

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XL NO. 39

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1923

5 CENTS A COPY

CRAM'S STORE

Summer Hosiery Underwear

Ladies' Butterfly Hose in pure silk; black, white and cordovan, \$1.50 pr.
Ladies' Butterfly Hose, silk and fibre, same colors as pure silk, \$1.00 pr.
Ladies' Fibre Silk, all staple colors, 59¢ pr.
Ladies' Mercerized, gauze weight, 40¢ pr.
Fine line of Ladies' Vests; Union Suits. Slips, Chemises, Skirts, etc.
New Shirt-waists, several styles; very pretty, priced at \$2.00.

Men's Summer Goods

Men's Silk and Fibre hose; black, grey and cordovan; excellent wearers, 50¢ pr.
Men's Nainsook B. V. D. style Union Suits \$1.00.
Good quality well made Khaki Pants, \$2.00 pr.
Boy's Khaki Pants, up to and including 18 year size, \$1.25.

Local View Post Cards

Large Assortment, 23 numbers; 2 for 5¢

August Pictorial Magazine

Now on sale at 15¢ the copy.

W. E. CRAM

Odd Fellows Block Store,
ANTRIM, New Hamp.

New Process OIL COOK STOVE

Equipped with Lorain Giant Burner

This Stove has Vesuvius Metal Burners with 10 Year Guarantee. A First-class Stove at Moderate Cost.

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

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

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

HILLSBORO CO. FAIR

At Greenfield, N. H., This Year Was The Best Ever

This year's Hillsboro County Fair goes down in history as the largest yet held under the new management which took over the Fair five years ago. The estimated attendance the first day—Wednesday—was above seven thousand, and the next day it was said more than this number were on the grounds.

From all the surrounding towns and the cities of Manchester and Nashua came throngs to witness the biggest Greenfield fair ever held with a larger and more varied program of events and larger exhibits than ever before.

Horse racing, baseball, vaudeville and that most popular fair institution—the midway—occupied most of the attention of the crowd, although the prize display of cattle, sheep, and swine, and the exhibits of fruit, vegetables and grain, women's handicraft, canned goods and home products were viewed by thousands.

Some of the finest herds of cattle seen in this state were paraded on exhibition and three carloads of registered sheep from the A. W. Hillis & Sons' farm of South Worcester, N. Y.; showing 15 breeds, were exhibited.

The registered Ayrshire herd of E. J. Fletcher was awarded first prize in their class, and the Liberty farm, Antrim, herd of registered Holsteins carried off first honors in their class. F. C. Rockwell had a large and fine herd of Ayrshires, and former Gov. Robert P. Bass exhibited a fine herd of Guernseys.

Thursday afternoon the chief attraction was the horse show which was pronounced one of the best seen in New England. It was a continuous show and every minute there was something going on in the big ring. Pure bred horses paraded, raced and jumped before the vast crowd of spectators. At the conclusion of the show the judges made the following awards:

Matched pair of driving horses, won by Robert Eastman of Enfield; gentleman's single driving horse, won by H. E. Purdy, Milford; second, Mrs. R.P. Bass, Peterborough; third, Miss C. Donham, Jaffrey.

Ladies' single driver, first, Miss Georgina Yeatman, Jaffrey; second, Miss Jeanette Shaw, Greenfield; third, Miss C. Donham. The first and second prizes for matched pairs weighing 2600 or more was won by F. L. Proctor, Antrim.

Shetland pony exhibition, first, Miss Joan Bass, Peterborough. Welch pony class, won by Miss Georgina Yeatman, with Miss Elsie Morrison of Tall Pine camp, Bennington, second.

The cup for the winner of the saddle horse exhibition was awarded to Miss Yeatman, and the ribbon for second place went to Miss Shaw of Tall Pine camp. Miss Yeatman also won the cup for high jumping. The winners for the quarter mile race were Brandier, ridden by Miss J. Shaw, first; Honey girl, ridden by Miss Shaw, second; Socks, ridden by Miss Eastman, third. Time—28 seconds.

Wednesday's baseball game was played between Milford and Antrim, being won by Milford. Thursday's game was played between Peterboro and Greenfield, Peterboro being victorious.

Ten outdoor acts constituted the vaudeville entertainment. Included in the bill were the Ganglers' Novelty animal circus, the Ganthiers aerial trap-ape and novelty act, Miss Drew's juggling and hoop rolling performance, the Green's Indian comedy and novelty bi-

(Continued on fifth page.)

FOUR GAMES PLAYED

Antrim 9, Contoocook 3, Antrim 8, Milford 18

Antrim 13, Hancock 6, Antrim 6, Guild 5. In the past eight days our team has played four and won three games. At Hancock, Old Home Day, last Friday, the boys won the rubber from their old rivals. The game was close until the 9th inning when Antrim put it on ice with four runs. H. Emerson led the batters with 3 hits, one a 2-bagger. Smith's pitching featured, as but 2 runs were earned off him.

At Greenfield Fair in a gale of wind Milford won a slugging match. Emerson was knocked out of the box in two innings, and Crosby of Hillsboro consented to pitch, holding Milford even for the balance of the game. Crosby proved himself a generous sport and Antrim rooters will not forget it.

Last Saturday Guild brought a good snappy team down from Newport and played a fast errorless game. Good pitching by Hawkins of Antrim, with timely hitting by R. Emerson, Smith, R. Cuddihy and M. Cuddihy enabled the home team to win. Dick Cuddihy threw out a batter at first base on a clean hit to right field.

Antrim plays at Bradford Fair on Friday, the second day of the Fair.

Next Saturday, Sept. 1, Antrim plays East Jaffrey at Antrim. The East Jaffrey team, playing 22 games since May 12, has lost but one, and seems to have a just claim to the Contoocook Valley championship, for last Saturday they beat Henniker at Henniker 5 to 1. Antrim will have a strong team on the field and an exciting game seems assured.

On Labor Day afternoon Greenfield will play at Antrim. In the morning Antrim plays Greenfield at the Fair Grounds. Greenfield defeated Peterboro at the Fair 7 to 3.

Antrim seems to have a ball team that has "arrived" and games with East Jaffrey next Saturday and two with Greenfield on Labor Day ought to give our citizens who like a good ball game a rare chance for enjoyment.

The following is the schedule for the balance of the baseball season, closing with the game at Contoocook Fair in October:

Aug. 31. Antrim vs. Warner, 10 a. m., Bradford Fair.
Sept. 1. Antrim vs. East Jaffrey, at Antrim.
Sept. 3. A. M. Antrim vs. Greenfield, at Greenfield.
Sept. 3. P. M. Antrim vs. Greenfield, at Antrim.
Sept. 8. Open.
Sept. 15. Open.
Antrim vs. — at Contoocook Fair.

AUCTION SALE

W. E. Cram and S. A. Rowe, auctioneers, will sell for William R. Halkett, his farm, stock, tools, crops, household goods, on the premises in Warner, this state, on Saturday, September 1, at 9:30 o'clock in the forenoon. This is a valuable farm, well located, and a desirable piece of property, as will be seen by reading the auction bills.

Real Estate

1 four-tenement, for \$1500; make an offer. 1 two-tenement, for \$1900. 1 two-tenement, for \$3000. Small Farms \$1600 up to \$7500. Our terms the Lowest. Costs nothing to look. Wood Lots near Antrim. Other places to show if interested in something nice at half cost to build.

W. E. MUZZEY—WM. C. HILLS Agents
Real Estate of all kinds,
Tel. 18-4 Antrim, N. H.

At the 5¢ and 10¢ and Variety Store—Cut Prices

On Hosiery for the Next Ten Days, to make room for Fall and Xmas Goods. Special Prices on Sheetings, Outings, Gingham, Percales, Cretonnes. New Lot to arrive right away.

Best Cookies 20c. lb., Best Crackers 13c. box, 15c. lb., 10 lbs. sugar 9c. lb., Best Matches 5c. box.

W. E. MUZZEY CO.,
Antrim, N. H.

Shingles at Wholesale

For a Short Time Only!

JUST RECEIVED, 300,000 EXTRA CLEAR

Red Cedar Shingles, 90% perfectly clear, 10% some small defect above 12 in. These are a very nice Shingle. These Shingles came in unexpectedly, and I must turn them into cash at once. Will sell them at \$5.75 Per Thousand for a short time only. They are full count and 5 butts to 2 in. Come and see them. Anybody that has got to have Shingles should get busy before they are all gone. This is a Shingle Trade seldom offered. I will deliver them in Antrim Village at this price in 20 thousand lots. Terms Cash.

