunday."

It is hoped that every church in New England will have at least one Red Cross service on the opening day of the campaign.

To Award Honor Flags.

To stimulate chapters and branches to exceed their quota in the Roll Call, James Jackson, manager of the New England Division, has decided to award honor flags. Each chapter that exceeds its quota will receive a Red Cross banner made of bunting and each branch that exceeds its quota will receive a Red Cross pennant of burlap. These banners may be hung in the Red Cross headquarters and will have the red cross on a white field with the words "Honor Flag" written above and "Third Roll Call" written below the cross.

The chapter that exceeds its quota by the largest percentage will receive a Red Cross banner made of silk. It is believed that these honor flags will prove splendid incentives for chapters and branches to work for big results in their efforts to secure renewals of memberships and new members.

New Red Cross Films.

The New England Division has already secured four new Red Cross films for the Chapters to use in the motion picture theatres and at meetings in their territories. One of the most interesting of the films is a photo-play entitled "Winning Her Way." It deals with the public health nursing work of the Red Cross and relates a story of how a Red Cross public health nurse, supported by the local Red Cross organization, won the support of the townspeople for community nursing.

The other new films are "Good-Bye Brest," which shows American troops leaving Germany and France and embarking for home; "Roumanian Relief," which shows the distribution of Red Cross relief supplies in Roumania, and "Helping Our Boys at Home," which illustrates the service rendered home-coming American troops in their journey across the United States to their homes.

Several other films will probably be ready for use before the close of the Roll Call campaign.

Another interesting feature of the Roll Call will be a lecture entitled "The Heart of a Nation," illustrated by 100 colored stereopticon slides, picturing briefly the history of the American Red-Cross during the war.

Division Tour a Success.

Division Manager Jackson is having splendid success in arousing interest in the Third Roll Call in his tour of Division territory, which will continue until the end of this month. He is accompanied by Miss Lavinia H. Newell, director of Chapter Production; Miss Elizabeth Ross, director of the Bureau of Nursing and Cheney C. Jones, director of Civilian Relief, all of whom are presenting details of the future work of the Red Cross in New England.

Dr. Livingston Farrand, the executive head of the American Red Cross, has started a tour of the 13 divisions of the Red Cross in this country, and will come to the New England Division just previous to the opening of the Roll Call. According to his present schedule, he will address a public mass meeting in Symphony Hall, Boston, on the evening of October 24, and if his time permits meetings will be arranged for one or two of the other larger cities in New England. It is expected that Red Cross workers from all over New England will go to Boston to hear Dr. Farrand who is devoting the principal part of his addresses to the health center plan.

Roll Call Posters.

Only three posters will be used throughout the country for the Third Roll Call. The most conspicuous of these is entitled "The Spirit of America" and was painted by Howard Chandler Christy. The feature of the poster is an attractive young woman wrapped in the folds of the American flag and beneath this figure is a huge red cross and the word "Join." The second poster is by Haskell Coffin and presents a figure of a young woman in Red Cross costume holding out her hands in appeal. The third poster is a new addition of the Great Mother in the World picture which was so popular in previous campaigns.

Several attractive window displays have also been prepared for the use of stores.

## Antrim Locals

April hatched pullets; a few for sale. Apply to Mrs. J. A. Elliott, Antrim. advt

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Morse are spending a season with relatives in Claremont.

The W. R. C. will serve a Salad and Baked Bean supper Friday, Oct. 31, at G. A. R. Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Putnam are on a business trip to places in western Massachusetts and into Connecticut.

FOR SALE—100 gal. Gasoline Tank. Good condition. Goodell Co. advt

Miss Muriel Colby has accepted a situation in the Guernsey Cattle Club's office in Peterboro and has left town for her new position.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. E. George and Wallace George took an auto trip to Laconia on Tuesday to witness the Ods Fellows parade in that city.

Water is pretty low in the ponds, lakes and streams; as a result it is bothering the power for electricity and running the water wheels at the shops.

A man and woman on a motorcycle came to grief on the Emery hill, or rather at the foot of the hill, on Sunday. They were not hurt much, but the machine was damaged some.

Miss Prim's Kindergarten will hold its opening session at the harvest supper at the Presbyterian church. Eighteen "boys and girls," headed by Mrs. Elroe Perkins, have entered the school.

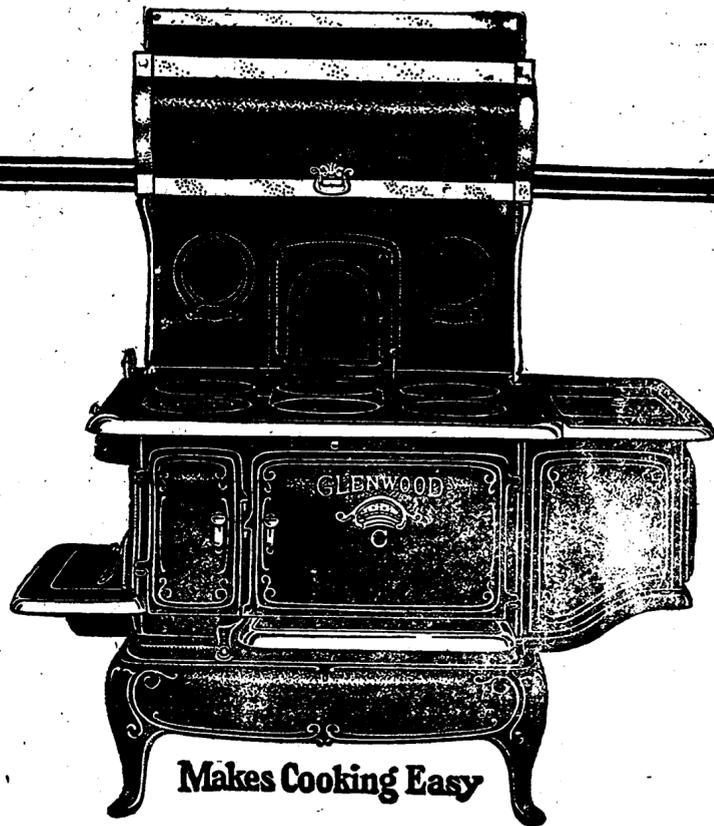
Lt. Col. M. D. Wheeler is a guest of his brother, Frank E. Wheeler, for a day or two. He is intelligence officer of the S. E. department at Charleston, South Carolina, connected with headquarters.

Important meeting of William M. Myers Post, No. 50, American Legion, Monday evening, Oct. 13, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of electing officers and discussion of several very important questions. Everyone who is a member and all who wish to be members should be there to talk things over. Let's have all the veterans there and get something started, say the promoters.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## ENGRAVED CARDS

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



Makes Cooking Easy

## Saves Eighteen Dollars A Year In The Kitchen

Any worn out range burns at least five cents more in fuel every day than a new Glenwood. That's putting it small. 5 times 365 is \$18.25.

You see it doesn't take long to waste the cost of a new Glenwood, and the expense isn't all, the chances are the old range is the "worry kind".

