

The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 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

George W. Hunt ANTRIM N. H.

MORRIS E. NAY Antrim, N. H.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

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 \$2.00 to \$3.00 per set (broken or not). We also pay actual value for diamonds, old Gold, Silver and Bridge-work. Send at once by parcel post and receive cash by return mail. Will return your goods if our price is unsatisfactory.

MAZER'S TOOTH SPECIALTY
Dept. X, 907 So. 5th St Philadelphia, Penn.

FIRE INSURANCE Auto Insurance

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

W. C. HILLS
Antrim, N. H.

RIKER'S EXPECTORANT

This preparation is one of the best for Coughs, Colds etc. Has been used since 1846 and has proved very popular.

ANTRIM PHARMACY

C. A. BATES ANTRIM, N. H.

E. D. Putnam & Son, ANTRIM, N. H.

Automobile LIVERY!

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

'HOME RUN KING' BECOMES PARTNER OF UNCLE SAM

Popular Red Sox Star Presented With Six \$100 Treasury Savings Certificates



BABE RUTH, "THE HOME RUN KING," IS PRESENTED WITH SIX HUNDRED DOLLAR TREASURY SAVINGS CERTIFICATES—THE WOMAN IS RUTH'S WIFE—YES, HE TURNED THEM OVER TO HER.

Babe Ruth, the home run king, and the hardest hitting baseball player in the game today, became a stock holder in the United States Government recently, when, in the presence of thousands of admiring fans he was presented with six \$100 United States Treasury Savings Certificates.

Babe Picks Winners. The presentation was made the last game of the season in Boston between the Chicago White Sox and the Boston Red Sox.

A special "Babe Ruth Day" was held at Fenway Park and the certificates were presented between the games of a double header. They were the gift of the Pere Marquette Council, Knights of Columbus, South Boston.

In becoming a stock holder in the United States Government, Babe Ruth becomes a brother stock holder with Jack Dempsey, the pugilistic champion who recently invested \$1000 in these securities. The cash value of the six Treasury Savings Certificates when presented to Babe Ruth was \$504. In 1924 at maturity they will be worth \$600.

Babe Ruth is a strong believer in investing his money in safe securities such as Treasury Savings Certificates and War Savings Stamps. He has no leanings toward the "get-rich-quick" schemes, and salve oiled-tongued peddlers of securities of doubtful value.

PING WONG WINS PERSHING MEDAL

Little Miss Ping Wong of Columbus, Ohio, does not wear the trousers of the native Chinese girl's costume but none of her trousered school competitors in the sale of War Savings Stamps was able to surpass her in business acumen and perseverance.

Miss Ping, who is 13 years old and daughter of a wealthy Chinese merchant has been awarded a "General Pershing" medal for having sold more than \$25,000 in War Savings Stamps this year. Miss Ping explained that she had sold War Savings Stamps because her father had told her she must do her very best for America because this country had given him a home, comfort and prosperity.

THRIFT AND SUCCESS

Views of Famous Men
Some of our greatest industrial organizations have learned their A-B-C's in waste elimination and have found themselves well repaid. The time is coming when every man who lays claim to business ability will keep the question of waste before him constantly.

"Waste is worse than loss. The time is coming when every person who lays claim to ability will keep the question of waste before him constantly. The scope of Thrift is limitless."—Thomas A. Edison.

BEE WISE



A FEW THOUGHTS

Suggested by What Is Happening Around

Is it because of prohibition why so many million pounds of sugar are being shipped across the big pond?

Just to show the advance and also the quality of things we read very recently: You can now buy a fairly good 5 cent cigar for 25 cents!

Of course we are all interested in the illness of President Wilson and hope that soon he will fully recover his former good health. How nice and much more satisfactory it would be if instead of so much denial of reports his physicians would tell us just what is the matter with him.

Remarkable, isn't it, that prohibition should be the one great cause of the shortage of sugar. Anyway, this is what many of the would be "wets" put out as propaganda, and it may be some will believe it. But nowadays people are mostly "from Missouri" and have to be shown.

It is almost pathetic to read in certain Democratic papers of the state the reports they give of what Senator Moses says or does and also what he does not say and do. We presume they believe what they say—anyway they appear to want their readers to believe it. Such tactics are rather small politics.

It is given out that the theater managers and proprietors of dance halls throughout the country are soon to request the general conferences of the great church organization to strike out from their code of rules any reference to the attendance by their members upon such amusements. Just pause for a moment and consider if they would be expected to do any different!

We read in a Democratic paper recently that the Senator Johnson boom for President had been exploded and he was now practically sidetracked; also that the Republicans are having a hard time finding a man who wants to tackle the job. What an anxious lot of men! However, in time the right man will be brought forward and in his hands the old ship of state will be piloted by the rocks and sandbars and without doubt again sail upon placid waters.

Let's have the Peace Treaty signed as soon as possible, if it will do as some newspapers and men would have us believe. They really try to make us think that such a thing would avert strikes, end wars, lower the cost of living, raise the pay of the working man, improve working conditions at the steel mills and the coal mines, and prove the panacea for all the ills of life. Does anybody believe it? Much of the hot air that is worked off along this line is done for effect.

That too little attention is being paid in New Hampshire to fighting the "white plague" is the belief of the New Hampshire Anti-Tuberculosis association, which plans a state-wide campaign to raise \$100,000 under the auspices of some of the prominent men and women of the state.

Councilor Windsor H. Goodnow of Keene, who is well known as one of the candidates for the Republican nomination for governor, has been appointed chairman of the drive. As councilor on the board of trustees of the state sanitarium at Glenduff he is especially interested in the subject. Headquarters are to be in Manchester, in charge of Dr. Robert E. Kerr.

When a blunder is made in a newspaper office it is mighty difficult to explain to the public just how it happened and it is impossible to convince some people that "twant done a purpose," says an exchange. Sometimes Old Man Jinx comes along and seems to guide the hands of the whole staff, from devil to editor. Sometimes things are left out that should have gone in and things go in that should have been left out and it seems impossible to make the types behave. A Jinx is a troublesome insect in any place but

when he sneaks into a printing office there seems to be no end to the devilish things he can do before he is finally chased out of the window.

Atty. Gen. Oscar L. Young has notified the police of all the cities and towns of this state to enforce strictly the statute requiring lights on vehicles. The Motor Vehicle Department has been looking after the enforcement of the law so far as it relates to automobiles, but few owners of horse-drawn vehicles have complied.

It might be well here to state that too much carelessness exists in this section not only in the matter of horse-drawn vehicles but with motor vehicles as well. Almost any evening in the week one can stand on the street and count a number of autos in the course of an hour with no tail light burning and dimmers are minus quantity. Warning ought to be enough but it is presumed that the owners of such vehicles are anxious to know just how long they can keep the practice up and get away with it.

The New Hampshire school teachers are said to be considerably underpaid when the price paid other women along other lines of work is considered. This fact was brought out very emphatically at the state teachers meeting in Manchester last week. Yet we have an idea it is much the same in other states. A survey recently made proved that the standard of education throughout the entire country needed raising, so it is not in our state alone but in many others. Previous to this survey the New Hampshire legislature had already taken the necessary steps to put her school system in the front ranks where it should be, and as soon as it is in working condition a much better system will be ours to enjoy, and the results we feel sure will amply repay for the additional expense it will be to the several towns and cities. Our rising generations should be better fitted to meet the problems of life.

An exchange, in commenting on the need of better church attendance and more loyalty and responsibility among the people along this line, has this to say:

No community flourishes without church and religious institution and a duty devolves upon every resident who possesses a grain of civic loyalty to support, both by personal influence and financial contribution, the necessity of such a constructive power as emanates from the church, alone, in the building of character and the future destiny of any locality.

This is true as applied to Antrim. While there are not quite as many people in town as there used to be when church services were more largely attended, yet there are a goodly number residing in our midst who are conspicuous by their absence at the services in the different churches. Quite naturally they don't like to be told their duty, and they appear to be rather heedless about performing it.

Happy Women

Plenty of Them in This Locality, and Good Reason for It

Wouldn't any woman be happy. After years of backache suffering, Days of misery, nights of unrest, The distress of urinary troubles, When she finds freedom.

Many readers will profit by the following.

Mrs. Roy Ford, Maple St., Newport, N. H., says: "Some time ago I suffered from an attack of kidney complaint. I had a constant, dull ache in the small of my back, and I felt tired and all worn out. A friend who saw my condition, recommended Doan's Kidney Pills, so I used two boxes. They entirely removed the trouble."

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

More About Sugar

The sugar shortage is ever a perplexing question. During the war any hardship within reason was cheerfully accepted—to help win the war. But a sugar shortage now is an altogether different matter, and the irate housewife is entitled to express her views. It is encouraging, however, to see that Congress has heard the wail of the housewife, and it is hoped something besides talk will be the result. Embargoes upon shipments out of the country and the matter of more even distribution are things needed to be done to afford relief to the eastern section of the country. If an embargo on foreign shipments or regulation of distribution, to assure householders their share, should become necessary, it ought to be applied. American consumers deserve first consideration.

Auction Sale

By W. E. Cram, Auctioneer, Antrim,

Having sold his farm, Emery Holt will sell his personal property at auction, on the premises about one mile from South Lyndeboro Village and one mile from Lyndeboro Center, on Thursday, October 23, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. In addition to stock and farming tools there is a lot of household furniture to be sold. For particulars read auction bills.

Auction Sale

By Charles H. Dutton, Auctioneer, Hancock, N. H.

Mrs. Ethel Eves, having sold her house and decided to break up house-keeping, will sell her personal property at auction, Saturday, Oct. 25, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at her residence about one-fourth mile south of the Hancock church. For particulars read auction bills.

SAVE YOUR SUGAR BY GETTING SOME

Buns, Rolls, Cake, Cookies and Doughnuts

These Goods are coming in Fresh almost daily. Have four varieties of Cake:

- RAISIN, with a dainty white icing.
- CHOCOLATE, with a white icing.
- SUNSHINE, a golden cake with a white icing.
- LADY CAKE, with a white icing.

Plain Sugar Cookies at 30¢,
Frosted One at 35¢ to 40¢ a pound

HEATH'S STORE

Goodell Block, ANTRIM
Tel. 31-2

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE NEWS

Name Fish and Game Wardens.

The governor and council have approved the following fish and game wardens, recommended by Commissioner Mott L. Bartlett: William C. Coughlin and E. Earl Stearns, Keene; William W. Eastman, Benton; C. L. Bailey, Woodsville; E. M. Clark, North Haverhill; W. H. Langmaid, East Haverhill; L. E. Knight, Pike; F. J. Keyes, Haverhill; Harry B. Gould and John Stickney, Piermont; George Foote, Oxford; George Huckins, Orfordville; A. McDonald, Ellikins; Charles E. Wilson, Center Barnstead; Joseph N. Cross, Hillsborough; Charles T. Woodman, Windham; William E. Wood and Howard O. Nelson, Portsmouth; Roy O. Thompson, Moultonville; Harry E. Chase, Pembroke; James Welch, Allentown; George Butler, Kingston; E. P. Jones, Chester; Herbert J. Hilberg, Salem Depot; George H. Washburn, Pittsburg; Sumner H. Patten, Archie; G. Baker and Henry B. Leavitt, Manchester; Chester Rowell, Salem; Richard M. Shute, Exeter; Walter B. Farmer, Hampton Falls, and E. R. Olds, Canaan.

Concord Art Association Exhibit Nov. 16-29.

The fourth annual exhibition of the Concord Art Association will be held in the Town Hall, from Sunday, Nov. 16, to Saturday, Nov. 29, inclusive. The reception and private view will be given to members of the association and the exhibitors on Saturday evening, Nov. 15, at 8 o'clock. There will be a press view on Saturday, Nov. 15, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. All work must be sent to Doll & Richard's, 71 Newbury st., Boston, on or before Nov. 5. Exhibits eligible are original works in oil, miniature, charcoal, pen-and-ink, etching and dry point, not before exhibited in Concord. Busts, statuettes, and figurines, in plaster, bronze or marble, will be included this year for the first time. Groups of etchings and dry points are acceptable. Owing to limited wall space, only one oil painting by each exhibitor can be hung.

Board of Education Meets

At the meeting of the state board of education at Concord, the commissioner made a full report on the methods of complying with that part of the new education law which emphasizes the teaching of citizenship and its duties in the public schools. This is considered a very important part of the administration of the school program and the board feels satisfied that it will be very thoroughly now and hereafter.

The action of the board requires the commissioner of education to direct the superintendents by all proper means to organize their schools so as to include citizenship as an ideal and a habit; to provide regular and suggested reading with citizenship in view; and to organize a teaching force so that all teachers will look upon the making of good citizenship as a central aim in school organization and instruction.

\$100,000 To Fight N. H. White Plague.
At a meeting of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of New Hampshire, Concord, a definite organization was perfected whereby a campaign to raise \$100,000, to be used in fighting the white plague in the Granite state, will be started at once.

W. R. Goodnow of Keene was elected as chairman of the committee on raising the fund and will establish headquarters at once in the City Mission at Manchester. Addresses were made by Gov. Bartlett, Maj. Frank J. Abbott, William A. Aborn, secretary of the state board of charities, and Clarence E. Carr of Andover.

Sues St. Railway for Kick in Eye.
John Rokas, through his mother, Mary Rokas, and his counsel, John D. Warren, has served papers on the Nashua Street Railway for \$500 damages in a suit for personal injuries. The suit papers claim that while the boy was a trespasser on the car on West Pearl street, he was kicked off the car by the conductor, being hit by the conductor's boot in the eye and badly injured. A photograph of the boy's eye has been taken for the case. The papers were served by Deputy Sheriff George E. Lyman.

Durham Prepares for Red Cross Drive.

Dr. A. E. Richards, chairman of the Durham chapter of the Red Cross, is making preparations for the big drive for increased membership, which is scheduled for the week beginning Nov. 2. Last year because of the war, an effort was made to secure members at New Hampshire college only among the women students, and the membership was but 350. This year Dr. Richards hopes to reach a total of 500.

Bennington, N. H., Man Held as Moonshiner.

Peter Adonis, charged with conducting an illicit still at Bennington, this state, was arraigned before United States Commissioner Burns P. Hodgman in Concord, and bound over for appearance before the next Federal Grand Jury. Adonis is said to have admitted making 100 gallons of liquor from moonshine and selling them in Manchester. The case is the first of its kind in the state.

Sheep Industry Now Offers Advantage

The sheep industry today offers advantages to New Hampshire farmers. In 1880 with wool at 16 cents per pound and lambs at \$2 to \$2.50 each, there were 220,000 sheep in the state, while in 1919 with wool at 60 cents to 70 cents per pound and lambs at 10 cents to 15 cents a pound alive, we have only 20,692 taxable sheep reported April 1st. The United States raised twice as many sheep per capita 30 years ago as are raised now and we are importing 300,000,000 pounds of wool annually to supply the demand of this country. In some sections of the state can be found profitable flocks of sheep, and where the owner understands the best methods of breeding, feeding and handling, good returns on the investment are being received. The receipts from the wool usually are sufficient to keep up the flock, and all sales of animals for meat should prove clear profit. There are really two chances for success in sheep production,—one on the meat produced and one on the wool. In marketing lambs in the Boston market, the best selling lamb will weigh from 35 pounds to 40 pounds, dressed, and sheep from 45 pounds to 65 pounds. Good, fleshy, well finished lambs are always in demand. Medium and common stock sell at a sharp discount usually, varying of course as to season. Greatest demand is for lambs and sheep of the above weights.

Lamb is in much greater demand than mutton, as there is much less mutton eaten at the present time than was consumed a few years ago. A healthy animal produces high-grade wool, and an unhealthy and poorly kept animal produces wool of low grade. These facts should be kept in mind in growing sheep for wool and meat. The August survey of our summer hotels showed large out-of-state purchasers of lamb, which could have been supplied by local growers, while the year round consumption of this product in the state would make sheep farming profitable for many of our idle farms, which at present prices can be purchased at a much lower cost per acre than the grazing land on which the lambs shipped to our state are grown. The state college and county agents are furnishing valuable information regarding the feeding and growing of sheep; and with sheep clubs being formed; the co-operative marketing of wool proving successful; and the Market Bureau through its survey and demonstration work, sales lists and regular weekly market letter quotations keeping the farmers posted where to buy sheep and when, where and how to market; it would seem that an excellent opportunity was offered to the sheep grower in New Hampshire.

Father of 22 Seeks Divorce.

The Forques divorce suit, which has occupied the Superior Court's attention for a week, has been concluded. William H. Forques of Rochester, the plaintiff, who was married 35 years ago in Canada, seeks a divorce from his wife Elizabeth, who has borne him 22 children, because of discord with her extending back several years, chiefly over money matters, according to Forques. After paying for their home, he said, he was unable to pay the family expenses and that she had clubbed him at times. He wishes to place the children in the care of parish priests. Forques bought an automobile in 1915, he testified, and took women and others to ride for hire, but would not take his wife.