Fred J. Gibson,

HILLSBORO LOWER VILLAGE, New Hamp.
We are Headquarters for Shingles.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

W. E. BUTCHER, Prop.

Flashlights, Nickle and Fiber Cases.....\$1.50 to \$5.00
Harmonicas.....35c to \$1.75
Cameras.....\$2.50 to \$10.00
Stoppers for Gillette Blades.....\$1.00 and \$1.25
Razors, Gem, Ever Ready, Gillette and Straight...89c to \$1.50
Razor Blades of all kinds, per package.....15c to \$1.00
Shaving Brushes set in Rubber.....35c and 50c
Thermos Bottles.....\$1.50 and \$2.50
Children's Dolls.....25c to \$2.50

Agency Page & Shaw and Appollo Chocolates
Eastman and Vulcan Camera Films. Developing and Printing. Quick Service, Good Work and Moderate Price.
19¢ SPECIALS—Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Massage Cream, Tooth Paste, Tooth Powder and Shaving Cream. All regular 25 cent items, one week only, 19 cents.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

BRADFORD and NEWBURY FAIR

BRADFORD, N. H.

AUGUST 30-31, 1923

"THE BIG FAIR"

Agricultural and Live Stock Exhibits—Stunt Flying by "Bob" Fogg—State Agricultural Demonstrations Auto Show—Band Concert—Horse Races—Ball Games Midway—Poultry Show—Vaudeville. Provided by B. F. Keith Vaudeville Exchange, Fair Dept.

Plenty of Parking Space

Schools Will Re-open Monday,

September 10, 1923, with the following corps of teachers:

High School
Mr. C. R. Nichols, Grafton, Mass., Headmaster
Miss Ruth E. Davis, Brighton, Mass., Languages
Miss Miriam S. Wadhams, Bloomfield, Conn., Domestic Arts
Elementary Schools
Miss Hattie E. Merrill, Deerfield, Grammar
Miss Charlotte E. Balch, Bennington, Intermediate
Miss Bernice I. Buxton, Bristol, Primary
Miss Alice E. Cuddihy, Antrim, Center
Mrs. Anna Hilton, Antrim, North Branch
Miss Marjorie Dunton, Littleton, East

Children who enter school this year for the first time must be six years old by the first of November.

Our readers will notice that Fred J. Gibson has a new "Shingle" adv. in this paper today. Interested parties will be glad to see it.

At Massasacum

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 Massasacum 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. Adv.

NOTICE!

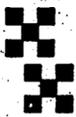
As the State laws require that all children must be vaccinated before they can be admitted to School, the local Board of Health wishes all parents to take notice of the above.

C. W. PRENTISS,
Health Officer.

Apples Wanted

Will buy early apples, on trees or picked. Apply to Guy A. Hallett, Antrim, N. H. Adv.

The Light of Western Stars



A Romance By Zane Grey

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CHAPTER XVI —13— Bonita.

Having exhausted all the resources of the mountain, such as had interest for them, Madeline's guests settled quietly down for a rest, which Madeline knew would soon end in a desire for civilized comforts. They were almost tired of roughing it. Helen's discontent manifested itself in her remark, "I guess nothing is going to happen, after all."

Madeline awaited their pleasure in regard to the breaking of camp; and meanwhile, as none of them cared for more exertion, she took her walks without them, sometimes accompanied by one of the cowboys, always by the stag-hounds. One day, while walking alone, before she realized it she had gone a long way down a dim trail winding among the rocks. It was the middle of a summer afternoon, and all about her were shadows of the crags crossing the sunlit patches. The quiet was undisturbed. She went on and on, not blind to the fact that she was perhaps going too far from camp, but risking it because she was sure of her way back, and enjoying the wild, craggy recesses that were new to her. Finally she came out upon a bank that broke abruptly into a beautiful little glade. Here she sat down to rest before undertaking the return trip.

Suddenly Russ, the keeper of the stag-hounds, raised his head and growled. Madeline feared he might have scented a mountain-lion or wild-cat. She quieted him and carefully looked around. The little glade was open and grassy, with here a pine tree, there a boulder. The outlet seemed to go down into a wilderness of canyons and ridges. Looking in this direction, Madeline saw the slight, dark figure of a woman coming stealthily along under the pines. Madeline was amazed, then a little frightened, for that stealthy walk from tree to tree was suggestive of secrecy, if not of worse.

Presently the woman was joined by a tall man who carried a package, which he gave to her. They came on up the glade and appeared to be talking earnestly. In another moment Madeline recognized Stewart. She had no greater feeling of surprise than had at first been hers. But for the next moment she scarcely thought at all—merely watched the couple approaching. In a flash came back her former curiosity as to Stewart's strange absences from camp, and then with the return of her doubt of him the recognition of the woman. The small, dark head, the brown face, the big eyes—Madeline now saw distinctly—belonged to the Mexican girl Bonita. Stewart had met her there. This was the secret of his lonely trips, taken ever since he had come to work for Madeline. This secluded glade was a rendezvous. He had her hidden there.

Quietly Madeline arose, with a gesture to the dogs, and went back along the trail toward camp. Succeeding her surprise was a feeling of sorrow that Stewart's regeneration had not been complete. Sorrow gave place to insufferable distrust that while she had been romancing about this cowboy, dreaming of her good influence over him, he had been merely base. Somehow it stung her. Stewart had been nothing to her, she thought, yet she had been proud of him. She tried to revolve the thing, to be fair to him, when every instinctive tendency was to expel him, and all pertaining to him, from her thoughts. And her effort at sympathy, at extenuation, failed utterly before her pride. Exerting her will-power, she dismissed Stewart from her mind.

Madeline did not think of him again till late that afternoon, when, as she was leaving her tent to join several of her guests, Stewart appeared suddenly in her path.

"Miss Hammond, I saw your tracks down the trail," he began, eagerly, but his tone was easy and natural. "I'm thinking—well, maybe you sure got the idea—"

"I do not wish for an explanation," interrupted Madeline.

Stewart gave a slight start. His manner had a semblance of the old, cool audacity. As he looked down at her it subtly changed.

"What effort?" Madeline thought, to face her before her guests with an explanation of his conduct? Suddenly she felt an inward flash of fire that was pain, so strange, so incomprehensible, that her mind whirled. Then anger possessed her, not at Stewart, but at herself, that anything could rouse in her a raw emotion. He stood there, outwardly cool, serene, with level, haughty eyes upon Stewart; but inwardly she was burning with rage and shame.

"I'm sure not going to have you think—" He began passionately, but he broke off, and a slow, dull crimson blotted over the healthy red-brown of his neck and cheeks.

"What you do or think, Stewart, is no concern of mine."

"Miss—Miss Hammond! You don't believe—" faltered Stewart.

about him then. He took a step forward and reached out with his hand open-palmed in a gesture that was humble, yet held a certain dignity.

"But listen. Never mind now what you—you think about me. There's a good reason—"

"I have no wish to hear your reason."

"But you ought," he persisted.

"Sir!"

Stewart underwent another swift change. He started violently. A dark tide shaded his face and a glitter leaped to his eyes. He took two strides—loomed over her.

"I'm not thinking about myself," he thundered. "Will you listen?"

"No," she replied; and there was freezing hauteur in her voice. With a slight gesture of dismissal, unmistakable in its finality, she turned her back upon him. Then she joined her guests. Stewart stood perfectly motionless. Then slowly he began to lift his right hand in which he held his sombrero. He swept it up and up, high over his head. His tall form towered. With fierce suddenness he flung his sombrero down. He leaped at his black horse and dragged him to where his saddle lay. With one pitch he tossed the saddle upon the horse's back. His strong hand flashed at girths and straps. Every action was swift, decisive, fierce. Bounding for his bride, which hung over a bush, he ran against a cowboy who awkwardly tried to avoid the onslaught.

"Get out of my way!" he yelled.

Then with the same savage haste he adjusted the bridle on his horse.

"Mebbe you better hold on a minute. Gene, ole feller," said Monty Price.

"Monty, do you want me to brain you?" said Stewart, with the short, hard ring in his voice.