They can be had for burning coal, wood or gas, with Powerful Hot Water Front for heating the kitchen boiler, or with Large Enclosed Copper Reservoir on the right end, (as shown above.)

Don't try to keep house without a Modern Glenwood

# Glenwood

George W. Hunt, Antrim

## GREENFIELD

Mrs. Alice Davis spent the week end with her sister in Haverhill, Mass.

Lew Atherton, of New York, is visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Atherton, all taking a trip to Milford Saturday.

Mrs. Knight, who has spent the summer with Mrs. W. P. Sargent, has returned to her home in Melrose, Mass.

E. C. Hopkins, W. L. Hopkins and son, Frank, attended the ball game in Jaffrey on Saturday.

Hon. George S. Peavey was a business visitor in Milford, Nashua and Lowell on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Atherton, Mrs. Ella White, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Holt, Mrs. Ed Cragin, Dr. and Mrs. Chever and Mrs. F. J. Aiken attended the Pomona Grange meeting at Hillsboro Center on Tuesday.

Mrs. Lavinia Wheeler is visiting in New Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Covell, of Washington, D. C., are at the Covell summer home on Russell Hill for a week's stay.

Mrs. Lura Hopkins has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Hiller, in Ayer, Mass.

John Holt, of Fitchburg, Mass., is with his family here for the week end.

Mrs. Fred Brooks has attended to the library in the absence of the librarian.

Conductor Mann, of Winchendon, Mass., was a caller on his brother, C. H. Mann, on Sunday.

E. C. Hopkins, John Russell and Willard Hopkins attended the milk hearing in Boston on Tuesday. Mrs. Maury Hopkins and Mrs. Abbie Russell going with them.

Mrs. Cora Worthley has returned to her home here, after her vacation spent in Maine.



The Ford Coupe, with its permanent top, big sliding windows, generous seating capacity, splendid upholstery, is surely the ideal, as well as the most practical and profitable, motor car for traveling salesmen, physicians, stockmen, etc. It means quick transportation without fatigue. It means comfortable transportation regardless of weather conditions. It means good, long service at the minimum of expense. Wise to give us your order now.

FRANK J. BOYD

Authorized Agent for Ford Cars Sales and Service

Tel. 34-2

ANTRIM, N. H.

## Typewriter Paper

You can select from a variety of colors and quality. REPORTER OFFICE, ANTRIM N. H.

To the Old Men's Home

By S. B. HACKLEY

"I tell you, Herndon, I'm getting tired of having an old nuisance around. As dependent as a baby, and still acting like things belonged to him! Yesterday he took a half-peck of those October peaches I'd intended to dry, to those dirty Bryce children! Isn't there a poorhouse or an institution of some kind we could get him into? Answer me, Herndon Copeland!"

Young Mrs. Copeland sat on the porch of the great old queer-winged, red brick country house, her nervously energetic hands peeling peaches. A handsome old man, bearing himself with an air of staidness that comforted well with the goldheaded case that lay across his knees, sat on the stile in front of the house.

The low-spoken answer of the husband did not reach him.

"Yes, the home for old men would be more respectable than the poorhouse," the woman went on, "but who wants to pay that hundred-dollars or so entrance fee?"

Old Allen Gifford had been brought up on a Louisiana plantation, and when he had married his young wife had brought him, unwillingly enough on his part, to her home in the Blue Grass.

Why he married Myra Herndon, the handsome girl wintering in the South, he never knew, unless it was that when his heart was bleeding over his broken engagement to Marie Baquet, and the rumor of her coming marriage, he was easy prey.

Myra had not been unkind to him. She had not sympathized with his vagaries, but she had treated them with tolerance; she had not troubled him in his taste for curios and antiques, and



Sat on the Stile.

when his fortune was gone, through his mistaken kindness to a friend, she had used hers for their maintenance without overmuch upbraiding.

When Myra was gone and her property, entailed, had fallen to her nephew, Herndon Copeland, there was nothing else for Allen to do but to stay with Herndon.

For some months he had been quite happy. Old Joanna, the housekeeper and cook, waited on him agreeably and patiently; Herndon kept him supplied with Havanas and a little pocket money. He still rode across the country when he liked, he collected his curios without mental apology to anyone.

Then Herndon had married Sophia Vail. A fortnight after she came into the house she unceremoniously removed Allen's ancient candlestick, his bits of stone, his coins and his sharks' teeth from the parlor to an old out-building. He almost wept when he found a treasured bit of heavy crystal from the hot springs of Arkansas taken for a prop to a chicken coop.

Then the young bride sent away black Joanna and cared for the house and cooked the meals herself. Allen no longer had his hot water brought to his room, his chocolate and his hot biscuits for breakfast. Sophia declared that coffee and toast were quite sufficient for all her family, and that those who lived with her might wait on themselves, as she did.

Old Allen was troubled. The ladies of his household had always required servants; they had always been hospitable, generous, thoughtful of the old. No one of them would have dreamed of sending a relative to an institution of charity.

A slow tear—the tear of old age hurt—crept out on Allen's cheek. He felt in his pocket for a handkerchief, and drew out, with it a crumpled newspaper he had picked up on the road that morning.

He wiped his eyes and adjusted his glasses. To his surprise, the paper was a copy of a southern daily, and on its cover was a picture of the St. Charles hotel. He drew a quick

breath. He had not seen the St. Charles since his brother Hubert's wedding party went to New Orleans, thirty, forty, or was it forty-five years back?

It was the fashion then for other young folk to accompany the newly married ones on their wedding journey. He and Marie Baquet had been of the party—brown-eyed Marie, whose grace and vivacity had enchanted his heart, and of whom, even now, when he was old—sixty-nine—he could not think without a quickening of his pulses.

Their quarrel was over a red rose he had given her; that she had taken from her belt and lightly presented to the best man—a mere nothing, when one looked back.

Oh, to go back home where he had known her—once more to see the old cypress trees under which he had kissed her; to gather a handful of lavender water-hyacinths from the bayou, as they had so often done together in the old days—before—before they sent him to the Home for Old Men!

"They've old men's homes in Louisiana as well as here," Allen murmured an hour later as he bridled Major, his horse. "I shall put by one hundred of the two hundred Felix Sommers will give me for Major to pay the admission fee, to—to an old men's home in my own state, and tomorrow I shall go home."

In the late afternoon two days later the decorators, working in the parlors of the St. Charles hotel in preparation for a great reception that was to follow the wedding of a young Englishman to a city belle, saw an old man stop before an old-time mirror.

"It's the very same glass," the old gentleman murmured, tapping the face of the great mirror, that held near its frame a flaw or two, where with the years the quicksilver had begun to slip, "the very same that over my shoulder showed me the little affair of the rose. Wicked thing, why have they kept you?"

"He'd fit on Royal," observed one of the decorators to a companion. Allen heard him.

"I'm in the way here," he thought; "I'll go down on Royal and look at the curls."

On the narrow old street, at the door of the largest antique shop, Allen stood aside to let a little white-haired lady, with brown eyes that were sparklingly bright, enter before him.