Girl Killed by Nine-Year Old Sister.

Helen Adams, 19, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Adams, Laconia, died from a gunshot wound in the forehead a few minutes after her 9-year-old sister Barbara, unaware that it was loaded, pointed the gun and pulled the trigger.

The girls, with their mother and another sister, Irene, were on their way home from a fishing trip. They had taken the shotgun along in case they ran across a deer. Helen loaded the gun as they were on the way home. Barbara had not noticed this. Mrs. Adams, with Barbara walking by her side, carried the gun. Suddenly Barbara seized the gun and in fun pointed it at Helen and pulled the trigger.

Nashua Carfare to be Raised to Eight Cents.

The Nashua Street Railway is to increase the cash fare from seven to eight cents on Nov. 1. Checks each good for one fare will be sold in quantities for seven cents. At the same time the road is to put on the one-man type of cars and obtain electricity from the Manchester Traction Company, instead of Lowell, Mass., as for many years.

The company has voted to issue \$65,000 in seven percent preferred stock to cover the installation of the new cars.

Foreign Service Club at N. H. State College.

Students returned from overseas have organized a foreign service club at New Hampshire college. Every man in college eligible to join will be requested to enroll in the new organization. The officers are president, Sidney S. Anthony, Manchester, formerly of the Naval reserve; vice president, W. E. Woodbury, Manchester, Battery D. 103rd field artillery; secretary, P. C. Perkins, Wolfboro, 103rd field artillery, and treasurer, E. B. Sheridan, Lowell, Mass.



1—Congestion of freight and express matter in West street, New York, due to strike of the longshoremen. 2—Policemen guarding a car in Oakland, Cal., from a mob of striking traction workers. 3—Col. E. M. House, ill with the grippe, debarking at New York from the steamship Northern Pacific.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Cabinet Takes Over Rule of Nation Pending Recovery of the President.

HIS AILMENT NOT REVEALED

Doings of the Industrial Conference—Army is Hot After "Reds"—League of Nations Comes into Being—Anti-Bolshevik Armies Closing in on Soviet Russia.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD.

Because of the certainty that the resumption of his official duties by President Wilson will be long delayed, the cabinet has taken matters into its own hands and is virtually running the government. For the first time since Mr. Wilson became the chief magistrate, it is performing the functions allotted it by the Constitution. Each member of the cabinet is handling all executive matters within its jurisdiction, and all other questions that come up are passed on by the full cabinet. The most important decisions are submitted to Mr. Wilson for his approval, through Admiral Grayson. Specifically, the industrial and economic situation which has been brought to a crisis by the steel strike is being handled by Secretary Baker. Secretary of Labor Wilson took immediate steps to avert the strike, and at last reports was hopeful of success. The miners demand a five-day week, a six-hour day and a general wage increase of 60 per cent. The miners now receive \$8 to \$10 a day and the mine laborers \$5.

The strike of the longshoremen, followed by that of the teamsters and chauffeurs, in New York threatened the metropolis with a serious food shortage, for shipments were left to rot on the docks. The collapse of the strike was foreshadowed by the vote of several of the local unions to return to work, and the firm stand taken by the railway administration in dealing with the express company employees.

The League of Nations came into being on October 13. Great Britain, France and Italy having ratified the treaty. Steps were taken at once looking to its regular organization, and goodness knows there is enough for it to do. The United States is still outside the league and the contest in the senate continues unabated. Considerable time and much vehement language were devoted last week to debating the proposed Shantung amendment. As we expected, it was voted down, but almost every senator who spoke in opposition to it, said he favored a reservation on the same lines. Senator Shields of Tennessee, Democrat, declared himself in favor of the Lodge reservations and the Johnson amendment giving the United States as many votes in the league as Great Britain. The administration forces let it be known on Wednesday that they were determined to vote for rejection of the treaty with the Lodge reservations, and the opposition at once prepared to retaliate with a resolution declaring the war at an end and restoring the status of peace.

The entente allies are disturbed over the American situation because the many commissions provided for in the treaty must be organized very soon. The formal exchange of ratifications of the treaty which will put it into effect was delayed by the allies in consequence. One of the big jobs of the League of Nations will be to settle affairs in the Baltic states. Though General von Goltz submitted to his government and resigned, a large part of his army remained in Courland and, with a force of Russian, has been making a determined attack on Riga. The Letts rallied to the defense of the city and were aided, according to report, by a British fleet. The most recent dispatches at this writing say the Russo-German forces were being slowly forced back. The Poles took part in the scrap, attacking the Germans in the rear, capturing Kovno and threatening the German lines of communication. At the same time the anti-bolshevik armies in Russia were steadily crush-

ing the life out of the soviet government. Denikin kept up his advance on Moscow, capturing Orel and other important points. The army of the northwest under Yudenitch took Luga and pressed on toward Petrograd, whose fall was imminent. This army, it was said, was working in close understanding with Admiral Kolchak whose Siberian troops were pushing the bolshevik back to the European border. These three commanders have rejected all overtures from Germany, maintaining their connection with the allies.

An official dispatch from Archangel said the North Russian forces were pursuing the bolshevik in the direction of Onega after occupying their fortified positions along the railroad, capturing guns and prisoners and destroying an armored train. In fact, they seem to be doing very well without the help of the British and American troops that were withdrawn. Meanwhile the British fleet in the Baltic was very busy. The supreme council having declared a blockade of all Russian bolshevik ports, a number of German vessels were seized. Then the British warships moved on Kronstadt. After a severe bombardment it was evacuated by the bolshevik and the fleet entered the harbor. All neutral nations have been asked to join in the blockade of bolshevik Russia.

Lieutenant D'Annunzio seems to have adopted a more yielding attitude in regard to Fiume, which he still holds. He has sent to Premier Clemenceau an appeal to take the initiative in obtaining from the allied governments a declaration making Fiume an open port. The present Italian plan contemplates an independent buffer state at Fiume with the extension of Italian control over the strip of coast from Fiume to Trieste so the new state shall shut out Italian territory on that side and not be surrounded by Jugo-Slavia influence. The danger of war over this problem is lessened. D'Annunzio sent word to Paris that he had drafted a manifesto urging both Serbs and Italians to recognize mutual national rights and to "maintain the bonds of brotherhood which have been sealed by blood."

Prices of food throughout the United States have fallen almost 25 per cent, according to Attorney General Palmer. But housewives, also throughout the United States, are asking why. If this is true, they are forced to pay as much as ever or more when they visit the retail dealer. The cost of leather and of footwear has dropped 20 per cent since the middle of August, says the president of the National Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' association. But the consumer is still paying exorbitant prices for his shoes, and the aforesaid president explains that the shoes now being manufactured at reduced cost will not be marketed before next April.

The tremendous hullabaloo about reducing the cost of living and punishing the profiteer has dwindled until it can scarcely be heard with the aid of a microphone. Just at present the consumer is exercised about the sugar situation which promises to develop into a famine with 25 cents a pound or more demanded for the small amounts of sugar to be had. The domestic output is nowhere near enough, and it seems most of the Cuban crop is going to Europe. Dealers blame our government for this condition because it limited the wholesale price while European dealers were willing to pay anything.

The federal trade commission came to bat again with another of its reports attacking the big packers, stating they now handle more than 200 food products not related to the meat industry and bid fair to dominate the wholesale grocery trade, dividing the field among themselves.

Of course the packers, this time through Louis B. Swift, declared the trade commission's figures were greatly exaggerated and the conclusions based on them utterly absurd. As usual, the "big five" can supply facts and figures to uphold their entire innocence, but for some reason the general public has learned to look askance at the statistics these gentlemen produce. This may be due to what the trade commission calls "the maze and secrecy of the packer's methods of conducting much of his business."

Since Jan. 1 Maine has received \$680,432 in automobile registration fees, an increase over last year of almost \$113,000. There have been 65,475 operators' licenses issued and 47,163 automobiles and almost 6000 trucks registered.

The Maine Federation of Women's Clubs at its annual convention in Portland went on record as favoring the League of Nations. Reports were presented by the committees, and presidents of other New England federations were present at some of the sessions. Plans to collect all bills by telephone and to start a campaign of "pay your bills," were discussed at a meeting of the Retail Credit Men's Association of Boston, at which delegates to the national convention in St. Paul told of the success of both innovations in western cities.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

Items of Interest From All Sections of Yankeeland

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The Mass. metropolitan park commission, at a hearing reaffirmed its decision to dismiss the 19 park policemen who were found guilty of committing acts of insubordination and disobedience of orders by refusing street duty during the riots following the strike of the Boston police.

After being separated from her husband, William Greenwood, for 24 years, Mrs. Annie L. Greenwood of Haverhill was granted separate maintenance from him in probate court, Lawrence. He was ordered to pay her \$7 a week. The court ruled she was justified in living apart from him.

Miss Marion Parke, aged 17, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winchendon, had a week's visit to the National Capital, as the reward for winning the State championship in sewing. Miss Parke is a senior at the Murdock High School and during the war joined the school Economic Club.

An attempt to wreck a New Haven passenger train near the Manton, R. I. station was frustrated by a margin of a few minutes. H. C. Mayfield, station agent, discovered a plank across the tracks and found the switch nearby plugged with railroad spikes. So close was the train that Mayfield had no time to remove the obstructions, but instead ran forward and flagged the train.

Home-made beer is strong enough to make a man intoxicated, according to a finding made by Associate Justice Edward B. O'Brien in the Lynn, Mass. district court, when he fined Albert R. Kitchin, ex-commander of the Volunteer Yacht Club in that city, \$25 for operating an automobile while under the influence of liquor. Kitchin testified that the only thing he had to drink on the holiday was beer which he made at home.

Frank S. Perkins of Salem, who was lieutenant-colonel of the 101st field artillery regiment of the Yankee division, has been nominated by Gov. Coolidge to be commissioner of public records at \$3000 annually to succeed Henry E. Woods, who died suddenly in Greenfield recently. Mr. Woods had been commissioner since 1907. Col. Perkins finished second in the recent contest for the Republican nomination for state treasurer.

Representatives of the various school teachers' organizations of Boston told the school committee at a special meeting that present salaries of teachers in all grades are "pitifully inadequate," and that unless an immediate increase is forthcoming there will be very few teachers left after the present generation passes. The speakers were unanimous in the request that an immediate flat raise of \$600 a year be made in all grades.

There was a notable wedding in the home of the late William Myricks of Pelham, Mass., when his widow, Cordelia J. Myrick, aged 83, was married to Edgar L. Blackmer, formerly of Belchertown, by Rev. Amos J. Lord. The bride has had two husbands and the bridegroom, who was only 16 years younger than his bride, was taking his second wife. The new Mrs. Blackmer is still vigorous and able to take care of herself with the aid of her little farm of a few acres.

Herbert A. Burbank, aged 42, a Southwick, Mass., farm laborer, entered pleas of not guilty to two complaints for cruelty to animals when arraigned. Burbank is alleged to have cruelly beaten cows owned by P. J. Ferris and L. A. Fowler of Southwick on the night of Sept. 23 or the morning of Sept. 24. The Ferris cow was led from the barn and beaten to death with an ax and a club. The Fowler cow was similarly treated and although badly beaten survived its injuries.

The Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Company, which during the war was one of the largest munition producing plants in New England, is now devoting some of its Bridgeport plant to the manufacture of cutlery. Many of the machines which were used to make bayonets have been so changed as to adapt them to the manufacture of table knives and other cutlery. When the work is well under way, quite a number of hands, it is expected, will be employed in this line, which will gradually take the place of war-time activities in the plant.

Gov. Calvin Coolidge addressed a statement to the students at Harvard, thanking them for their services during the police strike. He urged them to support the officers of the state in their efforts to enforce law and order now and in the future.

Locked in a tenement on the third floor of a Main st., Fitchburg, block while his widowed mother was at work in a mill, Carl Harju, aged 5, was rescued from death by firemen who forced their way through smoke and flames to reach him. The boy, on discovering the fire crawled into bed fully dressed, and covered himself and a pet puppy with the bedding. Firemen took the boy to a roof and saved his life by applying artificial respiration.

Lieut. William L. Hill, U. S. N., on Friday retired after 46 years of service, having reached the age of limitation. His service dates back to the days of the old wooden navy, having enlisted in 1873. From 1907 to 1917, Lieutenant Hill was in command of the prison ships Southern and Topoka. He was awarded a congressional medal of honor in 1881 for saving three men from drowning. During the Spanish war, he served on the U. S. S. Brooklyn, and was commended for his gallantry in the battle of San Juan.

About 25 workmen engaged in the construction of a mile of state highway between Franklin and Andover, struck for more pay and the work was suspended.

At a recent city council meeting a petition from the highway workers asking for an increase of 15 per cent in their wages was left with the highway committee to act in conjunction with the state highway department. The work is being done jointly by the state highway department and the city highway department.

Dr. George E. Huntley, a member of the commission on near east relief which visited Armenia to determine actual conditions there, told the members of the Maine State Sunday School Association, assembled in annual convention in Portland that some of the Armenians have actually reached the stage where they are practicing cannibalism, so maddened have they become by hunger. Dr. Huntley said that in Northern Armenia according to latest cable messages from relief workers, at least 200,000 persons must starve, there being no means to prevent this.

The state-wide search for men to fill the places of Boston's striking policemen is proceeding only slowly. A recruiting party headed by former Supt. of Police William H. Pierce gained only one applicant by a session at the state armory at Worcester. Springfield yielded only two candidates and Pittsfield only five. The meagre results of the recruiting campaign are attributed largely to the counter-campaign being conducted by the policemen's union. A committee of 95 of the strikers is touring the state by details, addressing mass meetings and picketing the recruiting places.

Important developments of the corporation meeting at Brown University were the taking of the first step toward increasing salaries of professors, the announcement of the gift of a new building for the study of modern languages and a vote to build a \$23,000 memorial gateway and a new gymnasium. In his annual report, Pres. Faunce declared that "unless faculty salaries are permanently increased at Brown and elsewhere the strongest men will inevitably drift out of the teaching profession." Discussing the financial outlook of the University he said that the "war emergency fund" of \$210,000 would be exhausted by next year.

Curtis R. Burnett, president of the National Credit Men's Association, at a dinner of the Boston branch protested against liquidating the war debt in 21 years as disastrous to business, and advocated a substitute law to spread the payment over 50 or 75 years. "The Federal tax law is intended to liquidate the war debt in 21 years, \$6,000,000,000 to be collected in 1919 and \$4,000,000,000 each year thereafter," he said. "Every man in business is a partner of the government and I ask, can the government in equity take such enormous sums from its partners without handicapping them in their production and tax-paying ability?"

From Washington comes the report that matters look very bright for an increase in pay for both officers and enlisted men of the navy. Treasury Department officials admit a dollar these days is equal to only 42 cents in comparison to prices of former times. It is intimated the pay increase may date back a year, so as to enable officers and men to clean up their debts for living expenses, which worry them in many cases because of the small pay they have received and the high cost of living. Many of them have families and, therefore, must keep up an establishment on shore for their families, in addition to their expenses on shipboard.

Charles W. Buzzell, a Canadian serving 12 months' sentence at Deer Island, Boston, complained of pains in his stomach. A diagnosis showed he was suffering from an overloaded stomach. He was taken to the Long Island Hospital and operated on by Dr. Llewellyn H. Rockwell. This is a partial list of the articles that were taken from his stomach: 1 suspender buckle, 1 safety razor blade, 100 pieces of broken glass and bits of wire, 6 galvanized iron staples, 6 wire nails, 1 steel dog chain, 2 feet long and 1-4 inch in diameter.

The Magnificent Ambersons

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER XVII.

George choked. For an instant he was on the point of breaking down, but he commanded himself, bravely, dismissing the self-pity roused by her compassion. "How can I help you?" he said.

"No, no," she soothed him. "You mustn't. You mustn't be sad, no matter what happens."

"That's easy enough for you!" he protested; and he moved to rise. "Just let's stay here a little while, dear. Just for two or three days, until I can tell you what has happened. You have been here, and I know everything about—about how unhappy you'd been—and how you went so gallantly to that old woman." Isabel gave a sad little laugh. "What a terrible old woman she is! What a really terrible thing a vulgar old woman can be!"

"Mother, I—" And again he moved to rise.

"Must you? It seemed to me such a comfortable way to talk. Well—" She yielded; he rose, helped her to her feet, and pressed the light into being. As the room took life from the sudden lines of fire within the bulbs Isabel made a deprecatory gesture, and, with a faint laugh of apologetic protest, turned quickly away from George.

What she meant was: "You mustn't see my face until I've made it nice for you." Then she turned again to him her eyes downcast but no sign of tears in them, and she contrived to show him that there was the semblance of a smile upon her lips. She still wore her hat, and in her unsteady fingers she held a white envelope, somewhat crumpled.

"Now, mother—" "Wait, dearest," she said; and though he stood stone cold, she lifted her arms, put them round him again, and pressed her cheek lightly to his. "Oh, you do look so troubled, poor dear! One thing you couldn't doubt, beloved boy. You know I could never care for anything in the world as I care for you—never, never!"

