

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XL NO. 29

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1923

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GEO. W. HUNT, Antrim, N. H.

W. R. C. HISTORY

Paper Read at Twenty-fifth Anniversary

(Continued from last week)

June, 1907, a play, Josh Winchester, was given by the members of the Corps and others, which netted us over \$90.00. At Christmas a box was sent to the Soldiers' Home; also an autograph quilt, from the sale of names placed in the squares, we received \$38.00.

This year our Corps was assigned to Peterboro, to attend a District meeting; twenty-two members attended. As we were to return on the last train and had quite a wait at Elmwood, we made plans to have a picnic supper on the green by the station. I need say no more in regard to that supper, for those who were there will remember it.

Our ladies, feeling the need of silver knives and forks, held a lawn party and two suppers, followed by socials. Then we wanted other things, better than we had, so a

sale and supper was held and four new tables, and silver teaspoons purchased.

January 11, 1909, a public installation was held in Town Hall. It was expected that our Department President, Flora A. Hanson, of Amherst, would be present to install the officers, but almost at the last moment word was received of her being seriously ill. It was impossible to postpone the meeting, and Past President Hattie McClure kindly consented to install the officers, which she did with great satisfaction to all present. After the exercises promenading was indulged in until 12 o'clock.

Feeling we needed a piano, we began to work for that, and in April, 1909, by the exchange of our organ and funds earned, we became the owners of our piano.

Another of our many pleasant events was the observation of Flag Day, June 14, 1909. Guests included the Veterans and wives and husbands of the W. R. C., the clergymen and some other guests. An entertainment of instrumental and vocal music and readings was given, followed by a reception to the Department Press Correspondent, Mrs. Carter, and Department Aide, Mrs. Miller.

Old Home Day, August 24, 1911, was observed in Antrim, by a splendid parade, among other features Ephraim Weston Corps again

showed their patriotism, having three carriages. First there was a carriage in which were 12 veterans of the Civil War, the carriages decorated with the national colors, and bore this inscription: "The Boys of '61-'65." This was followed by a float beautifully decorated with the colors. At the head was the large Grand Army flag held by one of the veterans, while the scenes represented were a soldier wounded on the battlefield being cared for by one of those angels of mercy, an army nurse; and Lincoln signing the Emancipation Act. This was followed by a carriage with a large delegation of members of the Woman's Relief Corps, with the color bearers seated at each corner.

At the close of the installation in 1913, Bertha Colby, retiring president, entered the room with a miniature tree laden with fruit known as greenbacks, 25 one-dollar bills, which she presented to the Post, a pleasant surprise for them. National Convention having voted to allow Post members to attend the Corps meetings, April 4, 1913, Comrades Hiram Muzzey, Squires Forsaith, Enoch Paige and Granville Whitney were received as honorary members. May 2, Comrades George Ed. Hutchinson, George D. Dunn and J. Langdon Reed were received, and later Comrades Hiram Raleigh and Alfred Arthur Miller. We have enjoyed having the comrades meet with us, although now there are but few of them left.

Christmas of 1913 marked the beginning of sending boxes of fruit, etc., to veterans and veterans' widows. Eleven boxes were sent out at this time. Since then boxes have also been sent to shut-in members and post cards to all absent members as well.

Jan. 16, 1914, observance of Health Day with other organizations was held. The observance of this day has been held several times since and prizes have been given for the best and second best essays.

Beginning with the year 1914, the Post members, growing feeble and wishing to be relieved from cares, asked the Corps to have charge of hiring and renting the hall, which they consented to do, and voted to give the veterans the use of the hall, rent free. June 14, 1914, a public observance of Flag Day was held in conjunction with the D. A. R. and Woman's Club, in Town Hall. Prizes were offered for the three best essays on Patriotism, each contributing an equal amount of money toward the prizes.

May 21, 1915, was a Red Letter Day in the history of the Corps. Ephraim Weston Corps having been honored at the Department convention, held in April, by the election of one of its members, Mrs. Anna Eaton Carter, to the highest office in the Department, Department president, a reception was held in honor of the president and her associate officers. In the receiving line were Dept. President Mrs. Carter, Dept. Secretary Mary Barrett, Dept. Treasurer Mary H. Reed, and Dept. Senior Aide Bertha L. Colby of Antrim, Dept. Patriotic Instructor Harriett West of Hillsboro; also Lena Bottzenbach, president of Corps No. 85, Cassie Leeman, president of Corps 80 of Hillsboro, Comrade and Mrs. Hutchinson of Antrim, and Comrade and Mrs. Martin of Hillsboro. An entertainment was furnished by members of Hillsboro and Antrim Corps, followed by a banquet. During this year silk flags with standards were presented to the Sunday schools in town, the North Branch, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational at the Center; appropriate exercises were held at each presentation.

Later, a silk flag was presented to the church at Stoddard, in memory of Mrs. Isabel McClure, who was a member of our Corps at her death.

In October, 1915, the Corps was guest of Molly Aiken Chapter, Daughter of the American Revolution at a reception given to State officers and guests. The Department president, Mrs. Carter, and Corps president, Mrs. Bottzenbach were in the receiving line.

(Continued next week.)

At Massassecum

It is true, times have changed! Years ago, when we wanted a little vacation we went to some beach 100 or 200 miles away from here; now, for a little outing or a nice little ride, we can go up to Massassecum lake, where there is a nice beach, good bathing and canoeing, good air and plenty of it, dancing twice a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 1923 Paramount Pictures Tuesday and Friday evenings; and what more do we want? If you don't know where it is, ask your neighbor.

Miss Ida Fuller, of Revere, Mass., was the guest of relatives in town the past week.

ELDRIDGE - BURT

Native of Antrim Marries New Jersey Daughter

The wedding of Cranston Daniel Eldredge, manager of Courier Press, Inc., of Winchendon, Mass., and Miss Elizabeth Stanger Burt of Helmetta, N. J., was solemnized Saturday afternoon, June 16, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Burt. The ceremony was performed by the bride's uncle, Rev. Benjamin Everett of Ossining, N. Y., executive secretary of the Presbytery of Westchester. Rev. Everett was assisted by Rev. G. W. Phillips, D. D., pastor of St. George's Protestant Episcopal church of Helmetta. The double ring service was used, the bride being given in marriage by her father.

The bride was very charmingly gowned in white crepe satin, trimmed with Honiton lace and veil. The buttons and lace had many years ago adorned her grandmother's wedding dress. She carried a bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley.

The groom's gift to the bride was a cameo brooch set in platinum with diamond centre, surrounded by pearls, and was her only ornament.

The maid-of-honor was Mrs. Chester A. Burt, Jr., of New York, sister-in-law of the bride. The bridesmaids were Miss Ida West of Asbury Park, N. J.; Miss Mary Stanton of Bath, N. Y.; Miss Edna Weston and Miss Marion Weston of South Orange, N. J. The maid-of-honor and bridesmaids wore pink and blue Georgette crepe with silver lace. They carried bouquets of butterfly roses and delphinium.

The groom was attended by his brother, H. Burr Eldredge, of Winchendon, as best man. The ushers were Clifford Doll of South Orange, N. J.; Chester A. Burt, Jr., of New York, and Raymond G. Hastings of Winchendon.

The wedding march was played by Raymond Hester, organist of St. John's church at Camden, N. J. Mrs. Walter F. Couch of Brooklyn, N. Y., sang "Oh, Promise Me," and other songs.

The parlor was handsomely decorated with roses, peonies, cut flowers and ferns from Clark, the florist of New Brunswick. The arch under which the couple stood was of greenery, interspersed with snap dragons.

Following the ceremony a reception was held, after which salads and ices were served by The House of Bruns of New Brunswick.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldredge left by auto Saturday evening for a brief stay in New York City, followed this week by a trip through the Berkshires of Massachusetts and the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

Mrs. Eldredge is the only daughter of Postmaster and Mrs. Chester A. Burt. She attended the Helmetta public schools, the Drum Hill high school at Peekskill, N. Y., and the Montclair, N. J. Normal school. She taught school at Maplewood and South Orange, N. J.

Mr. Eldredge is the second son of Editor H. W. Eldredge of the Antrim, N. H. Reporter, and Mrs. Eldredge. He graduated from Antrim high school, served in the World War nearly two years, was foreman of The Dartmouth Press at Hanover, N. H., and is now associated with his brother in publishing the Winchendon, Mass., Courier and The Monadnock Breeze of New Hampshire. He is a 32nd degree Mason, holding membership in the Nashua, N. H. Consistory, is an Odd Fellow and Encampment member.

The wedding gifts included cut glass, dishes, several pieces of silverware, gold coins and checks.

The groom presented each of the ushers and best man with leather card cases, marked with their respective initials. The bride's gift to the maid of honor was a string of pearls. To the bridesmaids she presented bracelets.

A large number of relatives and friends were present at the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldredge will make their home in Winchendon, on Belmont avenue.

A FEW THOUGHTS

Suggested By What Is Happening Around

The right hand side of the street is the place for autos and teams to stop; it is presumed all our readers know this, but a number evidently do not do as well as they know—or it may be they are not readers of the Reporter. However, it would be fine if all auto drivers would strictly adhere to this rule. And one other thing: When a car is left alone be sure the motor is stopped. It is not enough to have the brakes set securely. How many cars have you noticed within a week, or a short time, doing these very things that we say shouldn't be done? It is hoped the number will grow less and less till none will disobey the law.

Boys do like to ride bicycles and we know from experience that it is great fun. However, upon the sidewalk is not the place to ride, for if such a practice is kept up sooner or later somebody is going to get hurt, and it may cause much sorrow. Before anything of this kind happens it is hoped either the practice will be forbidden absolutely, or every rider will resolve by himself to abandon the habit. The village roads are good and kept in first class condition and here the bicycle should be "pushed," and not be pushed at a speed that is unreasonable.

The Agricultural Year Book for 1922 is off the press and ready for circulation. It contains special articles of much interest to the farmers and to those who make the reforestation problem a study. It will be a valuable addition to one's library. Senator George H. Moses has a limited supply of these bound volumes, and as long as they last he will be pleased to mail them to those who ask for them; address him at Concord, N. H., or at his Washington address.

How many realize the bad corners and pieces of narrow road there are in town? We venture to say there are very few beside drivers of motor vehicles and horse drawn vehicles that take special notice of such things. It is one of the designs of this brief article to call special attention of pedestrians and those who have not heretofore noticed these defects in the upkeep of our highways to just take notice when they are about town, and see if what we say is not exactly so. It is far from our intention in saying these things to find fault with anybody, but just to mention facts as they exist. It might also be stated that where sidewalks are built into the road these highways and corners are narrowed up just so much more. Now that so many autos are on the streets all the time and traffic is more and more congested, especially at certain times during the day—and night—it is well to have all these places which are at all dangerous put in a safe and sane condition. So many have spoken of this matter to the Reporter that we thought best to call it to the attention of our readers, feeling sure that all that is needed is a gentle reminder and any defects such as already mentioned will be remedied. Safety first is by far the better plan, and let us all see if our town can be one of the first to cut all bushes away at corners and keep them cut; make crosswalks at corners a little less to be dreaded; and village roads that are laid out wide, be put in shape so two cars may pass safely and easily

High School Graduation

The 29th annual commencement of the Antrim High school was held at the Town hall on Friday evening, June 15, at 8 o'clock.

The programme was as follows:

Music Orchestra
Prayer Rev. R. H. Tibbals
Essay with Salutatory Aline Cleveland
Girls of Olden Times and Girls of Today
Song School
Prayer of Thanksgiving Frances Cutter
Essay Presidential Possibilities
Music Orchestra
Essay, with Valedictory Marion Holt
Story of Our National Ballads School
Song Clang of the Forge
Presentation of Diplomas Mr. Holden

Benediction Rev. Mr. Tibbals
Music Orchestra
The graduating class were all of the Domestic Arts course: Marion Frances Holt, Lila Aline Cleveland, Frances Mae Cutter.

Class motto: Our Aim, Success; Our Hope, To Win. Class colors: Old Rose and white. Class flower: Carnation. Class marshal, Edward Fleming.

Class officers: President, Frances Mae Cutter; secretary, Marion Frances Holt; treasurer, Lila Aline Cleveland.

Each member of the class did exceptionally well in preparation and in the delivery of her respective part, and the large number present expressed themselves as well pleased with the exercises. The decorations were neat and attractive, the class colors being used in all cases except where green was needed as a background. The reception followed the exercises and dancing was enjoyed till midnight.

without danger of getting into the ditch. Mode of travel has changed so in the past few years that changes in the manner of upkeep of our highways must also change. These are not improvements that will cost a lot of money, but may be done a little at a time and finally a decided change for the better will be the result. There are many who will greet these improvements with open arms.

THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS

By Zane Grey

"There had been months of unrest, of curiously painful wonderment that her position, her wealth, her popularity no longer sufficed. She believed that she had lived through the dreams and fancies of a girl to become a woman of the world. And she had gone on as before, a part of the glittering show, but no longer blind to the truth—that there was nothing in her luxurious life to make it significant."

But this New York society girl buys a cattle ranch which becomes the center of frontier warfare. She finds an object for her wealth and abilities; she finds the keenest zest in living and finally—she finds love.