"I had almost forgotten the old gold chain I had intended for one of my granddaughter's wedding gifts," she said to the proprietor. "Let me see the chains quickly, please; I've but a few minutes to spare. Indeed, I ought to be at home now, with but three hours between me and losing my all!"

"And Celeste is going to England without you!" The antique dealer spoke with the air of an old friend.

"Yes," she faltered. "Godfrey insists that I go with them, but I'm too old to be transplanted. I must stay on here in my home, alone and lonely until I am called."

"It is not as though you were poor," the man consoled her.

"No," she answered: "if I were that Leslie would provide. But oh, Herndon, what will my fortune and my great house be to me when I have no one I love to keep me company?"

Allen could bear no more. Stumbling forward, he laid a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Marie—little one—look at me!" he cried. "Have you forgotten Allen?"

"Come here, Sophy," Herndon Copeland, standing by his mail box, called to his wife a few days later. "Read these, will you?"

"These" were the notice of the marriage of Allen Gifford to Mrs. Marie Baquet Joubert, of New Orleans, and a letter.

"My dear nephew," ran the letter's old-fashioned writing. "I left you to go to an old men's home, but on my way I found it was my joyous privilege to go to an old lady's instead."

"Cherokee Strip."

The so-called "Cherokee Strip" was opened to white settlement in September, 1893. This entire Cherokee country was not quite one-quarter of the old Oklahoma territory, being about 9,700 miles in extent. The Creek Indians ceded part of their domain in Indian territory to the United States government in 1896 for 30 cents an acre, and the Seminoles sold their entire holdings for half that price per acre. White men were pre-empted by law from settling on the Indian lands in that territory, and it was unoccupied for a long time. In 1880 it was necessary to use troops to drive white settlers out, who had stolen into the territory. On April 22, 1889, these lands were declared open for settlement. When these rich lands were opened for settlement, 20,000 people waited to cross the line when the signal was given.

**Paintings Infatuate Men.**

The officials of museums and picture galleries can sometimes tell very interesting things about their visitors. It has often been necessary to forbid men and women from entering certain galleries where they have fallen in love with pictures of exceptional beauty. Men have become so infatuated with painted loveliness that they have made themselves absurdly conspicuous. The famous picture of "Mona Lisa" turned the heads of many men and some women. After "Mona Lisa" was stolen, many letters, poems and beautiful flowers were often placed before the empty space she once adorned. Napoleon was one of "Mona Lisa's" most ardent admirers, and when he became emperor and found the picture in the palace at Fontainebleau, he had it removed to his bedroom, and it hung there until his fall, when it was taken to the Louvre.

Some Charming Street Shapes



Hats for street wear vary all the way from the plain, business-like banded sailor, in leathers, plush or silk beaver, and similar hats in tricorn and four-cornered shapes, to those with rolling and curved brims as new and original as those shown in the group above. The demand for variety in hats is insistent, as it is in other matters of dress. Starting with the banded sailor for example, even this plain model is shown in many variations. The crowns are sometimes high and sometimes low. They are either round or square and straight or belled. Brims are more or less wide, and they may be straight or curve upward. These hats are favorites with business

women. The shapes shown in the group are less severe and equally popular. They are cunningly thought out to suit the various types of faces. Among them soft crowns are almost universal, and the brims fashioned to prevent becoming, no matter what may be the peculiarities of the wearer. Velvet, beaver, duvety, leather and other fabrics are used for making these shapes and often two colors or two materials in the same color, make a contrast between brim and crown. Innumerable small, chic feather ornaments have

been made for trimming hats of this character, and those who have an imagination for ribbons conceive many tailored ribbon ornaments for them. Fancy ornaments, with large heads and composition ornaments, in imitation ivory, jet and other things—as tortoise shell for one—make a variety of simple trims possible.

The shape at the upper left of the group has a rolling brim that curves and is thrust out to the front in a way that prevents becoming to mature faces. Just below it at the lower left is an opposite. In this shape the back of the hat is extended and the front shortened, with brim turned back. This gives the "fleeing profile," becoming to youthful faces and regular features. The shape at the upper right is a familiar favorite that almost any one can wear, and that at the lower right is one of those smart tricornes that delight the heart of the matron.

Holding the center of the group is one interpretation of the perennial French sailor, with brim rolling upward and a soft crown made of sections of velvet in a contrasting color. The shape's the thing to consider first in selecting millinery and there is one for every face.

Dividing Honors With Street Suits



The "all-day dress" appears to have come to stay, and is dividing honors with the tailored suit for street, traveling and business wear. It is defined by its name and is a garment for morning or afternoon wear, which made its appearance after the war began to curtail the supply of tailors, and a substitute for suits that could be made by dressmakers had to be promoted.

An example of a draped all-day dress is shown in the picture. It is made of brown in tricotine, with a fascinating cascade of folds formed by draping the material at the right side, and a long row of round covered buttons leading interest to the left side of the skirt. The very simple, surplice bodice is gathered in at the waistline and joined to the skirt with a piping of the goods. The dress opens at the right side and a long narrow sash of the material ties here, in the simplest of loops and the most casual manner. A piping at the neck opening would make a severe finish if it were not for flat silk braid, put on in points, that gives a pretty and original finish to the bodice, and appears on the sleeves from elbow to wrist.

It will be noticed that the hat worn with this dress is a strictly tailored affair of black haters' plush, one of the many banded sashers that are business-like and popular for street wear. Grosgrain ribbon makes its very effective trimming.

Many an all-day dress was once a street suit. There are so many designs for making these one-piece frocks that they tempt the thrifty to remodel suits that are out of style, or show signs of wear, and give them a new lease on life. With the popularity of more fanciful styles remodeling becomes easier, and it is the fashion to be economical. With a world in need of clothes, every yard of wool or cotton goods should make itself useful in the wardrobe or be eliminated from it. Many people are in need of clothes for the coming winter, and many have more than they need. If you have a suit that has served its day with you, pass it along to some one who can remodel it into a good looking dress.

Julie Bottomley

The KITCHEN CABINET

He was so human! Whether strong or weak, Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared, But sat an equal guest at every board, No beggar ever felt him condescend, No prince presume; for still himself he bore At mankind's simple level, and where'er He met a stranger, there he left a friend.

PIE GREAT AMERICAN DESSERT.

No matter what filling a pie contains, if the shell or crust is not flaky, rich and tasty the pie is a failure.

**A Good Plain Paste.**—Use one and one-half cupsful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, six tablespoonfuls of fat and just cold water enough to mix well. Cut in the fat with two knives until it is fine and well mixed. Reserve a half cupful of this mixture and add the water to the rest; roll out a piece large enough to take the half cupful well sprinkled over it, then fold sides to the center, then ends to the center, and cut in halves. Roll out the under crust, add the filling and put on the thinly rolled upper crust. This method gives a very flaky crust with less than the usual pastry.

**Mother's Apple Pie.**—Fill the prepared pastry shell with sliced apples, add two or three tablespoonfuls of water and place the top crust. Bake and then carefully with a sharp knife cut around the crust and remove the top. Add sugar, spice, a tablespoonful of butter and replace the top. This pie will never run over and lose its sweetness on the oven bottom.