"Now, mother—" She released him and stepped back. "Just a moment more, dearest. I want you to read this first. We can get at things better." She pressed into his hand the envelope she had brought with her, and as he opened it and began to read the long inclosure she walked slowly to the other end of the room; then stood there, with her back to him, and her head drooping a little, until he had finished.

The sheets of paper were covered with Eugene's handwriting.

"Dear Eugene, I am waiting while I write. He and I have talked things over, and before he gives this to you he will tell you what has happened. I ought to have known it was coming, because I have understood for quite a long time that young George was getting to dislike me more and more. Somehow, I've never been able to get his friendship; he's always had a latent distrust of me—or something like distrust—and perhaps that's made me sometimes a little awkward and different with him. I think it may be he felt from the first that I cared a great deal about you, and he naturally resented it. I think perhaps he felt this even during all the time when I was so careful—at least I thought I was—not to show, even to you, how immensely I did care. It's perfectly comprehensible to me, also, that at his age

would be any other kind of old cats' mewing! We'd not be very apt to let such things keep us from the plenty of life we have left to us for making up to ourselves from old unhappiness and mistakes. But now we're faced with—not the slander and not our own fear of it, because we haven't any, but someone else's fear of it—your son's. And, oh, dearest woman in the world, I know what your son is to you, and it frightens me! Let me explain a little: I don't think he'll change—at twenty-one or twenty-two so many things appear solid and permanent and terrible which forty sees are nothing but disappearing miasms. Forty can't tell twenty about this; that's the pity of it! Twenty can find out only by getting to be forty. And so we come to this, dear: Will you live your own life your way, or George's way? I'm going a little further, because it would be fatal not to be wholly frank now. George will act toward you only as your long worship of him, your sacrifices—all the unseen little ones every day since he was born—will make him act. Dear, it breaks my heart for you, but what you have to oppose now is the history of your own selfish and perfect motherhood. I remember saying once that what you worshipped in your son was the angel you saw in him—and I still believe that is true of every mother. But in a mother's worship she may not see that the will in her son should not always be offered in excess along with the angel. I grow sick with fear for you—for both you and me—when I think how the will against us two has grown strong through the love you have given the angel—and how long your own sweet will has served that other. Are you strong enough, Isabel? Can you make the fight? I promise you that if you will take heart for it, you will find so quickly that it has all amounted to nothing. You shall have happiness, and, in a little while, only happiness. You need only to write me a line—I can't come to your house—and tell me where you will meet me. We will come back in a month, and the angel in your son will bring him to you: I promise it. What is good in him will grow so fine, once you have beaten the turbulent will—but it must be beaten!

"Your brother, that good friend, is waiting with such patience; I should not keep him longer—and I am saying too much for wisdom. I fear. But, oh, my dear, won't you be strong—such a little strength it would need! Don't strike my life down twice, dear—this time I've not deserved it."

"EUGENE."

Concluding this missive, George tossed it abruptly from him so one sheet fell upon his bed and the others upon the floor; and at the faint noise of their falling Isabel came, and, kneeling, began to gather them up.

"Did you read it, dear?" "George's face was pale no longer, but pink with fury. "Yes, I did."

"All of it?" she asked gently, as she rose.

"Certainly!"

She did not look at him, but kept her eyes downcast upon the letter in her hands, tremulously rearranging the sheets in order as she spoke—and though she smiled, her smile was as tremulous as her hands. Nervousness and an irresistible timidity possessed her. "I—I wanted to say, George," she faltered. "I—I—at that if—if some day it should happen—I mean, if you came to feel differently about it, and Eugene and I—that is if we found that it seemed the most sensible thing to do—I was afraid you might think it would be a little queer about—Lucy. I mean, if—if she were your step-sister. Of course, she'd not be even legally related to you, and if you—if you cared for her—"

"Thus far she got stammering with what she wanted to say, while George watched her with a gaze that grew harder and hotter; but here she cut her off. "I have already given up all idea of Lucy," he said. "Naturally, I couldn't have treated her father as I deliberately did treat him—I could hardly have done that and expected his daughter ever to speak to me again." Isabel gave a quick cry of compassion, but he allowed her no opportunity to speak. "You needn't think I'm making any particular sacrifice," he said sharply, "though I would, quickly enough, if I thought it necessary in a matter of honor like this. I was interested in her, and I could even say I did care for her; but she proved pretty satisfactorily that she cared little enough about me! The truth is, we're not congenial and we'd found that much out, at least, before she left. We should never have been happy; she was 'superior' all the time, and critical of me—not very pleasant, that! I don't think she has the very deepest nature in the world, and—"

But Isabel put her hand timidly on his arm. "George, dear, this is only a quarrel; all young people have them before they get adjusted, and you mustn't let—" "If you please!" he said emphatically, moving back from her. "This isn't that kind. It's all over, and I don't care to speak of it again. It's settled. Don't you understand!" "But, dear—"

"No, I want to talk to you about this letter of her father's."

"Yes, dear, that's why—" "It's simply the most offensive piece of writing that I've ever held in my hands!"

She stepped back from him, startled.

"But, dear, I thought—" "I can't understand your even saying me such a thing!" he cried. "How did you happen to bring it to me?" "Your uncle thought I'd better. He thought it was the simplest thing to do."



"I Am Doing What My Father Would Do if He Were Alive."

do, and he said that he'd suggested it to Eugene, and Eugene had agreed. They thought—"

"Yes!" George said bitterly. "I should like to hear what they thought!"

"They thought it would be the most straightforward thing."

George drew a long breath. "Well, what do you think, mother?"

"I thought it would be the simplest and most straightforward thing; I thought they were right."

"Very well! We'll agree it was simple and straightforward. Now, what do you think of that letter itself?"

She hesitated, looking away. "I—of course I don't agree with him in all of the way he speaks of you, dear—except about the angel! I don't agree with some of the things he implies. You've always been unselfish—nobody knows that better than your mother."

"And yet?" George broke in, "you see what he implies about me. Don't you think, really, that this was a pretty insulting letter for that man to be asking you to hand your son?"

"Oh, no!" she cried. "You see how fair he means to be, and he didn't ask for me to give it to you. It was brother Eugene who—"

"Never mind that, now! You say he tries to be fair and yet you suppose it ever occurs to him that I'm doing my simple duty? That I'm doing what my father would do if he were alive? That I'm doing what my father would ask me to do if he could speak from his grave out yonder? Do you suppose it ever occurs to that man for one minute that I'm protecting my mother?"

George raised his voice advancing upon the helpless lady fiercely; and she could only bend her head before him.

"He talks about my 'will'—how it must be beaten down; yes, and he asks my mother to do that little thing to please him! What for? Why does he want me 'beaten' by my mother? Because I'm trying to protect her name! He's got my mother's name handed up and down the streets of this town till I can't step in those streets without wondering what every soul I meet is thinking of me and of my family, and now he wants you to marry him so that every gossip in town will say 'There! What did I tell you? I guess that proves it's true! You can't get away from it; that's exactly what they'd say, and this man pretends he cares for you, and yet asks you to marry him and give them the right to say it. He says he and you don't care what they say, but I know better! He may not care—probably he's that kind—but you do. There, never was an Amberson yet that would let the Amberson name go trailing in the dust like that! It's the proudest name in this town, and it's going to stay the proudest; and I tell you that's the deepest thing in my nature—not that I'd expect Eugene Morgan to understand—the very deepest thing in my nature is to protect that name and to fight for it to the last breath when danger threatens it as it does now—through my mother!"

He turned from her striding up and down and tossing his arms about in a tumult of gesture. "I can't believe it of you that you'd think of such a sacrifice! That's what it would be—sacrifice! When he talks about your unselfishness toward me he's right—you have been unselfish and you have been a perfect mother. But what about him? Is it unselfish of him to want you to throw away

your good name just to please him? That's all he asks of you—and to quit being my mother! Do you think I can believe you really care for him? I don't! You are my mother and you're an Amberson—and I believe you're too proud! You're too proud to care for a man who could write such a letter as that!" He stopped, faced her, and spoke with more self-control. "Well, what are you going to do about it, mother?"

George was right about his mother's being proud. And even when she laughed with a negro gardener, or even those few times in her life when people saw her weep, Isabel had a proud look—something that was independent and graceful and strong. But she did not have it now; she leaned against the wall, beside his dressing table, and seemed beset with humility and with weakness. Her head drooped.

"What answer are you going to make to such a letter?" George demanded, like a judge on the bench.

"I—I don't quite know, dear," she murmured.

"You don't?" he cried. "You—" "Wait," she begged him. "I'm so—"

"I want to know what you're going to write him. Do you think if you did what he wants you to I could bear to stay another day in this town, mother? Do you think I could ever bear even to see you again if you married him? I'd want to, but you surely know I just—couldn't!"

She made a futile gesture, and seemed to breathe with difficulty. "I—I wasn't—quite sure," she faltered, "about—about its being wise for us to be married—even before knowing how you feel about it. I wasn't even sure it was quite fair to Eugene. I have—I seem to have that family trouble—like father's—that I spoke to you about once."

She managed a deprecatory little dry laugh. "Not that it amounts to much, but I wasn't at all sure that it would be fair to him. Marrying doesn't mean so much, after all—not at my age. It's enough to know that—that people think of you—and to see them. I thought we were all—oh, pretty happy the way things were, I had a great deal for him or me, either, if I just went on as we have been. I—I see him almost every day, and—"

"Mother!" George's voice was loud and stern. "Do you think you could go one seeing him after this?"

She had been talking helplessly enough before; her tone was little more broken now. "Not—not even—see him?"

"How could you?" George cried.

"Mother, it seems to me that if he ever set foot in this house again—oh! I can't speak of it! Could you see him, knowing what talk it makes every time he turns into this street, and knowing what that means to me! Oh, I don't understand all this—I don't! If you told me, a year ago, that such things were going to happen, I'd have thought you were insane—and now I believe I am!"

Then, after a preliminary gesture of despair, as though he meant harm to the ceiling, he flung himself heavily, face downward, upon the bed. His anguish was none the less real for its vehemence; and the stricken lady came to him instantly and bent over her arm, once more enfolding him in her arms. She said nothing, but suddenly her tears fell upon his head; she saw them, and seemed to be startled.

"Oh, this won't do!" she said. "I've never let you see me cry before, except when your father died. I mustn't!"

And she ran from the room. "A little while after she had gone, George rose and began solemnly to dress for dinner.

He sat gauntly at the dinner table with Fanny to partake of a meal throughout which neither spoke. Isabel had sent word "not to wait" for her, an injunction it was as well they obeyed, for she did not come at all. But with the renewal of sustenance furnished to his system, some relaxation must have occurred within the high-strung George. Dinner was not quite finished when, without warning, sleep hit him hard. His burning eyes could no longer restrain the lids above them; his head sagged beyond control; and he got his feet, and went lurching upstairs, yawning with exhaustion. From the door of his room, which he closed mechanically, with his eyes shut, he went blindly to his bed, fell upon it suddenly, and slept—with his face full upturned to the light.

It was after midnight when he woke, and the room was dark. He had not dreamed, but he woke with the sense that somebody or something had been with him while he slept—somebody or something infinitely compassionate; somebody or something infinitely protective; that would let him come to no harm and to no grief.

He got up, and pressed the light on. Pinned to the cover of his dressing table was a square envelope, with the words, "For you, dear," written in pencil upon it. But the message inside was in ink, a little smudged here and there.

"I have been out to the mail box, darling, with a letter I've written to Eugene, and he'll have it in the morning. It would be unfair not to let him know at once, and my decision could not change if I waited. It would always be the same. I think it is a little better for me to write to you this, instead of waiting till you wake up and then telling you, because I'm foolish and might cry again, and I took a vow once, long ago, that you should never see me cry. I think that makes me most ready to cry now is the thought of the terrible suffering in your poor face, and the unhappy knowledge that it is I, your

mother, who put it there. It shall never come again! I love you better than anything and everything else on earth. God gave you to me—and oh! how thankful I have been every day of my life for that sacred gift—and nothing can ever come between me and God's gift. And Eugene was right—I know you couldn't change about this. Your suffering shows how deep-seated the feeling is within you. So I've written him just about what I think you would like me to—though I told him I would always be fond of him and always his best friend, and I hoped his dearest friend. He'll understand about not seeing him. He'll understand that, though I didn't say it in so many words. You mustn't trouble about that—he'll understand. Good-night, my darling, my beloved, my beloved! You mustn't be troubled. I think I shouldn't mind anything very much so long as I have you all to myself—as people say—to make up for your long years away from me at college. We'll talk of what's best to do in the morning, shall we? And for all this pain you'll forgive your loving and devoted mother.

"ISABEL."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Having finished some errands downtown, the next afternoon, George Amberson Minافر was walking up National avenue on his homeward way when he saw in the distance, coming toward him, upon the same side of the street, the figure of a young lady—a figure just under the middle height, comely indeed, and to be mistaken for none other in the world—even at two hundred yards. To his sharp discomfiture his heart immediately forced upon him the consciousness of its acceleration: a sudden warmth about his neck made him aware that he had turned red, and then, departing, left him pale.

For a panicky moment he thought of facing about in actual flight; he had little doubt that Lucy would meet him with no token of recognition, and all at once this probability struck him as unendurable. And if she did not speak, was it the proper part of chivalry to lift his hat and take the cut bareheaded? Or should the finer gentleman acquiesce in the lady's desire for no further acquaintance, and pass her with stony mien and eyes constrained forward? George was a young man badly flustered.

As they drew nearer George tried to prepare himself to meet her with some remnant of aplomb. He kept his eyes from looking full at her, and as he saw her thus close at hand, and coming nearer, a regret that was dumfounding took possession of him. For the first time he had the sense of having lost something of overwhelming importance.

Lucy did not keep to the right, but came straight to meet him, smiling, and with her hand offered to him.

"Why—you—" he stammered, as he took it. "Haven't you—" What he meant to say was: "Haven't you heard?" "Haven't I what?" she asked; and he saw that Eugene had not told her.

"Nothing!" he gasped. "May I—may I turn and walk with you a little way?"

"Yes, indeed!" she said cordially. He would not have altered what had been done; he was satisfied with all that—that satisfied that it was right, and that his own course was right. But he began to perceive a striking inaccuracy in some remarks he had made to his mother. Now when he had put matters in such shape that even by the relinquishment of his "deals of life" he could not have Lucy, knew that he never could have her, and knew that when Eugene told her the history of yesterday he could not have a glance or a word even friendly from her—now when he must in good truth "give up all idea of Lucy," he was amazed that he could have used such words as "no particular sacrifice" and believed them when he said them! She had looked never in her life so bewitchingly pretty as she did to-day; and as he walked beside her he was sure that she was the most exquisite thing in the world.

"Lucy," he said huskily, "I want to tell you something. Something that matters."

"I hope it's a lively something, then," she said, and laughed. "Papa's been so glad today he's scarcely spoken to me. Your Uncle George Amberson came to see him an hour ago and they shut themselves up in the library, and your uncle looked as glum as papa. I'll be glad if you'll tell me a funny story, George."

"Well, it may seem one to you," he said bitterly. "Just to begin with; when you went away you didn't let me know; not even a word—not a line—"

Her manner persisted in being incoherent. "Why, no," she said. "I just trotted off for some visits. Don't you remember, George? We'd had a grand quarrel, and didn't speak to each other all the way home from a long, long drive! So, as we couldn't play together like good children, of course it was plain that we oughtn't to play at all."

"Play?" he cried.

"Yes. What I mean is that we'd come to the point where it was time to quit playing—well, what we were playing." "At being lovers, you mean, don't you?"

"Something like that," she said lightly. "For us two, playing at being lovers was just the same as playing at cross-purposes. I had all the purpose, and that gave you all the crossness; things weren't getting along at all. It was absurd!"

"Well, have it your own way," he said. "It needn't have been absurd." "No, it couldn't help but be!" she informed him cheerfully. "The way I am and the way you are, it couldn't

ever be anything else. So what was the use?"

"I don't know," he sighed, and his sigh was abysmal. "But what I wanted to tell you was this: when you went away, you didn't let me know and didn't care how or when I heard it, but I'm not like that with you. This time I'm going away. That's what I wanted to tell you. I'm going away tomorrow night—indeed, I'm going. Lucy, this is our last walk together."

"Evidently!" she said. "If you're going away tomorrow night—"

"Lucy—this may be the last time I'll see you—ever—ever in my life."

At that she looked up at him quickly, across her shoulder, but smiled as brightly as before, and with the same cordial incoherence: "Oh, I can hardly think that!" she said. "And of course I'd be awfully sorry to think it. You're not moving away, are you, to live?"

"I don't know when I'm coming back. Mother and I are starting tomorrow night for a trip around the world."

At this she did look thoughtful. "Your mother is going with you?"

"Good heavens!" he groaned. "Lucy, doesn't it make any difference to you that I am going?"