"Now, considerin' the high class of my brains, I oughter be real careful to keep 'em," replied Monty. "You can betcher life, Gene, I ain't goin' to git in front of you. But I jest say—"

Stewart raised his dark face. Everybody listened. And everybody heard the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs. The sun had set, but the park was light. Nels appeared down the trail, and his horse was running. In another moment he was in the circle, pulling his bay back to a sliding halt. He leaped off abreast of Stewart.

Madeline saw and felt a difference in Nels' presence.

"What's up, Gene?" he queried, sharply.

Nels' long arm shot out, and his hand fell upon Stewart, holding him down.

"Shore I'm sorry," said Nels, slowly. "Then you was goin' to hit the trail?"

"I am going to. Let go, Nels."

"Shore you ain't goin', Gene?"

"Let go, d—n you!" cried Stewart, as he wrestled free.

"What's wrong?" asked Nels, lifting his hand again.

"Man! Don't touch me!"

Nels stepped back instantly. He seemed to become aware of Stewart's

white, wild passion. Again Stewart moved to mount.

"Nels, don't make me forget we've been friends," he said.

"Shore I ain't forgettin'," replied Nels. "An' I resign my job right here an' now."

His strange speech checked the mounting cowboy. Stewart stepped down from the stirrup. Then their hard faces were still and cold while their eyes locked glances.

Madeline was as much startled by Nels' speech as Stewart. Quick to note a change in these men, she now sensed one that was unfathomable.

"Resign?" questioned Stewart.

"Shore. What'd you think I'd under circumstances such as has come up?"

"But see here, Nels, I won't stand for it."

"You're not my boss no more, an' I

ain't beholdin' to Miss Hammond, neither. I'm my own boss, an' I'll do as I please. Sabe, senor?"

Nels' words were at variance with the meaning in his face.

"Gene, you sent me on a little scout down in the mountains, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did," replied Stewart, with a new sharpness in his voice.

"Wal, shore you was so good an' right in your aggerin', as opposed to mine, that I'm sick with admirin' of you. If you hadn't sent me—wal, I'm reckonin' somethin' might hev happened. As it is we're shore up against a hell of a proposition!"

How significant was the effect of his words upon all the cowboys! Stewart made a fierce and violent motion, terrible where his other motions had been but passionate. Monty leaped straight up into the air in a singular action as suggestive of surprise as it was of wild acceptance of menace. Like a stalking giant Nick Steele strode over to Nels and Stewart. The other cowboys rose silently, without a word.

Madeline and her guests, in a little group, watched and listened, unable to divine what all this strange talk and action meant.

"Hold on, Nels, they don't need to hear it," said Stewart, hoarsely, as he waved a hand toward Madeline's silent group.

"Wal, I'm sorry, but I reckon they'd as well know just as last. Mebbe they yearnin' wish of Miss Helen's fer somethin' to happen will come true. Shore I—"

"Cut out the joshin'," rang out Monty's strident voice.

It had as decided an effect as any preceding words or action. Perhaps it was the last thing needed to transform these men, doing unaccustomed duty as escorts of beautiful women, to their natural state as men of the wild.

"Tell us what's what," said Stewart, cool and grim.

"Don Carlos an' his guerrillas are campin' on the trails they lead up here. They've got them trails blocked. By tomorrer they'd hed us corralled. Mebbe they meant to surprise us. He's got a lot of Greasers an' outlaws. They're well armed. Now, what do they mean? You-all can figger it out to suit yourselves. Mebbe the Don wants to pay a sociable call on our ladies. Mebbe his gang is some hungry, as usual. Mebbe they want to steal a few hosses, or anythin' they can lay hands on. Mebbe they mean wuss, too. Now, my idea is this, an' mebbe it's wrong. I long since separated from love with Greasers. They black-faced Don Carlos has got a deep game. That two-bit of a revolution is hev'in' hard times. The rebels want American intervention. They'd stretch any point to make trouble. We're only ten miles from the border. Suppose them guerrillas got our crowd across that border? The United States cavalry would foller. You-all know what they'd mean. Mebbe Don Carlos' mind works that way. Mebbe it don't. I reckon we'll know soon. An' now, Stewart, whatever the Don's game is, shore you're the man to outigger him. Mebbe it's just as well you're good an' mad about somethin'. An' I'm going to resign my job because I want to feel unbeholdin' to anybody. Shore it struck me long since that the old days hed come back for a little spell, an' there I was trailin' a promise not to hurt any Greaser."

CHAPTER XVII

Don Carlos.

Stewart took Nels, Monty and Nick Steele aside out of earshot, and they evidently entered upon an earnest colloquy. Presently the other cowboys were called. They all talked more or less, but the deep voice of Stewart predominated over the others. Then the consultation broke up, and the cowboys scattered.

"Rustle, you Indians!" ordered Stewart.

The ensuing scene of action was not reassuring to Madeline and her friends. They were quiet, awaiting some one to tell them what to do. At the offset the cowboys appeared to have forgotten Madeline. Some of them ran off into the woods, others into the open, grassy places, where they rounded up the horses and burros. Several cowboys spread tarpaulins upon the ground and began to select and roll small packs, evidently for hurried travel. Nels mounted his horse to ride down the trail. Monty and Nick Steele went off into the grove, leading their horses. Stewart climbed up a steep jumble of crone between two sections of low, stacked cliff back of the camp.

Madeline's friends all imperturbed her: Was there real danger? Were the guerrillas coming? Would a start be made at once for the ranch? Why had the cowboys suddenly become so different? Madeline answered as best she could; but her replies were only conjecture, and modified to allay the fears of her guests. Helen was in a white glow of excitement.

Soon the cowboys appeared riding barebacked horses, driving in others and the burros. Some of these horses were taken away and evidently hidden in deep recesses between the crags. The string of burros were packed and

sent off down the trail in charge of a cowboy. Nick Steele and Monty returned. Then Stewart appeared, clambering down the break between the cliffs.

His next move was to order all the baggage belonging to Madeline and her guests taken up the cliff. This was strenuous toil, requiring the need of lassos to haul up the effects.

"Get ready to climb," said Stewart, turning to Madeline's party.

"Where?" asked Helen.

He waved his hand at the ascent to be made. Exclamations of dismay followed his gesture.

"Mr. Stewart, is there danger?" asked Dorothy; and her voice trembled.

This was the question Madeline had upon her lips to ask Stewart, but she could not speak it.

"No, there's no danger," replied Stewart, "but we're taking precautions we all agreed on as best."

Dorothy whispered that she believed Stewart lied. Castleton asked another question, and then Harvey followed suit. Mrs. Beck made a timid query.

"Please keep quiet and do as you're told," said Stewart, bluntly.

At this juncture, when the last of the baggage was being hauled up the cliff, Monty approached Madeline and removed his sombrero. His black face seemed the same, yet this was a vastly changed Monty.

"Miss Hammond, I'm givin' notice I resign my job," he said.

"Monty! What do you mean? What does Nels mean now, when danger threatens?"

"We jest quit. That's all," replied Monty, tersely. He was stern and somber; he could not stand still; his eyes roved everywhere.

Castleton jumped up from the log where he had been sitting, and his face was very red.

"Mr. Price, does all this blooming fuss mean we are to be robbed or attacked of abducted by a lot of ragamuffin guerrillas?"

"You've called the bet."

Dorothy turned a very pale face toward Monty.

"Mr. Price, you wouldn't—you couldn't desert us now? You and Mr. Nels—"

"Desert you?" asked Monty, blankly.

"Yes, desert us. Leave us when we may need you so much, with something dreadful coming."

Monty uttered a short, hard laugh as he bent a strange look upon the girl.

"Me an' Nels is purty much scared, an' we're goin' to slope. Miss Dorothy, bein' as we're rustled round so much, it sorta hurts us to see nice young girls dragged off by the hair."

Dorothy uttered a little cry and then became hysterical. Castleton for once was fully aroused.

"By Gad! You and your partner are a couple of blooming cowards. Where now is that courage you boasted of?"

Monty's dark face expressed extreme sarcasm.

"Dook, in my time I've seen some bright fellers, but you take the cake. It's most marvelous how bright you are. Figger'n' me an' Nels so correct. Say, Dook, if you don't git rustled off to Mexico an' roped to a cactus bush you'll hev a swell story fer your English chums. Bah Jove! You'll tell 'em how you seen two old-time gun-men run like scared jack-rabbits from a lot of Greasers. Like h—l you will!"