Read This Charming Serial in

THE ANTRIM REPORTER

The Light of Western Stars

A Romance
By Zane Grey

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"I MET A LADY"

SYNOPSIS.—Arriving at the lonely little railroad station of El Cajon, New Mexico, Madeline Hammond, New York society girl, finds no one to meet her. While in the waiting room, a drunken cowboy enters, asks if she is married, and departs, leaving her terrified. He returns with a priest, who goes through some sort of ceremony, and the cowboy forces her to say "SI." Asking her name and learning her identity the cowboy seems dazed. In a shooting scrape outside the room a Mexican is killed. The cowboy lets a girl, Bonita, take his horse and escape, then conducts Madeline to Florence Kingsley, friend of her brother. Florence welcomes her, learns her story, and dismisses the cowboy, Gene Stewart. Next day Alfred Hammond, Madeline's brother, takes Stewart to task. Madeline exhorts him of any wrong intent. Alfred, scion of a wealthy family, had been dismissed from his home because of his dissipation. Madeline sees that the West has redeemed him. She meets Stillwell, Al's employer, typical western ranchman.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Wal, wal, Al, this 's the proud meetin' of my life," replied Stillwell, in a booming voice. He extended a huge hand. "Miss-Miss Majesty, sight of you is as welcome as the rain an' the flowers to an old desert cattle-man."

Madeline greeted him, and it was all she could do to repress a cry at the way he crunched her hand in a grasp of iron. He was old, white-haired, weather-beaten, with long furrows down his cheeks and with gray eyes almost hidden in wrinkles. If he was smiling she fancied it a most extraordinary smile. The next instant she realized that it had been a smile, for his face appeared to stop rippling, the light died, and suddenly it was like rudely chiseled stone. The quality of hardness she had seen in Stewart was immeasurably intensified in this old man's face.

"Miss Majesty, it's plumb humiliatin' to all of us that we wasn't on hand to meet you," Stillwell said. "I'm sure afraid it was a bit unpleasant fer you last night at the station. Wal, I'm some glad to tell you that there's no man in these parts except your brother that I'd as lief hev met you as Gene Stewart."

"Indeed?"
"Yes, an' that's takin' into consideration Gene's weakness, too. I'm allus fond of sayin' of myself that I'm the last of the old cattlemen. Wal, Stewart's not a native westerner, but he's my pick of the last of the cowboys. Sore, he's young, but he's the last of the old style—the picturesque—an' chivalrous, too. I picture you to say, Miss Majesty, as well as the old hard-ridin' kind. Folks are down on Stewart. An' I'm only sayin' a good word for him because he is down, an' mebbe last night he might hev scared you, you bein' fresh from the East."

Madeline liked the old fellow for his loyalty to the cowboy he evidently cared for; but as there did not seem anything for her to say, she remained silent.

"Miss Majesty, I reckon, bein' as you're in the West now, that you must take things as they come, an' mind



"Miss Majesty, it's Plumb Humiliatin' to All of Us That We Wasn't on Hand to Meet You," Stillwell Said.

each thing a little less than the one before. If we old fellers hadn't been that way we'd never hev lasted.

"Last night wasn't particular bad, ratin' with some other nights lately. There wasn't much doin'." But I had a hard knock. Yesterday when we started in with a bunch of cattle I sent one of my cowboys, Danny Mains, along ahead, carryin' money I hed to pay off hands an' my bills, an' I wanted that money to get in town before dark. Wal, Danny was held up. I don't distrust the lad. There's been strange Greasers in town lately, an'

mebbe they knew about the money comin'.

"Wal, when I arrived with the cattle I was some put to it to make ends meet. An' today I wasn't in no angelic humor. When I hed my business all done I went around pokin' my nose heah an' there, tryin' to get scent of that money. An' I happened in at a hall we hev thet does duty for jail an' hospital an' election-post an' what not. Wal, just then it was doin' duty as a hospital. Last night was fiesta night—these Greasers hev a fiesta every week or so—an' one Greaser who had been bad hurt was layin' in the hall, where he hed been fetched from the station.

"The hall was full of cowboys, ranchers, Greasers, miners, an' town folks, along with some strangers. I was about to get started up this way when Pat Hawe come in.

"Pat, he's the sheriff. He come into the hall, an' he was roarin' about things. 'He was goin' to arrest Danny Mains on sight. Wal, I jest polite-like told Pat that the money was mine an' he needn't get riled about it. An' if I wanted to trail the thief I reckon I could do it as well as anybody.

"Then he cooled down a bit an' was askin' questions about the wounded Greaser when Gene Stewart comes in. Whenever Pat an' Gene come together it reminds me of the early days back in the 'seventies. Jest naturally everybody shut up. Fer Pat hates Gene, an' I reckon Gene ain't very sweet on Pat.

"'Hello Stewart! You're the feller I'm lookin' fer,' said Pat. 'There was some queer goings-on last night that you know somethin' about. Danny Mains robbed—Stillwell's money gone—your roan horse gone—an' this Greaser gone, too. Now, seah, that you was up late an' prowlin' round the station where this Greaser was found, it ain't onreasonable to think you might know how he got plugged—is it?"

"Stewart laughed kind of cold, an' he rolled a cigarette, all the time eyein' Pat, an' then he said if he'd plugged the Greaser it'd never hev been sich a bunglin' job.

"I can arrest you on suspicion, Stewart, but before I go that far I want some evidence. I want to find out what's become of your horse. You've never lent him since you hed him, an' there ain't enough ralders across the border to steal him from you. It's got a queer look—thet hoss bein' gone. You was drunk last night?"

"Stewart never batted an eye.

"You met some woman on Number Eight, didn't you?" shouted Hawe.

"I met a lady," replied Stewart, quiet an' menacin' like.

"You met Al Hammond's sister, an' you took her up to Kingsley's, an' cinch this, my cowboy cavalier, I'm goin' up there an' ask this grand dame some questions, an' if she's as close-mouthed as you are I'll arrest her."

"Gene Stewart turned white. I fer one expected to see him jump like lightning, as he does when he's riled sudden. But he was calm an' he was thinkin' hard. Presently he said:

"Pat, thet's a fool idee, an' if you do the trick I'll hurt you all the rest of your life. There's absolutely no reason to frighten Miss Hammond. An' tryin' to arrest her would be such a d-d outrage as won't be stood fer in El Cajon. If you're sore on me send me to jail. I'll go. If you want to hurt Al Hammond, go an' do it some man kind of way. Don't take your spite out on us by insultin' a lady who has come hyar to her a little visit. We're bad enough without bein' low-down as Greasers."

"It was a long talk for Gene, an' I was as surprised as the rest of the fellers. It was plain to me an' others who spoke of it afterward that Pat Hawe hed forgotten the law an' the officer in the man an' his hate.

"I'm a-goin', an' I'm a-goin' right now!" he shouted.

"Stewart seemed kind of chokin', an' he seemed to her ben bewildered by the idee of Hawe's confrontin' you.

"An' finally he burst out: 'But, man, think who it is! It's Miss Hammond! If you see her, even if you was loosed or drunk, you—you couldn't do it!'

"'Couldn't I? Wal, I'll show you d-d quick. What do I care who she is? Them swell eastern women—I've heard of them. They're not so much. This Hammond woman—'

"Suddenly Hawe shut up, an' with his red mug turnin' green he went for his gun."

Stillwell paused in his narrative to get breath, and he wiped his moist brow. And now his face began to lose its cragginess. It changed, it softened, it rippled and wrinkled, and all that strange mobility focused and shone in a wonderful smile.

"An' then, Miss Majesty, then there was somethin' happened. Stewart took Pat's gun away from him and throwed it on the floor. An' what followed was beautiful. Sure it was the beautifullest sight I ever seen. Only it was over so soon! A little while after, when the doctor came, he hed another patient besides the wounded Greaser, an' he said thet this new one would require about four months to be up an' around cheerful-like again. An' Gene

Stewart hed hit the trail for the border."

CHAPTER IV

A Ride From Sunrise to Sunset.

Next morning, when Madeline was aroused by her brother, it was not yet daybreak; the air chilled her, and in the gray gloom she had to feel around for matches and lamp. Her usual languid manner vanished at a touch of the cold water. Presently, when Alfred knocked on her door and said he was leaving a pitcher of hot water outside, she replied, with chattering teeth, "Th-thank y-you, b-but I d-don't need any now." She found it necessary, however, to warm her numb fingers before she could fasten hooks and



"Well, if I Haven't Some Color!" She Exclaimed.

buttons. And when she was dressed she marked in the dim mirror that there were tinges of red in her cheeks.

"Well, if I haven't some color!" she exclaimed.

Breakfast waited for her in the dining-room. The sisters ate with her. Madeline quickly caught the feeling of brisk action that seemed to be in the air. Then Alfred came stamping in.

"Majesty, here's where you get the real thing," he announced, merrily. "We're rushing you off, I'm sorry to say; but we must hustle back to the ranch. The fall round-up begins tomorrow. You will ride in the buckboard with Florence and Stillwell. I'll ride on ahead with the boys and fix up a little for you at the ranch. It's a long ride out—nearly fifty miles by wagon-road. Flo, don't forget a couple of robes. Wrap her up well. And hustle getting ready. We're waiting."

A little later, when Madeline went out with Florence, the gray gloom was lightning. Horses were champing bits and pounding gravel.

"Maw'nin', Miss Majesty," said Stillwell, gruffly, from the front seat of a high vehicle.

Alfred bundled her up into the back seat, and Florence after her, and wrapped them with robes. Then he mounted his horse and started off.

As Madeline gazed about her and listened to her companions, the sun rose higher and grew warm and soared and grew hot; the horses held tirelessly to their steady trot, and mile after mile of rolling land slipped by.

From the top of a ridge Madeline saw down into a hollow where a few of the cowboys had stopped and were sitting round a fire, evidently busy at the noonday meal. Their horses were feeding on the long, gray grass.

"Wal, smell of thet burnin' greasewood makes my mouth water," said Stillwell. "I'm sure hungry. We'll noon hyar an' let the hosses rest. It's a long pull to the ranch."

During lunch-time Madeline observed that she was an object of manifestly great interest to the three cowboys. She returned the compliment, and was amused to see that a glance their way caused them painful embarrassment.

They were grown men—one of whom had white hair—yet they acted like boys caught in the act of stealing a forbidden look at a pretty girl.

"Cowboys are sure all flirts," said Florence, as if stating an uninteresting fact. But Madeline detected a merry twinkle in her clear eyes. The cowboys heard, and the effect upon them was magical. They fell to shamed, confusion and to hurried useless tasks.

"Haw, haw!" roared Stillwell. "Florence, you jest hit the nail on the head. Cowboys are all plumb flirts. I was wonderin' why them boys nooned hyar. This ain't no place to noon. Ain't no grazin' or wood with burnin' or nothin'. Them boys jest held up, throwed the packs an' waited for us. It ain't so surprisin' fer Booby an' Ned—they're young an' coltish—but Nels there, why, he's old enough to be the paw of both you girls. It sure is amazin' strange."

A silence ensued. The white-haired cowboy, Nels, fussed aimlessly over the campfire, and then straightened up with a very red face.

"Bill, you're a dog-gone liar," he said. "I reckon I won't stand to be classed with Booby an' Ned. There ain't no cowboy on this range that's more appreciatin' of the ladies than me, but I shore ain't ridin' out of my way. I reckon I hev enough ridin' to do. Now, Bill, if you've sich dog-gone good eyes mebbe you seen somethin' on the way out?"

"Nels, I hev't seen nothin'," he replied, bluntly.

"Jest take a squint at these hoss tracks," said Nels, and he drew Stillwell a few paces aside and pointed to large hoofprints in the dust. "I reckon you know the hoss that made them?"

"Gene Stewart's roan, or I'm a son-of-a-gun!" exclaimed Stillwell, and he dropped heavily to his knees and began to scrutinize the tracks. Nels, who ever was straddlin' Stewart's hoss met somebody. An' they hauled up a bit, but didn't git down."

"Tolerable good for you, Bill, thet reasonin'," replied the cowboy. "I reckon you know what hoss made the other tracks?"

"I'm thinkin' hard, but I ain't sure." "It was Danny Mains' bronc."

"How do you know thet?" demanded Stillwell, sharply.

"Bill, the left front foot of thet little hoss always wears a shoe thet sets crooked. Any of the boys can tell you. I'd know thet track if I was blind."

"Nels, you don't think the boy's sloped with thet little hussy, Bonita?" "Bill, he shore was sweet on Bonita, same as Gene was, an' Ed Linton before he got engaged, an' all the boys. She's shore chain-lightnin', that little black-eyed devil. Danny might hev sloped with her all right. Danny was held up on the way to town, an' then in the shame of it he got drunk. But he'll show up soon."

"Wal, mebbe you an' the boys are right. I believe you are. Nels, there ain't no doubt on earth about who was ridin' Stewart's hoss?"

"Thet's as plain as the hoss' tracks." "Wal, it's all amazin' strange. It beats me. I wish the boys would ease up on drinkin'. I was pretty fond of Danny an' Gene. I'm afraid Gene's done fer, sure. If he crosses the border where he can fight it won't take long fer him to get plugged. I guess I'm gettin' old. I don't stand things like I used to."

"Bill, I reckon I'd better hit the Peloncello trail. Mebbe I can find Danny."

"I reckon you had, Nels," replied Stillwell. "But don't take more'n a couple of days. We can't do much on the round-up without you. I'm short of boys."

That ended the conversation. Stillwell immediately began to hitch up his team, and the cowboys went out to fetch their strayed horses. Madeline had been curiously interested, and she saw that Florence knew it.

"Things happen, Miss Hammond," she said, soberly, almost sadly.

Madeline thought. And then straightway Florence began brightly to hum a tune and to busy herself repacking what was left of the lunch. Madeline suddenly conceived a strong liking and respect for this Western girl.