At this her cordial smile instantly appeared again.

"Yes, of course," she said. "I'm sure I'll miss you ever so much. Are you to be gone long?"

He stared at her wanly. "I told you indefinitely," he said. "We've made no plans—at all—for coming back."

"That does sound like a long trip!" she exclaimed admiringly. "Do you plan to be traveling all the time, or will you stay in some one place the greater part of it? I think it would be lovely to—"

He halted; and she stopped with him. They had come to a corner at the edge of the "business section" of the city, and people were everywhere about them, brushing against them, sometimes, in passing.

"I can't stand this," George said, in a low voice. "I'm just about ready to go in this drug store here, and ask the clerk for something to keep me from dying in my tracks! It's quite a shock, you see, Lucy!"

"What is it?"

"To find out certainly, at last, how deeply you've cared for me! To see how much difference this makes to you! By Jove, I have mattered to you! Her cordial smile was tempered now with good nature. "George!" she laughed indulgently. "Surely you don't want me to do pathos on a downtown corner!"

"You wouldn't 'do pathos' anywhere!"

"Well—don't you think pathos is generally rather fooling?"

"I can't stand this any longer," he said. "I can't! Good bye, Lucy!" He took her hand. "It's good bye—I think it's good bye for good, Lucy!"

"Good bye! I do hope you'll have the most splendid trip." She gave his hand a cordial little grip, then released it lightly. "Give my love to your mother. Good bye!"

He turned heavily away, and a moment later glanced back over his shoulder. She had not gone on, but stood watching him, that same casual, cordial smile on her face to the very last; and now, as he looked back, emphasized her friendly unconcern by waving her small hand to him cheerfully, though perhaps with the slightest hint of preoccupation, as if she had begun to think of the errand that brought her down town.

Lucy remained where she was until he was out of sight. Then she went slowly into the drug store which had struck George as a possible source of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a glass of water, she said, with the utmost composure.

"Yes, ma'am!" said the impressionable clerk, who had been looking at her through the display window as she stood on the corner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Very Few Are. "No man I ever saw," said Uncle Eben, "was quite as good his own self as he thought everybody else ought to be."

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The Tax Collector will meet with the Selectmen.
JAMES M. CUTLER,
CHARLES F. DOWNES,
HENRY A. COOLIDGE,
Selectmen of Antrim.

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The Magnificent Ambersons

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER XVII.

George choked. For an instant he was on the point of breaking down, but he commanded himself, bravely dismissing the self-pity roused by her compassion. "How can I help but be?" he said.

"No, no." She soothed him. "You mustn't. You mustn't be troubled, no matter what happens."

"That's easy enough to say!" he protested; and he moved as if to rise. "Just let's stay like this a little while, dear. Just a minute or two. I want to tell you: Brother George has been here, and he told me everything about—about how unhappy you'd been—and how you went so gallantly to get to work." Isabel gave a sad little laugh. "What a terrible old woman she is! What a really terrible thing a vulgar old woman can be!"

"Mother, I—"

And again he moved to rise.

"Must you? It seemed to me such a comfortable way to talk. Well—" She yielded; he rose, helped her to her feet, and pressed the light into being.

As the room took life from the sudden lines of fire within the bulbs Isabel made a deprecatory gesture, and, with a faint laugh of apologetic protest, turned quickly away from George.

What she meant was: "You mustn't see my face until I've made it nicer for you." Then she turned again to him her eyes downcast but no sign of tears in them, and she contrived to show him that there was the semblance of a smile upon her lips.

She still wore her hat, and in her unsteady fingers she held a white envelope, somewhat crumpled.

"Now, mother—" "Wait, dearest," she said; and though he stood stone cold, she lifted her arms, put them round him again, and pressed her cheek lightly to his.

"Oh, you do look so troubled, poor dear! One thing you couldn't doubt, beloved boy. You know I could never care for anything in the world as I care for you—never, never!"

"Now, mother—" "She released him and stepped back. "Just a moment more, dearest. I want you to read this first. We can get at things better." She pressed into his hand the envelope she had brought with her, and as he opened it and began to read the long inclosure she walked slowly to the other end of the room; then stood there, with her back to him, and her head drooping a little, until he had finished.

The sheets of paper were covered with Eugene's handwriting.

"George Amberson will bring you this, dear Isabel. He is waiting while I write. He and I have talked things over, and before he gives this to you he will tell you what has happened. I ought to have known it was coming, because I have understood for quite a long time that young George was getting to dislike me more and more. Somehow, I've never been able to get his friendship; he's always had a latent distrust of me—or something like distrust—and perhaps that's made me sometimes a little awkward and different with him. I think it may be he felt from the first that I cared a great deal about you, and he naturally resented it. I think perhaps he felt this even during all the time when I was so careful—at least I thought I was—not to show, even to you, how immensely I did care. It's perfectly comprehensible to me, also, that at his age

she did not look at him, but kept her eyes downcast upon the letter in her hands, tremulously rearranging the sheets in order as she spoke—and though she smiled, her smile was as tremulous as her hands. Nervousness and an irresistible timidity possessed her. "I—I wanted to say, George," she faltered. "I—I thought if—some day it should happen—I mean, if you came to feel differently about it, and Eugene and I—that is if we found that it seemed the most sensible thing to do—I was afraid you might think it would be a little queer about—Lucy. I mean if—if she were your step-sister. Of course, she'd not be even legally related to you, and if you—if you cared for her—"

"Thus far she got stammering with what she wanted to say, while George watched her with a gaze that grew harder and hotter; but here he cut her off. "I have already given up all idea of—"

"I—I—"

would to any other kind of old cats' mewling! We'd not be very apt to let such things keep us from the plenty of life we have left to us for making up to ourselves from old unhappiness and mistakes. But now we're faced with—not the slander and not our own fear of it, because we haven't any, but someone else's fear of it—your son's. And, oh, dearest woman in the world, I know what your son is to you, and it frightens me! Let me explain a little: I don't think he'll change—at twenty-one or twenty-two so many things appear solid and permanent and terrible which forty years are nothing but disappearing miasma. Forty can't tell twenty about this; that's the pity of it! Twenty can find out only by getting to be forty. And so we come to this, dear: Will you live your own life your way, or George's way? I'm going a little further, because it would be fatal not to be wholly frank now. George will act toward you only as your long worship of him, your sacrifices—all the unseen little ones every day since he was born—will make him act. Dear, it breaks my heart for you, but what you have to oppose now is the history of your own selfish and perfect motherhood. I remember saying once that what you worshipped in your son was the angel you saw in him—and I still believe that is true of every mother. But in a mother's worship she may not see that the will in her son should not always be offered incense along with the angel. I grow sick with fear for you—for both you and me—when I think how the will against us two has grown strong through the love you have given the angel—and how long your own sweet will has served that other. Are you strong enough, Isabel? Can you make the fight? I promise you that if you will take heart for it, you will find so quickly that it has all amounted to nothing. You shall have happiness, and, in a little while, only happiness. You need only to write me a line—I can't come to your house—and tell me where you will meet me. We will come back in a month, and the angel in your son will bring him to you; I promise it. What is good in him will grow so fine, once you have beaten the turbulent will—but it must be beaten!

"Your brother, that good friend, is waiting with such patience; I should not keep him longer—and I am saying too much for wisdom. I fear. But, oh, my dear, won't you be strong—such a little short strength it would need! Don't strike my life down twice, dear—this time I've not deserved it."

"EUGENE."

Concluding this missive, George tossed it abruptly from him so one sheet fell upon his bed and the others upon the floor; and at the faint noise of their falling Isabel came, and, kneeling, began to gather them up.

"Did you read it, dear?"

George's face was pale no longer, but pink with fury. "Yes, I did."

"All of it?" she asked gently, as she rose.

"Certainly!"

She did not look at him, but kept her eyes downcast upon the letter in her hands, tremulously rearranging the sheets in order as she spoke—and though she smiled, her smile was as tremulous as her hands. Nervousness and an irresistible timidity possessed her. "I—I wanted to say, George," she faltered. "I—I thought if—some day it should happen—I mean, if you came to feel differently about it, and Eugene and I—that is if we found that it seemed the most sensible thing to do—I was afraid you might think it would be a little queer about—Lucy. I mean if—if she were your step-sister. Of course, she'd not be even legally related to you, and if you—if you cared for her—"

"Thus far she got stammering with what she wanted to say, while George watched her with a gaze that grew harder and hotter; but here he cut her off. "I have already given up all idea of—"

"I—I—"

"No. I want to talk to you about this letter of her father's."

"Yes, dear, that's why."

"It's simply the most offensive piece of writing that I've ever held in my hands!"

She stepped back from him, startled.

"But, dear, I thought—"

"I can't understand your even showing me such a thing!" he cried. "How did you happen to bring it to me?"

"Your uncle thought I'd better. He thought it was the simplest thing to

do, and he said that he'd suggested it to Eugene, and Eugene had agreed. They thought—"

"Yes!" George said bitterly. "I should like to hear what they thought!"

"They thought it would be the most straightforward thing."

George drew a long breath. "Well, what do you think, mother?"

"I thought it would be the simplest and most straightforward thing; I thought they were right."

"Very well! We'll agree it was simple and straightforward. Now, what do you think of that letter itself?"

She hesitated, looking away. "I—of course I don't agree with him in the way he speaks of you, dear—except about the angel! I don't agree with some of the things he implies. You've always been unselfish—nobody knows that better than your mother."

"And yet," George broke in, "you see what he implies about me. Don't you think, really, that this is a pretty insulting letter for that man to be asking you to hand your son?"

"Oh, no," she cried. "You see how far he means to be, and he didn't ask for me to give it to you. It was brother George who—"

"Never mind that, now! You say he tries to be fair and yet do you suppose it ever occurs to him that I'm doing my simple duty? That I'm doing what my father would do if he were alive? That I'm doing what my father would ask me to do if he could speak from his grave out yonder? Do you suppose it ever occurs to that man for one minute that I'm protecting my mother?"

George raised his voice adroitly, and she could only bend her head before him. "He talks about my 'will'—how it must be beaten down; yes, and he asks my mother to do that; yes, why does he want me 'beaten' by my mother? Because I'm trying to protect her name! He's got my mother's name handed up and down the streets of this town till I can't step in those streets without wondering what every soul I meet is thinking of me and of my family, and now he wants you to marry him so that every gossip in town will say 'There! What did I tell you? I guess that proves it's true!' You can't get away from it; that's exactly what they'd say, and this man pretends he cares for you, and yet asks you to marry him and give them the right to say it. He says he and I know better! He may not care—probably he's that kind—but you do. There never was an Amberson yet that would let the Amberson name go trailing in the dust like that! It's the proudest name in this town, and it's going to stay the proudest; and I tell you that's the deepest thing in my nature—not that I'd expect Eugene Morgan to understand—the very deepest thing in my nature is to protect that name and to fight for it to the last breath when danger threatens it as it does now—through my mother!"

He turned from her striding up and down and tossing his arms about in a tumult of gesture. "I can't believe it of you that you'd think of such a sacrifice! That's what it would be—sacrifice! When he talks about your unselfishness toward me he's right—you have been unselfish. But what about him? Is it unselfish of him to want you to throw away

your good name just to please him? That's all he asks of you—and to quit being my mother! Do you think I can believe you really care for him? I don't! You are my mother and you're an Amberson—and I believe you're too proud! You're too proud to care for a man who could write such a letter as that!"

He stopped, faced her, and spoke with more self-control: "Well, what are you going to do about it, mother?"

George was right about his mother's being proud. And even when she laughed with a negro gardener, or even those few times in her life when people saw her weep, Isabel had a proud look—something that was independent and graceful and strong. But she did not have it now: She leaned against the wall, beside his dressing table, and seemed beset with humility and with weakness. Her head drooped.

"What answer are you going to make to such a letter?" George demanded, like a judge on the bench.

"I—I don't quite know, dear," she murmured.

"You don't?" he cried. "You—"

"Wait," she begged him. "I'm so confused."

"I want to know what you're going to write him. Do you think if you did what he wants you to I could bear to stay another day in this town, mother? Do you think I could ever bear even to see you again if you married him? I'd want to, but you surely know I just—couldn't!"

She made a futile gesture, and seemed to breathe with difficulty. "I—I wasn't—quite sure," she faltered, "about—about it's being wise for us to be married—even before knowing how you feel about it. I wasn't even sure it was quite fair to—Eugene. I have—I seem to have that family trouble—like father's—that I spoke to you about once." She managed a deprecatory little dry laugh. "Not that it amounts to much, but I wasn't at all sure that it would be fair to him. Marrying doesn't mean so much, after all—not at my age. It's enough to know that—that people think of you—and to see them. I thought we were all—oh, pretty happy the way things were, and I don't think it would mean giving up a great deal for him or me, either, if we just went on as we have been. I—I see him almost every day, and—"

"Mother!" George's voice was loud and stern. "Do you think you could go on seeing him after this?"

She had been talking helplessly enough before; her tone was little more broken now. "Not—not even—see him?"

"How could you?" George cried. "Mother, it seems to me that if he ever set foot in this house again—oh! I can't speak of it! Could you see him, knowing what talk it makes every time he turns into this street, and knowing what that means to me? Oh, I don't understand all this—I don't! If you told me, a year ago, that such things were going to happen, I'd have thought you were insane—and now I believe I am!"

Then, after a preliminary gesture of despair, as though he meant harm to the ceiling, he flung himself heavily, face downward, upon the bed. His anguish was none the less real for its vehemence; and the stricken lady came to him instantly and bent over him, once more enfolding him in her arms. She said nothing, but suddenly her ears fell upon his head; she saw them, and seemed to be startled.

"Oh, this won't do!" she said. "I've never let you see me cry before, except when your father died. I mustn't!"

And she ran from the room.

A little while after she had gone, George rose and began solemnly to dress for dinner.

He sat gauntly at the dinner table with Fanny to partake of a meal throughout which neither spoke. Isabel had sent word "not to wait" for her, an injunction it was as well they obeyed, for she did not come at all. But with the renewal of sustenance furnished to his system, some relaxation must have occurred within the high-strung George. Dinner was not quite finished when, without warning, sleep hit him hard. His burning eyes could no longer restrain the lids; and he got his feet, and went turning upstairs yawning with exhaustion. From the door of his room, which he closed mechanically, with his eyes shut, he went blindly to his bed, fell upon it suddenly, and slept—with his face full upturned to the light.

It was after midnight when he woke, and the room was dark. He had not dreamed, but he woke with the sense that somebody or something had been with him while he slept—somebody or something infinitely compassionate; somebody or something infinitely protective; that would let him come to no harm and to no grief.

He got up, and pressed the light on. Pinned to the cover of his dressing table was a square envelope, with the words, "For you, dear," written in pencil upon it. But the message inside was in ink, a little smudged here and there.

"I have been out to the mail box, darling, with a letter I've written to Eugene, and he'll have it in the morning. It would be unfair not to let him know at once, and my decision could not change if I waited. It would always be the same. I think it is a little better for me to write to you like this, instead of waiting till you wake up and then telling you, because I'm foolish and might cry again, and I took a vow once, long ago, that you should never see me cry. I think what makes me most ready to cry now is the thought of the terrible suffering in your poor face, and the unhappy knowledge that it is I, your

mother, who put it there. It shall never come again! I love you better than anything and everything else on earth. God gave you to me—and oh! how thankful I have been every day of my life for that sacred gift—and nothing can ever come between me and God's gift. And Eugene was right—I know you couldn't change about this. Your suffering shows how deep-seated the feeling is within you. So I've written him just about what I think you would like me to—though I told him I would always be fond of him and always his best friend, and I hoped his dearest friend. He'll understand about not seeing him. He'll understand that, though I didn't say it in so many words. You mustn't trouble about that—he'll understand. Good-night, my darling, my beloved, my beloved! You mustn't be troubled. I think I shouldn't mind anything very much so long as I have you all to myself—as people say—to make up for your long years away from me at college. We'll talk of what's best to do in the morning, shan't we? And for all this pain I'll forgive your loving and devoted mother.

"ISABEL."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Having finished some errands downtown, the next afternoon, George Amberson Minfer was walking up National avenue on his homeward way when he saw in the distance, coming toward him, upon the same side of the street, the figure of a young lady—a figure just under the middle height, comely indeed, and to be mistaken for none other in the world—even at two hundred yards. To his sharp discomfiture his heart immediately forced upon him the consciousness of its acceleration; a sudden warmth about his neck made him aware that he had turned red, and then, departing, left him pale. For a panicky moment he thought of facing about in actual flight; he had little doubt that Lucy would meet him with no token of recognition, and all at once this probability struck him as unendurable. And if she did not speak, was it the proper part of civility to lift his hat and take the cut bareheaded? Or should the finer gentleman acquiesce in the lady's desire for no further acquaintance, and pass her with stony mien and eyes constrained forward? George was a young man badly flustered.