"Monty, shut up!" yelled Stewart, as he came hurriedly up. Then Monty slouched away, cursing to himself.

Madeline and Helen, assisted by Castleton, worked over Dorothy, and with some difficulty quieted her. Stewart passed several times without noticing them, and Monty, who had been so ridiculously eager to pay every little attention to Dorothy, did not see her at all. Rude it seemed; in Monty's case more than that. Madeline hardly knew what to make of it.

Stewart directed cowboys to go to the head of the open place in the cliff and let down lassos. Then, with little waste of words, he urged the women toward this rough ladder of stones.

"We want to hide you," he said, when they demurred. "If the guerrillas come we'll tell them you've all gone down to the ranch. If we have to fight you'll be safe up there."

Helen stepped boldly forward and let Stewart put the loop of a lasso round her and tighten it. He waved his hand to the cowboys above.

"Just walk up, now," he directed Helen.

It proved to the watchers to be an easy, safe and rapid means of scaling the steep passage. The men climbed up without assistance. Edith Wayne and Madeline climbed last, and, once up, Madeline saw a narrow bench, thick with shrubs and overshadowed by huge, leaning crags. There were holes in the rock, and dark fissures leading back. It was a rough, wild place. Tarpaulins and bedding were then hauled up, and food and water. The cowboys spread comfortable beds in several of the caves, and told Madeline and her friends to be as quiet as possible, not to make a light, and to sleep dressed, ready for travel at a moment's notice.

Madeline deplored the discomfort

and distress, but felt no real alarm. She was more inclined to evade kindness here than to sincerity, for she had a decided uneasiness. The swift change in the manner and looks of her cowboys had been a shock to her. The last glance she had of Stewart's face, then stern, almost sad, and haggard with worry, remained to suggest her foreboding.

Darkness appeared to drop swiftly down; the coyotes began their haunting, mournful howls; the stars showed and grew brighter; the wind moaned through the tips of the pines. The cowboys below had built a fire, and the light from it rose in a huge, fan-shaped glow. Madeline peered down from the cliff. The distance was short, and occasionally she could distinguish a word spoken by the cowboys. They were unconcernedly cooking and eating.

Presently Nick Steele silenced the campfire circle by raising a warning hand. The cowboys bent their heads, listening. Madeline listened with all her might. She heard one of the hounds whine, then the faint beat of horse's hoofs. The beat of hoofs grew louder, entered the grove, then the circle of light. The rider was Nels. He dismounted, and the sound of his low voice just reached Madeline.

"Gene, it's Nels. Somethin' doin'." Madeline heard one of the cowboys call, softly.

"Send him over," replied Stewart. Nels stalked away from the fire.

"See here, Nels, the boys are all right, but I don't want them to know

everything about this mix-up," said Stewart, as Nels came up. "Did you find the girl?"

Madeline guessed that Stewart referred to the Mexican girl Bonita.

"No. But I met"—Madeline did not catch the name—"an' he was wild. He was with a forest-ranger. An' they said Pat Howe had trailed her an' was takin' her down under arrest."

Stewart muttered deep under his breath, evidently cursing.

"Wonder why he didn't come on up here?" he queried, presently. "He can see a trail."

"Wal, Gene, Pat knowed you was here all right, fer the ranger said Pat hed wind of the guerrillas, an' Pat said if Don Carlos didn't kill you—which he hoped he'd do—then it'd be time enough to put you in jail when you come down."

"He's dead set to arrest me, Nels."

"An' he'll do it, like the old lady who kept tavern out West. Gene, the reason that red-faced corote didn't trail you up here is because he's scared. He allus was scared of you. But I reckon he's shore scared to death of me an' Monty."

"Well, we'll take Pat in his turn. The thing now is, when will that Greaser stalk us, and what'll we do when he comes?"

"My boy, there's only one way to handle a Greaser. I shore told you that. He means rough toward us. He'll come smilin' up, all soci'ble like, insinuat'n' an' sweeter 'n a woman. But he's treacherous; he's wuss than an Indian. An', Gene, we know for a positive fact how his gang hev been operatin' between these hills an' Agua Prieta. We know jest about what that rebel war down there amounts to. It's guerrilla war, an' shore some harvest time fer a lot of cheap thievs an' outcasts."

"Oh, you're right, Nels. I'm not disputing that," replied Stewart. "If it wasn't for Miss Hammond, and the other women, I'd rather enjoy seeing you and Monty open up on that bunch. I'm thinkin' I'd be glad to meet Don Carlos. But Miss Hammond! Why, Nels, such a woman as she is would never recover from the sight of real gun-play, let alone any stunts with a rope. These eastern women are different. I'm not beittling our western women. It's in the blood. Miss Hammond is—"

"Shore she is," interrupted Nels; "but she's got a d—n sight more spunk than you think she has, Gene Stewart. I'm no thick-skulled cow. I'd hate somethin' powerful to hev Miss Hammond see any rough work, let alone me an' Monty stakin' somethin'. An' me an' Monty'll stick to you, Gene, as long as seems reasonable. Mind, ole feller, beggin' your pardon, you're shore stuck on Miss Hammond, an' overtender not to hurt her feelin's or make her sick by lettin' some blood. We're in bad here, an' mebbe we'll hev to fight. Sabe, senor? Wal, if we do you can jest gamble that Miss Hammond'll be game. (TO BE CONTINUED.)"

and distress, but felt no real alarm. She was more inclined to evade kindness here than to sincerity, for she had a decided uneasiness. The swift change in the manner and looks of her cowboys had been a shock to her. The last glance she had of Stewart's face, then stern, almost sad, and haggard with worry, remained to suggest her foreboding.

Darkness appeared to drop swiftly down; the coyotes began their haunting, mournful howls; the stars showed and grew brighter; the wind moaned through the tips of the pines. The cowboys below had built a fire, and the light from it rose in a huge, fan-shaped glow. Madeline peered down from the cliff. The distance was short, and occasionally she could distinguish a word spoken by the cowboys. They were unconcernedly cooking and eating.



"By Gad! You and Your Partner Are a Couple of Blooming Cowards."

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PLEASE REMEMBER

Little Margery wished to talk over the telephone with her mother, who was visiting a friend; so her elder sister gave her the phone number and let her call the exchange.

It was such a lovely talk that Margery was impatient to hear her mother's voice again over the wire.

A few days after this conversation, when the mother was paying another visit to the same friend, the older sister overheard Margery at the telephone. Exchange evidently had been asking for the number and Margery was explaining vehemently:

"Exchange, I want the number I had Thursday. Don't you understand? The same number."

TO THE POINT



Applicant for Board—And, Mrs. Hash, I pay as I go.

Mistress of House—Very good, sir; my rule is: Pay, or you'll go.

Can You Beat It? Because they've had too little speed A lot of men have failed; And yet for having too much speed A lot of men are jailed.

Willie's Guess. Visitor—How do you do, Willie? I've come to stay at your house a week and I'm sure you can't even guess who I am.

Willie—I'll bet one thing. Visitor—What? Willie—I'll bet you're no relation of father's.

Fast Work.

A lady who had just received an interesting bit of news said to her little daughter: "Marjorie, dear, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin."

"Well," said Marjorie, wonderingly, "wasn't that arranged quick!"

Thoughtful Man. Mr. Jones—Did the plumber fix the pipes in the bathroom? Mrs. Jones—He isn't through yet. He found a couple of cockroaches and went back to the shop for a can of insect powder.

Sound Objection. "Well, old man, how do you like living in a flat?" "First rate, if the young lady on the floor below did not think it necessary to carry the flat idea into her singing."

The Work of Friends. "I was out West so long because my friends kept me there." "Kept you? I didn't know you had Western friends." "I haven't. All my friends are here, but they refused to send me any money to get home."

HAVE YANKEES OBTAINED BOLEY?



Boley, brilliant shortstop of the Baltimore team, International league, who, reports say, has been bought by the New York Americans for a whopping big price. His addition to the New York team would, without doubt, strengthen their lineup.

Man Is Pretty Slow

Man is pretty slow. Frank Hussey, nineteen years old, ran 100 yards in 9 2/5 seconds, equalling the world record for the distance. Man O' War, the race horse, can travel twice as fast. An antelope can travel three times as fast. Hussey traveled only 0.355 miles a minute. Sound travels 12.54 miles a minute. Light travels 11,000,000 miles a minute. So after all, man is a pretty slow-moving animal even when he's running his fastest.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE NEWS

Given Jail Sentence William H. Cook, of Tilton, pleaded guilty to the charge of operating an automobile while under the influence of liquor before Judge F. W. Fowler in the Laconia court and was sentenced to serve 60 days in jail and pay costs of \$12.50.