**Fruit Pie.**—This pie is best made with fresh fruit, but a cupful and a half of currants, raspberries, blueberries, or, in fact, any kind that has been put up uncooked will do. The fruit calls for one cupful of crushed fruit, one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, the yolks of two eggs and a little salt; put into the shell and bake, covering with a meringue made from the whites. The shell may be baked, the fruit cooked, then the meringue placed on top and browned and the pie is ready to serve. Either method will result in a good pie.

**Ethereal Apple Pie.**—Bake eight large tart apples and put them through a sieve, chill, then add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and the whites of five eggs beaten stiff. Add a pinch of salt to the eggs when beaten. Add to the apple and bake in a buttered pudding dish. Serve with cream and sugar. This shell-less pie will be good for those who cannot enjoy pastry.

People have to live first before they can see, and they don't think until they are fed, and one needs always to have had enough turnips and cabbage to eat without the troubling about the getting them, in order to see in them anything except food.—Mrs. Wilkins.

Do you covet learning's prize, Climb her heights and take it; In ourselves our future lies— Life is what we make it.

**GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.**

In the time of year when chestnuts are in season the pudding par excellence is

**Nesselrode Pudding.**—Make a custard of three cupfuls of milk, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and four eggs yolks; cook strain and cool; add one pint of thin cream, one-fourth of a cupful of pineapple sirup and one and one-half cupfuls of blanched chestnuts cooked soft in boiling water and put through a sieve. Line a two-quart melon mold with part of the mixture; to the remainder add one-half cupful of candied fruit cut in small pieces, one-quarter of a cup of sultana raisins and eight chestnuts broken in pieces and soaked in marschino sirup for several hours. Fill the mold, cover, pack in salt and ice and let stand two hours. Serve with whipped cream flavored with marschino sirup.

**Jellied Chicken.**—Dress, clean and cut up a four-pound fowl. Put in a saucepan with two slices of onion; cover with boiling water and cook slowly until the meat falls from the bones. When partly cooked add a half tablespoonful of salt. Remove the chicken, reduce the stock to three-fourths of cupful, strain and skim off the fat. Decorate the bottom of the mold with parsley and hard-boiled eggs, sliced. Pack in the meat, salt and pepper. Pour over the stock and place the mold under a heavy weight. Keep in a cold place until firm. In warm weather add a teaspoonful of gelatin to the stock.

**Medley Sandwich.**—Take two-thirds of a cup of minced chicken, one-third of a cupful of minced ham and tongue; add cayenne, and enough mayonnaise to make smooth spread on buttered brown and white bread and make ribbon sandwiches.

**Apple Charlotte.**—Peel and core ten fine apples and mince them fine. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add one cupful of sugar, the grated rind of a half a lemon and half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Mash in this sirup until they are soft. Stew fine, add two tablespoonfuls of apricot marmalade and let it cool. Butter a large mold, cut thin strips of bread, dip them in melted butter and line a mold, letting them lap a little. For the bottom lay the strips in the form of a star. Fill the mold with the prepared apple, cover with a large slice of buttered bread and bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes. Turn out on a plate and dust with powdered sugar.

Undoubtedly we believe that spiritual virtues should concern us more nearly than material ones; but equally do we believe that if a thing be done, it had best be well done, except it be a canvas back duck; and no housewife ever lost her title to future bliss through the keeping of a good table while she was on earth.—Owen Winter.

A WILDERNESS OF SWEETS.

Tortes are the cakes par excellents. They are rich in nuts, eggs, and crumbs, and when carefully made and baked are especially toothsome.

**Walnut Torte.**—Beat the yolks of six eggs with one cupful of sugar, add one-fourth of a pound of ground walnut meats and six grated lady fingers, two tablespoonfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Add the juice and rind of half a lemon, cut and fold in the stiffly beaten whites and bake in layers in a moderate oven.

**Filling.**—Beat one egg yolk, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of milk; cook, stirring until the mixture coats the spoon; add three-fourths of a pound of chopped walnuts with a teaspoonful of vanilla for flavoring; put between the layers and on top.

**Date Torte.**—Rub 16 sliced dates to a smooth paste with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Beat two whole eggs and seven yolks, add one and three-fourths cupfuls of sugar, beat well, add the dates, three tablespoonfuls of chocolate, and one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and allspice, and a cupful of cracker crumbs; stir well and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of seven eggs. Bake in a large spring-erle form.

**Moss Torte.**—Beat ten yolks of eggs with one cupful of powdered sugar until light; add a portion of six ounces of finely ground almonds and lastly the beaten whites of seven eggs. Bake in layers and use sweetened and flavored whipped cream for filling.

**Angel Food.**—Beat one cupful of egg whites until stiff, adding a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Sift one cupful of sifted flour with one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, add one cupful of sugar lightly to the beaten whites, a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of flavoring, then fold in the flour. Bake in a tube pan 50 to 60 minutes in a moderate oven. A layer cake (unless a torte) needs a quicker oven than a loaf cake. When putting a cake in the pan, especially a loaf cake, always leave a depression in the center, as it will rise first there, and make a hump; this method results in a flat, even shaped loaf.

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**GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.**

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE TABLE'S HOLIDAYS.

"It's funny," said the table, "but I didn't like it at all."

"What didn't you like?" asked the arm chair.

"You know," said the table, "that I am a little tea table."

"Yes, I know that," said the arm chair.

"Well so far, so good."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the arm chair. "I am afraid I do not understand. You know I'm rather lazy and not one for thinking much."

"I mean," said the table, "that you understand what I have told you thus far."

"But you've only told me you were a tea table so far," said the arm chair.

"That's so," agreed the tea table.

"But you understand me thus far and so I say so far, so good."

"Ah, yes," said the arm chair, slowly, "now I understand. But you mustn't be too quick with me, for as I said before I am lazy. I like to sit back and do nothing, and everyone who uses me feels the same way. It's the way I make them feel—my way."

"I know that," said the tea table.

"Well, I got all tired out," it continued. "I wasn't used as a tea table only. I was used for after-dinner coffee, and I was used when folks had birthdays and wanted to fix their birthday presents on a table where they could show off their presents to their friends."

"Then I was used as a table for sewing and one person used me all the time to put her knitting bag on."

"I was used for books and I was used for meals which some people had when they were ill in bed."

"You see the whole trouble was that I was in a house where there were a great many people and they all liked to use me. What is more they could move me around easily because I was so light."

"Aren't you still light?" asked the arm chair. "I thought that was why we always had gotten along so well

together. I'm a lazy arm chair and you are a light weight, or in other words there isn't so much to you. You are light in your table brains and all of that."

"Of course I am, and I am still light," said the little tea table. "I've no doubt that that is why we are such good friends, just as you have said it."

"Then what is the trouble?" asked the arm chair.

"I grumbled," said the tea table. "I grumbled and said I wished I had been a big tea table which was heavy and had to be wheeled about and that my front wheel would cause a good deal of trouble by going all around in the wrong way. You see I am a little tea table, a very little one, and I fold up and can be lifted around as I said before. I am a good-natured little table."