As they drew nearer George tried to prepare himself to meet her with some remnant of aplomb. He kept his eyes from looking full at her, and as he saw her thus close at hand, and coming nearer, a regret that was dumfounding took possession of him. For the first time he had the sense of having lost something of overwhelming importance.

Lucy did not keep to the right, but came straight to meet him, smiling, and with her hand offered to him.

"Why—you—" he stammered, as he took it. "Haven't you?" What he meant to say was: "Haven't you heard?"

"Haven't I what?" she asked; and he saw that Eugene had not told her.

"Nothing!" he gasped. "May I—may I turn and walk with you a little way?"

"Yes, indeed!" she said cordially. He would not have altered what had been done: he was satisfied with all that—satisfied that it was right, and that his own course was right. But he began to perceive a striking inaccuracy in some remarks he had made to his mother. Now when he had put matters in such shape that even by the relinquishment of his "deals of life" he could not have Lucy, knew that he never could have her, and knew that when Eugene told her the history of yesterday he could not have a glance or a word even friendly from her—now when he must in good truth "give up all idea of Lucy," he was amazed that he could have used such words as "no particular sacrifice," and believed them when he said them! She had looked never in her life so bewitchingly pretty as she did to-day; and as he walked beside her he was sure that she was the most exquisite thing in the world.

"Lucy," he said huskily. "I want to tell you something. Something that matters."

"I hope it's a lively something, then," she said, and laughed. "Papa's been so glum today he's scarcely spoken to me. Your Uncle George Amberson came to see him an hour ago and they shut themselves up in the library, and your uncle looked as glum as papa. I'll be glad if you'll tell me a funny story, George."

"Well, it may seem one to you," he said bitterly. "Just to begin with: when you went away you didn't let me know; not even a word—not a line—"

Her manner persisted in being inconsequent. "Why, no," she said. "I just trotted off for some visits. Don't you remember, George? We'd had a grand quarrel, and didn't speak to each other all the way home from a long, long drive! So, as we couldn't play together like good children, of course it was plain that we oughtn't to play at all."

"Play!" he cried.

"Yes. What I mean is that we'd come to the point where it was time to quit playing—well, what we were playing."

"At being lovers, you mean, don't you?"

"Something like that," she said lightly. "For us two, playing at being lovers was just the same as playing at cross-purposes. I had all the purposes, and that gave you all the cross-purposes; things weren't getting along at all. It was absurd!"

"Well, have it your own way," he said. "It needn't have been absurd."

"No, it couldn't help but be!" she informed him cheerfully. "The way I am and the way you are, it couldn't

ever be anything else. So what was the use?"

"I don't know," he sighed, and his sigh was abysmal. "But what I wanted to tell you was this: when you went away, you didn't let me know and didn't care how or when I heard it, but I'm not like that with you. That's the time I'm going away. That's what I wanted to tell you. I'm going away tomorrow night—indeed, indeed, Lucy, this is our last walk together."

"Evidently!" she said. "If you're going away tomorrow night."

"Lucy—this may be the last time I'll see you—ever—ever in my life."

At that she looked up at him quickly, across her shoulder, but smiled as brightly as before, and with the same cordial inconsequence: "Oh, I can hardly think that!" she said. "And of course I'd be awfully sorry to think it. You're not moving away, are you, to live?"

"I don't know when I'm coming back. Mother and I are starting tomorrow night for a trip around the world."

At this she did look thoughtful. "Your mother is going with you?"

"Good heavens!" he groaned. "Lucy, doesn't it make any difference to you that I am going?"

At this her cordial smile instantly appeared again.

"Yes, of course," she said. "I'm sure I'll miss you ever so much. Are you to be gone long?"

He stared at her wanly. "I told you indefinitely," he said. "We've made no plans—at all—for coming back."

"That does sound like a long trip!" she exclaimed admiringly. "Do you plan to be traveling all the time, or will you stay in some one place the greater part of it? I think it would be lovely to—"

He halted; and she stopped with him. They had come to a corner at the edge of the "business section" of the city, and people were everywhere about them, brushing against them, sometimes, in passing.

"I can't stand this," George said, in a low voice. "I'm just about ready to go in this drug store here, and ask the clerk for something to keep me from dying in my tracks! It's quite a shock, you see, Lucy!"

"What is?"

"To find out certainly, at last, how deeply you've cared for me! To see how much difference this makes to you! By Jove, I have mattered to you!"

Her cordial smile was tempered now with good nature. "George!" she laughed indulgently. "Surely you don't want me to do pathos on a downtown corner!"

"You wouldn't 'do pathos' anywhere?"

"Well—don't you think pathos is generally rather fooling?"

"I can't stand this any longer," he said. "I can't! Good bye, Lucy!" He took her hand. "It's good bye—I think it's good bye for good, Lucy!"

"Good bye! I do hope you'll have the most splendid trip." She gave his hand

she had not gone on, but stood watching him.

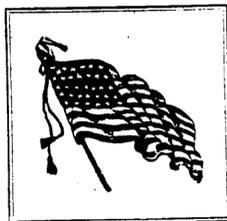
a cordial little grip, then released it lightly. "Give my love to your mother. Good bye!"

He turned heavily away, and a moment later glanced back over his shoulder. She had not gone on, but stood watching him, that same casual, cordial smile on her face to the very last

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Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a Revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.
 Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.
 Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.
 Obituary poetry and lists of flowers charged for at advertising rates; also will be charged at the same rate list of presents at a wedding.

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



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

Antrim Locals

Miss Anne Ramsey is at present with relatives in Portland, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Poor, were in Boston on Saturday, returning Sunday.

Squash For Sale—Prices reasonable. Apply to Mesclibrooks Farm, Antrim, N. H.

Mrs. J. Lillian Larrabee has been appointed a member of the Antrim Theft committee.

Mrs. E. E. George is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harry Packard, in Winchendon, Mass.

What a gorgeous sunset that was on Sunday afternoon, and what an unusual opportunity for the weather prophet!

The schools in town were closed on Friday, as the teachers went to Manchester to attend the state teachers' convention.

Tonight is the opening entertainment in the Antrim Lyceum Course. It is a good one and everybody will want to attend.

It was very little, but those who were watching out for it saw a few flakes of very thin snow during the rain of Monday morning.

Leon E. Nay brought his little son, Robert, from Somerville, Mass., on Sunday and left him with his grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Nay, for a season.

We are told that Miss Ruth Temple was taken suddenly with an attack of appendicitis while at her studies at Keene Normal School and had to be taken to the hospital for operation.

The family and friends here are pleased to learn of the arrival of a daughter, Barbara Virginia, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leon E. Nay, of Somerville, Mass., both formerly of Antrim.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Baker, of Worcester, Mass., have been spending a week with the former's mother, Mrs. Julia V. Baker, Lt. Com. A. A. Baker and family, of Boston, were also there for the week end.

A pretty good record Morris Cutter and party have made thus far during the coon hunting season; they have brought in fourteen coons in eleven nights out. We are told the lot is worth about sixty five dollars.

The notice we had in Antrim local columns last week regarding the Selectmen's meetings should have been under the Bennington news and not Antrim; it referred only to the regular meetings of the Bennington selectmen.

Having been appointed agent of the Insurance business carried on by my father, Anson Swett, I wish to announce to the public that I am ready to do your business with promptness and courtesy. Tel. 18-21. Susie G. Swett, advt.

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

The editor acknowledges with thanks an announcement of the marriage of Don H. Robinson, of this town, and Miss Helen F. Robinson, of Arlington Heights, Mass., on Saturday, October 18. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Robinson and the marriage was at her home. Many friends in this place offer congratulations to the happy couple who will reside at Mr. Robinson's home in this place.

Moving Pictures!
Town Hall, Antrim

FRIDAY Eve., Oct. 24
 6 Reel Drama, 2 Reel Comedy
TUESDAY Eve., Oct. 28
 6 Reel Drama
W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

Miss Susie Swett is boarding with Mrs. Alice Graves for the present.

FOR SALE—Piano Box Buggy, in good running condition. Apply to E. N. Davis, Antrim, N. H. advt

Mr. and Mrs. Archie D. Perkins have returned from their wedding trip and are housekeeping at their new home in the Hunt house on West street.

I have on hand a large quantity of very nice Winter Squashes, which I will sell while they last, at 25c per lb., and will deliver as you like. advt. F. H. Colby.

The ladies' aid of the Centre Congregational society will hold their annual harvest supper and entertainment on Friday evening of this week. See posters for particulars.

LOST—Last Friday, between Lovren's Mills and the village, a grey shawl, dark on one side and light on the other, with fringe all around. Finder please leave at Reporter Office. advt.

J. Blake Robinson and daughter, Miss Rowena, were in Boston a portion of last week and attended the Robinson Robinson nuptials. Mrs. Carl H. Robinson was also in attendance.

Rev. Chester Quimby, a student at Boston University, and who occupied the Congregational pulpit at Frances-town Sunday, was the guest over Sunday night of his uncle, William E. Cram.

The Woman's Club held a special meeting on Saturday afternoon last at the home of Mrs. Frank Wheeler. Tuesday afternoon their regular meeting was held at The Maplehurst. Mrs. James W. Remick, of Concord, was present and addressed the meeting.

Molly Aiken Chapter, D. A. R., held their annual gentleman's night at G. A. R. Hall on last Friday evening. A literary program was rendered which was very pleasing and well received. A conundrum supper was served. The goodly number present had a most enjoyable evening.

The persons who cut wood in the S. M. Tarbell woods and have not removed same, are forbidden to do so until they call at the house. I am willing each should have the wood he has cut and piled, by paying for it, and will give any person all the soft limb wood he cuts, if he will pile the brush; also will sell the tops and fallen trees at 75c a cord, the brush to be piled, wood measured and paid for before moving. Mrs. A. W. Graves advt.

The Liberty Farm Spring Pig Contest was won by a barrow pig owned by Charles Russell, of Windsor. It weighed 265 lbs. at 6 mos. old, making a gain since leaving the farm, of 1.63 lbs. per day. Mr. Russell has his choice of two 8 weeks old thorough Berkshire pigs, either a sow or a barrow. Mrs. Elizabeth Underwood's barrow pig was second, weighing 249 lbs. Mr. Nichols, of Brooks Mills, took third place with his sow pig; she weighed 232 lbs. These pigs were one half Berkshire, being sired by one of the Liberty Farm boars. The rest of the pigs that were weighed were from 200 to 220 lbs.

FROM WASHINGTON

The Reporter's Correspondent Writes Again

Our Washington correspondent goes on a long story this week about the labor and social conference in his home city but as we have not the time or inclination to put it all in type, we will use only portions of it, as follows:

Those who live in Washington know that it is a wonderful place, but it is doubtful if the remedy for industrial conditions will be found there, since the kickers and the calamity howlers exist in every community. And what

Administrator's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Henrietta Simonds, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment. Dated Oct. 10, 1919. WILLIAM H. SIMONDS.

PRINCE ALBERT

TALK about smokes, Prince Albert is geared to a joyhandout standard that just lavishes smokehappiness on every man game enough to make a bee line for a tidy red tin and a jimmy pipe—old or new!

Get it straight that what you've hankered for in pipe or cigarette makin' smokes you'll find aplenty in P. A. That's because P. A. has the quality!

You can't any more make Prince Albert bite your tongue or parch your throat than you can make a horse drink when he's off the water! Bite and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

You just lay back like a regular fellow and puff to beat the cards and wonder why in samhill you didn't nail a section in the P. A. smokepasture longer than you care to remember back!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold. Tippy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidior with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Wall Paper, Paints, Moulding, &c.
GUY A. HULETT,
 ANTRIM, N. H.
 Telephone 9-3

More Heat - Less Fuel

Sounds good,—does it not?
 Buy a new Heating Stove and the trick is done

PARLOR COAL STOVES—The sort that carry the heat beneath the ash pan, down close to the floor, thus heating the part of the room that is generally the coldest, and also saving a much greater proportion of the fuel, because the heat goes out into the room rather than up the chimney.

PARLOR WOOD STOVES—Cast iron, that keep the heat and give an even temperature: the sort you can use the top of for heating a kettle or other utensil, and can open the front for a fireplace if your draft is good. Nothing so cheery as an open fire, and here you get it without building an expensive fireplace.

SHEET IRON STOVES—For wood, heat up in 30 seconds, require very little wood, will burn waste paper, sawdust, refuse of any sort, keep a fire over night, and cost very little money.

PERFECTION OIL HEATERS—with safety device which prevents smoking, and gives the least odor of anything burning oil, perfectly safe and requiring little care. Price from \$6.25 up, and money back if not satisfactory.

We take Liberty Bonds at their face value in exchange for goods.

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.

FOR SALE!
BUSHEL BOXES
 FOR APPLES. Have some in stock, or will make them on orders. Inquire of
G. H. CAUGHEY, Antrim.

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.

they need is less management from the seat of government, and more of the kindly doses of Doctor Morale, whose favorite prescription reads: "Get busy and produce something besides a growl."

Another commission is trying to straighten out the street car muddle, and the tale of the street railways is that whereas they used to make a cent, or a part of one, on every nickel fare, that times have so changed that every time the conductor pulls up a fare the stockholders are thereby notified that it is up to them to chip in to help pay the deficit of transporting the passenger who has just parted with the nickel.

Both these commissions are trying to perform a fine public duty, but in both instances the great problem is: "Where's the money coming from to keep the wheels turning round?"

Strangely enough street railways can't survive, any more than individuals, unless their affairs are readjusted to meet the new order of things.

assembled for a discussion of culinary problems.

"To digress a moment, young ladies, compare the lot of the housewife of to-day with that of the housewife of but a decade or two ago. In these days it was a case of take, take, take, everlastingly. The four walls of the kitchen spelled 'prison' to many a woman who should have been out enjoying the fresh air, or extending her sphere of usefulness beyond that of house-keeping. Can any of you tell me one thing in particular that has come to vary the monotony of this work, and give an example?"

"Miss Walker."

"I would say that ready-to-serve foods are among the greatest boons to the modern housewife. We all know what they are—from canned goods to cookies. But there is a line of products, in part, which I should like to mention here."

"The floor is yours, Miss Walker. Won't you tell us?"

"The products I refer to are those of the National Biscuit Company. In my kitchen I use them in my daily life. They are so convenient and so delicious that I can't say enough in their praise. They are a real boon to the housewife, and I think you will find them so, too. They are a real boon to the housewife, and I think you will find them so, too. They are a real boon to the housewife, and I think you will find them so, too."

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.

No common "Commons", but Commons extraordinary are Kennedy's **SPECIAL COMMONS**, a favorite in myriad New England homes for nearly a century.

Plump, tender, appetizing, with all the fine flavor of the finest wheat, hearty in goodness, wholesome in substance—the best common cracker in all the world. Have a plate of them on the table at every meal—and a reserve supply in the pantry. Sold by the pound. Ask your grocer for Kennedy's **SPECIAL COMMONS**.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
 82 Uneeda Biscuit

Therefore most heartily recommend to your consideration this complete line of bakery products which will not only complement your table, but which will also be a lasting compliment to your keen sense of values, both of time and money, not forgetting the day-by-day

THE RED CROSS PROGRAM FOR PEACE SERVICE

The thousands of Red Cross workers of New England who helped accomplish the vast war work of the American Red Cross in this country and overseas have been waiting eagerly since the armistice to learn what tasks lie ahead, what there will be for them to do in the Red Cross program for peace. Gradually, out of the experience and knowledge of the war years, the leaders have developed plans for immediate and future work. This new program is outlined in a statement by Frederick C. Munroe, General Manager of the American Red Cross, which was issued this week by the New England Division of the organization.

It is the platform on which the American Red Cross will appeal to the people of the Nation for continued support during the Third Red Cross Roll Call for members and money, November 2 to 11, 1919.

Rests With The People.

The activities now authorized and those about to be undertaken do not complete the program of Red Cross service which will always adjust and readjust to changing needs," says Mr. Munroe. "The Red Cross is concerned not alone with the emergency that arises from sudden disaster, but with emergency as it affects human life and happiness. The great and continuing disaster of peace is that thousands of deaths occur in the United States annually from wholly preventable diseases, that it is still possible for an epidemic like influenza to take a toll within the compass of a few weeks five times greater than the losses of our nation in a year and a half of war. Such a continuing disaster will become permanent unless the people cooperate with one another to use the knowledge and wealth already in existence to prevent it."

War-time developments have given every community in the United States a recognized and organized center of Red Cross activity through which the people of that community may, if they wish, serve themselves, with all the advantages of national leadership, national standards, national and international contracts. It rests with the people of every community to determine for themselves just how fully they have need of a movement, which under the associated Red Cross Societies is to express the effort of the peoples of the world to free themselves from need, a death and suffering through neighborhood cooperation and service."

Unfinished War Work.

During the war the energies of the Red Cross were concentrated on extending aid and comfort to military and naval forces and relief to civilian populations. This war-time task is not yet fully performed. To men still in service and to their families at home, to discharged soldiers not yet readjusted to the routine of civilian life, to boys suffering or convalescing in military and naval hospitals, the American people must still give cheer, comfort and service through their Red Cross.