Do Not Fear "Devil's Grip" Officials of the State Board of Health have received no reports of cases of the new disease, "devil's grip," in this state and are not anticipating an outbreak here. Their considered opinion is that the malady constitutes no great menace.

Crowds Enjoy Band Concert Franklin's second band concert of the season was a big success. Regardless of unfavorable weather with a gale of wind blowing, large crowds were present to enjoy the music. The street was fairly jammed with automobiles many of them from surrounding towns.

Boys Guests of Rotarians About 200 boys of Claremont were given an outing at Camp Walula, Lake Sunapee, as guests of the Claremont Rotarians. The boys left for the lake in automobiles with blowing of horns and plenty of noise. On arriving at the camp they were given a big feed, a trip around the lake, bathing and games.

Manchester's Bond Issue The finance commission of Manchester has approved of the \$125,000 bond issue for new streets and also the \$50,000 bond issue for new sewers. Much of the work under the two issues is already done. On September 2 the borrowing capacity of the city will be at \$397,000 the commissioners announce.

Will Dedicate New School The public schools of Laconia will open for the fall term on Monday, Sept. 10, and Friday evening, Sept. 14, has been set for the dedication of the new high school building recently erected on Union avenue. The attention of parents is called to the fact that pupils must comply with the vaccination law before they will be accepted in any school this year.

Rumford Association Field Day The Rumford Mutual Benefit Association, Concord, an organization of Rumford Press employees, with the co-operation of officers of the company, will have a field day at Contoocook River park on Sept. 6. There will be a short parade in Concord before the start for the park and the program will embrace band concerts, dancing, sports, raffle and a basket luncheon.

Great Recreation Centre Much interest is being shown by members of the several Chambers of Commerce, hotel men and others throughout the lake region, in the meeting that is to be held at Laconia under the auspices of the Laconia Chamber of Commerce early in September, for the purpose of promoting plans for advertising the advantages of Lake Winnepesaukee as the recreation center of the state.

Hotel Man Dies Frank A. Hale, one of the best known hotel men of the state, died at the Laconia hospital on the 21st, death resulting from being overcome by smoke at a fire, in the cellar at his home. Mr. Hale was 75 years of age, and had been identified in the hotel business all his life. For over ten years he conducted the Mt. Belknap hotel at the Lakeport end of the city.

Farm Bureau Outing What is said to have been the largest attended farm bureau field day ever held in New Hampshire was conducted at Woodsville last week with over 4000 people and 100 automobiles present. The occasion was the Gratton County farm bureau meeting, and the principal features were sports, an educational contest, a general exhibit contributed by the farms in the county, and speeches.

Civil War Veterans Samuel D. Robinson, a native of Pembroke and one of the few veterans of the Civil War, celebrated his 81st birthday anniversary at the home of his daughter on the 22nd. Mr. Robinson is one of the prominent citizens of the town. He was connected with the state prison for a good many years, part of the time as deputy warden. Mr. Robinson was a member of the Fourteenth Regiment, which served in the Civil War. He was severely wounded at Opequan, Va., Sept. 19, 1864, and was discharged for disability at Manchester, Feb. 8, 1866. Although he has passed the fourscore mark, he is still active and appears many years younger.

Motor Car Hits Pole HILL, N. H., Aug. 20.—Mr. and Mrs. William Hoyt of Rumney were badly bruised and shaken up near Hill when their car left the road and crashed into a tree. Dr. F. A. Fowler was called and after first aid the couple continued their trip in a hired automobile. It turned out that their chauffeur was sleeping at his post, unknown to them.

Farmers near Salem as well as those at Windham, report considerable damage to their growing vegetables as a result of a recent frost.

55,654 Automobiles Registered Automobile registrations are nearing the 57,000 mark, according to figures given out at the office of the Motor Vehicle Commissioner at Concord, number 55,654 having passed over the counter late last week.

Pine Trees for Grove Dr. G. W. Pierce, over 90, gave the town of Winchester 2,000 pine trees for a grove on what is known as Muster Field park, at the Old Home Day exercises. Andrew H. Woodbury, 84, sang.

Bartlett Will Be a Candidate John H. Bartlett, first assistant postmaster general and former governor, will be a candidate for delegate at large to the Republican national convention. He made that statement at Concord. Mr. Bartlett said that he would be a supporter first, last and all the time of Pres. Calvin Coolidge.

State to Have 10 Delegates According to reliable information New Hampshire will have 10 delegates to the Republican national convention next year, or two more than at the last convention. This is under the allotment based on the number of Republican votes cast in the 1920 presidential election. Senator Moses is to be a candidate for delegates-at-large.

Street Fair Nets \$900 Hopkinton, Aug. 23.—The "Street Fair" given by the woman's guild of St. Andrew's church, at Hopkinton, proved a great success. In spite of the weather, the fair was held on the lawn of the church and on the adjoining lawn of Levin Chase's house. The proceeds of the sale amounted to \$910.66, about twice as much as is usually realized.

Automobile Drivers Sentenced At Concord jail sentences of 60 days were ordered by Police Judge Harry J. Brown after he had found Patrick W. McGowan and Wilfred T. Struthers guilty of driving automobiles while under the influence of liquor. McGowan was arrested after a collision and has been in a hospital. Both men appealed and furnished bail for their appearance at the October term of the superior court.

Offer to Rush Several Hundred College students to the cranberry district early in September if a feared labor shortage developed was made at the annual meeting of the Cape Cod Cranberry Growers' Association at Wareham, by A. C. Gilbert, Mass. commissioner of agriculture. He said he had already sent notices to 1500 college men, and by replies so far received felt that he could have 200 or 300 men on the Cape the day after Labor day.

Stops Games of Chance At Concord, City Marshal Kimball stopped wheels and other chance taking games at a fair being conducted at a Sacred Heart Church lawn party on complaint being made that raffle devices were in operation. The Rev. George A. Demers, curate of the parish, told the marshal the church authorities had no intention of violating the law. County Solicitor Raine has been actively after all gatherings where wheels are in operation and notice has been served on the country fair managements the midways must have none of the usual gambling games this fall.

Hampton Beach Carnival The ninth annual Hampton Beach carnival week program does not include a pageant, as planned several weeks ago, on account of the illness of Harold S. Taylor, chairman of that committee, but the general committee has secured the services of an excellent troupe of entertainers to take care of this part of the program. On Tuesday, Sept. 4, the day after the holiday, there will be one of the most complete sets of sports events ever attempted at Hampton. Wednesday will be known as Farmers' and Grangers' Day. Thursday will be Governor's Day. Governor Fred H. Brown and staff have been invited to attend, with the governors of the five other New England States. The New Hampshire executive will speak, and a civic and military parade will be one of the features of the afternoon. Prizes will be given for the best decorated automobile in line. A baby parade and show will be the feature event of Friday, with prizes for the best babies and decorated go-carts. In the evening the greatest of all for many, will be the crowning of the king and queen of the carnival with prizes for the best costumes. Saturday will be known as Carnival Day and the grand finale of the week will be during that day and evening. There will be fireworks every evening starting with Monday night, September 4, and the special group of entertainers, with singing and dancing will be in evidence afternoon and evening.

No Gambling at Greenfield Deputy Sheriff Richard M. O'Dowd, who has attended the Greenfield fair with his father, Sheriff John T. O'Dowd, reports that the fair was one of the best-conducted he had ever attended.

There was no evidence of rowdiness nor disorder of any kind, and although the sheriff and his men were on the lookout for any signs of gambling, they found no evidence of it going on. There were no wheels nor gambling contrivances, he said.

Unfortunate That Proud Driver of Car Should Have Forgotten to Remove That Pall.

They were talking about embarrassing moments at the Friday Morning club when one fair matron remarked: "While living in a small western town a few years ago, my husband purchased an automobile. Upon inspecting our garage I discovered a leak in the roof and, to save the new machine from a possible drenching, I placed a five-gallon pail on top of it. "Several days later I noticed to town, all puffed up with pride, unaware that the pail was still on top of the car, and it surely was my most embarrassing moment when I parked near a dairy and a kind stranger offered to take the milk pail down for me."