Soon they were once more bowling along the road down a gradual incline, and then they began to climb a long ridge that had for hours hidden what lay beyond. That climb was rather tiresome, owing to the sun and the dust and the restricted view.

Presently, at the top of the steep ascent, Stillwell got out and walked, leading the team. During this long climb fatigue claimed Madeline, and she drowsily closed her eyes, to find when she opened them again that the glaring white sky had changed to a steel-blue. The sun had sunk behind the foothills and the air was growing chilly. Stillwell had returned to the driving-seat and was chuckling to the horses. Shadows crept up out of the hollows.

"Wal, Flo," said Stillwell. "I reckon we'd better hev the rest of thet there lunch before dark."

"You didn't leave much of it," laughed Florence, as she produced the basket from under the seat.

While they ate, the short twilight shaded and gloom filled the hollows. Madeline was glad to have the robes close around her and to lean against Florence. There were drowsier spells in which she lost a feeling of where she was, and these were disturbed by the jolt of wheels over a rough place. Then came a blank interval, short or long, which ended in a more violent lurch of the buckboard. Madeline awoke to find her head on Florence's shoulder. She sat up laughing and apologizing for her laziness. Florence assured her they would soon reach the ranch.

CHAPTER V

The Round-Up.

It was a crackling and roaring of fire that awakened Madeline next morning, and the first thing she saw was a huge stone fireplace in which lay a bundle of blazing sticks. Some one had kindled a fire while she slept. For a moment the curious sensation of being lost returned to her. She just dimly remembered reaching the ranch and being taken into a huge house and a huge, dimly lighted room. And it seemed to her that she had gone to sleep at once, and had awakened without remembering how she had gotten to bed.

With a knock on the door and a cheerful greeting, Florence entered, carrying steaming hot water.

"Good maw'nin', Miss Hammond. Hope you slept well. You sure were tired last night. I imagine you'll find this old ranch-house as cold as a barn. It'll warm up directly. Al's gone with the boys and Bill. We're to ride down on the range after a while when your baggage comes. Breakfast will be ready soon, and after that we'll look about the place."

Madeline was charmed with the old

Spanish house, and the more she saw of it the more she thought what a delightful home it could be made. All the doors opened into a courtyard, or patio, as Florence called it. The house was low, in the shape of a rectangular angle, and so immense in size that Madeline wondered if it had been a Spanish barracks. Florence led the way out on a porch and waved a hand at a vast, colored void. "That's what Bill likes," she said.

At first Madeline could not tell what was sky and what was land. The immensity of the scene stunned her faculties of conception. She sat down in one of the old rocking-chairs and looked and looked, and knew that she was not grasping the reality of what stretched wondrously before her.

"We're up at the edge of the foot hills," Florence said. "It'll sure take you a little while to get used to being up high and seein' so much. That's the secret—we're up high, the air is clear, and there's the whole bar'n world beneath us. Here—see that cloud of dust down in the valley? It's the round-up. The boys are there, and the cattle. Wait, I'll get the glasses."

"The round-up! I want to know all about it—to see it," declared Madeline. "Please tell me what it means, what it's for, and then take me down there."

"It'll sure open your eyes, Miss Hammond. I'm glad you care to know. Your brother would have made a big success in this cattle business, if it hadn't been for crooked work by rival ranchers. He'll make it yet, in spite of them."

"Indeed he shall," replied Madeline. "But tell me, please, all about the round-up."

"Well, in the first place, every cattlemen has to have a brand to identify his stock. Without it no cattlemen, nor half a hundred cowboys, if he had so many, could ever recognize all the cattle in a big herd. There are no fences on our ranges. They are all open to everybody. Every year we have two big round-ups, but the boys do some branding all the year. A calf should be branded as soon as it's found. This is a safeguard against cattle-thieves. We don't have the rustling of herds and bunches of cattle like we used to."

"We have our big round-up in the fall, when there's plenty of grass and water, and all the ridin'-stock as well as the cattle are in fine shape. The cattlemen in the valley meet with their cowboys and drive in all the cattle they can find. Then they brand and cut out each man's herd and drive it toward home. Then they go on up or down the valley, make another camp, and drive in more cattle. It takes weeks."

For Madeline the morning hours flew by, with a goodly part of the time spent on the porch gazing out over that ever-changing vista. At noon a teamster drove up with her trunks. Then while Florence helped the Mexican woman get lunch Madeline unpacked part of her effects and got out things for which she would have immediate need. After lunch she changed her dress for a riding-habit and, going outside, found Florence waiting with the horses.

As Madeline rode along she made good use of her eyes. The soil was sandy and porous, and she understood why the rain and water from the few springs disappeared so quickly. What surprised her was the fact that, though she and Florence had seemed to be riding quite awhile, they had apparently not drawn any closer to the round-up. The slope of the valley was noticeable after some miles had been traversed.

Gradually black dots enlarged and assumed shape of cattle and horses moving round a great dusty patch. In another half-hour Madeline rode behind Florence to the outskirts of the

scene of action. A roar of tramping hoofs filled her ears. The lines of marching cattle had merged into a great, moving herd half obscured by dust.

"I hope I have found myself—my work, my happiness, here under the light of that western star."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tree Pest Has Bothered Europe. The Douglas fir tree chalcid, an insect introduced into Denmark from American seed, is a much greater pest in Europe than in this country.

Gen. George A. Wingate said in New York the other day:

"Any man who maltreats our young war invalids deserves the fate of Mrs. Malaprop's daughter."

"Your daughter recites real well," the pastor's wife said to Mrs. Malaprop at a church sociable.

"Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop. "I'm going to give her a course of electrocution."

Then she smiled and added: "Sort o' finish her off, ye know."

Happiness. The place to be happy is here! The time to be happy is now. The way to be happy is to make others so.—Robert Ingersoll.

LUMBAGO NOW IS ENTIRELY ENDED

Tanlac Is Grand, Declares Cambridge Resident—Feels Like New Woman.

Mrs. Isabelle Lemieux, 22 Lee St., Cambridge, is still another highly esteemed Massachusetts woman who feels that she is aiding a worthy cause by recommending Tanlac. She says:

"I will always be grateful to Tanlac, and am glad to give a statement, for it is in a worthy cause. After having the grip a year ago I was so run down I was discouraged. I just could not get enough to keep me going, and was so nervous sleep was practically out of the question. I suffered dreadfully from lumbago, backache, constipation and awful headaches.

"I did not believe it possible for Tanlac to do so much for me in so short a time. From the start I began eating and sleeping better, and now I never have an ache or pain of any kind and am a new woman. Tanlac is simply grand."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 37 million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills are nature's own remedy for constipation. For sale everywhere.—Advertisement.

A 1923 Good Fairy.

One of Wichita's richest men saw a little girl, poorly dressed, standing at a display window of one of Wichita's leading cafes gazing wistfully at the good things to eat which were exhibited. The man's heart was touched. He approached her, touched her on the shoulder and asked her to tell him the circumstances of her parents. The little girl did and his heart was touched still further. The rich man pulled a package from his pocket, gave it to her and said: "Here, child, I have more than I want. Give this to your mother and tell her it will last her a year." The mother unwrapped the package with trembling hands after the girl came home. Inside the package lay a nice, new calendar.—Wichita Eagle.

Aspirin

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetatechloride of Salicylicacid.—Advertisement.

He Hugs Wrong Mother. Mother had been residing in the country and I went down to the train to meet her. When the train unloosed its passengers I spied her standing with her black traveling bag on the platform. She had on the same blue suit and red hat as when she left.

I went up behind her, put my arms around her, and was about to kiss her when a surprised voice said: "Well, sah, I think you-all's made a big mistake." It was a colored woman. All the people on the platform laughed. I finally found mother wearing a silk dress and hastily led her away to our auto.—Chicago Tribune.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces. To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum. Advertisement.

A Current Event. Gen. George A. Wingate said in New York the other day:

"Any man who maltreats our young war invalids deserves the fate of Mrs. Malaprop's daughter."

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BRAINIEST BALL TEAM DEFEATED BY COLLEGE STUDENTS



Students of Carleton college at Northfield, Minn., started their share of the Carleton \$1,000,000 campaign by getting up a ball game between the "World's Brainiest Baseball Team" and a team made up of college seniors.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE NEWS

Pulls in 18 Pound Trout Adolph Scheize of Ashland, and a party of fishermen have been trolling for lake trout at Squam Lake and were able to take home a trout which weighed a little over 18 pounds.

Announces Examinations. The State Board of Education announces examinations for supervisory certificates at the State House June 25 and 26; for secondary teachers' certificates at the State House, Durham, Hanover Keene and Plymouth, June 15 and 16; for elementary teachers' certificates at Concord, Keene and Portsmouth June 26.

To Bring Idle and Jobs Together Labor Commissioner John S. E. Davie has appointed William H. Riley of Concord as his special assistant in reference to the labor shortage existing in various parts of the State.

Amoskeag Will Lay Off 10,000 The cotton department of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, Manchester, will be shut down from June 29 until July 16, according to notices signed by Agent William P. Straw.

Takes Motor Trip to Mark 86th Birthday Henry C. Dearborn, who for 63 years has lived in Ashland, observed his 86th birthday anniversary recently.

Win Dartmouth Awards. Arthur N. Thurston of Rockport, Mass. and Karl R. Friedman of Philadelphia were announced as the 1923 winners of the Gallagher Memorial scholarships highest ranking awards in the gift of Dartmouth College.

Year Book Deals With Agriculture. The Agricultural Year Book for 1923 is now ready for distribution and Senator Moses has procured 3000 copies for distribution among the people of New Hampshire.

375 Graduate From Dartmouth Dartmouth's annual commencement program announced by Eugene F. Clark, secretary of the college, will start Friday, June 15, and continued through Tuesday, June 19.

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Automobiles Crash When Flies Blind Drivers Swarms of large swamp flies which blinded and stung drivers and completely covered the windshields of automobiles caused one accident between Rochester and Milton.

Deposed Officer Sues City A special session of superior court convened in Dover, Judge John E. Allen of Keene presiding to hear the case of John E. Weeden against the city of Somersworth.

VETERINARIAN AND FARM OFFICIALS OF N. E. CONVENE

Menace of Livestock Diseases, Including Tuberculosis, Mark Discussion The menace of livestock diseases and more especially the threat inherent in bovine tuberculosis were brought sharply to the attention of veterinarians in great number who attended, in Concord, the fourth annual New England conference of those concerned with these subjects.

Encouraging progress in the campaign against bovine tuberculosis was reported by every speaker. More than this, a growing desire was noted on the part of dairymen to co-operate with the veterinary experts in combating the disease.

The situation in this state is not in every way satisfactory yet, such as to warrant a certain spirit of optimism, was discussed by H. M. Currier of Pelham, President George M. Putnam of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau federation.

Good Roads Assn. at Nashua The second of the year's quarterly meetings of the New Hampshire Good Roads Association was held in Nashua with 100 members present to hear discussion of problems tending to improve the condition of the highways of the state.

Portsmouth Fete Draws Warships Secretary Denby has granted permission for the mine squadron and a division of destroyers of the scouting fleet to participate in the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the founding of the state of New Hampshire.

Nashua Relatives Lose Last Chance at Stewart Riches John H., David W., and Miss Katherine O'Brien of Harbor avenue, Nashua, claimed to be brothers and sister of the famous "speedometer king," John K. Stewart.

Wanted to be a Millionaire John H. O'Brien, now an insurance agent in Nashua, did want to, but the other two, all being in moderate circumstances would not agree to it.

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MASTERS OF MEN

by MORGAN ROBERTSON The greatest story of the sea ever screened!

A thrilling film story of heroes whose veins run hot with red fighting blood! A blunt, vigorous yarn of a boy's fight upward against overwhelming odds, where fight means hard fist and prime muscle, high courage and a ready wallop!

Romance! The sea spells romance. Red sunsets turn green waves to crashing mountains of blood; moon suns spread gold upon the bosom of the sea, gold that beckons and calls to youth to gather its riches; never-ending mirages of golden bowls at rainbows' ends.

Wholesome, clean, healthy! A boy's life of adventure, free from tawdry conflicts and sex illusions, based on fact gathered by one who served among men, who loved men, who admired men and who wished young America to live like that!

Here is a story of the making of men; men who acted and argued later. Shifty-footed men, with a right and left punch and a keen eye and a high sense of honor and guts to go the limit!

Dick Halpin is the lad you wanted to be; and I wanted to be! He's the fellow we dreamed of, whose fighting courage we envied. He's the boy that assumed another's petty crime and ran away to sea to live it down.

A master of men wrote this great sea tale. A man whose life was as hard as the diamonds he cut and who never wrote a line until he had lived beyond an average man's age; a man who took a beating at the hands of a brutal second man with a smile, and who administered a beating with equal cheerfulness; a man who knew the sea and a sailor's life; who criticized Kipling rightfully and who wrote his first sea tale to prove that a man who knew the sea could write a better story of the sea; a man who earned little by his pen and who starved while he wrote; the greatest writer of sea stories in all literature.

Morgan Robertson, a master of men, wrote the last word in thrilling sea stories when he wrote "Masters of Men."

VITAGRAPH ALBERT E. SMITH, PRESIDENT. Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura. FRECKLES Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

Big Fights for Leonard



As long as he doesn't have to make weight, Benny Leonard, the lightweight champion, may engage in three or four big outdoor bouts this summer that might bring him close to \$500,000.