In certain portions of Europe the American Red Cross must still care for undernourished babies, and for the aged and infirm, and must assist war-ravaged countries to organize their own resources to preserve the vitality and lives of their people. While all these responsibilities at home and abroad have steadily lessened in volume and scope and are gradually moving toward completion they cannot be abandoned until they are fully met. The Red Cross can undertake no plans that do not include this unfinished war-work as their first obligation.

Traditional Responsibilities.

The Red Cross must continue to carry on in an even more effective way than in the past the already established system of National and international relief in mitigating the suffering caused by famine, fire, floods and great national calamities. It must also be prepared to give service to the standing forces of our military and naval establishments and to aid them in every necessary way in the event of their being called into action. It must continue the work undertaken prior to the war in the field of Nursing and must maintain its courses in First Aid, Dietetics, and Home Care of the Sick.

Increased Responsibilities.

The war has left America with the realization that higher standards of responsibility to prevent needless suffering and loss of life are set both for individuals and the nation. The Red Cross, with its traditions and its established organization of Chapters and Branches, is prepared to aid in maintaining these standards by cooperating with all recognized agencies, both governmental and voluntary, engaged in the work of conserving human life and happiness. It must meet its new and developing responsibilities with the same energy and effectiveness as it met those occasioned by the war. In general, the scope of the service of the Red Cross, in addition to the regular disaster function and cooperation with the

military and naval forces, will be directed to assisting, stimulating and supplementing all legitimate movements for the preservation, promotion and improvement of the public health and for bettering living conditions through applying and extending the principles of true neighborliness.

Activities Already Authorized.

The Red Cross has already begun the work of meeting these responsibilities and Chapters are now engaged in extending the following activities:

- Public Health Nursing.
- Educational classes in Dietetics, Home Care of the Sick and First Aid.
- Home Service to Civilian Families.
- Children's activities through the Junior Red Cross.

Public Health Work.

The Red Cross recognizes that the maintenance of public health is a public function to be operated by governmental bodies. It also recognizes that government today—local, state and national—is not everywhere prepared to meet these problems, particularly since their solution most depend so largely upon the understanding and cooperation of individual citizens. With these things in mind it proposes to devote its organized energies to build up a system of operation and cooperation that will eventually become a part of the work of the legally constituted health agencies. In the conservation of child life, in the promotion of rural hygiene, in the prevention of mental diseases, industrial diseases, venereal diseases and tuberculosis and in the education of the people in matters of health and the prevention of disease the Red Cross plans to lend its aid wherever it is needed.

Health Centers.

In preparing for Public Health work the Red Cross has believed that it should announce a plan under which a community might organize in the fastest way. With that in mind a complete plan for the establishment of Health Centers has been prepared. The advice of responsible health officials has been sought and every effort made to enlist the support of interested bodies throughout the country. The response has been cordial and enthusiastic. Manuscript is now in the hands of the printer and the plan will soon be issued. The following are important points in this plan:

- The completely organized Health Center will be a place where all official and volunteer agencies can be coordinated, and brought into harmonious relation for protecting and promoting community health and efficiency.
- The development of a community health center to its fullest perfection must of necessity be gradual.
- Many Chapters for various reasons will not be in a position to establish Health Centers in the near future. Such Chapters may find it possible to undertake educational work, to make studies of community health and welfare conditions and to render particular service to the community for a limited time in order to stimulate the public to supplement Chapter effort.
- Inability to establish complete centers must not prevent Chapters from undertaking any possible parts of the Health Center plan or from rendering every service of which they are capable in connection with other forms of Red Cross activity.
- In the Health Center plan as in all other Red Cross work Chapters must adhere rigidly to the principle of supplementing, reinforcing and supporting but not supplanting the efforts of established and effective agencies, both public and private.

Preservation of Volunteer Spirit.

During the war the great volume of Chapter work was done by volunteer women working directly in Chapter workrooms, in the homes, in auxiliary groups, and in canteen and motor corps units. Without this work the Red Cross could not have accomplished its complete task. While the great volume of this work is no longer called for, the spirit which produced it continues to exist, and its loss to the Red Cross and the nation would not be short of a catastrophe. In this belief a special committee has been studying miscellaneous Chapter activities. While no outline of its report can now be given there is clear indication that volunteer participation in Red Cross work is to be one of its strongest supports in the future as in the past.

Certain forms of production work for local purposes are needed and will be welcomed in many Chapters. The maintenance of volunteer reserves to be called on in times of need will add greatly to the effectiveness of Red Cross service. The Red Cross will welcome the cooperation of volunteer groups in any community working for the social or physical betterment of the community and will gladly do whatever it can within its resources to assist such groups. All authorized activities of the Red Cross can be greatly aided by full or part time participation of volunteer workers.

CLINTON VILLAGE

Philip Butterfield was at home from his school work in Concord Sunday.

Mrs. Martha Sawyer is visiting with relatives and friends in Nashua.

Mrs. G. H. Hutchinson has been confined to the house for several days with a severe cold.

The Antrim Grange will give a Halloween party on the evening of Wednesday, October 29.

Mrs. Winslow Harlow, Miss Mary Munhall and Mrs. W. W. Wyer were Hillsboro visitors last Friday.

Clarence Hopkins is in Greenfield, suffering with pleurisy. Fred Cutter back in the store during his absence.

Otis Pike has been made assistant instructor in Physics, for his senior year at New Hampshire State College.

Miss Mary Gillespie and Miss Mary McManus, from Arlington, Mass., were guests recently of the Munhall sisters.

Morton Paige and son, Howard, from Peterboro, were on a three days' business trip to Providence, R. I., last week.

Mrs. Fanny Pike, with Mr. Hosca Dutton and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Harris, visited Saturday at the Dutton farm, in Hillsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hanson and son, Raymond, from North Wilmington, Mass., were week end guests of Mrs. Larrabee, at Bass Farm.

The team which will furnish transportation from the village to the Harvest Supper at the church Friday night will leave the post office at 5.30.

Mrs. Lane and son, William, from Stoddard, and Mrs. Emma Brignoli, from Melrose, Mass., were guests at Charles Thurston's Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. Richard Cuddihy is with her brother, in Concord, for a season. Gladys is stopping at the Waumbek, and the little boy is with his grandmother in Bennington.

At the Grange meeting last Wednesday night a class of seven candidates were initiated in the first and second degrees, the work being inspected by District Deputy Putnam, of Lyndeboro. Supper was served to about sixty people. At the next meeting the third and fourth degrees will be worked.

Charles Butterfield and John Brown went to St. Joseph's Hospital in Nashua Saturday, where they both had their throats operated on. Mr. Brown returned Monday but Mr. Butterfield's proved to be a more serious case, necessitating his remaining till the last of the week.

Mrs. E. K. Wheeler and Mrs. Morris Hill were in Hillsboro last Friday.

Abner Osgood and wife, from Hancock, visited Sunday at Warren Merrill's.

Miss Alice Cuddihy attended the teachers convention in Manchester last Friday.

The Tougas family were recently at their cottage at White Birch Point for a brief stop.

Martin Haefell and family, from Peterboro, were guests at Alfred Holt's Sunday.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Notice to Users of Water

As the water in Campbell pond, the source of Antrim's water supply, is very low, the Commissioners desire to warn the people against using more than they need, and not to let any of it run to waste. By exercising care in this respect, users will conserve the supply and perhaps save the necessity of taking more stringent measures a little later.

For Sale

I have an Ice House in Bennington, which I would like to sell. Apply to G. H. Hutchinson, Antrim, N. H.

About Advertising

It costs money to advertise in a paper of circulation and influence in the community. Every business man who seeks to enlarge his trade, recognizes the fact that advertising is a legitimate expense. It is not the cheapest advertising that pays the best. Sometimes it is the highest priced newspaper that brings the largest net profit to the advertiser.

Try the REPORTER.

CHINESE BECOME SOCIAL PIONEERS

Men and Women Form Good Fellowship Club To Form Under Y. W. C. A. Leadership.

The Good Fellowship Club has made its appearance in society in Dingeloh, China.

It began with the desire of a progressive young Chinese doctor to give his compatriots, especially the Christians, some beautiful form of social intercourse.

Channels for a good, clean, social life among Chinese people are very limited. Until recently becoming a Christian often meant cutting oneself off from one's friends and relatives, also from feast days and festivals. As for joint meetings of men and women—well, such a thing was never heard of in decent society.

The young doctor's plan of having a club where men and their wives might come together to enjoy a good time with each other was discouraged and sniffed at. However, a few people agreed to be pioneers in the cause of social intercourse, and Y. W. C. A. secretaries agreed to help make the club a success.

At first the meetings of the club were laughed at by outsiders and the whole affair considered a joke. However, the members kept on meeting, first at one house and then at another. Soon the men got over the feeling of strangeness at starting out with their wives on Tuesday evenings for a friend's home. The women began to enjoy the outing and to take part in the discussions—an intelligent part, too—much to the surprise of their husbands.

The membership grew. The club's fame began to spread. At first the discussions of the club were conducted in English. Soon it became necessary for them to be carried on in Chinese so that more of the women could understand and take part. Many of the scoffers began to apply for admission. The members began indulging in much friendly chaffing and occasionally forgot their dignity to play jokes on one another. Finally it became so large that it had to be divided into two sections, which met separately three Tuesday evenings in the month and on the fourth Tuesday met together for a joint session, with a special program.

Students just returned from American and German colleges, an old Buddhist scholar who is particularly interested in the discussion on Buddhism and Christianity, merchants, railroad and government officials compose the men's side of the room. The women are still a bit shy about talking in front of so many people, but many of them show signs of great executive ability and power of leadership. They are all well poised, clear thinking individuals who will have a great influence on China's future. They discuss among themselves group meetings in their various churches, the lack of amusement for Chinese women, social service work, subscription lists for the orphanage, cake making, types of stores, baby diets, the latest engagement and other topics such as one would hear discussed by a group of women gathered together any place in America.

The social part of the evening is given over to games, which at first astounded the sober Chinese gentlemen, but which they take up with great zest after the first evening. And their wives enjoy it just as greatly.

Real American picnics are the latest thing which the club has tried, and they are a great success. A Christmas play is being planned now.

ENGLISH IS COMMON TONGUE.

Chinese Girls Learn It to Talk to One Another.

Chinese women students in the Tung Fu College, Peking, China, are obliged to learn English in order to talk with one another because of the different dialects used by the student body.

Girls from the extreme western provinces of China, who attend the school, must remain in Peking during all of the eight years required for their high school and college training, because to return each summer would require six weeks for the trip one way and would cost more than a trip to America and return.

Girls from each of the western provinces speak a different language and they cannot understand one another any more than they can the girls from northern, southern, eastern or central provinces. Hence, they have adopted English as a common tongue.

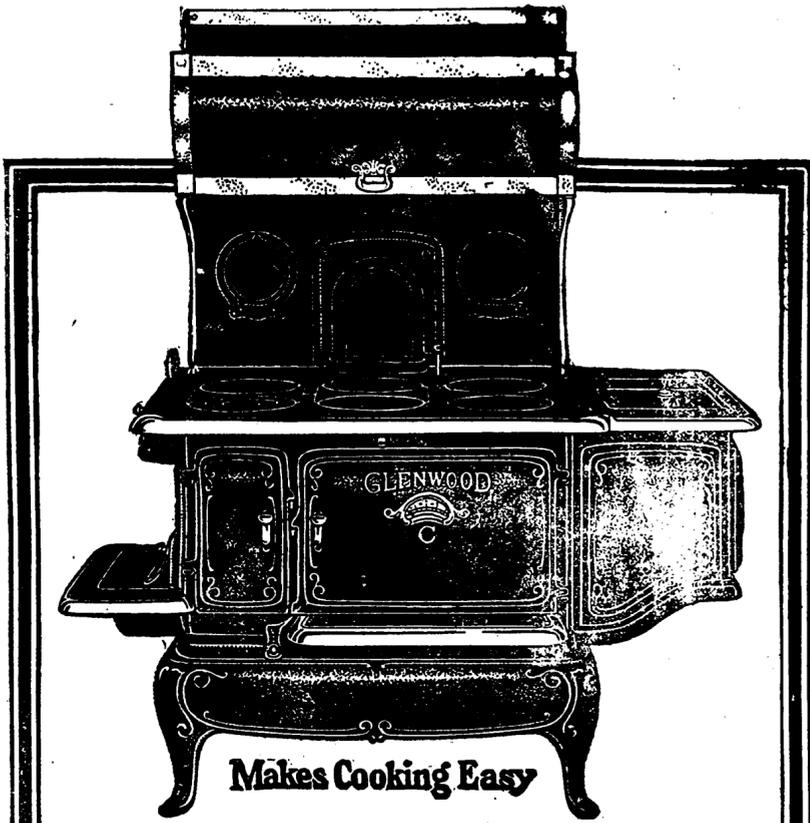
NEW SCHOOL FOR CHINA.

Y. W. C. A. Secures New Site for Girls' Physical Training School.

A new home has been found for the Physical Training School which the Young Women's Christian Association has opened for native girls in Shanghai, China.

The school, while in the country, is not far distant from the National Headquarters of the Y. W. C. A. in Shanghai nor far from the local Y. W. C. A. The grounds cover eighteen "mow," which means approximately six acres, and are divided by a private road. A foreign residence already on the grounds will be used by the American teachers, while native buildings on the other side will furnish living quarters and classrooms for the 35 students.

The grounds boast a garden, tennis courts and an athletic field.



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

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

Of Antrim Reporter, published weekly at Antrim, New Hampshire, required by an act of August 24, 1912.

State of New Hampshire, county of Hillsboro, s. s. (For October 1, 1919.)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. W. Eldredge, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says he is the editor, publisher and business manager of the Antrim Reporter, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by an act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 433, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: Publisher, Editor, Business Manager, H. W. Eldredge, Antrim, N. H.; Trustees of M. E. Church, mortgagee, Antrim, N. H.

Sworn to and subscribed to before me this 11th day of October, 1919.

William E. Cram, Notary Public.

The YOUTH'S COMPANION

No other paper brings to your Whole Family the widest and varied variety of high-grade reading for all ages.



IN A YEAR, 52 issues of The Companion gives 12 Great Serials or Group Serials, besides 250 Short Stories, Adventure and Plot Stories, Family Page, Boys Page, Girls Page, Children's Page, and the best Editorial Page of the day for mature readers.

START A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION FOR YOUR FAMILY NOW. COSTS LESS THAN 5 CENTS A WEEK.

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- The Youth's Companion—52 issues for 1920.
- All remaining issues of 1919 issues.
- The 1920 Companion Home Calendar.

All for \$2.50

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- All remaining 1919 issues
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- McCall's Magazine \$1.00

All for \$2.95

Check your choice and send this order to THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS PAPER, or to THE NEWS COMPANY, 250 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE

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Are three of the important features in
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 Subscribe for the year now through your local agent or send \$4.00 to
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You can select from a variety of colors and quality. REPORTER OFFICE, ANTRIM N. H.

FOR YOUR NEXT JOB OF PRINTING GIVE THE REPORTER OFFICE THE CHANCE TO DO IT IN A NEAT AND SATISFACTORY MANNER.

NERVES GAVE OUT

Serious Kidney Trouble Had Made Life Miserable, But Doan's Removed All the Trouble. Hasn't Suffered Since.

"I had such severe pains in my back," says Mrs. Albert Akroyd, 304 W. Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. "that they almost doubled me up. Many a day I could not do my housework and at every move it seemed as if my back would break in two. My feet and ankles swelled until I had a year large-sized slippers and sometimes I couldn't stand up.

"I had dizzy spells and dreadful headaches and every flash passed before my eyes. Had a heavy weight been resting on my head, the pain could not have been more distressing. The least noise startled me. I was so nervous, I couldn't control the kidney secretions and the pain in passage was awful.

"It began to look as though my case was beyond the reach of medicine until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. The first box benefited me and four boxes cured all the troubles. I have had no further cause for complaint."



Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Influenza Exterminates Red Men. Reports from Cross Lake, 80 miles north of Winnipeg, indicates that influenza has almost wiped out the Indian population in that district. According to the report there are no physicians near to give aid.

"FIDDLE-FIT"

Keep Liver and Bowels Clean and Active with "Cascarets"

Sick headache, biliousness, coated tongue, sour, gassy stomach—always trace this to torpid liver; delayed fermenting food in the bowels. Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will have you feeling clear, rosy and as fit as a fiddle by morning. They work while you sleep.—Adv.

A Good Suggestion.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea."
"What?"
"For the grocer to start selling us food on the installment plan."

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.

In these days of unsettled weather look out for colds. Take every precaution against the dreaded influenza and at the first sneeze remember that Boschee's Syrup has been used for fifty-three years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis and colds, throat irritation and especially for lung troubles, giving the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning. Made in America and kept as a household panacea in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Try one bottle and accept no substitutes.—Adv.

A Silent Partner.