"Then too, I am pretty. I hope you won't think that it is conceited of me to say so."

"I won't," said the arm chair. "I think I am good-looking myself."

"As I have said I grumbled about being used so much and for this and that and for each person who happened to want to use me."

"But do you know that the people put me away for some time when they had a great many summer visitors and when they didn't use me at all."

"Well, then I felt dreadfully. If they had gone away and I had simply been idle with the rest of the furniture I wouldn't have minded. But they were all here and just didn't use me."

"I believe they must have known I had grumbled. Well, I didn't like my holidays at all. And I hope no one will ever hear me say again I am used for too many purposes and by too many people."

"Just at that moment the mother of the family came up to the little table and said."

"Let's get out the table for the birthday presents."

And the little table creaked and said to the arm chair, "Now, I'm happy!"

**Finicky.**

During a particularly nasty dust storm at one of the camps a recruit sought shelter in the cook's domain. After a time he broke an awkward silence by saying: "If you put the lid on that camp kettle you would not get so much of the dust in your soup."

The cook glared at the intruder, and then broke out: "See here, my lad, your business is to serve your country." "Yes," interrupted the recruit, "but not to eat it!"—American Boy.

**Reputation.**

"I am told Mr. Jaggs is your avuncular relation."

"Ain't nothin' of the sort, my uncle is as sound as a dollar."

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# The Magnificent Ambersons

By Booth Tarkington

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## "OH, NOW YOU HAVE DONE IT!"

Synopsis.—Major Amberson has made a fortune in 1873 when other people were losing fortunes, and the magnificence of the Ambersons began then. Major Amberson laid out a 200-acre "development," with roads and stately, and in the center of a four-acre tract, on Amberson avenue, built for himself the most magnificent mansion Midland City had ever seen. When the major's daughter married young Wilbur Minafer the neighbors predicted that as Isabel could never really love Wilbur all her love would be bestowed upon the children. There is only one child, however, George Amberson Minafer, and his upbringing and his youthful accomplishments as a mischief maker are quite in keeping with the most pessimistic predictions. By the time George goes away to college he does not attempt to conceal his belief that the Ambersons are about the most important family in the world. At a ball given in his honor when he returns from college, George monopolizes Lucy Morgan, a stranger and the prettiest girl present, and gets on famously with her until he learns that a "queer looking duck" at whom he had been poking much fun, is the young lady's father. He is Eugene Morgan, a former resident of Elburg, and he is returning to erect a factory and to build horseless carriages of his own invention. Eugene had been an old admirer of Isabel and they had been engaged when Isabel threw him over because of a youthful indiscretion and married Wilbur Minafer. George makes rapid progress in his courtship of Lucy. A gentleman of leisure, George announces to her his intention to be a gentleman of leisure. Lucy disapproves and George resents her father's influence. The lovers "almost quarrel." George tries to insult Morgan. The sight of Morgan with his mother makes him "see red."

## CHAPTER XIV.

He went to his room, threw off his coat, waistcoat, collar and tie, letting them lie where they chanced to fall, and then, having violently developed himself in a black velvet dressing-gown, continued this action by lying down with a vehemence that brought a wheeze of protest from his bed. His repose was only a momentary semblance, however, for it lasted no longer than the time it took him to groan "Riffraff!" between his teeth. Then he sat up, swung his feet to the floor, rose and began to pace up and down the large room.

He had just been consciously rude to his mother for the first time in his life; for, with all his riding down of populace and riffraff, he had never before been either deliberately or impulsively disrespectful of her. But now he had done a rough thing to her; and he did not repent; the rather he was the more irritated with her. And when he heard her presently go by his door with a light step, singing cheerfully to herself as she went to her room, he perceived that she had mistaken his intention altogether, or, indeed, had failed to perceive that he had any intention at all.

There came a delicate, eager tapping at his door, not done with a knuckle but with the tip of a finger-nail, which was instantly clarified to George's mind's eye as plainly as if he saw it: the long and polished white-mooned pink shield on the end of his Aunt Fanny's right forefinger. But George was in no mood for human communications, and even when things went well he had little pleasure in Fanny's society. Therefore it is not surprising that at the sound of her tapping, instead of bidding her enter, he immediately crossed the room with the intention of locking the door to keep her out.

Fanny was too eager and, opening the door before he reached it, came quickly in, and closed it behind her. Her lock was that of a person who had just seen something extraordinary or heard thrilling news.

"Now, what on earth do you want?" her chilling nephew demanded.

"George," she said hurriedly, "I saw what you did when you couldn't speak to them. I was sitting with Mrs. Johnson at her front window, across the street, and I saw it all."

"Well, what of it?"

"You did right!" Fanny said with a vehemence not the less spirited because she suppressed her voice almost to a whisper. "You did exactly right! You're behaving splendidly about the whole thing, and I want to tell you I know your father would thank you if he could see what you're doing."

"My Lord!" George broke out at her. "You make me dizzy! For heaven's sake quit the mysterious detective business—at least do quit it around me! Go and try it on somebody else, if you like; but I don't want to hear it!"

She began to tremble, regarding him with a fixed gaze. "You don't care to hear, then," she said huskily, "that I approve of what you're doing?"

"Certainly not! Since I haven't the faintest idea what you think I'm 'doing,' naturally I don't care whether you approve of it or not. All I'd like, if you please, is to be alone. I'm not giving a tea here, this afternoon, if you'll permit me to mention it."

Fanny's gaze wavered; she began to blink; then suddenly she sank into a chair and wept silently, but with a terrible desolation.

"Oh, for the Lord's sake!" he moaned. "What in the world is wrong with you?"

"You're always picking on me," she quavered wretchedly, her voice indistinct with the wetness that bubbled into it from her tears. "You do—you always pick on me! You do—you always done it—always—ever since you were a little boy! Whenever anything goes wrong with you, you take it out on me! You do! You always—"

In his room over his mistreatment of her!

"Oh, my Lord!" he whispered; then, with a great effort, addressed her in a reasonable tone: "Look here, Aunt Fanny; I don't see what you're making all this fuss about. Of course I know I've teased you sometimes, but—"

"Teased me?" she wailed.

"Teased me! Oh, it does seem too hard sometimes—this mean old life of mine does seem too hard! I don't think I can stand it! Honestly, I don't think I can! I came in here just to show you I sympathized with you—just to say something pleasant to you, and you treat me as if I were—oh, no, you wouldn't treat a servant the way you treat me! You wouldn't treat anybody in the world like this except old Fanny!"

"Oh, my Lord!" George groaned.

Fanny spread out her small, soaked handkerchief, and shook it in the air to dry it a little, crying as dully and as wretchedly during this operation as before—a sight which gave George a curious shock to add to his other agitations, it seemed so strange.

"You're so proud," she quavered, "and so hard! I tell you I didn't mean to speak of it to you, and I never, never in the world would have told you about it, nor have made the faintest reference to it, if I hadn't seen that somebody else had told you, or you'd found out for yourself some way."