Baseball Notes

Baseball pool grafters cleaned up nearly \$1,000,000 last year in Chicago. Art Wilson's Pittsfield team is in the rock and he is trying hard to rejuvenate it.

There seems little letting up in the matter in which Harry Hellmann, Tiger outfielder, is hitting the ball. James J. Corbett, former world's heavyweight boxing champion, is in the market for a major league ball club.

Arch Rife of Sacramento set what is said to be world record for endurance motorcycle riding when he completed his seventy-seventh hour of riding. Officials stopped the race.

For a game of its size golf requires an unreasonable amount of concentration, and that's one thing they do not sell in the golf-supply shops.

IMPORTANT WORK OF MAN BEHIND BATTER

Catcher Should Practice Getting Into Throwing Position.

(By CARL LUNDGREN, Baseball Coach, University of Illinois.) The catcher should practice continually getting into throwing position rapidly, and the more practice you can get with your mask and protector on, the better it will be.

The throwing position should be assumed and the catcher should be alert to throw at all times with men on bases. Practice throwing to all bases from behind both right-handed and left-handed batters.

Senator George Wharton Pepper of Pennsylvania was a four-letter man at the University of Pennsylvania.

George Elmlyson, coach of the Naval Academy lacrosse team for thirteen years, has signed a contract to return for another season.

Sacramento Rider Sets New Motorcycle Record

Arch Rife of Sacramento set what is said to be world record for endurance motorcycle riding when he completed his seventy-seventh hour of riding. Officials stopped the race.

Concentration Quite Important to Golfer

For a game of its size golf requires an unreasonable amount of concentration, and that's one thing they do not sell in the golf-supply shops.

Altrock Recommends Pitcher to Griffith

Have you heard the one about Nick Altrock and the House of David pitcher? Nick, comedian and scout of the Senators, was in Boston one day, and saw a youngster hurling fine ball for the long-haired and long-bearded blue.

Frank Hanney of the Indiana university holds a record of hurling the javelin 175 feet.

INTERESTING SPORT NOTES

The only time the Olympic games were held in the United States was in St. Louis, Mo., in 1904.

A major "Y" is awarded by Yale to an undergraduate golf or tennis player who wins a national championship.

George Elmlyson, coach of the Naval Academy lacrosse team for thirteen years, has signed a contract to return for another season.

Jack Dempsey has gone into the coal business. He'll have to go some to hold the underweight championship.

Don't worry about the reserve strength of the Yankees in the infield, says Miller Huggins when asked what he'll do in case one of his four regulars, Pipp, Ward, Scott or Dugan, is hurt and Mike McNally has to jump in.

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"GOODWIN'S"

Eveready and Yale
FLASHLIGHTS!

We have in a New Up-to-date Stock of Flashlights, Batteries, Bells, etc.

EASTMAN'S KODAKS, Films and Supplies, Developing and Printing.

Fishing Tackle.—Good Line, Base Ball Goods.
Taylor Tailor-made Clothes.
Shoes. Gents' Furnishings.

Out-of-door Goods

For The Next Three Months You Live Much Out Of Doors. Late Years Have Witnessed The Development Of Many Articles Of Furnishings Specially Designed For Hot Weather Comfort. We Have The Goods To Give You Comfort And Satisfaction In The Warm Period.

VUDOR PORCH SHADES

The cool green sort, made from strong wood splints bound together with durable cord and finished to stand the sun. Easy to hang and with ventilated tops. Sizes from 4 ft. to 10 ft. wide. Prices from \$3.90 to \$11.50.

LAWN SWINGS

For two or four people. Hard wood frames painted to stand the weather, adjustable seats and foot rests. Used by every member of the family, but especially pleasing to the children. Prices \$9.00 to \$20.00.

BED HAMMOCKS

The new designs, with strong, durable frames and attractive covers; pillows to match and adjustable heads if you wish. Prices \$11.50 to \$35.00. Hammock stands and awnings to match if desired.

WOVEN HAMMOCKS

Palmer's make, with strong beds and good pillows and most attractive designs, grace any piazza or lawn, in addition to their comfort. Prices \$3.50 to \$11.50.

PORCH CHAIRS, \$2.75 to \$25.00

PORCH RUGS, Made to stand the weather.

If you cannot call, write; we will mail you full particulars.

EMERSON & SON, Milford.

Hillsboro Guaranty Savings Bank

Incorporated 1889
HILLSBORO, N. H.
Resources over \$1,250,000.00

Pays 4 Per Cent to Depositors

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent, \$2 per year

Hours: 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1 p. m. to 3 p. m.
Saturdays, 8 a. m. to 12 m.

DEPOSITS Made now will draw Interest from the First Three Business Days of Next Month

B. D. PEASLEE, M. D.

MILLSBORO, N. H.
Office Over National Bank
Diseases of Eye and Ear. Latest instruments for the detection of errors of vision and correct fitting of Glasses.
Regular office hours: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 1 to 3 p. m., other days and hours by appointment only.

J. D. HUTCHINSON,

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

Watches & Clocks

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AND
REPAIRED.

Work may be left at Goodwin's Store

Carl L. Gove,
Clinton Village, Antrim, N. H.

Arthur A. Muir, D. C. Ph. C.

KEENE CHIROPRACTOR
MAKES CALLS
ANTRIM HANCOCK
BENNINGTON PETERBORO
Monday, Wednesday, Friday

CHAS. S. ABBOTT

FIRE INSURANCE
Reliable Agencies
To all in need of insurance I should be pleased to have you call on me.
Antrim, N. H.

Jackson's Garage

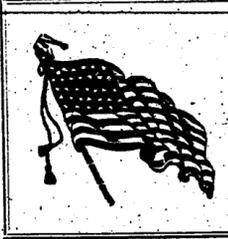
Have your Automobile done in a satisfactory manner. Complete satisfaction is the result of taking it to a first-class mechanic who guarantees his work, at fair prices.

Chas. F. Jackson, Prop.,
Elm St., Antrim Phone 4-3

The Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year
Advertising Rates on Application
H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
E. B. ELDRIDGE, Assistant
Wednesday, June 20, 1923

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

Eastern Advertising Representative
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION
Entered at the Postoffice at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

Antrim Locals

Frankforts in glass jars, at Cram's Store. Adv.

Born in Antrim, June 18, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Dunlap.

For Sale—Standing Grass on the Mescilbrook Farm. Inquire at once.

Thomas Devine, of Boston, is visiting his uncle, L. J. White and family.

Complete line of Shoes, Tennis and Sport Oxfords, at Goodwin's. Adv.

Rev. Wm. Thompson will preach at the North Branch chapel next Sunday evening.

Gordon Hosiery for the whole family can be found at Goodwin's. Adv.

Misses Eckless and Fredrika Nay are at their home here for the summer vacation.

For Kodaks, Films, Printing and Developing, Eastman's agency, at Goodwin's. Adv.

The buildings on the N. W. C. Jameson homestead look fine in their fresh coat of paint.

For Sale—Old Coin Cook Stove, new parts; price right. For information phone 11-11. Adv.

Gerald Sweet and Leon Stowell killed a black snake measuring four feet and ten inches, near Antrim depot, on Friday last.

When you want a Flash-light, Battery or Bulb, go to Goodwin's. Adv.

Miss Ethel L. Muzzev has returned to her home here for the summer vacation from teaching in the Milton, Mass., schools.

For Sale—Ford Ton. Truck and an Oliver Typewriter. E. D. Putnam, Antrim, N. H. Adv.

Mrs. J. D. Cameron visited her former home at Hudson, Mass., and also at Lonsdale, R. I., during her absence of six days from Antrim.

The Ladies Circle of the Baptist church will hold a Food Sale on the church lawn Wednesday, June 27, at 3 o'clock; if stormy in church vestry. Adv.

We carry Post's Bran, 15c package at Cram's Store. Adv.

Born in Keene, Saturday, June 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Phillips, a daughter, Candace Jane, and granddaughter to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Colby of Antrim.

Pictures at Massassecum Casino: June 22, "Burning Sands" with Milton Silis and Wanda Hawley. On June 26, "Bonded Woman," with Betty Thompson. Adv.

The Hulet house on West street has been sold to James Armstrong, who recently purchased the Heritage blacksmith business. The paint shop G. A. Hulet will retain.

Rev. J. D. Cameron reports a strenuous but delightful time at his 30th re-union of the class of '93 at Princeton University, Princeton, N. J., during his absence from town.

Help Wanted

One or two men used to work in a saw mill can find work at The Loversen Co., Inc. See Mr. Batcheller. Adv.

For Sale

Ford Car, Runabout, with speedometer, good tires, self starter, good battery; Springfield truck body if desired. D. B. Cram, Antrim. Adv.

Wanted—In Greenfield village, a middle aged woman for general work in a small family of adults. No laundry work. Apply to Mrs. E. H. Sargent, Greenfield, N. H. Adv.

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Antrim
Thursday, June 21
W. S. Hart in
"Traveling On"
Pathe Weekly
Pictures at 8:15
W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

The next picture, June 22, at Massassecum Lake will be "Burning Sands"; June 26, "Bonded Woman."

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Pratt are to occupy a tenement in the Frank Poor house on Hancock road.

Mrs. Charles L. Merrill and grandson, Merrill Gordon, are spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Florence Gordon, in Boston.

Granville Ring has vacated the tenement in the house recently purchased by William C. Hills, who is doing some repairing and will remove his household goods and family there soon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eldredge and daughter, Miss Mabelle Eldredge, and A. Wallace George, motored to Helmetta, New Jersey, last week to attend the Eldredge-Burt wedding, on Saturday, the 16th.

Rev. L. W. Cronkite, D. D., a retired missionary to Burma, will be in Antrim over the Sabbath and if his health permits he will speak at the union service in the Presbyterian church at 7 o'clock.

A number of Antrim friends having invitations are attending the Hammond-Barker wedding at Hampton today. Miss Katherine Barker, the bride, is daughter of Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Barker, formerly of Antrim.

William H. Clark and Carrie J. Whynott, of Antrim, were married by Rev. J. R. Copplestone, at the Methodist Episcopal Parsonage, at Plymouth, on Monday, June 18. The couple left for Montreal where they will spend their honeymoon.

Donald K. Cameron arrived home Monday evening after completing a year's work as instructor in mathematics in the Harvey School, Hawthorne, New York. He also attended his class re-union at Princeton, N. J., Friday and Saturday of last week.

George E. MacDowell and wife and son, Robert, from Worcester, Mass., spent the week-end with his grandmother, Mrs. W. H. Toward, on West street. On their return Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Greta MacDowell and daughter, Mildred, went to Worcester with them.

Notice!

It is worth while to save your paper, magazines, rags, and all kinds of junk. To get a fair price and a square deal wait for my representative, John Nudd, who will have my name on his cart. "Nuff Said," Max Israel.

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All Goods from Goodnow, Pearson Co., of Gardner, Mass.
Mrs. H. W. Eldredge,
Antrim, New Hampshire

Auction Sales

By W. E. Cram, Auctioneer, Antrim.

Mrs. Ada H. Rowell, having sold her place, will sell her household furniture, at her residence in Con-toocook village, on Saturday, June 23, at 12.30 o'clock in the afternoon. Goods consist of chamber sets, beds, mattresses, chairs, dining room and kitchen goods, as well as many articles offered at a sale of this kind. Read auction bills.

At this sale Mr. Cram will be assisted Silas A. Rowe, of Henniker.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Keyser, being about to leave the state will sell at their residence in North Sutton village, on Wednesday, June 27, at 10 o'clock a.m., their real estate consisting of 2-tenement house and ice cream parlor connected, sheds, barn, hen house and ice house full of ice. The house is in good condition, both tenements now rented, and is located on Keyser lake. A very desirable property. The personal property consists of a quantity of antique goods and household furniture. For other particulars read auction bills.

EAST ANTRIM

The town received a shock on Monday morning, on learning of the death of Gilbert F. Trask. He had been in poor health for some weeks and undoubtedly it was this that caused him to take his own life. Particulars next week.

Mrs. A. L. Perry is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Trask, for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Roberts, son and lady friend, of Nashua, were week-end visitors at Brookside Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm E. French returned last Saturday from their wedding trip.

George Adams and lady friend, of Woburn, Mass., recently visited at E. G. Rokes'.

Fred White and wife spent the week-end with the Rokes family.

HANCOCK

Monday evening, June 25, at 7.45 o'clock, at the town hall in this place, absolutely free, there will be given a lecture of unusual merit and of great interest, by C. H. Hoag, of Washington, D. C., Sec. Treas. of the Popo-rtional Representation League. To all who do not know what this league is we will simply say: It is the election of representation in deliberate or policy determining bodies, city councils, legislatures, National House of Representatives, etc., by a method which so far as possible gives each voter an equal voice in the election of the bodies. It is the condensation of the voters into a body, reflecting their opinions truly and in right proportion and not the division of the voters into winners and losers. In making its decisions a deliberative body must divide and some must lose. The lecture is given under direction of the Woman's Club, which organization is to be congratulated in being able to secure Mr. Hoag at this time. It is hoped that many of the prominent men, as well as women, in adjoining towns will attend this lecture and learn something of this method.

Insure Your Car—Save Money

By insuring your car in the New Hampshire Mutual Liability Company against Liability, Property Damage and Collision, you can save one third of the premiums you are now paying. Write or phone the agent, W. C. Hills, Antrim, N. H. Adv.

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Antrim, N. H.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

The subscribers give notice that they have been duly appointed Executors of the Will of George Alfred Cochran 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 Antrim, N. H.,
June 6, 1923.