Mrs. Heck—Does your husband talk politics around the house?
Mrs. Peck—My husband never talks anything around the house.

When News is Not News.

The supreme court has held that news is property. Some of it is, and then some is "improvements thereon."

Kindling Spark Required.

It takes more than a wooden head to produce thoughts that burn.

Gold Came First.

The authorities tell us that gold was the first metal to be mentioned in history.

The New Way.

"She is working hard fishing for compliments."
"But not with bare breath."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of *Dr. J. C. F. Williams*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

No Secrets About It.

"Can a man have wealth untold,
Not if he has a wife, my son."

Children's Coughs
PISO'S

When Boy Scouts Camp—



HUNDREDS of thousands of Boy Scouts of America this summer and fall have enjoyed their camps all over the country. They had wonderful experiences and some of these will be remembered all their lives. For the time these boys forgot all about cities and civilization in the joys of swimming, boating, mountaineering and athletics of all kinds. Instruction in scouting was, of course, mingled with these sports. At all of these camps the scouts had a good time while gaining in health, self-reliance and everything that helps to prepare them for the unselfish patriotic service which is the heroic dream of every true scout in khaki.

How far can the summer camp serve the ambitious scout who wishes to advance in his tests? How can the routine work of the camp be made an interesting matter of service to the camp community? On the trail of these and many related questions, several hundred camp directors are working. It is clear that the best way to teach camping is to let the boy actually camp. The presence or proximity of an experienced camper will help him to learn the best way more readily, and with less hazard, but the way itself is that of the apprentice rather than the book student. The habit of self-reliance and of common sense can best be developed in a camp where instruction is combined with hours and days that throw the boys on their own resources.

Must Not Be Foolhardy. Repeated warnings are being sent out by Scout Executive George W. Ehler of Pittsburgh, Pa., to scouts undertaking life saving not to venture on foolhardy ventures, nor to make useless sacrifices. Scouts are likely unnecessarily to endanger their own lives. It must be made clear to the scout that every person must be well able to swim if he would save others from drowning. No one will be considered a coward who is not able to swim and who refuses to go to the aid of another in danger. Mr. Ehler advises that every scout in the troop be made a swimmer.

It is directed that each troop in camping where there is water enough to practice rightly, be divided into victims and rescuers. The boys must be taught to practice on each other the various "grasps" for carrying a person through the water. Especial practice should be emphasized for breaking the "strangle hold." If the boys learn quickly they will be ready for the lesson in resuscitation.

What a variety of experiences these scouts had! The camp of the scouts from North Dana, Mass., was on Lake Nesseponsett. Near this lake Daniel Shays encamped with 2000 men in the famous Shays' rebellion of 1786-87, so that it is historic soil. Here also once lived the notorious Glazier Wheeler, a counterfeiter, and here he had a cave where he turned out spurious coin.

What upon further exploration may develop into one of the wonder caves of Arkansas was discovered near Glenwood by boy scouts. It is high up the rocky face of the Burnham Mountain cliff. The entrance is small, but opens into an immense room, from which a fissure extends downward to a series of spacious chambers. The arsenic caves, 25 miles west, and the cave on Markham mountain, five miles northwest, have long been points of interest for visitors, but this seems to be the mother cavern of them all.

Forty scouts from Salt Lake City made the trip to Wonder mountain. The trail leads up Provo canyon, under forests of aspens, along rugged precipices, skirting along clear mountain streams and through miles of alpine flowers. Camp was made at Emerald lake, which is covered with ice.

Camps at Squaw Point. A troop from New York city camped at Squaw point on the Hudson river. The experience to be remembered the longest was the trip that T. J. Anderson, a local school teacher, took with the troop on a dark night. The trail led up a hill, through a swamp in a woods, in the field, over walls, through bushes, and at last they came to some old wine cellars. Mr. Anderson then put out the only light they had. Ghost stories calculated to make them brave in the dark and initiation into a mystic tribe followed up to midnight. The troop has some very good evidence of Indian activities in the shape of Indian relics, such as 40 arrowheads, ten spearheads, one Indian hoe, one meal grinder, ten Indian sinkers, 15 tomahawks, several pieces of flint, and an Indian's skull in very good condition.

Boy scouts, digging into a large mound near Park River, N. D., unearthed the skulls and the skeletons of three Indians, who must have been buried there long ago, as the mound was there when the earliest pioneers came to that section of the state. It is believed that further excavating will yield some interesting relics of aboriginal Indian days.

Scout Morgan Coyte of Troop No. 1 and Scout George Petrie of Troop No. 3, both of Ridgefield Park, N. J., pitched their tent near New Bridge



along the Hackensack river. Having satisfied their appetites the scouts "turned in" for the night. Scout Coyte on awakening saw opposite his face a small, thick bundle, a coil. Very quickly he realized that it was a venomous snake of the copperhead variety, and instinctively he thrust his arm upward to protect his head and neck. He had not done so too quickly, however, for the reptile had sprung forward, burying its fangs deep into the protecting arm, withdrawing as quickly and wriggling off into the shrubbery along the river bank.

Young Coyte awakened his companion and they improvised a tourniquet from his handkerchief and a small stick. Realizing that the wound was not flowing freely enough he cut into and around the bite until it bled profusely. Emptying the contents of a cartridge into the break in his flesh, he applied flame to the powder and withstood the temporary pain. It was later determined that he had successfully offset the possibility of a fatal result through his commendable presence of mind. He had burnt all traces of poison completely from his arm and in a few days was again back at his job, none the worse for his experience.

It is a principle of the boy scout movement to avoid secret ceremonies and initiations. High-toned initiations are dangerous to boys in the adolescent stage. The virtues of the ceremony carried out, however, by the scout council for Delaware and Montgomery counties, Pennsylvania, are so obvious, its thrills so real and yet reasonable, that it can readily be used.

Their camp site was occupied many years ago by the Unami tribe of Indians. This tribe had an initiation ceremony for its young men which has been preserved up to the present day. Scouts who have taken camp honors by doing a specified amount of work in scoutcraft are given this initiation under the direction of R. Harrington and Alanson Skinner of the Institute of American Indians of New York. The ceremonies are performed by Amos Overland, a Sioux Indian connected with the Institute. They are described as follows:

Ceremonies of Initiation. The ceremonies should begin before dusk and, with the fasting, etc., should last about 26 hours. The first thing before beginning the ceremony is to make an Indian "sweat house" for purification, then to build a large fire some distance east of its entrance and to heat 12 stones varying from the size of a coconut to that of a man's skull. Two forked green sticks should be provided to roll the hot stones into the sweat house; also two large earthen jars of water should be placed at the back of the sweat house opposite the door, together with about a peck of cedar twigs about six inches long. When all is ready the chief, wearing only a breechcloth, stands at the door of the sweat house and addresses the candidates, lined up stark naked before him. He makes a speech to them, something like this:

"My sons, we are about to take you a little way along the Unami trail; to show you the ways of the Lenape grandfathers. But first we must purify ourselves outwardly by the sweat bath, inwardly by the black drink (made of herbs), for such is the custom that has been handed down to us. When one has been purified in these ways the powers of nature will look upon him with favor, and the winds will whisper sweet words in his ears—all will help him to endure the trials that must be his tomorrow."

He then goes into the sweat house and seats himself in the back, opposite the door; the candidates follow and seal themselves around the sides. The Oshkosh roll the 12 hot stones into a

pile before the chief, then shut the door curtain. The chief then announces, "Now we will purify ourselves," and throws some cedar twigs on the hot stones, then a splash of water, upon which a sweet-smelling steam arises. He then cries, "Fire, water, cedar—purify us," takes a stick from his bundle and lays it aside, whereupon all the candidates cry "Hoo." He then throws on more twigs and another splash of water, then lays aside the second stick—and so on until all the sticks have been laid aside, twelve in all, then pours on a lot of water until the stones give no more steam. Then the chief rises and says, "It is finished." and walks out, followed by the others, and all plunge into the water. They emerge and dress.

A little later each candidate is approached by a mysterious person in Indian dress and is led out into the dark woods, where he finds a hideous creature, the Misingw, or Living Solid Face, boiling a little kettle over a small fire. The Misingw cries, "Hon, Hon, Hon, Hon," and shakes his rattle at the candidate, then dips him up a wooden ladle full of the herb brew, which the candidate drinks from a little wooden bowl.

Breakfast Before Sunrise. After all have taken this "black drink" they are supposed to "sleep out" in the woods, if the weather permits. Before dawn next day they must rise and get their breakfasts (preferably prepared their own) and clothe themselves only in a breechcloth and an old blanket. All breakfasts must be eaten before sunrise, the "sun must not see them eat on this day of fasting."

When all are ready they line up before the chief and the Oshkosh smear the face of each with ground charcoal. Then the boys are taken out to their posts, each out of sight of all the others, and left to fast and meditate.

About the middle of the morning a strange man, dressed as a farmer, and carrying a gun, approaches each boy. He announces himself the owner of the property and orders the boy off as a trespasser. Four times he repeats this order, then, falling, he goes on to the next boy.

At noon boys come along and stop near the candidate's post to eat a sandwich or so—then offer him one. Four times they offer him one to eat, then falling, go on to the next boy.

Along in the afternoon the chief himself comes out, ostensibly to inspect the fasters; he looks around to see if anyone is watching, then tells the boy confidentially that he has felt sorry for him and has smuggled him out a bite to eat. Four times he offers him food, and falling goes on to the next. This makes 12 temptations in all. From time to time the Misingw visits the posts and peers at the candidates from bushes or from behind trees.

After the sun goes down a whoop is raised, at which the candidates come in, wash the morning paint from their faces, dress in gala attire, eat their supper and gather in the Big House, where their faces have been lighted by the Oshkosh and the hearths swept with turkey-wing brushes. The chief is in gala attire, with the right half of his face painted red with red ochre, and the other half black with powdered charcoal. The chief stands with his back to the west door of the Big House and says:

Admitted to the Tribe. "My sons, we have fasted as did our Unami grandfathers—only they fasted four or more days and nights absolutely without food—sometimes longer. Now we are going to admit such of you as stood the test to the rank of warrior of the Unami tribe."

One by one the candidates come up before him and are solemnly admitted to the tribe and they are robed in the "turtle cape" and have their faces painted.

When all have been taken into the tribe, the chief takes his place and an Oshkosh brings him a bundle of speech sticks. Then he announces: "I will now read from these picture writings the 12 blessings which I pray may be ours as warriors of the Unami tribe." He then reads the sticks. As he finishes each and lays it aside, the tribe cries, "Hoo!" until all have been read. Then, led by the chief and the six Oshkosh, they march in a line completely around the two fires from left to right, then outside, where they line up facing the east and cry "Hoo!" 12 times, which finishes the ceremony.

The First Bottle of **PE-RU-NA**

Gave Relief so Writes

Mr. M. VanBuren, Engineer, G. R. & L. Ry., 17 Highland St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Entirely Free from Catarrh of the Stomach

"Peruna has positively done for me what many doctors failed to do. I have been time and again compelled to take to my bed for days. The first bottle of Peruna gave relief, and while I always keep it in the house for emergencies, I consider myself entirely free from catarrh of the stomach, the trouble from which I suffered for so long before taking this remedy."

Liquid or Tablet Form Sold Everywhere Ask Your Dealer

The Brainy Bee. The following incident testifies to the remarkable sagacity and efficiency of bees. A hive was being "spied upon" by a wasp. When wasps ascertain a hive is worth attacking they often succeed in ousting the bees. Every time the wasp approached the small entrance hole a bee came out. An hour later the wasp was dead.

And Have His Money. Daughter—Murry that old Mr. Roxley? Why, I'd die first. Mother—Nonsense, child! You'd outlive him forty years at least.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

ASPIRIN FOR HEADACHE

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer

BAYER

Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Headache, Colds, Pain, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

ARE CARRYING IT TOO FAR

Bathing Costume for Tennis is the Abbreviating of an Abbreviation.

This is the day of brevity. The names of states and cities are abbreviated, Christian appellations are cut short and initials substituted. The grocer abbreviates "potatoes" to "spuds" and condenses "crackers" to "crux." The butcher writes "PC" when he means "pork chops," and the chemist shortens "water" to "H-2-O." The printer, referring to "a mass of balled-up type," cusses and calls it "pi." Likewise, the sport writers characterize the "knock out" as "KO." The doctor indicates "sod-cac" when he wants "sodium cacodylate."

But abbreviations are not confined to words. The Yanks abbreviated the war. The rising cost of living has abbreviated the purchasing power of a dollar. The airplane has abbreviated space, and electricity has abbreviated time itself. The laundry often abbreviates the size of one's new shirt. Fashion frequently abbreviates costumes.

There is, however, such a thing as abbreviating too much. For in France, a bathing suit is considered sufficient raiment for one who is in the swimming pool, but it is highly objectionable elsewhere. Tennis players clad in bathing suits are carrying the abbreviation habit too far.

They are abbreviating abbreviation!

Teddy Told Him.

When Theodore Roosevelt was president a man visited him who had a request to make. In his arms he carried a bundle of letters of introduction. He stated his request and closed his argument with these words:

"Mr. President, I am sure that if you do this for me you will please the people of my state. In fact, I could have brought with me a thousand letters more asking you to do it."

"Oh, pshaw," was Roosevelt's blunt reply. "I could get a thousand people in your state to sign a petition to have you hanged."

When the host smiles most blandly he has an eye to the guest's purse.—Danish Proverb.

A Saver to pocket book and health, and a delight to the palate.

Do as your neighbor is doing and cut the high cost of living by drinking

INSTANT POSTUM

Instead of coffee.

No Raise in Price

50-Cup Tins 30¢—100-Cup Tins 50¢

Made by **POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY** Battle Creek, Mich.

Sold by Grocers and General Stores

THIS WOMAN SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, One of Thousands of Such Cases.

Black River Falls, Wis.—"As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation, I cannot say enough in praise of it. I suffered from organic troubles and my side hurt me so I could hardly be up from my bed, and I was unable to do my household work. I had the best doctors in Eau Claire and they wanted me to have an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me so I did not need the operation, and I am telling all my friends about it."—Mrs. A. W. BUNZER, Black River Falls, Wis.

It is just such experiences as that of Mrs. Bunzer that has made this famous root and herb remedy a household word from ocean to ocean. Any woman who suffers from inflammation, ulceration, displacements, backache, nervousness, irregularities or "the blues" should not rest until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

Coughs and Colds Mean Restless Nights

which sap the vitality. Danger lies in every hour a cold is allowed to run. Assist nature to bring your children quickly back to health and strength and avoid serious complications by the prompt use of Gray's Syrup over 60 years in use. Always buy the Large Size.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

Manufactured by D. WATSON & CO., New York.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. One dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrup & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

Bilious? Constipated?

WHY SUFFER?—When a postal requesting FREE SAMPLES of Red Cloud Liver Berries will bring quick relief and happiness. Wonderful Home Remedy continuously sold since 1852. Highest testimonials from grateful users. Write today for FREE SAMPLES and information without cost or obligation. To E. Clarke & Sons, Inc., Dept. B, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Cuticura Soap is Easy Shaving for Sensitive Skins

The New Up-to-date Cuticura Method

Snakes.

It is known that some species of serpents lay eggs, as farmers often find them up, and upon opening them they find the embryo snake within the leathery covering. The eggs of the same species vary in size and shape, but are always oval. As a rule it is the constricting snake, or those which kill their prey by squeezing it, that lay eggs; such as the black snake, boa constrictor, etc.

PHYSICALLY FIT AT ANY AGE

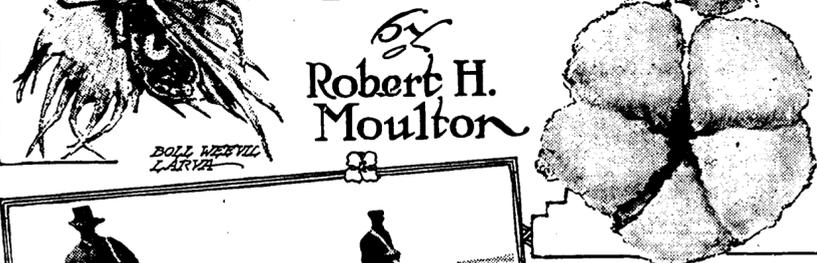
It isn't age, it's careless living that puts men "down and out." Keep your internal organs in good condition and you will always be physically fit. The kidneys are the most over-worked organs in the human body. When they break down under the strain and the acid uric acid accumulates and crystallizes look out! These sharp crystals tear and scratch the delicate urinary channels causing excruciating pain and set up irritations which may cause premature degeneration and often do turn into deadly Bright's Disease.

One of the first warnings of sluggish kidney action is pain or stiffness in the small of the back, loss of appetite, indigestion or rheumatism. Do not wait until the danger is upon you. At the first indication of trouble go after the cause at once. Get a trial box of GOLD MEDAL Haaslem Oil Capsules, imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They will give almost immediate relief. If for any cause they should not, your money will be refunded. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. None other is genuine. In sealed boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

Need Pilavs. Asia Minor offers unusual opportunities for the introduction of agricultural implements, as large trawls await the plow. Great Britain is ready has an agent there.