In despair of her intelligence, and in some doubt of his own, George struck the palms of his hands together. "Somebody else had told me what? I'd found what out for myself?"

"How people are talking about your mother."

Except for the incidental tearfulness of her voice, her tone was casual, as though she mentioned a subject previously discussed and understood; for Fanny had no doubt that George had only pretended to be mystified because, in his pride, he would not in words admit that he knew what he knew.

"What did you say?" he asked incredulously.

"Of course I understood what you were doing," Fanny went on, drying her handkerchief again. "It puzzled other people when you began to be rude to Eugene, because they couldn't see how you could treat him as you did when you were so interested in Lucy. But I remembered how you came to me, that other time when there was so much talk about Isabel; and I knew you'd give Lucy up in a minute, if it came to a question of your mother's reputation, because you said then that—"

"Look here," George interrupted in a shaking voice. "Look here, I'd like— I've stopped, unable to go on, his agitation was so great. His chest heaved as from hard running, and his complexion, pallid at first, had become mottled; fiery spots appearing at his temples and cheeks. "What do you mean by telling me—telling me there's talk about—about—"

He gulped, and began again: "What do you mean by using such words as 'reputation'? What do you mean, speaking of a 'question' of my—my mother's reputation?"

Fanny looked up at him woefully over the handkerchief which she now applied to her reddened nose. "God knows I am sorry for you, George," she murmured. "I wanted to say so, but it's only old Fanny, so whatever she says—even when it's sympathy—pleas on her for it!" She sobbed. "It's only poor old lonely Fanny!"

"You look here!" George said harshly. "When I spoke to my Uncle George after that rotten thing I heard Aunt Amelia say about my mother, he said if there was any gossip it was about you! He said people might be laughing about the way you ran after Morgan, but that was all."

Fanny lifted her hands, clenched them and struck them upon her knees. "Yes; it's always Fanny!" she sobbed. "Ridiculous old Fanny—always, always!"

what Aunt Amelia said about people talking. You denied it. And that wasn't the only time; you'd attacked me before then, because I intimated that Morgan might be coming here too often. You made me believe that mother let him come entirely on your account, and now you say—"

"I think he did," Fanny interrupted desolately. "I think he did come as much to see me as anything—for a while it looked like it. He did act a good deal that way—and if Wilbur hadn't died—"

"You told me there wasn't any talk."

"I didn't think there was much, then," Fanny protested. "I didn't know how much there was."

"What?"

"People don't come and tell such things to a person's family, you know. You don't suppose anybody was going to say to George Amberson that his sister was getting herself talked about, do you? Or that they were going to say much to me?"

"You told me," said George, fiercely, "that mother never saw him except when she was chaperoning you."

"They weren't much alone together, then," Fanny returned. "Hardly ever, before Wilbur died. Everybody knew that he'd been engaged to her—"

"What's that?" George cried.

"Everybody knows it. Don't you remember your grandfather speaking of it at the Sunday dinner one night?"

"He didn't say they were engaged or—"

"Well, they were! Everybody knows it; and she broke it off on account of that serenade when Eugene didn't know what he was doing. He drank when he was a young man, and she wouldn't stand for it, but everybody in this town knows that Isabel has never really cared for any other man in her life! Poor Wilbur! He was the only soul alive that didn't know it!"

Nightmare had descended upon the unfortunate George; he leaned back against the footboard of his bed, gazing wildly at his aunt. "I believe I'm going crazy," he said. "I mean when you told me there wasn't any talk, you told me a falsehood?"

"No!" Fanny gasped.

"You did!"

"I tell you I didn't know how much talk there was, and it wouldn't have amounted to much if Wilbur had lived." And Fanny completed this with a fatal admission: "I didn't want you to interfere."

George overlooked the admission; his mind was now occupied with



"Do Sit Down," the Hospitable Lady Urged Him.

analysis. "What do you mean," he asked, "when you say that if father had lived, the talk wouldn't have amounted to anything?"

"Things might have been—they might have been different."

"You mean Morgan might have married you?"

Fanny gulped. "No. Because I don't know that I'd have accepted him." She had ceased to weep, and now she sat up stiffly. "I certainly didn't care enough about him to marry him; I wouldn't have let myself care that much until he showed that he wished to marry me. I'm not that sort of person!" The poor lady paid her vanity this piteous little tribute.

"What I mean is, if Wilbur hadn't died people wouldn't have had it proved before their very eyes that what they'd been talking about was true!"

"You say—you say that people believe—"

George shuddered, then forced himself to continue, in a sick voice: "They believe my mother is in love with that man?"

"Of course!"

"And because he comes here—and they see her with him driving—and all

that—they think they were right when they said she was in love with him before—before my father died?"

She looked at him gravely with her eyes now dry between their reddened lids. "Why George," she said, gently, "don't you know that's what they say? You must know that everybody in town thinks they're going to be married very soon."

George uttered an incoherent cry; and sections of him appeared to writhe. He was upon the verge of actual nausea.

"You know it!" Fanny cried, getting up. "You don't think I'd have spoken of it to you unless I was sure you knew it!" Her voice was wholly genuine, as it had been throughout the wretched interview. "Somebody must have told you?"

"Who told you?" he said.

"What?"

"Who told you there was talk? Where is this talk? Where does it come from? Who does it?"

"Why, I suppose pretty much everybody," she said. "I know it must be pretty general."

"Who said so?"

"What?"

George stepped close to her. "You say people don't speak to a person of gossip about that person's family. Well, how did you hear it, then? How did you get hold of it? Answer me!"

"Why—"

"You answer me!"

"I hardly think it would be fair to give names."

"Look here," said George. "One of your most intimate friends is that mother of Charlie Johnson's, for instance. Has she ever mentioned this to you? You say everybody is talking. Is she one?"

"Oh, she may have intimated—"

"I'm asking you; Has she ever spoken of it to you?"

"She's a very kind, discreet woman, George; but she may have intimated—"

George had a sudden intuition, as there flickered into his mind the picture of a street-crossing and two absorbed ladies almost run down by a fast horse. "You and she have been talking about it today?" he cried. "You were talking about it with her not two hours ago. Do you deny it?"

"Do you deny it?"

"No!"

"All right," said George. "That's enough!"

She caught at his arm as he turned away. "What are you going to do, George?"

"I'll not talk about it, now," he said, heavily. "I think you've done a good deal for one day, Aunt Fanny!"

And Fanny, seeing the passion in his face, began to be alarmed. "George, you know I'm sorry for you, whether you care or not," she whimpered. "I never in the world would have spoken of it if I hadn't thought you knew all about it. I wouldn't have—"

But he had opened the door with his free hand. "Never mind!" he said, and she was obliged to pass out into the hall, the door closing quickly behind her.

## CHAPTER XV.

George took off his dressing-gown and put on a collar and tie, his fingers shaking so that the tie was not his usual success; then he picked up his coat and waistcoat, and left the room while still in process of donning them, fastening the buttons as he ran down the front stairs to the door. It was not until he reached the middle of the street that he realized that he had forgotten his hat; and he paused for an irresolute moment then he decided that he needed no hat for the sort of call he intended to make, and went forward hurriedly. Mrs. Johnson was at home, the Irish girl who came to the door informed him, and he was left to await the lady in a room like an elegant well—the Johnsons' "reception room."