ETTA A. COCHRAN
CHARLES S. ABBOTT

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

METHODIST

Rev. Wm. Thompson, Pastor
Sunday morning worship at 10.45, with sermon by the pastor.
Sunday school at noon.
Thursday evening, prayer meeting.

PRESBYTERIAN

Rev. J. D. Cameron, D. D., Pastor
Thursday
7 p.m.—Prayer meeting. Subject of discussion and study, Acts, chap. 1.
Sunday
10.45 a.m.—Public worship, with sermon by the pastor on the subject, "Connecting Up with the Higher Springs."
12 m.—Bible school.
6 p.m.—Christian Endeavor.
7 p.m.—Union service. The pastor will speak on "A Great Failure."

BAPTIST

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday evening, 21st, mid-week prayer meeting in the vestry at 7.30.
Sunday, June 24, morning worship at 10.45. This will be a special Children's Day service. All children of the bible school are expected to be present. Dr. L. W. Cronkrite, more than 40 years a missionary in Burma, will be present and speak. The usual study session of the bible school will be omitted, but at 3.30 the school will present its Children's Day program, entitled, "Broadcasting the Word." The public is invited.

East Jeffrey II, Antrim 9

Again one bad inning early in the game spelled defeat for Antrim. Most of Jeffrey's hits and the Antrim mistakes came in the third inning, when the home team scored seven runs. Paige played a fine game at first base. The score:

	Antrim					
	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Smith, c	4	0	1	5	0	0
Armstrong, 3b	4	0	0	1	2	2
R Emerson, ss	5	0	2	2	4	3
R Cuddihy, cf	5	2	2	2	0	0
H Emerson, p	5	2	1	0	3	0
M Cuddihy, lf	5	3	4	1	0	1
Newell, 2b	4	1	3	1	2	0
Paige, 1b	5	1	2	12	0	0
J Cuddihy, rf	5	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	42	9	15	24	11	6

East Jeffrey

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
JerySullivan, lf	5	2	2	1	0	0
Jim Sullivan, 2b	5	3	2	0	6	0
Malloney, c	4	1	1	7	0	0
Toff, p	4	0	0	2	3	0
Hatch, ss	4	1	2	1	2	1
Garabrant, 3b	4	0	0	1	2	3
Decrasius, cf	5	2	4	2	0	0
Hunt, 1b	3	1	0	13	0	0
Kidder, rf	4	1	0	0	1	0
Totals	38	11	11	27	14	4

Home runs, M Cuddihy, J Sullivan; 3 base hits, R Cuddihy, Decrasius; 2-base hits, M Cuddihy, J Sullivan, Hatch; stolen bases, J Sullivan 2, Hatch, R Emerson; bases on balls, off Toff 2; strike-outs, by Toff 6, by H Emerson 4; hit by pitcher, by H Emerson 3.

New Officers

At the regular meeting of Mount Crochted Encampment, No. 39, held on Monday evening, officers were elected for the ensuing term as follows:

Chief Patriarch—Lawrence K. Black
High Priest—George D. Dresser
Senior Warden—Andrew Fuglestad
Junior Warden—John W. Thornton

It is probable that the installation will take place at the next regular meeting, Monday evening, July 2. Harold Harvey, of North Star Encampment, of Hillsboro, is District Deputy and will be installing officer.

In December next, the local Encampment will reach its 20th anniversary, and it was voted at this meeting to observe in some special manner this event. A committee was selected to have this matter in charge, as follows: H. W. Eldredge, J. L. Brownell, Andrew Fuglestad, C. L. Eaton and Freeman Clark.

Bennington.

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Bennington at 8.00 o'clock

Wednesday, June 20
"Down to the Sea in Ships"
Saturday, June 23
Wm. Russell in
"Sea Mates"
Pathé Weekly and Comedy

Mrs. C. F. Burnham is not at all well.

Work has begun on the new dam near the Goodell Shop.

Miss E. L. Lawrence's musical recital will be given on Monday evening, the 25th, at Grange hall.

Anson Smart is very poorly. Mr. Smart makes his home with his daughter, Mrs. Ned Duncklee.

Charles Bartlett and Mr. Bush have painted the barber shop and are now painting the house occupied by Victor Cossette.

The band stand is to be moved rather nearer the planking, which is to be removed and the cistern filled up and grassed over, making a more sightly place. It is hoped the grass and trees will be cared for in a better way than formerly.

On Thursday afternoon, at 2.30 June 21 at the home of Mrs. Frank Seaver, "Rockhurst Poultry Farm," there will be a demonstration of a "steam cooker." Mrs. A. J. Pierce is to speak. All are invited to attend and bring their friends with them.

Raymond Holden, who has taught the 7th and 8th grades for two terms, will not return, as he has accepted a better position in the Junior High in Medford, Mass. Mr. Holden is to take a course at Harvard in secondary education, for principal, also a course in Junior High organization.

On Saturday evening, the 23rd, Mr. Russell J. Blair, the Christian Endeavor Field Secretary of New Hampshire will speak at the Congregational church at 7.30. At 6 o'clock supper will be served in the chapel to the young people and to the visiting C. E. from Antrim and Hillsboro.

Rev. Osborne's topic for Next Sunday will be, "Hero of Faith." The evening topic will be, "Some Things To Do On Sunday Evening." This will be the last evening preaching service until Fall. Morning service at 10.45, Sunday school at 12. Inter. C. E. at 6. evening service at 7.

The graduation exercises passed off very successfully on Friday evening last. The orchestra was late in arriving, but was there in season to give several selections after the speaking and then played for dancing.

Herewith is the program:

- 1 Orchestra selection
- 2 March of graduates, led by the marshal, Leola Eaton
- 3 Song, Granite Hills, by 7th and 8th Grades
- 4 Devotions, conducted by Rev. E. C. Osborne
- 5 Aircraft in War, J. Gordon Dodge
- 6 Woodrow Wilson, Nellie M. French
- 7 Class Song
- 8 Class Will, J. Gordon Dodge
- 9 Radio, George Henry Joslin
- 10 Prophecy, Isabelle Mae Call
- 11 Presentation of Diplomas, Mr. Prior
- 12 Song, The Postillion, 7th and 8th Grades
- 13 March, Orchestra
- Salutatorian, J. Gordon Dodge
- Valedictorian, Isabelle Mae Call

WANTED—Men or women to take orders for genuine guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Eliminates darning. Salary \$75 a week full time. \$1.50 an hour spare time. Beautiful Spring line. International Stocking Mills, Norristown, Pa. Advertisement

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The Sawyer Pictures

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WEDDINGS CHRISTMAS
For For
BIRTHDAYS GRADUATION

The Antrim Pharmacy
C. A. Bates
Antrim, New Hampshire

DEMOCRATS WORRIED

Political parties are not absolutely virtuous; no one would care to assume the responsibility of giving them a clean bill of moral health; but they are the order in this country at least, and we have seemed to find no better way to determine the affairs of a great republic.

It must be expected under such governmental policy that the party that is out will place all responsibility for national disease or disorder on the party that is in. It can not be expected that the party that is out will search to find any of the present administration's problems with roots in a soil cultivated by the rule of the previous administration.

Perhaps the democrats have acquired more skill in criticism, for the habit has become more fixed due to the fact that they have been out so much more than in.

The democrats have asked the republicans to explain why they are not now demanding that the Harding administration fulfill the democratic construction of Mr. Harding's international policy, as set forth in his campaign speeches; and the republicans are answering back that the people determined the course for the present administration when they so overwhelmingly voted down the League of Nations proposal and all that went with it.

The republicans are also attacked by the pro-League element within their own ranks that tried by every possible means, through reason and pressure to divide the party on that issue three years ago.

They are now trying to interpret Mr. Harding's utterances for him, and put into them a meaning the people of this country never gained from them; and endeavoring to place him and his administration in the position of being false to the people unless he follows their construction of his terms; while the people and the party's real leaders are waiting for an out and out announcement of position.

These pro-Leagueurs talk about the heavy "bludgeons" of the irconcilables, but they do not seem to realize that the American people have more regard for men who deal unmerciful blows, than for men who deal in continuous bluffs.

We are heartily glad that Mr. Adams, chairman of the national committee, has just put himself, and we believe the vast majority of his party with him, on record in a way to leave no uncertainty as to the party's present attitude on international matters, and that it has not changed since the great mandate was given in 1920.

Only one course will make possible the success of the republican party in '24 and that is an out and out position on international matters which democrats and some republicans have been determined to keep alive and make the issue of the next election.

The people are tired of pussy-footing and wobbling. Those who think for themselves are committed by their own convictions reinforced rather than modified during the League's operations of the past two years, will give Mr. Harding the same support they gave him before, and those who do not think so in-

(Continued on page eight)

SHINGLES

—AT—

GIBSON'S

My Red Cedar Shingles, Have Arrived, and the Quality is A No. 1. I will Deliver Same in Antrim or Bennington in 15 to 20 M. Lots at Price Quoted, \$6.50 per M. Also Any Other Grade I will Deliver in above Quantity.

I have a Full Line of Haying Tools; Scythes, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75. Best Manila Rope for Horse Fork, 25 lb. I also have Laths, Clapboards, Spruce and Hardwood Flooring.

FRED J. GIBSON,

Hillsboro Lower Village, N. H.



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—OF—

House Furnishing Goods

If you cannot purchase as low or for Less Money of us than elsewhere, we do not ask your patronage

Hillsboro Furniture Rooms

Baker Block

Hillsboro, N. H.

EGGS IN TOMATO SAUCE FOR SUPPER



(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) New and appetizing ways of preparing eggs add variety to the menu. Here is a recipe recommended by the experiment kitchen of the United States Department of Agriculture.

2 cupfuls tomato pulp and juice (put through a sieve) 1/2 teaspoonful celery salt 1/2 teaspoonful butter. 1/2 tablespoonful flour. 1/2 teaspoonful pepper. 1/4 teaspoonful salt.

Make a sauce of the ingredients. Put one-half of the sauce in a baking dish, break six eggs, one at a time, into a saucer and slide each egg into the sauce, taking care not to break the yolk. Cover with the remaining sauce and sprinkle 3 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese over the top. Put in the oven and bake until the eggs are set. Serve hot on toasted bread or with boiled rice.

Spread of Wheat Rust by Barberry

Scientists Have Shown That Epidemics Disappear With Killing of Bushes.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"Farmers proved that the common barberry spreads black stem rust to nearby wheat fields. Scientists showed why and how. Both have shown that rust epidemics disappeared when the bushes were destroyed," said Dr. E. C. Stakman of the United States Department of Agriculture. It is related that as early as 1720 a farmer in England became so angry at seeing a large barberry bush on a neighbor's farm, but near his own wheat, that he poured boiling water around the roots of the plant at night until he had killed it.

Bushes Source of Trouble. A number of writers observed during the time from about 1750 to 1865 that wherever barberry bushes were found near wheat fields there also was found infected grain. Although it was not known just how rust could come from the barberry, it was natural that many farmers who had noted the damage to their own fields should be convinced that the bushes were the source of the trouble and should be removed. Differences of opinion between farmers and owners of barberry bushes became so sharp as to cause a so-called barberry war, which raged from about 1805 until 1855. Farmers whose grain had been destroyed by black stem rust often destroyed the guilty barberry bushes without even asking the owner's permission.

De Bary Solved Problem. "Scientists," says Doctor Stakman, "finally tried to find out whether the farmers were right. They were." The matter finally was cleared up in 1865 by De Bary, a German scientist, who made careful experiments and found that the life history of the black stem rust parasite is as follows: The black stage of the rust lives through the winter. It cannot infect grains or grasses. The spores (seeds), however, do infect the common barberry, on which they produce the cluster-cup stage of the rust. The cluster-cup spores are then blown by the wind and infect grains and grasses, on which they produce the red or summer stage of the rust. This stage continues to propagate and spread until late summer or fall, when the black stage again is produced. Hundreds of scientists have shown that De Bary was right. No one any longer questions the fact. The barberry stands convicted.

Culture of Clover for Profitable Crop of Seed

If you have a heavy growth of clover and wish to get a crop of seed, cut the clover as soon as the heads turn brown; cure in the windrow and, as soon as the hay rattles in the handling, haul under cover; spread one peck of coarse salt over each two-horse load as put in the haymow. If salt cannot be had put a layer of straw or old hay between each load. The hay will take up the moisture in the clover and prevent heating in the mow. The side delivery hay rake is superior to the ordinary hay rake, as it leaves the hay loose so the hot air can cure as well as the sunshine. This rake will take the place of the tedder, as the fine leaves and stems are not broken in the handling and lost.

Flies Will Reduce Milk Flow of Cows Materially

The dairyman finds the fly an extensive inhabitant of his premises. Flies reduce the milk flow materially by annoying the cows. It is the practice now to protect the cows through the use of repellent mixtures. The extension division of the college suggests this mixture: Take twelve ounces of crude carbolic acid, twelve ounces of turpentine, twelve ounces of oil of tar, and three-fourths of an ounce of kerosene. To these should be added enough kerosene to make five gallons of the mixture. Use this material in an atomizer and spray the cattle in the stable night and morning.

Sudan Grass Excellent Emergency Pasture Crop

If a farmer is going to run short of hay or pasture, he may well consider putting out a piece of Sudan grass as an emergency crop. Two cuttings of hay may be made in one season, giving a total yield of two to four tons per acre. Although it is fed by stock if cut early enough, it has no higher feeding value than ordinary grass hay. The feeding value of Sudan grass hay may be greatly increased by growing soy beans or cowpeas with it. For some farmers Sudan grass would be of even more value as pasture or as a silage crop than for hay.