MURINE Night and Morning Have Strong Health Eyes. If they Tired, Irritated, Inflamed, or Granulated, use Murine. Softens, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

King Cotton's Worst Foe



SEARCHING for a small, thin, rose-tinted, almost white caterpillar in 10,000 acres of Texas cotton land; confronted with the necessity of making certain that in all that area no single caterpillar made good its concealment in boll or stalk or leaves or grass or trash; forced to sweep every inch of the 10,000 acres as closely as a scrupulous housewife sweeps the kitchen floor and to sift every plant of the sweepings as carefully as a miser would sift dirt with gold nuggets in it—there is a task beside which the one of searching for a needle in a haystack appears simple and as requiring no patience worth mentioning.

But that is exactly what the United States department of agriculture, with the help of the state authorities of Texas did in the campaign for the elimination of the pink bollworm of cotton. It was done so successfully that not a single egg, larva, or moth of the pink bollworm appeared in 1918, a result that appears to justify the characterization of the job as the biggest successful entomological experiment of its kind in history.

When it was first found that the pink bollworm of cotton had gained a footing upon the soil of the United States, the consternation that resulted was hardly less than it would have been if the discovery had been made that German gunboats were coming up the Mississippi river. But the consternation was among agricultural scientists. The general public did not know the desperate danger. The scientists knew, however, that, unless checked, the little bollworm meant an annual loss of not less than \$50,000,000. If, indeed, it did not threaten the existence of the cotton industry, and their alarm was not materially lessened because the infested area was limited to small areas around Trinity Bay, Beaumont, and Hearne, Texas.

For the pink bollworm spreads, not by yards or acres, but by hundreds of miles at a leap. The chief agent of dissemination being man with his railroad trains, the distance from Texas to Georgia or North Carolina is no great jump, and it probably would not be a direct jump. The larva would be loaded into a car of cotton at Beaumont, Mass., and left in the litter at the bottom of the car, which would then go to Brockton for a load of shoes consigned to Atlanta, and would finally get swept out on some siding in the Georgia cotton fields.

And there it would begin anew the devastation that it has wrought in Egypt, India, Japan, the Philippines, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, the Hawaiian Islands, Brazil, Mexico, and practically every cotton-growing country on the globe except the United States. It is the most destructive of all enemies of cotton, often reducing the yield of lint by 30 per cent and sometimes by more than 50 per cent, and greatly lessening the quantity of oil produced from the seed. In the Hawaiian Islands the cotton industry has been practically abandoned because of it, and wherever it has gone the industry has suffered terribly. That is why the department of agriculture, when the worm appeared in Texas, thought it worth while to undertake a campaign out of all proportion to the area infested.

Candid Criticism

An official of an insane asylum is a firm believer in the value of amusement on a deranged mind; and, being a good amateur comedian, he occasionally assists at an entertainment. His last performance was especially ludicrous; but one man in the audience sat through it with a grave and unmoved countenance, a look of perplexity in his eyes. "It certainly is a remarkable state of affairs," he con-

ter careful examination. At the end of the season the reports of all the investigators showed that absolutely no evidence of the presence of the bollworm could be found.

But the success of the campaign will not be regarded as absolutely certain until two other summers have passed. In the meantime the quarantine will be rigorously enforced.

Prior to the discovery of the actual presence of the pink bollworm in Texas the state, taking precautions against its presence not far away in Mexico, had enacted legislation giving authority to establish a zone free from cotton culture on the border of Texas adjacent to Mexico. Since that time, quarantine and cotton-free zones have been declared in three areas.

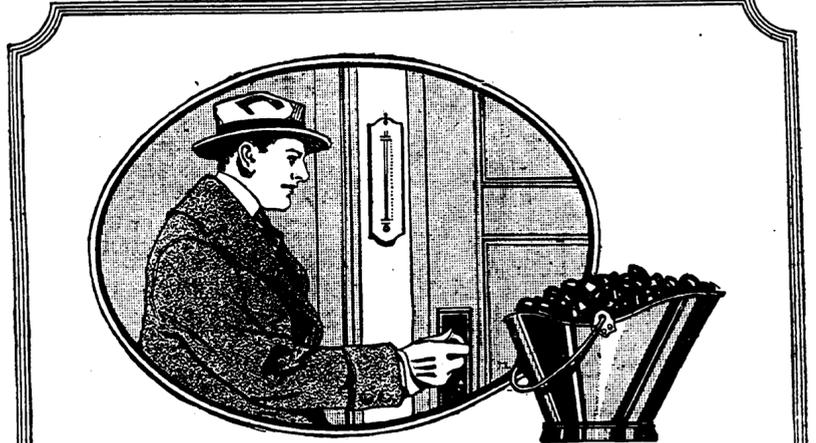
The normal planting of cotton in the largest of these areas is about 50,000 acres and the inability to plant has, of course, entailed hardship on the planters. Individuals—137 to be exact—disregarded the law and planted some cotton, a total of a few hundred acres. Legal action was taken against them and they have since signed an agreement to bear all the cost of cleaning up their farms, under the supervision of government inspectors, and to leave the disposal of the cotton grown absolutely in the hands of the authorities.

It is interesting to note that a considerable number of these so-called outlaw cotton fields were discovered by aerial observation. Much of the country in the infested areas is heavily timbered. Roads are neither plentiful nor good in many places, and it was possible for an outlaw planter to tuck away a few acres of cotton in some nook of the woods beyond probability of discovery by ordinary means.

This gave the inspectors of the federal horticultural board the idea of using airplane observers to spy out the hidden fields. The scheme worked admirably, the first flight alone revealing no less than seven outlaw cotton fields which had escaped discovery by all other means.

While a feeling of reasonable safety is justifiable as to the elimination of the bollworm from Texas, the danger of new infestation remains so long as the bollworm exists in Mexico, and, therefore, extreme vigilance will not be relaxed. All railway cars and other vehicles coming across the line are inspected, cleaned, and fumigated. The disinfection of cars and freight with gas from generators placed within the cars has been discarded as giving no security against insects that might be resting on the exterior of cars. Disinfection houses have been erected into which cars are run and disinfected both internally and externally.

The question is now raised: Has the recent Gulf of Mexico hurricane brought the pest again to the Texas shore? The storm ravaged the Gulf shore from Brownsville beyond to Key West. If the storm of 1915 brought the pest to the American shore from Mexico, why should not the same conditions now obtain?



Cut the Coal Bill

Coal will probably be high and scarce this Winter. So during the Fall, before heavy winter sets in, use a Perfection Oil Heater instead of the furnace. The Perfection is as portable as a lamp. It creates the heat right on the spot—at the very place it's needed. It chases chills and warms cold corners. No soot, ashes or dust—pans with the Perfection Heater. Convenient, safe, odorless, economical—burns 10 hours on a gallon of kerosene. Easily filled and re-wicked. 3,000,000 now in use. Use SOCONY kerosene for best results.



STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK

PERFECTION Oil Heaters

HAS BUST OF HERODOTUS

Antique in Metropolitan Museum of Art Identified as Portrait of Father of History. Dr. Robinson, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, has identified an antique marble bust, which has been in the museum's store-room for 20 or 30 years, as being a portrait of Herodotus, "the father of history." The marble, which has lain in dust all these years, will now assume an important place of honor in the institution.

HOW THE SQUIREL HELPS

Uncle Sam Needs Seeds of Douglas Fir and Knows Where to Find Them. Tree seed can't be bought in large quantities in the market. To restock the huge forests which are denuded every year, Uncle Sam needs the seeds of the Douglas fir, western yellow pine, Engelmann spruce, lodge pole pine, not by the pound, but literally by the ton.

Pay of Jap Soldiers.

In the opinion of the Jul, the pay of Japanese soldiers is too small. At present it is 1.56 yen (75 cents) a month for first and second-class privates, and 1.95 (98 cents) for corporals. Even if the pay be increased 50 per cent, says the editor, it will not suffice for the needs of the soldiers. At present they have to get money from home to make up the shortage, which is not right. The total pay of the soldiers amounts to \$2,150,000. If it is trebled, the government will need only \$4,300,000 additional.

Getting Bail for Moses.

It was at the Greek theater, "Miriam, sister of Moses," alias Ruth St. Denis, was dancing the Israelites from the Red sea to the wilderness. At left center of the stage stood two policemen listening. The actors were discussing the merits and demerits of one god, Baal, who appeared to have a big influence on the play. "What are they doing now?" asked one cop of the other. "Well," replied the second, "it's kinda mixed up, but the way I make it the guy on the end with whiskers is trying to get bail for Moses."

Build Up With Grape-Nuts

Popular for its delightful flavor and because it furnishes certain food values necessary for building the best in body and brain. Users know by test "There's a Reason"

BAKER'S Pure Fruit EXTRACTS

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

SHILOH

30 DROPS COUGHS
BILIOUSNESS
Caused by Acid-Stomach

EATONIC

(FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)
INDIGESTION



Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.
18c a package

CAMELS are the most refreshing, satisfying cigarette you ever smoked! Put all your cigarette desires in a bunch, then buy some Camels, give them every taste-test and know for your own satisfaction that in quality, flavor, smoothness and in many other delightful ways Camels are in a class by themselves!

Camels are an expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos. You'll not only prefer this blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight, but you'll appreciate the remarkable full-bodied richness and smooth, refreshing flavor it provides! Camels are a cigarette revelation!

Camels win you in so many new ways! They not only permit you to smoke liberally without tiring your taste but leave no unpleasant cigarette aftertaste or unpleasant cigarette odor!

Compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price! You'll prefer Camel quality to premiums, coupons or gifts!

Camel CIGARETTES

BENNINGTON

A Weekly News Letter of Interest

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Bennington
at 8.15 o'clock

Wednesday Evening, Oct. 22

Saturday Evening, Oct. 25
Red Glove Serial, Chap. 8
Featuring Marie Walcamp

Schools were closed Friday and the teachers attended the state convention in Manchester.

A few of our people will attend the Lyceum Course at Antrim, the first entertainment being this Wednesday evening.

The Selectmen desire to announce a change in date of their weekly meeting, and hereafter they will meet every Wednesday evening instead of Monday as they had been doing. No meeting was held this week Monday evening, but beginning Wednesday evening, Oct. 22, they will continue to meet every Wednesday evening till further notice.

Peter Adonis, charged with conducting an illicit still at this place, was arraigned before United States Commissioner Burns P. Hodgkin in Concord last Wednesday, and bound over for appearance before the next Federal Grand Jury.

Adonis is said to have admitted making 100 gallons of liquor from raisins and selling them in Manchester. The case is the first of its kind in the state.

Rev. Bernard Copping, who recently resigned from the Congregational Church, occupied the pulpit Sunday morning and evening, preaching eloquently on both occasions. Many were pleased to see and hear him again in the place he so ably and well filled for nearly three years. His evening sermon on "Visions" was an inspiration, as he instanced a number of Old and New Testament visions, and applied them to personal, every-day living.

His ministry here has been pregnant with fervent evangelism; his sermons have been full of the joy of spiritual optimism, and his appeals have always been for the cultivation of a strong, robust Christian character.

As a public spirited servant his presence will be much missed when he leaves town next week for a southern clime.

He was always the same, bubbling over with the exuberance of good spirits. Everyone had a friend in him, and his visits in the home were occasions to be remembered and eagerly looked forward to. There were few better impromptu speakers than he and his speaking was always interspersed with wit and funny story.

At a surprise party the other Tuesday evening he was presented with a purse, to which a great number contributed, by Deacon Frank Taylor, who in a felicitous speech, expressed the feelings and good will of the community. The town can ill afford to see such genial and helpful souls as Mr. and Mrs. Copping go without feelings of great loss. We wish them God speed in their new home in Baltimore, Md.

CASTORIA

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

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., Oct. 4, 1919

HANCOCK

Mrs. Helen Fowle has closed her summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dutton, of Hillsboro were in town Sunday.

Miss Catherine McLeod, of Eldorado, Kan., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Albert S. Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hills, of Nashua, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Goodhue.

The next meeting of the Historical Society will be a costume party with an old fashioned dinner at noon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wood recently returned from a pleasure trip to Boston, Brockton, Woburn and Worcester, Mass.

A hill of 17 potatoes which weighed 10 lbs., 15 oz. was raised by Mr. Osgood on the Porter Weston place this season.

The Junior class of Hancock High School will hold a Hallowe'en social Oct. 30, at 8 p. m. at the school building.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who have bought the Griswold No. 2 farm, formerly called an Upton place, received a truck load of new furniture from Milford last week.

Mrs. Carrie Wilds is entertaining her aunt, Cynthia Barker, of Peterboro. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hadley, of Lowell, Mass., were week end guests of Mrs. Wilds.

Fred Carrier, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Whitney and Mrs. Ray Brown were at the Wilbur Hayward place Sunday. Mrs. Whitney was formerly Miss Olive Hayward and Mrs. Brown was Miss Alzie Hayward.

Mrs. G. W. Hayward quietly observed her 78th birthday at her home here Oct. 18, receiving many cards of congratulation. She has been allied with many improvements of the town, including the purchase of the town clock.

Charles H. Dutton went to Marlboro Saturday to see his new granddaughter, Edith Mary, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Couts. Mr. Dutton also attended an I. O. O. F. meeting at Marlboro Monday night and a Pomona Grange meeting in Milford Tuesday. Mrs. Dutton attended the Pomona meeting and remained with her daughter, Miss Elsie Goodale, in Milford, for a few days.

THIS WOMAN SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, One of Thousands of Such Cases.



Black River Falls, Wis.—"As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation, I cannot say enough in praise of it. I suffered from organic troubles and my side hurt me so I could hardly be up from my bed, and I was unable to do my housework. I had the best doctors in Eau Claire and they wanted me to have an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me so I did not need the operation, and I am telling all my friends about it."—Mrs. A. W. Binzer, Black River Falls, Wis.

It is just such experiences as that of Mrs. Binzer that has made this famous root and herb remedy a household word from ocean to ocean. Any woman who suffers from inflammation, ulceration, displacements, backache, nervousness, irregularities or the blues should not rest until she has given it a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

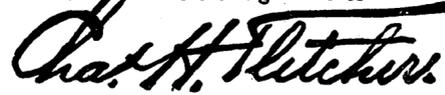
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It is to be our especial contribution of War Service. To Farm successfully, abundant water is needed. We have drilled many successful wells in and about Antrim, as well as in other parts of New Hampshire, and can point to a long list of satisfied customers.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

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65 No. State St. CONCORD, N. H.

ACCOMMODATION!

To and From Antrim Railroad Station.

Trains leave Antrim Depot as follows:

7.08	A. M.	11.32
	7.44	
	11.35	
	P. M.	

1.12	1.53
4.15	5.57

Sunday: 6.30, 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 Jameson Block. Passengers for the early morning train should leave word at Express Office the night before.

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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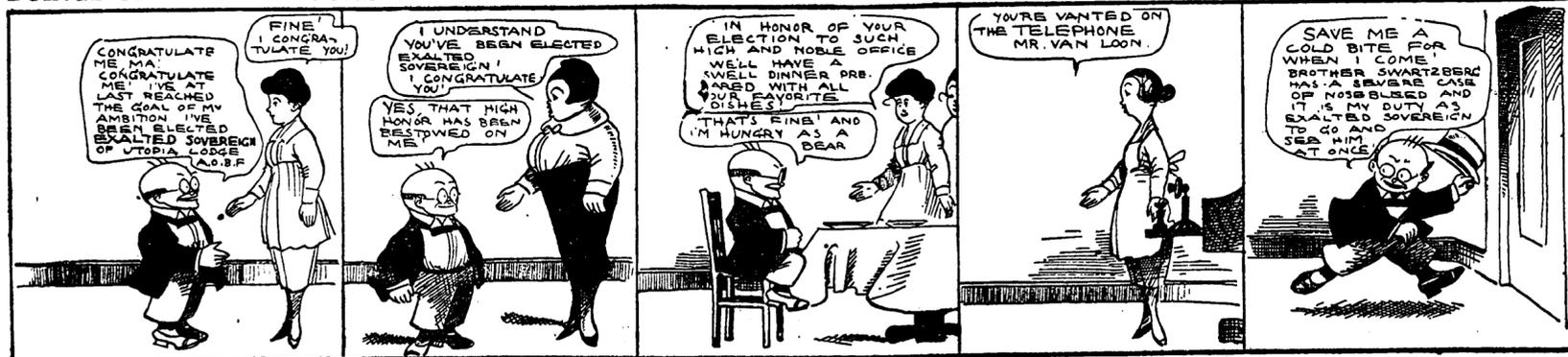
Administrator's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Nancy J. Appleton, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated October 14, 1919.
George J. Appleton

DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS



There seem to be some drawbacks!

W. L. Lawrence
ANTRIM, N. H.

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