Mrs. Johnson came in, breathing noticeably; and her round head, smoothly but economically decorated with the hair of an honest woman, seemed to be lingering far in the background of the Alpine bosom which took precedence of the rest of her everywhere; but when she was all in the room, it was to be seen that her breathing was the result of hospitable haste to greet the visitor, and her hand suggested that she had paused for only the briefest adjustments. George accepted this cold, damp lump mechanically.

"Mr. Amberson—I mean Mr. Minafer!" she exclaimed. "I'm really delighted; I understood you asked for me. Mr. Johnson's out of the city, but Charlie's downtown and I'm looking for him at any minute, now, and he'll be so pleased that you—"

"I didn't want to see Charlie," George said. "I want—"

"Do sit down," the hospitable lady urged him, seating herself upon the sofa. "Do sit down."

"No, I thank you. I wish—"

"Surely you're not going to run away again, when you've just come? Do sit down, Mr. Minafer. I hope you're all well at your house and at

the dear old Major's, too. He's looking—"

"Mrs. Johnson," George said, in a strained loud voice which arrested her attention immediately, so that she was abruptly silenced, leaving her surprised mouth open. "Mrs. Johnson, I have come to ask you a few questions which I would like you to answer, if you please."

She became grave at once. "Certainly, Mr. Minafer. Anything I can—"

He interrupted her, yet his voice shook in spite of its sternness. "You were talking with my Aunt Fanny about my mother this afternoon?"

At this Mrs. Johnson uttered an involuntary gasp, but she recovered herself. "Then I'm sure our conversation was a very pleasant one, if we were talking of your mother, because—"

Again he interrupted. "My aunt has told me what the conversation virtually was, and I don't mean to waste any time, Mrs. Johnson. You were talking about a—"

George's shoulders suddenly heaved uncontrollably; but he went fiercely on: "You were discussing a scandal that involved my mother's name."

"Mr. Minafer!"

"Isn't that the truth?"

"I don't feel called upon to answer, Mr. Minafer," she said with visible agitation. "I do not consider that you have any right—"

"My aunt told me you repeated this scandal to her."

"I don't think your aunt can have said that," Mrs. Johnson returned sharply. "I do not repeat a scandal of any kind to your aunt, and I think you are mistaken in saying she told you I did. We may have discussed some matters that have been a topic of comment about town—"

"Yes!" George cried. "I think you may have! That's what I'm here about, and what I intend to—"

"Don't tell me what you intend, please," Mrs. Johnson interrupted crisply. "And I should prefer that you would not make your voice quite so loud in this house, which I happen to own. Your aunt may have told you—though I think it would have been very unwise in her if she did, and not very considerate of me—she may have told you that we discussed some topic as I have mentioned, and possibly that I order with her, you may be sure I spoke in the most charitable spirit, and without sharing in other people's disposition to put an evil interpretation on what may be nothing more than unfortunate appearances and—"

"My God!" said George. "I can't stand this!"

"You have the option of dropping the subject," Mrs. Johnson suggested tartly, and she added: "Or of leaving the house."

"I'll do that soon enough, but first I mean to know—"

"I am perfectly willing to tell you anything you wish if you will remember to ask it quietly. I'll also take the liberty of reminding you that I had a perfect right to discuss the subject with your aunt. Other people—"

"Other people!" the unhappy George repeated viciously. "That's what I want to know about—these other people! You say you know of other people who talk about this,?"

"I presume they do."

"How many?"

"What?"

"I want to know how many other people talk about it?"

"Dear, dear!" she protested. "How should I know that?"

"Haven't you heard anybody mention it?"

"I presume so."

"Well, how many have you heard?"

Mrs. Johnson was becoming more annoyed than apprehensive, and she showed it. "Really, this isn't a courtroom," she said. "And I'm not a defendant in a libel suit, either!"

The unfortunate young man lost what remained of his balance. "You may be!" he cried. "I intend to know just who's dared to say these things, if I have to force my way into every house in town, and I'm going to make them take every word of it back! I mean to know the name of every slanderer that's spoken of this matter to you and of every tattler you've passed it on to yourself. I mean to know—"

"You'll know something pretty quick!" she said, rising with difficulty; and her voice was thick with the sense of insult. "You'll know that you're out in the street. Please to leave my house!"

George stiffened sharply. Then he bowed, and strode out of the door.

Three minutes later, disheveled and perspiring, but cold all over, he burst into his Uncle George's room at the Major's without knocking. Amberson was dressing.

"You have your own tastes!" was Amberson's comment. "But curious as they are you ought to do something better with your hair, and button your waistcoat to the right buttons—"

even for Mrs. Johnson! What were you doing over there?"

"She told me to leave the house," George said desperately. "I went there because Aunt Fanny told me the whole town was talking about my mother and that man Morgan—that they say my mother is going to marry him and that proves she was too fond of him before my father died—she said this Mrs. Johnson was one that talked about it, and I went to her to ask who were the others."

Amberson's jaw fell in dismay. "Don't tell me you did that!" he said, in a low voice; and then, seeing it was true, "Oh, now you have done it!"

"I've done it?" George cried. "What do you mean? I've done it? And what have I done?"

Amberson had collapsed into an easy chair beside his dressing table, the white evening tie he had been about to put on dangling from his hand, which had fallen limply on the arm of the chair. "By Jove!" he muttered. "That is too bad!"

George folded his arms bitterly. "Will you kindly answer my question? What have I done that wasn't honorable and right? Do you think these riffraff can go about bandying my mother's name?"

"They can now," said Amberson. "I don't know if they could before, but they certainly can now!"

"What do you mean by that?"

His uncle sighed profoundly, picked up his tie, and, preoccupied with despondency, twisted the strip of white lawn till it became unwearable. Mean-



"Gossip is Never Fatal, George," He Said, "Until it is Denied."

while, he tried to enlighten his nephew. "Gossip is never fatal, George," he said, "until it is denied. Gossip goes on about every human being alive and about all the dead that are alive enough to be remembered, and yet almost never does any harm until some defender makes a controversy."

"See here," George said. "I didn't come to listen to any generalizing dose of philosophy! I ask you—"

"You asked me what you've done, and I'm telling you," Amberson gave him a melancholy smile, continuing: "Suffer me to do it in my own way. Fanny says there's been talk about your mother, and that Mrs. Johnson does some of it. I don't know, because naturally nobody would come to me with such stuff or mention it before me; but it's presumably true—I suppose it is. I've seen Fanny with Mrs. Johnson quite a lot; and that old lady is a notorious gossip, and that's why she ordered you out of her house when you pinned her down that she'd been gossiping. I suppose it's true, that the 'whole town,' a lot of others, in this town, naturally, anything about any Amberson has always been a stone dropped into the center of a pond, and a lie would send the ripples as far as a truth would. You can be sure that for many years there's been more gossip in this place about the Ambersons than about any other family. I dare say it isn't so much so now as it used to be, because the town got too big long ago, but it's the truth that the more prominent you are the more gossip there is about you, and the more people would like to pull you down. Well, they can't do it as long as you refuse to know what gossip there is about you. But the minute you notice it it's got you! I'm not speaking of certain kinds of slander that sometimes people have got to take to the courts; I'm talking of the wretched buzzing the Mrs. Johnsons do—the thing you seem to have such a horror of—people 'talking'—the kind of thing that has assailed your mother. People who have repeated a slander either get ashamed or forget it, if they're let alone. People will forget almost any slander except one that's been fought."