Feather Eating Habit Is Sometimes Hard to Cure

The reason that fowls eat feathers is the fact that they are seeking after certain classes of foods which they need but are not getting, says Harry Embleton, head of the poultry department of the A. and M. college. This class of food is represented by any form of milk, tankage, meat scraps, or alfalfa pasturage. If one or more of the above feeds are furnished them in sufficient quantities they will get over this habit. It is sometimes hard to correct the trouble once it becomes a habit. Persistent cases often have to be killed.

Alfalfa One of Our Best Forage Crops

Succeeds in Various Soils; Withstands All Rigors.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Alfalfa is one of the leading forage crops in this country, says the United States Department of Agriculture. It is also widely distributed throughout the world, growing in various soils and meeting the rigors of both heat and cold. It requires considerable moisture, but it does best in a relatively dry atmosphere where water is available for irrigation. In the United States it succeeds at altitudes ranging from below sea level in the Imperial valley, Cal.; to 8,000 feet above the sea in the mountains of Colorado.

Alfalfa withstands hot weather well where the atmosphere is dry; most of the damage is done by very cold weather in winter and spring. It is not known to what extent cold alone does damage to the crop, but it is known that low temperatures combined with other winter conditions cause a high mortality among the plants. Alternate freezing and thawing on poorly drained soils often does much damage by heaving the plants out of the ground and breaking the roots.

Deep loams with open subsoils are best, but where other conditions are favorable the crop has a very wide range of adaptation. It does not thrive on a soil that has an impervious subsoil, hardpan, or bedrock near the surface. However, it has been known to do well on soils with limestone ledges 18 inches below the surface. Good surface and underdrainage are necessary. During the growing season complete submergence for 24 to 48 hours may do much injury, but when the plants are dormant they may remain under water several days without danger. The crop seldom succeeds where the water table comes close to the surface, especially if it fluctuates considerably.

Discuss Insect Pests of United States and Canada

As a result of an international conference on insects of importance both to the northwestern states and the prairie provinces of Canada, which was held at Winnipeg, Manitoba, recently, plans were perfected for conducting experimental work in the control of these insects. The experiments are to be carried on in such a way as to render the results comparable in all the districts involved. A base map of all the international territory affected has been prepared for the purpose of plotting the occurrence of the principal insect pests of common importance to Canada and the United States.

The principal pests discussed were grasshoppers, the western wheat-stem sawfly, the pale western cutworm, and the Hessian fly in Canada. The bureau of entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture was represented, and other American entomologists were present. The meeting was addressed by Deputy Minister of Agriculture Davis, of Manitoba, and also by the acting president of the agricultural college.

Chickens and Eggs Sold Make Family Comfortable

Comfort and financial security were attained last year by a Colorado woman through her poultry keeping, although the main crop was almost a failure. The wheat crop was only 90 bushels and the barley 30, besides a small amount of corn to be fed to the live stock. A report received by the United States Department of Agriculture states that after culling her flock and selling the culs for \$106 this woman bought lumber to enlarge the poultry house so as to have more space for the pullets retained. The eggs and chickens sold brought \$397.20, which was sufficient to pay the annual taxes, to pay the interest on money borrowed for the farm, build the poultry house, add a new room to their tar-paper house, and finish the inside of two rooms. This enabled the family to have a cozy, warm, three-room house, which was much more comfortable than the one room and lean-to kitchen they had had before.

Taming of Guinea Pigs Must Be Started Right Away

Guinea pigs can be tamed if their training begins immediately after hatching. If you want them tame it is best to hatch them under common hens and keep them confined while small, teaching them to roost in the hen-houses. In this way they will be quite tame, though they will probably never care to be handled. Some like to have them wild. In that case they may be hatched by the guinea hens, though on a farm, if there are enemies about and they are allowed to roam, they may be killed.

Guinea Pigs are Nasty, but they have a Place on the Farm. Demand for them is growing in Eastern markets. They are most excellent eating, some finding them similar to prairie chickens. They are fair layers. The eggs are richer than hens' eggs and are said to keep longer.

High Value of Feeding Eggs to Little Chicks

Poultrymen occasionally doubt the value of feeding eggs to baby chicks. Experiments conducted at the University of Wisconsin show that the addition of a small amount of eggs to the ration for baby chicks will give surprisingly good results.

Scraps of Humor



SAFE OFFER

Bilkins had no love for his wife's little pet dog, but one day when it mysteriously disappeared he offered \$25 reward for its recovery.

"But I thought," said a friend, "you hated that dog like poison?"

"So I did," replied Bilkins; "I could not bear it!"

"Then why on earth did you offer such a big reward for its return?"

"I like to please my wife."

"Well, that may be, but \$25 is sure to bring the dog back!"

"I think not," answered Bilkins, "unless some one saw me bury it in the garden."

DOWN IN SHADY LANE



Cholly (nervously)—O-o-o-aw—that cow was coming right for me, doncher know!

Miss Cutting—Probably mistook you for her calf.

Don't Do It. It's foolish and it shows no little sense. At trifling things. For you to take offense.

Question.

"How would redwood sawdust do to stuff our dolls with?"

"I guess redwood sawdust is as good as any other sawdust."

"There's just one point. Will it scare little girls?"

"Why should it scare little girls?"

"When a doll gets a puncture they may think it is really bleeding."

Merely Previous.

"Sorry to hear of the gas explosion at your place, Jones. Got blown out of the house into the garden, I hear."

"Yes, but we were starting spring cleaning the next day in any case!"—The Passing Show (London).

Progressing.

"How is Newlywed getting along with his bride?"

"Pretty good. He's reached the stage now where he can think of an excuse she believes."

South Sea Styles.

The lecturer told them that the south sea islanders wore grass skirts, furze and sometimes roses.

"I see," said Huffy, "bloomers."

To Make a Good Appearance.

First Girl—Do you wear pajamas?

Second Girl—No; but I keep a lovely pair where I can get at 'em quick in case of fire.

Not to Be Kicked At.

"The bride's father gave her away, did he not?"

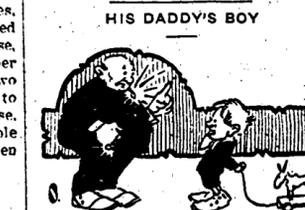
"More than that, he threw in \$100,000 to boot."

Small Average.

White—What is the death rate in your town?

Gray—About two per motor car.

HIS DADDY'S BOY



The Rent Proffteer—Some day, my son, you might be the president of the United States.

His Son—Shucks! Who wants to be a president of the United States. He ain't got nothin' 'trent 'nobody.

Like Them Quiet.

The giggling girl and crowing hen. We do not mind much now and then. But as a rule we like them quiet; They cloy us as a steady diet.

Judging from Reports.

"Remember my young friend, that Satan keeps himself busy in this world."

"Well, sir, you can hardly blame him for staying away from home; they say it isn't a very pleasant place."

The Main Thing.

Maud—He said he had only a broken heart to offer me.

Marie—Did you accept him in that condition?

Maud—Yes, his bank account was intact.

Those Days Are Gone Forever.

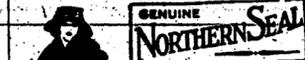
First Cave Woman—I don't believe my husband loves me any more.

Second Ditto—How's that, dearie?

First Cave Woman—He only hit me seven times with his stone club to-night instead of the usual dozen.



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New Rugs From Old Carpets

Don't throw away your worn-out carpets. Send them to us and let us make them over into serviceable Fluff Rugs. Write today for particulars and prices. Agents wanted.

Springfield Economy Rug Co. 17 Taylor St. Springfield, Mass.

\$5,000 BUYS 90-ACRE FARM! excellent land, big house, modern improvements; huge barn, all good repair; within short distance of market, boat and rail terminals. We have other properties. Write for descriptions. SENTINEL AGENCY, EASTPORT, MAINE.

Pimples Vanish!

Blackheads, pimples and other skin eruptions quickly disappear—the skin becomes soft, smooth, clear and delightfully refreshed.

when you use Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Contains 33 1/2% Pure Sulphur. At Druggists. Rohland's Symplic Cotton, Inc.



W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 25-1923.

GOOD OLD WATCH WAS RIGHT

Smivers Might Better Have Trusted It Than Have Put Faith in New Alarm Clock.

The wrist watch which Smivers wears is a relic of his days as a second-hand looney overseas. He has a sentimental attachment for it and will not discard it, although its usefulness as a timepiece has long since departed. Smivers recently received a telephone call from a wealthy uncle. Smivers has hopes that some day—and so when uncle made an appointment with him for the following morning, Smivers, pocketing his pride in his watch, and being determined to be on time, bought a new alarm clock.

The next day he was awakened by the new clock. Its hands said eight. The old unreliable watch said eight-thirty. Smivers was late for his appointment and uncle won't speak to him any more. For once the wrist watch was correct. The new alarm had lost half an hour in the night.—New York Sun.

Or at Least Misaid. I came upon a small boy one day who seemed to be in trouble. He was standing at a busy street corner, crying.

I said, "Sonny, what is the matter?" He replied between sobs, "Oh, I see got a house in this town somewhere, but I guess it's lost.—Chicago Tribune.

His Substitute. Strenuous Young Woman (turning down a proposal of marriage)—I must have a cave man, who, club in hand, will beat me into submission.

Young Man—Well, look here! What about a round of golf next Saturday? —London Punch.

Advertisement for Postum coffee. Text: "If coffee disagrees drink Postum. There's a Reason."

SELECTING FLY BAIT OF BIG IMPORTANCE

Largely Fermentation Which Renders Material Attractive to Household Pests.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The problem of selecting the best bait for flies is an important one. In choosing a bait it should be remembered, says the United States Department of Agriculture, that it is largely the fermentation which renders the material attractive, and that baits are most attractive during their most active period of fermentation. The kind of bait used should be governed by the species of flies the destruction of which is desired. This is most often the house fly.

A mixture of cheap cane molasses ("black strap") and water is one of the most economical and effective baits for the house fly. One part molasses is mixed with three parts water. The attractiveness becomes marked on the second or third day.

Sugar-beet or "stock molasses," which is very cheap in regions where produced, when mixed in the foregoing proportions, is fairly attractive.

Sirup made by dissolving one part of ordinary brown sugar in four parts of water and allowing the mixture to stand a day or two to induce fermentation is almost equal to molasses and water as a fly bait. If it is desirable to use the sirup immediately after making it, a small amount of vinegar should be added. Honeybees are sometimes caught in large numbers by this bait. When this happens some of the other baits recommended should be used. On dairy farms probably milk is next choice as a bait to cane-molasses solution, considering its convenience.

The curd from milk with about one-half pound of brown sugar added to each pound; and water to make it thoroughly moist, is a very good bait and continues to be attractive for ten days or longer if kept moist. A mash of bran made quite thin with a mixture of equal parts of water and milk and with a few tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and cornstarch and a yeast cake added makes an attractive and lasting bait. The foregoing baits are rendered more attractive by stirring occasionally.

Certain other mixtures may also be utilized. A packing-house product known as blood tankage, with molasses and water, is a good bait to use where both blowflies and house flies are abundant.

The size of the bait container in relation to the size of the trap is a very important consideration. It has been found that a small pan or a deep pan of bait set in the center under a trap will catch only a small fraction of the number of flies secured by using larger, shallow containers. The best and most convenient pan for bait is a shallow circular tin, such as the cover of a lard bucket. For liquid baits the catch can be increased slightly by placing a piece of sponge or a few chips in the center of the bait pan to provide additional surface upon which the flies may alight.

HOW TO CLEAN TIN UTENSILS

Vessels Should Be Washed Thoroughly in Hot, Soapy Water and Then Dried Thoroughly.

For ordinary care, tin utensils should be washed in hot soapy water, rinsed in hot clear water, and dried thoroughly, according to the United States Department of Agriculture. A tin utensil that has food dried on it should be covered with a weak soda solution, heated for a few minutes, and then washed. Scraping scratches tin and may expose the iron or steel surface underneath, which may rust. Tin darkens with use, and this tarnish protects the tin; therefore tin utensils should not be scoured simply for the sake of making them bright.

SAVE TIME FINDING CLOTHES

Housekeeper Must Evolve Her Own System for Storage of Wearing Apparel of Family.

If individual boxes are used from year to year to put clothes away in, there may be kept in or near each one a small roll of mending pieces belonging to the person whose clothes are in the box. If the scraps left over when a dress is cut out are stored in the right place at the time of cutting, patching or remodeling pieces may be found in a jiffy.

Millinery trimmings (feathers, ribbons, flowers, velvet pieces) should be stored, if in good condition, in a box by themselves, where they can be easily found if a hat must be unexpectedly freshened. Laces of different kinds can be wound on cards or otherwise put away, so that a glance will make the right piece accessible. Lining materials and old dress foundations which have further uses are best collected by themselves. Each housekeeper must evolve her own system, but if she aims to arrange the family clothing and materials in storage so that everything is readily found when wanted she serves the double purpose of saving much time and keeping the storage room in good order, says the United States Department of Agriculture.

HOW CREOLE EGGS ARE MADE

Melted Butter, Chopped Onions, Tomatoes and Green Peppers Are Among Ingredients.

The United States Department of Agriculture gives the following directions for making "creole eggs" from six hard-boiled eggs, previously ready.

Cook one-half cupful of washed rice in two quarts of boiling water containing one teaspoonful of salt.