Assumption. Hey—"Barnes was struck by an automobile yesterday." De—"When did his accident insurance policy expire?"

The successful manicurist has plenty of business on hand.

NEITHER SIDE MADE HIT IN NINE INNINGS

Herrmann Tells of Battle Between Toney and Vaughn.

"During my long baseball career," says August Herrmann, "I have had the good fortune to see several hitless games. Some of them were real masterpieces of the pitching art, and others only became hitless games after the scorers had revised them and converted his lute errors. The one game of all, however, the one game that will always stand out foremost in my memory, was the doubly hitless performance in Chicago, when Fred Toney bested Jim Vaughn. That game never had a precedent, as far as I have been able to discover from the records or from the memories of old time fans. Hitless games have often happened, but never before or since have two pitchers gone through nine innings without a safety being registered on either side. On that great occasion, both Vaughn and Toney finished their full nine innings without a hit being marked up against either man. Toney continued his wonderful work in the tenth, a magnificent catch in deep left by Manuel Cueto, the little Cuban, saving him from having at least a two-bagger recorded off his delivery. But the Reds finally got to Vaughn; his record was shattered in the tenth, and Toney carried off the honors. That game was ne plus ultra; the one greatest of all pitching battles; there never was one like it in the past."

Sporting Squibs of All Kinds

For thirteen years Johnny Dundee has been at the fighting business.

South African Football club is booking a three-months' tour of England in 1924.

The rowing course at Gruntau, near Berlin, is generally accounted the finest in the world.

Athletic activities of women in the Paris Olympic games will be confined to tennis and swimming.

Australia and New Zealand are preparing for a large representation in the Olympic games in Paris next year.

Jack Kearns, manager of Dempsey, gets one-third of the purses put up by promoters for the champion's services.

Notre Dame football eleven must cover considerable territory to play its 10-game schedule at home, in the East, South and West this fall.

Mrs. G. E. Sweetser, mother of James Sweetser, national and metropolitan golf champion, is an expert on the links.

Fewer fighters are southpaws than devotees of other departments of athletics. Tendler's hard-hitting hand is his left.

Acation Country club of Detroit is laying out two polo fields, one to be used for championship matches only and the other as a practice field.

Michigan will play eight football games, concluding with Minnesota at Ann Arbor Nov. 24. The U. S. Marines are to be entertained at home Nov. 10.

Golf, they say, is one of the ways of getting business—like the theater. In the old days, or the dinner. A sales man says he gets many orders on the links.

Hurler Wears Specs



Eddie Gibson, the bespectacled baseball pitcher, is one of the few players who wears "chatters" while performing his duties on the diamond. He is the star southpaw of the University of Michigan.

Baseball Notes

Few baseball pennants has been won by suggestions from fans.

Herman, playing third base for the Braves, is a Colgate university lad.

Dan Flynn, out of the game for several years, is hitting 359 in the Texas league.

Pat Hardgrove, Evansville third baseman, continues his spasms of hard hitting.

Pete Ritchie, catcher, released by Seattle was taken on by the San Francisco club.

So as to cut down to the player-limit, Fort Worth released Pitcher Sam Gray to Beaumont.

George Murchio, former University of California pitcher now with Oakland, seems to be coming fast.

Bill Leard, veteran released as manager of the Winston-Salem team, was taken on by the Danville club.

Joe Lopez, Cuban third baseman, who has been with the Columbus Association team, is now with London in the Mint league.

Bob Connery, business agent of the New York Americans, is said to have reopened negotiations for Pitcher Jake May of the Vernon team.

William Gardner, a southpaw pitcher, added to the roster of the Cleveland Indians, making two Gardner on the team, hails from Hazelwood, Pa.

While pitchers with major league reputations are coming into the Southern league only to fall, old Bill Whitaker continues to be an ace, as is Joe Martina.

The New York Giants, winners of the world's baseball championship the last two years, finished in the cellar position three times—in 1900, 1902, and 1915.

Third Baseman Herman Loopp of Muskegon, who broke a leg in a recent game, will be out for the rest of the season, according to reports from the doctors.

Rumors circulated that Fred Clarke had visited California with the idea of looking into Oakland affairs with an idea of purchase of the Oaks' franchise were denied by Mr. Clarke.

The veteran Grover Land changed his mind about retiring from baseball and last week signed to play under that other veteran catcher, Dan O'Leary, with Flint in the Mint league.

Arnold Stutz, the Cubs' outfielder, is known to his pals as "Jigger," owing to his success with that implement on the golf links. Stutz is easily the best golfer playing major league baseball.

The Three-I does not seem too fast for recruits from the South Dakota league. Danville took on three players from this defunct circuit—Hart, Griffith and Lee—and all seem to be making good.

Stuffy McInnis rises to remark that he is not thirty-five years old, the age gleaned from the official statistics issued by the Cleveland club. "I began playing when seventeen," he said, "and am only thirty-two."

Bill Speas, the Cedar Rapids manager, may not have his team showing the way to a pennant this year as it did last, but Bill himself has maintained his position as the Mississippi Valley league's premier pitcher.

The Raleigh club of the Piedmont has been sued for \$25,000 damages by the estate of a man named John T. Pope, who fell from the top of the grand stand to his death when a railing gave way as he leaned on it.

Ernie Krueger, catcher of the Indianapolis team, has turned coach and will teach students at McAllister college the fine points of basketball next fall. Bunny Brief has accepted an offer from the same institution as baseball coach.

Jim Murray Squelched

"Buy your girl a bottle of soda water," yelled Umpire Jim Murray at one of the fans in a box at a recent game in Kansas City. It was Murray's comeback at the fan who had been "riding" him.

"I drink the same stuff you do, Murray," the Fannette replied.

With that the arbiter walked away.

It was during the same series that Murray had his traveling bag stolen.

Walking over to the dugout Murray, a day or so later spied the same couple in a box. Neither had made a whimper.

"Well, it's Sunday again, and I see you in the same old seats," said the talkative umpire. "You're one of those guys who comes out only on Sundays, ain't you?"

Again the fannette dealt Murray a knockout when she said: "We'd come out more often only we don't like to see an umpire who is so blind they lift his suitcase out of his vest pocket."

Murray didn't say another word until he started calling decisions.

Home-Run Slugger



"Hack" Miller, huge left fielder of the Chicago Cubs, entered the hall of baseball esteem when he registered two home runs in a recent game. "Hack" came to Chicago with a very fine record, but did not do very much last year. However, this year he is hitting them hard and often.

Australian Lightweight Seeks Go With Leonard

Hugh Dwyer, the lightweight boxing champion of Australia, has reached New York and wants a try at Benny Leonard's crown. Dwyer is twenty-five years of age. He is five and one-half feet tall and weighs about 142 pounds, but says he can easily make 133 pounds for the title-holder of the United States. Dwyer has been fighting six years. He has had 50 fights and 25 knockouts. He beat Sid Godfrey for the Australian title in a 20-round bout last October.

Recruit Richard Reichle Has Best Throwing Arm

They are speaking generously of Richard Reichle, the former midwestern collegian now with the Boston Red Sox. Out in St. Louis critics say that Reichle has one of the best throwing arms unleashed by a recruit in many a long day, while it was for his bating, principally, that the Red Sox signed him.

New Golf Marathon Mark Made by Cleveland Man

A new marathon golf record was recently established at Highland park in Cleveland, O., when Rudolph Suppan made 257 holes between 4:20 o'clock in the morning and darkness. He used eight caddies and wore out two pairs of shoes, having traveled between 50 and 60 miles.

WRIGLEYS After Every Meal. Have a packet in your pocket for ever-ready refreshment. Aids digestion. Allays thirst. Soothes the throat. For Quality, Flavor and the Sealed Package, get WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT MINT FLAVOR LASTS.

GENUINE NORTHERN SEAL. STANDARD OF THE WORLD. There is only one genuine Seal-Alaska Seal. Others are only imitations. NORTHERN SEAL is the best imitation of the genuine article. NORTHERN SEAL is only the finest selected New Zealand LEPUS CURVICULUS. For information, write for booklet to NORTHERN SEAL, Parcel Post, Springfield Gardens, L. I., New York.