"Is that all?" George asked.

"I suppose so," his uncle murmured sadly.

"Good gracious, George!" he exclaimed. "What's up?"

"I've just come from Mrs. Johnson's—across the street," George panted.

"You have your own tastes!" was Amberson's comment. "But curious as they are you ought to do something better with your hair, and button your waistcoat to the right buttons—"

"You're not wanted in this house, Mr. Morgan, now or at any other time."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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**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.  
**JAMES M. CUTTER,**  
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## BENNINGTON

A Weekly News Letter of Interest

### Moving Pictures!

**Town Hall, Bennington**  
at 8.15 o'clock

**Wednesday Evening, Oct. 8**  
Constance Talmadge in  
"Right of Purchase"  
6 Reel Drama

**Saturday Evening, Oct. 11**  
**Secret Strings**  
5 Reel Drama  
**Red Glove Serial, Chap. 6**  
Featuring Marie Walcamp

Amos Martin is in Stoddard for a few days.

Mrs. Peter Wickham, of Pepperell, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilson.

Herbert Lindsay and family have moved into the house recently vacated by Arthur Diamond.

Constance Talmadge in "Right of Purchase" at town hall tonight. You will all want to see this picture.

Mrs. Fred Sheldon and daughter, Helen, have returned to Dayton, Ohio, where they will spend the winter.

Harry Ross, Fred Knight and George Griswold returned from a coon hunt in Merrimac this morning with four coons.

Mrs. Charles Taylor and son, Roland, left town Wednesday for Rochester, N. Y., where Mr. Taylor has employment.

Mrs. Charles F. Manahan, who has been spending some time with her mother, Mrs. C. H. Philbrick, returns to her home in Fall River, Mass., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Williams and two daughters, of Gardner, Mass., have been visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary Williams, at Charles F. Balch's, the past week.

The coon season is on and some of our hunters are having great sport; a few good specimens are being landed. Expect to hear of some pretty good captures before the close of the season.

Harry Box, the English tenor and bird whistler, will give a song recital on Thursday evening, October 9, at 8 o'clock, at the Grange Hall in this place. Admission 25 and 15 cents. See window posters.

A reception was tendered to Rev. and Mrs. Bernard Copping this week, by their many friends here. A social evening was spent, with music and refreshments, and Rev. and Mrs. Copping were presented with a sum of money.

The funeral of one of our oldest residents, Mrs. Amanda Newton, was held from her late home Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. Bernard Copping officiated, and the S. of V. Auxiliary attended in a body and used their burial service. Obituary will be given next week.

The S. of V. Auxiliary held their annual inspection Monday evening. One new member was initiated and supper was served. Division President, Mrs. Mary Thompson, of Troy, and Division Inspector Miss Florence Hildreth, of Keene, were present and were entertained by the president, Mrs. Henry Wilson.

Revenue officers, with Liquor Inspector Joseph J. Gorey of the Manchester police, last Friday night arrested Peter Danos, and Lambros Kripethas of Bennington, charged with operating an illicit still at the home in this town. The men were taken to Concord, where they were arraigned before United States Commissioner Burns F. Hodgman. Inspector Gorey is said to have found 58 quarts and seven pints of contraband gin. The gin and all the apparatus was seized by the officers. The liquor was concealed in new paint cans and bottles.—Boston Globe.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

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### ACCOMMODATION!

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Trains leave Antrim Depot as follows:

7.08	A. M.	11.32
	7.44	
	11.35	
	P. M.	
1.12	1.58	
4.15	6.57	

Sunday: 8.30, 6.43, 11.42 a.m.; 4.49 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 Jamestown before 8.00 a.m.

### HANCOCK

Tuesday evening of last week, Harry Box, the English tenor, gave a recital here. He was assisted by Mrs. Box, pianist and accompanist. This was a most unusual pleasure for Hancock lovers of music. Mr. and Mrs. Box are giving concerts under church auspices in this locality.

Norris Colby, of Concord, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Colby, is here for the apple picking season.

Edward Farrington, who formerly lived here and is now a summer resident, is completing the carpenter work on the Thos. Manning house. He is assisted by Mr. Brooks of Greenfield.

At the Historical meeting last Thursday, Capt. Guy Daniel Tibbets, of Bennington, gave a most interesting account of his experiences in the World War. He has never before given them to the public and all who heard him declare that his address made the meeting one of the very best. Mr. Box sang, accompanied by Mrs. Box. Dinner was served.

Among out of town persons at the Box recital was Rev. Bernard Copping, of Bennington, who, much to the regret of his friends here, is to leave this locality for Baltimore soon.

Miss Marion Davis, who has been studying at a hospital in Keene, is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Davis.

Thomas Lavoie has bought the Fred Eaves place, formerly the Lindsay place, at the foot of Sand Hill. Mr. Lavoie has sold a piece of land on the Porter Weston road to Mr. Twiss, foreman at Sheldon Bros. mill.

Miss Mary Coughlan is studying at the State College, having been given the Grange scholarship.

Mrs. Carrie Wilds was in Peterboro Saturday with Mrs. G. W. Goodhue.

Mrs. Mary Proctor, of Dunstable, Mass. has been a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Goodhue.

Miss Elsie Goodale, of Milford, is with her mother, Mrs. Charles H. Dutton.

### CASTORIA

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**Is Now a Civilian**

Major Ralph G. Hurlin, who has been at his home here during the latter part of September on final leave from duties in Washington, was discharged from the army at Camp Devens on Saturday, October 4. He was commissioned First Lieutenant June 8, 1918, resigning his position on the faculty of Clark College to enter the service, and was assigned to duty in the Statistics Branch of the general staff at Washington. Since August, 1918, he has been in charge of the preparation of a report covering all phases of army statistics, issued weekly for the Secretary-of-War and the Chief of Staff of the Army. He was twice promoted, to Captain in September, 1918, to Major in June, 1919.

A book, "The War with Germany—a Statistical Summary", was issued recently by the Statistics Branch, based largely on the reports made currently during the war. This book, which condenses the main facts concerning the United States' participation in the war into 150 pages, has been presented to the Tuttle Library, where it is available for circulation.

Mr. Hurlin and his family have now gone to New York City, where he will become a statistician in the Russell Sage Foundation.

### SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, the last Saturday afternoon in each month, at 2 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.

J. D. HUTCHINSON,  
EMMA S. GOODELL,  
MATTIE L. H. PROCTOR,  
Antrim School Board.

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