Make a sauce in the following way: Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a skillet, and add four tablespoonfuls of chopped onions. Cook until the onion is soft, but not brown. Add one and one half cupfuls of canned tomatoes and two finely chopped green peppers, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Cook for fifteen minutes. Place a layer of boiled rice in a baking dish, cover with slices of hard-cooked eggs and cover the sliced eggs with creole sauce. Repeat until baking dish is full. Grate cheese over the top and bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven.



Soft-boiled eggs are more easily digested than fried.

A soiled leather pocketbook may be cleaned with a sponge dipped in gasoline.

Stuff plittid prunes with grated cheese, peanuts or walnuts and roll in powdered sugar.

Mince cold chicken, cook with lemon juice, cayenne, salt and chopped olives. Use as a sandwich paste.

A bolt of cheap lace will not be one-half as effective as a yard or two of really good lace on a frock.

Malted milk should be served in tall glasses, never in cups. It is not suitable to serve for the afternoon tea.

If canned fruit is to be used for a shortcake it should be carefully drained and cut in pieces. Use the sirup as a foundation for the sauce.

To clean silver knives, forks or spoons, place the silver in a basin and then cover with milk. Boil for three minutes, rinse in hot water and dry.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



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Dizzy Spells Are Usually Due to Constipation

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DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it, 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE S. A. M. P. E. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Testing Brass Pipe.

One of the most interesting checks on the temper and chemical characteristics of brass pipe is the ability of the chemist to look inside the metal with the aid of a microscope and see the grain structure of the brass itself. To the experienced eye of the brass chemist the formation, size and color of the grain will tell many things about the metal. They will show the temper of the brass, and it is many times possible to detect dangerous stresses which may lead to pipe failure to season cracks. The manufacture of brass pipe has made great progress since the old days when the metal was cast by the "I hope so" rather than the "I know why" process. Brass making is a scientific business and brass pipe is now produced constant in alloy, standard in temper, with dangerous stresses removed by scientific heat treatments.—Scientific American.

Something Like It. "What is an immediate relative, pa?" "Well, I should say that a twin brother was."

Shake Into Your Shoes

And sprinkle in the foot-bath Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder for Painful, Swollen, Sweating feet. It prevents blisters and sore spots and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Always use Allen's Foot-Ease to break in new shoes and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache. Those who use Allen's Foot-Ease say that they have solved their foot troubles. Sold everywhere. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent Free. Address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

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bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

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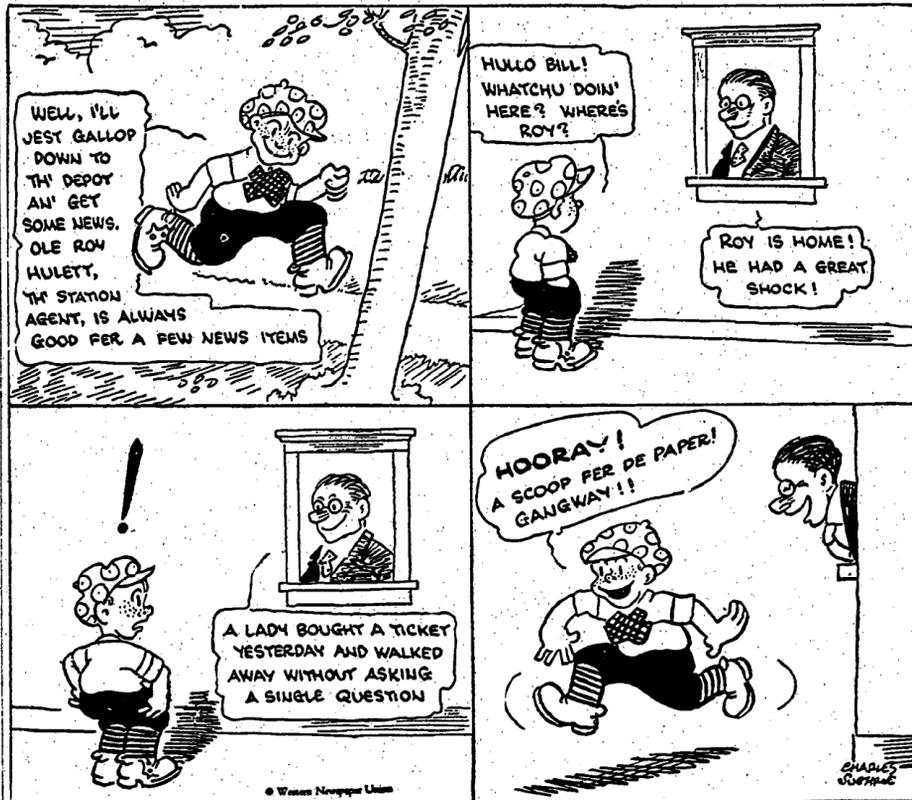
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Big Events in the Lives of Little Men



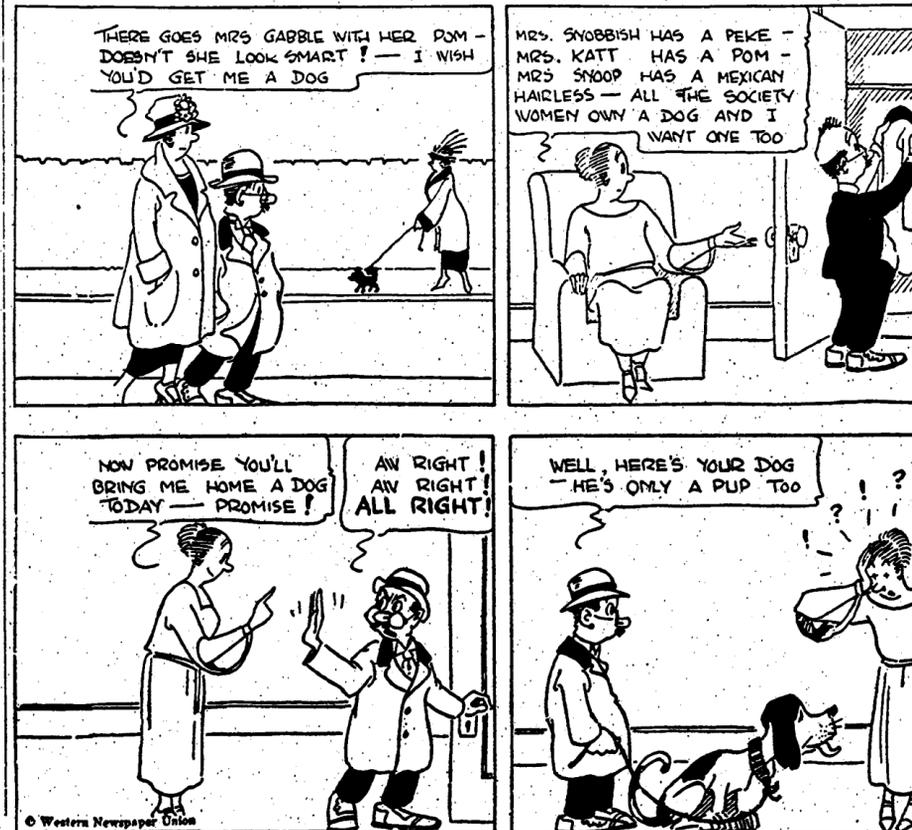
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This Never Really Happened



© Western Newspaper Union

But He's a Big Addition to the Family



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BARRING OUT JIM

By MOLLIE MATHER

(Copyright, Western Newspaper Union.)

IF AUNT MARTHA had lived in olden times she would have built a stone wall around her possessions. And Martha, whom she had adopted at her sister's death, in Martha's infancy, was allowed no measure of liberty. For was not Martha, by reason of gratitude, her own property?

In spite of jealous exaction Martha grew to young womanhood a sunny creature, dutiful as well, and with a circle of friends whom she was permitted to seldom to see.

Love appeared to be out of the question, for Aunt Martha saw to it that each ambition in this direction was blighted. The selfish person intended, in her helpless old age, to be repaid in Martha's undivided care for that protection which she had given the orphaned child.

Jim Weston of the city happening to be one summer in the vicinity of Martha Miller's home, saw her, and was at once interested. Martha was in the guarded garden. She wore a pink frock—her cheeks as pink as the muslin, and her eyes glancing suddenly toward the stranger had the blue of the summer sky.

"I am a stranger in town," said Jim, "and am desirous of taking back with me to the city some of your choice roses. I have a mother who is especially fond of roses; it is asking a great deal, I know, but I have seen none like yours, and wonder if you might be persuaded to sell me a few?"

Martha hesitated. "I will ask my aunt," she said, and ran toward the house.

Uninvited, Jim entered the sequestered garden. Seated on a bench he awaited the aunt's permission. But it was Aunt Martha herself who brought the answer.

"You may have the roses, young man," she told him abruptly, and gave to Jim those of Martha's recent picking. In vain he endeavored to enter into conversation which might give excuse to linger until the possible coming of a young woman who wore a pink frock. Meaningly Aunt Martha held open the gate in the hedge, and grimly accepted her recompense.

The jovial lawyer of Martha's home village, who was entertaining at his home Jim Weston, son of his old-time friend, pulled on his pipe reflectively when Jim, disposing his roses in water, asked information concerning the young woman who had culled them.

"And who's that queer old dragon who hides her?" asked Jim.

Lawyer Cullen laughed. "You've hit the right expression when you say 'hide.' Jim. A good many young men in this town have tried to pass Martha Miller's barrier to seek acquaintance with her fair charge. All have failed. Don't let your fancy stray into that rose garden, Jim; it leads but to disappointment."

"My boy," Mr. Cullen told him, "when your business trip here is over you'd better hie back to other fair and possible maidens."

"There is only one maiden in the world," Jim declared, and went to get a rose of Martha's picking to place in his coat. And at this moment Martha herself was looking across the green hedge of the garden, up the street and down the street, and the blue eyes were wandering and wistful.

The austere Miss Miller was tending her flower beds when Jim again came to town; his absence had been brief. When that woman glanced up from her task she noticed that the former agreeable stranger walked at a young woman's side. An astonishing pretty young woman, who, at his word of greeting to Aunt Martha advanced to the hedge with a request to admire at close range the flowers of the garden.

"You were kind enough to sell some roses to Mr. Weston when he was here before," said this pretty young woman. "And his mother was so pleased. All the flowers that Jim buys, you must know, are either for his mother or for me."

The intruder flushed and looked adoringly up at her escort. Miss Miller hesitated. "Married?" she questioned brusquely.

"No-o," the young woman's tone was hesitant. "But we—he—" She stammered confusedly.

"I mean to be married as soon as I can persuade my lady to have me," Jim smilingly explained. "We are visiting at Lawyer Cullen's now. Susane—this is Susane, Miss Miller, has been away at school with Mr. Cullen's daughter." Martha Miller smiled welcome. The smile quite transformed her. "I will ask my niece to show you the garden," she said. She knows Miss Cullen." Martha spent a happy unshackled hour. Miss Miller was not averse to having her niece make an insignificant third to a betrothal party—so she referred to the outings which the three took thereafter.

"We want to tell you," Jim remarked one evening as the three sat near the green hedge "that Martha and I will expect you to live on with us, after we are married. Of course you shall keep this place to come to as often as you wish, Aunt Martha."

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

Now Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Washington, D. C.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which a physician said I would have to have for a very bad case of female trouble. My system was all run down for two years after my little girl was born. Then I read of your wonderful medicine and decided to try it. I could hardly drag one foot after the other, and after taking six bottles of the Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I now do all my housework, also washing and ironing, and do not know what real trouble is. My health is fine, and I weigh 140 pounds. When I started taking it I weighed 97 pounds. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any one who is suffering from female trouble or is run down. You may use this testimonial for I am only too glad to let suffering women know that the Vegetable Compound did for me."—Mrs. IDA HEWITT, 1529 Penna. Ave. S. E., Washington, D. C.

Such letters from women in every section of this country prove beyond question the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

GETTING THE FIGURES RIGHT

American Traveler in Paris Wanted His Quarters Given Their Proper Designation.

Jesse Lasky, the movie magnate, was talking about the woes of post-war foreign travel.

"In Paris, the other day," he said, "I met an American in the bar of one of the hotels de luxe.

"It is costing me here in this hotel," the American said, as he forked out about \$2 for a glass of beer—"well, it is costing me here just 8,000 francs, a week!"

"But your quarters?" said L. "Very spacious, eh?"

"Quarters?" he grunted. "You mean eightths."

Not That Kind of Soldier. "Don't this old injury hurt you when you attempt to run?" asked the examining surgeon of a candidate for enlistment.

"Course it does. If yer lookin' for soldiers what's goin' to run, jest count me out."

Method in His Action. Tommy Boy—May I have some more pea soup, grandma? Grandma—Sure, Buddy! You like that so much, don't you? Tommy Boy—Nope, but when I eat a lot of it I get a bellyache and then I don't have to go to school.

BACK ACHY?

Lame and achy in the morning? Tortured with backache all day long? No wonder you feel worn out and discouraged! But have you given any thought to your kidneys? Weak kidneys cause just such troubles, and you are likely to have headaches, too, with dizziness, stabbing pains and bladder irregularities. Don't risk neglect! Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Massachusetts Case

C. T. Whitten, blacksmith, 9 Hayes St., Framingham, Mass., says: "My kidneys went bad on me, due to exposure and cold. I suffered with sharp pains in my back, which felt as if some one was piercing me with a knife. The kidney secretions scalded and were too frequent in passage. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and tried them. They completely rid me of the trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WAS WEAK, DEPRESSED AND NERVOUS

Says Wincarnis Gave New Health

"I feel in duty bound to write and thank you for the wonderful benefit I have received from your splendid Wincarnis. For months I had been depressed and nervous and so weak I could hardly walk, and I felt I wanted to be always sitting or lying down. But your 'Wincarnis' has put New Life into me. I can now go about my work with a new vigor that makes my household duties a pleasure, instead of a burden as before. I cannot properly express my gratitude for the grand health your life-giving 'Wincarnis' has given me. It is splendid to feel so strong and well. I have told my neighbors about 'Wincarnis,' and I feel I want to tell the whole world what a splendid tonic and restorative it is."