HAD NERVOUS INDIGESTION. COULD NOT SLEEP—LOST WEIGHT ONLY WINCARNIS HELPED HER. "Let anyone who may question the truth of your claims for Wincarnis come to me and I will soon dispel their doubts. A year ago I had a very bad spell of nervous indigestion and although my doctor did all he could for me, nothing he gave me relieved me of the dreadful attack. I lost my appetite, I could not sleep, my nerves got worse and I rapidly lost weight. I had read about your wonderful tonic Wincarnis and decided to give it a trial. Almost immediately my appetite came back and soon I was able to get a refreshing night's sleep. My nerves grew steady, my indigestion disappeared and I began to put on flesh. In fact, I gained 8 pounds while taking Wincarnis." (Miss Helen Miller, 10 Thompson St., Philadelphia, Pa.) WINCARNIS At all good Druggists. Two Sizes, \$1.10 and \$1.98. WRITE FOR FREE INTERESTING BOOKLET to EDWARD LASSERE, INC., 401 West 23rd Street, NEW YORK.

Shave With Cuticura Soap The New Way Without Mug.

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The successful manicurist has plenty of business on hand.

Wishing for sleep is a poor way to get it. Try Postum instead of coffee. There's a Reason. Iced Postum is delicious.

Taylor's Tailor-Made Clothes

Our new Fall Samples are now in and quality and values are better than ever.

Now is the time to order a new Fall or Winter Suit, a new Fall Overcoat or a heavy one for zero weather that will come later on. We would be pleased to have you come in and look at samples.

Every Suit and Coat fully guaranteed a perfect fit.

Gents' Furnishings, Shoes, Ladies' Gordon Hose

"GOODWIN'S"

Tomorrow's Work Depends Upon Tonight's Rest

Every night's rest depends, in a measure at least, upon your bedding. A comfortable bed means more work more cheerfully performed. We can insure you comfortable and peaceful rest so far as right things in bedding can do it.

BEDSTEADS—

Metal, in White, Ivory, Walnut, Mahogany and Oak finishes. Inexpensive bungalow designs and more pretentious patterns which add dignity and beauty to the room. Five sizes, so that your space can be fitted.

Special 2 inch Post, 1 inch Filler Design at \$10
Wood Beds, in Oak, Walnut and Mahogany. Designs to fit the dressers of any grade and in three sizes. Special Oak or Mahogany Finish Wood Bed, full size \$17.50.

SPRING BEDS—

National, Wishbone, Spiral De Luxe. Great comfort without undue expense and our warrant added to that of the factory. 7 regular sizes. Special National or Wishbone Warranted Fabric and Helicals, Enamelled to prevent rust \$7.00.

MATRESSES—

Made from all new, clean material and in sanitary surroundings by healthy workmen. Combinations of cotton felt with cores of less expensive material. All cotton felt in several grades, comfortable and very durable. Silk Floss, Genuine Kapok, extremely comfortable; lightest mattress made. Hair, the old standard quality, remains in the family, like the feather beds of our parents.

It has to be the very Best and it has to be Clean to be in our Stock. It also has to be at the Right Price.

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Clinton Village, Antrim, N. H.

Arthur A. Muir, D. C. Ph. C.,
KEENE CHIROPRACTOR
MAKES CALLS

ANTRIM HANCOCK
BENNINGTON PETERBORO
Monday, Wednesday, Friday

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 4-8

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.

FARMS SOLD.

No charge unless sale is made.
LESTER H. LATHAM,
P. O. Box 408,
HILLSBORO BRIDGE, N. H.
Telephone connection

J. SILBERBURG
of Wilton, N. H., will buy your live hens and chickens, pay you prices that will net you as much as if you sent them to Boston. I will be in Antrim for collection every Monday. Drop me a postal or Tel. Wilton 54-12.
Reference: Souhegan, National Bank, Milford, N. H.

About Advertising

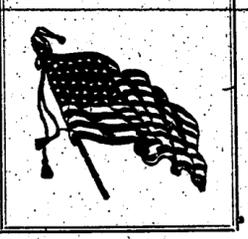
It costs money to advertise in a paper of circulation and influence in the community. Every business man who seeks to enlarge his trade, recognizes the fact that advertising is a legitimate expense. It is not the cheapest advertising that pays the best. Sometimes it is the highest priced newspaper that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

Try the REPORTER.

The Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year
Advertising Rates on Application
H. B. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
H. B. ELDRIDGE, Assistant
Wednesday, August 29, 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 ordinary length \$1.00.
Obituary poetry and lists of flowers charged for at advertising rates; also will be charged at this same rate list of presents at a wedding.

Foreign Advertising Representative
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION
Entered at the Post-office at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

Antrim Locals

"Dolly Varden" Salad Dressing, at Cram's Store. Adv.

Mrs. E. C. Paige is having her residence repainted in colors.

The family of Will Kidder is removing to the Morrison house, on Depot street.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Gibney and daughter, of Windsor, this state, were in town over Sunday.

Friday, 3 o'clock, there will be a Food Sale at Baptist Vestry. Adv.

Lee Sheperdson, of the Reporter office, was a week-end guest at his home in Baldwinville, Mass.

"Dromedary" Smyrna Figs in syrup, at Cram's Store. Adv.

Mrs. I. T. Cole and daughter, of Rosindale, Mass., are guests this week at the Baptist parsonage.

Miss Mabelle Eldredge spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Eldredge, in Winchendon, Mass.

A very Complete Line of Ladies' Gordon Hosiery, popular prices and in the wanted colors. Goodwin's. Adv.

Mrs. Otis Watts, of Lynn, Mass., was in town over the week-end, visiting in the family of Mrs. L. E. Rockwell.

"Po-ree-Ko" Canned Grapefruit, ripened on the trees, at Cram's. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord W. Douglas, of Wilbraham, Mass., were the guests of Miss Florence L. Brown for a short time last week.

To Let—Desirable tenement, furnished or unfurnished. Address, Box 226, Antrim, N. H. Adv. 2t

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

Miss Evelyn Austin has completed her labors at Rodney Huntington's and is visiting friends and relatives in Ashland, Mass., for a few weeks.

Pictures the coming week at Lake Massassee: August 31, "World's Applause," with Bebe Daniels, September 3, Labor Day, "Thirty Day," with Wallace Reid. Adv.

Miss S. Faye Benedict has returned home from Bloomfield, Conn., where she was recently called by the serious illness of her mother; her mother is now much improved in health.

Mrs. Leo Farmer, of Warehouse Point, Conn., Mrs. Max Davilla, of Westfield, Mass., John Templeton and son, Willard, are recent arrivals at the home of their mother, Mrs. Katherine Templeton.

The announcement of the marriage of Miss Laura Lucinda Newell to Stanley R. MacLane, on Tuesday, August 21, 1923, at Alstead, N. H., has just been received. Mr. and Mrs. MacLane will reside in Lynn, Mass. Mrs. MacLane will be remembered as Headmistress of our High school last year.

Recent callers at the Craig Farm: Mr. and Mrs. Chester Kendrick and son, Gardner, of Fairhaven, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. George Worthley and son, Clifford, of Derry; Rev. and Mrs. William Parker, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Boyd, Miss Lora E. Craig, Miss Ella Robinson, J. W. Brooks and Miss Katherine Gary, of Antrim.

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.

The Antrim Reporter, all the local news, \$2.00 per year.

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Antrim
Thursday, August 30
No Pictures This Date, owing to Other Attractions.
Saturday, Sept 1
Mary Miles Minter in
"Virtuous Outcasts"
Pathe Weekly
Pictures at 8.15
W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

The buildings of Mrs. Julia V. Baker are receiving a fresh coat of paint.

Miss Angie Craig has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Poor the past week.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Sawyer, of Dorchester, were guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Sawyer.

Edwin J. Whittemore, of Somerville, Mass., has been visiting relatives in town the past week.

Inspector Swan, from the Motor Vehicle Department, Concord, was in town on Thursday last.

A large number of our people attended the Greenfield Fair, some going Wednesday, others going Thursday.

Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Packard, of Winchendon, Mass. were visitors the past week of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. George.

Mrs. Junia Wilson has gone to New York, called there by the death of a relative; she expects to make an extended stay.

Forest Appleton, of Manchester, has been passing a few days' vacation with his mother, Mrs. George Appleton, on Concord street.

The shops of the Goodell Company were closed down on Thursday last, the second day of the Hillsborough County Fair at Greenfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eldredge made an auto trip to Massachusetts Saturday, returning Monday. The Jacksons visited their old home in Falmouth and the Eldredges visited relatives in East Wareham, Mass.