(Mrs. Bernice, 21 West 10th St., Boston)
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Democrat Worried

(Continued from page five)

dependently are only waiting for an unqualified statement of position by which they will fall in line as they always do through the inspiration of real leadership.

Mr. Whiting on Chairman Adams

Mr. Whiting of the Boston Herald's Whiting column, who is a very clever writer and generally sizes matters up very keenly, seems to have taken great offense at the positive attitude of chairman Adams of the republican committee with regard to international matters, and writes this week in very sarcastic vein about him as the rival of the president.

This is undoubtedly very satisfactory to the Herald which though an excellent paper only rarely gets clear over the fence on any controversial political matter.

Both Mr. Whiting and the Herald are for Mr. Harding's World Court and have a right to be; and we cannot prove by any out-right statement that the Herald is against the League of Nations. But it would be refreshing if once in a while on these matters of political controversy we could be quite sure on which side of the fence the Herald actually stands.

In this disposition to condemn the outspokenness of Chairman Adams, and congratulate Mr. Harding on his reserve, Mr. Whiting is running true to form with the traditions of the Herald.

If any one can convince the republican rank and file that in favoring a World Court they are not endorsing the League of Nations, and tying the country up with it, they can win a large per cent, perhaps a majority of republicans to support such because they do believe in, and are ready to support Mr. Harding's Association of Nations. No one yet has been able to satisfy the ordinary republican voter that an institution begotten of the League, and under League regulations, is, or can be other than a vital part of the League.

Has the State a Right to Rule on Educational Policies?

The Supreme Court has just rendered a decision that is of far-reaching significance. It grows out of the spirit that was stirred during the use of foreign language in school, church and press.

The decision is with reference to issues raised in mid-western states where there has been a wide continuance of the use of the German language. The state legislatures in some instances passed laws forbidding teaching of foreign language in all schools below the eighth grade.

The supreme court has decided, with Justice Holmes and Justice Sutherland dissenting, that such legislation is an encroachment upon the people's rights as guaranteed by

the 14th Amendment, which provides that no state "shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law."

The court contends this law includes among other things the right of the individual "to acquire useful knowledge," assuming that this includes the right to be provided with such education as is wanted, or considered useful, even though to most Americans the study of a foreign language is unimportant.

We are familiar with the conditions existing in the states concerned and with the issues of this kind that arose during the war, having been directly involved in them in these very states. We are aware that temper ran high and some extravagances were perpetrated; but we fail to see how the supreme court can base this decision on the authority of the 14th Amendment. It is a far-fetched conclusion, and might easily lead to the overthrow of nearly all state's rights concerning matters of education.

Who Shall Determine Text Books?

Again the discussion of histories is in the report of Commissioner David Hirschfield of New York City condemning a number of books now in use by prominent writers, and giving us a long list of persons and organizations who are, as he thinks at almost any cost to American independence seeking to promote Anglo-American unity by depreciating all events connected with our early differences with England, and giving her the credit for all we are as a nation.

It will be contended that it is in poor taste for one of Jewish race appointed by a Tammany Mayor to assume to pass judgment on the authority of American historians, many of whom are traditional Yankees.

It is undoubtedly true that this strange combination of Jew and Irish, who have found in recent years peculiarly common bonds, shall find in these histories what they look for, and have undoubtedly distorted many things to prove their case. However, it may be safely assumed that there is some ground for their criticisms and some measure of truth in the assertions that in educational and religious circles as well as in commercial there is an attempt that amounts to almost an obsession with some Americans to sustain Great Britain in all her plans and to save her from any possible humiliation due to American national ascendancy, as well as to perpetual friendship at any price. It seems to us that it is time for a review of this history matter, which is vital to our national spirit by Americans who are Americans, and as Roosevelt was accustomed to say "and nothing but Americans," rather than by pro-English, or pro-Irish, or pro-Hebrew.

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SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

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

MATTIE L. H. PROCTOR,
EMMA S. GOODELL,
ROSS H. ROBERTS,
Antrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Monday evening of each week, to transact town business.

The Tax Collector will meet with the Selectmen.

Meetings 7 to 8
JOHN THORNTON,
CHARLES D. WHITE,
CHAS. F. BUTTERFIELD
Selectmen of Antrim.

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ANTRIM, N. H.

ACCOMMODATION!

To and From Antrim Railroad Station.

All trains are now running one hour ahead of this schedule.

Trains leave Antrim Depot as follows
Going South Trains leave for
7.02 a. m. Elmwood and Boston
10.31 a. m. Peterboro
1.50 p. m. Winchendon, Worcester, Boston
4.10 p. m. Winchendon and Keene
Going North Trains leave for
7.39 a. m. Concord and Boston
12.20 p. m. Hillsboro
3.39 p. m. Concord
6.57 p. m. Hillsboro

Stage leaves Express Office 15 minutes earlier than departure of train.
Stage will call for passengers if word is left at Express Office, Jameson Block.
Passengers for the early morning train should leave word at Express Office the night before.

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ANTRIM, N. H.

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FARMS

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P. O. Box 408,
Hillsboro and Antrim, N. H.
Telephone connection

The Judge and His Task

By MYRA CURTIS LANE

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

"It's a great honor your being appointed a judge," said Henry Widdmer's wife as they sat the first evening in their new home at Tryon. "And I think I'm going to like this town, Henry," she snuggled up to him. "If only—"

He patted her shoulder. He knew what was in her mind, the one thing they never spoke about, though they were always thinking of it.

If only they had a child to carry on the family honor!

It was years since that hope had been abandoned.

"Didn't you tell me you once lived in Tryon?" asked the judge's wife.

"Yes, years ago I spent six months here with a lumber company, when I was a young man," answered the judge. "It was up in the mountains."

And his mind went back to those bitter-sweet days that he had long since dismissed from it. He had been in love with a mountain girl, Margaret Eames, and for weeks he had hesitated between making her his wife and—riding away.

Honor and decency had demanded the former course. But then—how could he have brought Margaret into the refined circle of his home? It would have ruined his future. And so—well, he had ridden away. He did not like to think of that episode, which he had shut down in the casket of the past.

Nevertheless, when he sat in court he would look at the faces of the mountaineers whenever any were brought in as prisoners or witnesses, and wonder whether he had ever met any of them in the past, and whether they would remember him.

He had made discreet inquiries about Margaret. He had learned that she had died about three years after he left her. Nothing more was known of her story, or else—but he did not think of this until long after—they had been unwilling to tell him. He satisfied himself that she was dead.

And he was not thinking of Margaret that day when the prisoner Eames was brought into court on the charge of unlawful wounding. He and another man had been rivals for a mountain girl. They had drawn knives and Eames had got in the first blow. The other man had lain at death's door for a long time, but was now recovering.

Still, the judge wondered whether the man were a kinsman of Margaret's. In some way, probably, he decided. All these mountaineers were connected with one another.

He tried not to think of Margaret as he listened to the evidence. The jury retired, brought in the obvious verdict. Before passing sentence the judge asked Eames what he had to say.

To everyone's surprise Eames burst into impassioned invective.

"What have I to say?" he cried. "Why, it's fine for you grand folks to sit in judgment on the likes of us! What I done I done honest and open. I didn't crawl into the girl's house like a friend and wrong her. I fought Jim Sykes for her, man to man. That's what I got to say."

"Send me to the pen. Send me up for life, but I tell you my quarrel's with Jim Sykes, and my love's for Molly Breen, and her love's for me. And she'll wait for me, however long you send me up for. We ain't like you fine people, who love and ride away. When we love, it lasts. That's all."

And with his last words he flung back his head and confronted the judge unflinchingly.

If there were those in court who saw the resemblance between the two it probably did not occur to them to make deductions from it; and if any of the old mountain people noticed it they said nothing.

"Eames, who were your people?" asked the judge.

"My mother was a good woman—God rest her! My father was a rogue who deceived her. That's all I got to say. One of these fine, educated, soft-spoken rogues—Oh, it's easy enough for them to take advantage of a girl who trusts them."

The judge passed a sentence of six months' imprisonment. Many thought that was severe under the circumstances.

But the bitterness lay in this—that in no way could he make atonement either to the dead girl or to the boy. Take him out of his environment, educate him—and thus wrong the girl he loved and had fought for? No, it was impossible.

And never could he grip this son that he had longed for by the hand, and transmit to him the honor of the old family of which he was the last to rise to power.

Whether or not the boy had known who he was, he had kept to his own counsel. Nobody would betray him. There was hardly a greater height of irony possible. For, day by day, he would sit in judgment under the grim, silent scrutiny of the mountaineers.

"Underwriting"

In finance, underwriting is a method of floating the bonds and securities of corporations by means of fiscal agents or syndicates. A railroad wishes to issue, say, fifty millions of bonds. A banking house or syndicate agrees to take the entire issue at a fixed price, perhaps 2 per cent under par, if it is paid a commission of 5 per cent. The underwriters then must sell the bonds to the investing public at a price higher than 98 in order to make a profit in addition to their commission.

The Village Artist's Revenge

By ELLA SAUNDERS

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Yes, there's been some changes in Freeport, marm, since you went away. Quite a few of us old folks gone, I guess. My cottage? Why, yes, there has been some changes, too. Them pictures? Now, I'm glad you noticed them. You remember Ellen?"

"Why, it's queer about Ellen. You know, when she took that craze to go to the city and be a painter, nobody thought very much about it. But, you see, Will Calder had jilted her—so they said, and I guess it's true—after her father only left her five hundred dollars instead of the thousands we all thought old Mr. Nash was worth."

"Well, she must of been gone nine or ten years, I guess, and here she comes back—bought the old house, now—and she 'pears to be a famous painter, though none of us knew it. Making her fifteen thousand a year, they say. Yes, Freeport's certainly proud of her daughter."

"Oh, them pictures? Why, she painted them for me. Charge? Nothing. Pretty, ain't they? And she's painted for a lot of the folks, but as for her old flame, Will Calder—why, say, she's stacked his house up with the paintings she's done for him. Pretty scenes! I don't wonder she's succeeded."

I was looking in wonder at the pictures, for, of all the daubs I had ever seen, these were the limit. Broad, glaring bands of color, conventional sweet ghilgs, girls' faces and country scenes—just what would appeal to the unsophisticated.

If these were samples of Ellen Nash's work, then Ellen Nash's story that she was a famous painter was a lie, transparent to the person with the smallest knowledge of art.

I walked up the hill to Will Calder's place. Will was at work, but his wife remembered me and showed me over the house with pride. The living room was full of Ellen's paintings.

"Ain't they pretty?" said Mrs. Calder. "I do think it was sweet of her doing all these for us—and not a cent, mind you—just because she and Will used to be friends."

She giggled, and it was clear that she meant that they had been something more than friends.

But if Mrs. Thompson's paintings had been bad, these were positively vile—the vilest daubs that I had ever seen. Perhaps the cheapest of cheap department stores might have ventured to offer them at a knock-down price of a dollar ninety-eight, but I doubted that.

Can't you see the things? The livid blues and browns, the splashes of paint, the red lips and the cream-colored cheeks of the girls? The cattle browsing pastorally in the greenest of green grass? At hurt me, for I remembered Ellen, and I was on my way to see her.

I stopped at the old place. It was Ellen herself who opened the door to me. She was so pleased to see me, and I was as pleased to see her. She had grown refined, spirituelle. I marveled more and more that such a girl could have painted those awful things.

I marveled more—I gasped when I saw the pictures on Ellen's walls. I recognized two of these as the work of the young woman painter, Miriam Keith, who had been the rage of the season. It was evident that Ellen appreciated good pictures. Then how, in heaven's name? . . .

It was Ellen who opened the subject, after I had told her that I had called on Mrs. Thompson and Will.

"I suppose you're wondering about the paintings?" she asked, slowly.

"Well—yes," I ventured.

"I," said Ellen, "am Miriam Keith." I sat gasping at her like a stranded fish.

"You see, when I went to New York I chose to take another name. I wanted nothing to remind me of this hateful place. I was an unsophisticated girl. I—I succeeded at last. Then, when I was rich, I felt the longing for a country place, and I bought the old house. Here I shall remain Ellen Nash. In New York I am Miriam Keith. Now—do you understand?"

She said no more, but suddenly I did understand. I saw the scorn and the revenge of the artist upon the people who had gossiped about her, lied about her. These pictures were on their own level, and she had taken a clever and such a subtle revenge upon them!

And upon Will Calder, most of all, filling up his house with those trashy daubs. I wondered whether there had been anything in that story about them? Certainly the man could be nothing to her now.

In a way I thought it was a revenge upon Ellen's own youth.

Winds' Watch by Walking.

A Californian possesses the only watch in the world that winds itself. He bought it years ago in the East, and it was so old then that he could not ascertain when it was made. It was represented as a square French timepiece, and it is so arranged that a lever oscillates with every footstep the owner takes, thus keeping the spring tightened. It is contended that it is the only watch known that winds itself by the jar occasioned in walking.

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