The household goods of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Burnham have been removed to Manchester where the family is soon to reside. Miss Ethel L. Muzzev has moved to the tenement vacated by Mr. Burnham in the house she recently purchased.

Speaking of sesqui-centennials, Antrim is 150 years old in a little over three years from now,—to be exact March 22, 1927, although she celebrated her centennial in June, 1877, it being a more pleasant time of year for celebrations. The date is not too far ahead for all interested in taking fitting notice of the occasion to be thinking the matter over and getting a few ideas so as to present them when the proper time comes.

New American Legion Officers For Present Year

The following officers were elected at the fifth annual convention of the New Hampshire Department of the American Legion at The Weirs, New Hampshire, August 15, 1923, for the ensuing year: Commander, William E. Sullivan of Nashua; Senior Vice Commander, Harold K. Davidson of Woodsville; Junior Vice Commander, Frank N. Sawyer of North Weare; Judge Advocate, Maurice F. Devine of Manchester; Adjutant and Historian, George W. Morrill of Concord; Chaplain, Rev. William H. Sweeney of Tilton; Master-at-Arms, Harold C. Sullivan of Berlin. District Vice Commanders, Albert B. Kellogg of Claremont, Dr. Henry H. Amsden of Concord, Louis B. Marcoux of Berlin, Clyde F. Hannant of Greenville, Rev. William H. Sweeney of Tilton, Oscar G. Lagerquist of Manchester, Dr. Crarles Walker of Keene and Nelson T. Wright of Portsmouth.

Star Tobacco

I know it's the best for 53 years

Full Plug 90° in Patented Moisture-Proof Box — or 15¢ a Cut

LIGGETT & MYERS TOB. CO.

What Car Will You Drive This Spring?

We Can Fit Your Pocketbook

DURANT

Just a Real Good Car

STAR

Worth the Money

Durant Four—Touring \$990, Sport Touring \$1095, Sport Sedan \$1595, Sedan \$1495, Coupe \$1495, Roadster \$990.

Star—Chassis \$488, Roadster \$475, Touring \$505, Coupe \$645, Sedan \$715.

The above are delivered prices.

Write for information Call for demonstration

MAPLE STREET GARAGE

WHITNEY BROS., Proprietors HENNIKER, N. H.
Telephone 11-2

Flowers

WREATHS and PLANTS
—FOR—
EVERY OCCASION

Just What You Want

Winchendon Flower Shop,
Phone 273 or 209-2
191 Central Street
WINCHENDON, Mass.

John R. Putney Estate Undertaker

First Class, Experienced Director and Embalmer, For Every Case.
Lady Assistant.
Full Line Funeral Supplies.
Flowers Furnished for All Occasions.
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
New England Telephone, 19-3, at Best-gance, Corner High and Pleasant Sts., Antrim, N. H.

W. E. Cram, AUCTIONEER

I wish to announce to the public that I will sell goods at auction for any parties who wish, at reasonable rates. Apply to
W. E. CRAM,
Antrim, N. H.

Subscribe for the Reporter!

Take Home a Gift!

Perhaps your Vacation Season is nearing its close. Why not take home a Gift as a Souvenir of your visit in Antrim? An attractive display of suitable articles from Goodnow, Pearson & Co., of Gardner, Mass., is on exhibition at the Gift Shop, Grove Street, near Methodist Church.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS:

- Sewing Bags—hand painted, imported from Japan
- Reed Trays—from the Orient
- Sewing Sets—from Japan
- Cloisterniere—handsome green Vase from Japan
- Ink Stand—a handsome gift
- Book Ends—just the thing for a desk or table
- Fans—will please your friends
- Few Gifts for the Men—Call and see them
- Beads—the latest arrangements, colors and combinations
- Ear Rings, Hair Ornaments, etc.

A VISIT TO THE GIFT SHOP

Will solve your problem of "What Shall I Take Home to Mother, Sister, Husband or Friend?"

The Gift Shop!

Residence of Mrs. H. W. Eldredge
Antrim, New Hampshire

German Propaganda With Its Familiar Audacity

By Westworth Stewart

We picked up from a local news stand the other day a pamphlet entitled "Boston Paragraph." The heading of the first article is: "The Tartars on the Rhine," and its first sentence runs: "Will France apologize for her error or is she going to act like a hold-up man who, having found the pockets of the victim empty, proceeds to give him the greater thrashing?" Germany worked and starved to a skeleton. . . . France sought to emascuate prostrate Germany, and so it continues until one's blood boils with indignation at such falsehood and such nerve.

Mr. George Horace Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post, returning from Europe the other day, remarked, "If Germany goes to pieces it will be a clear case of suicide." He declares France is acting entirely within her rights. He says Germany in spite of her pleas of poverty is "making rapid industrial extensions, which if allowed to progress at this time will make that country just as formidable a menace in a few years as it was before the war."

Mr. Frank Simonds, who is safely the keenest analyst and surest forecaster of world affairs among all our American writers today, in his most recent article on the French-English-German situation, sees Germany at last on the verge of collapse and predicts that this winter is sure to bring the crisis.

There are those who very freely condemn American sentiment that countenances in any way the breaking up of the German nation as an entity, and seem to think that if we do not heartily regret such we are extremely prejudiced, hard-hearted and short sighted. We have never been able to look at it that way.

Before the war the American people had placed every confidence in the German people and were very slow to be persuaded that they were grossly deceived and that German propaganda had for years been preparing the American situation to be sacrificed to German ambition. Some of us were then writing articles that were almost pacifistic so unwilling were we to admit their schemes, having lived considerably among large settlements of Germans in our own country.

When at last our eyes were opened and we knew Germany's dastardly dealings with us, we turned face about and when our boys were forced by hundreds of thousands to face German butchers on yonder fields of battle there was not left a true American among us who did not see the only safety of the world in the complete rout of German ambition and such utter disintegration of the German order of things as would make impossible for generations, if ever, the re-appearance on the world's horizon of such a menace.

Count Kessler, speaking at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, in which this country represents its generosity by granting a German the privilege of being heard after their contemptible deception yet unapologized for, has the temerity to insult the French, our allies and our own nation as well by suggesting that we boycott the French by closing our markets to them as an act of friendliness toward the dear Germans who would scuttle us today if they could, just as they sought to before the war. Let this bold German understand that our doughboys and their fathers and mothers do not so readily forget.

Time is ordinarily a great healer, but the world has not yet finished the German war, it has been going on from the Armistice to this day; the forces that determined to doom France and hazard the world are now bent on saving themselves at the expense of France, which is the same ambition the other way round.

We cannot understand why our American people cannot see this. If following the Armistice and the Peace Conference with its treaty, the German people had ever once shown genuine sincerity of purpose to do the best they could, even if they had felt they could not pay in full, we might have modified our attitude. If the Germans had shown us by any kind of leadership within their ranks in the past four years that they were willing to accept their punishment like defeated men against whose conceptions of civilization the whole world had turned, and give evidence of purpose to accord with the standard of civilization the allied world with nearly all the rest as its sympathizers had fought to preserve, then there would have been a gradual consideration of the rights of the

Hillsboro Co. Fair

(Continued from first page)

cycle act and others. The vaudeville show was presented in between heats in the horse races.

Wednesday night the vaudeville show was repeated and there was dancing at the new dance floor under the pines. The evening crowd was a large one and included several hundred people who did not attend either morning or afternoon.

Lady Aileen, owned by Edward G. Hadley of Manchester, with Marston up, won the 2.15 class trot and pace, the opening event on Wednesday of the harness program, in straight heats. June Tramp duplicated the performance by taking all heats in the 2.19 class trot and pace, while Flower Hall also won in straight heats in the 2.30 class trot and pace.

Peter Boreal, driven by Bradley, won the Free-For-All, the feature event of the horse race program Thursday afternoon in straight heats. The time was fast, with the winner establishing a record of 2.14, the fastest of the two-day meet, in the last heat. The racing was featured by spectacular and close finishes.

There was no evidence of rowdiness nor disorder of any kind and although Sheriff O'Dowd and his men were on the lookout for any signs of gambling, they found no evidence of it going on.

Never in its history has this Fair experienced better weather than was passed out to it the past week, and probably this one thing as much as any other is responsible for the big success it proved to be.

The officers of the Hillsborough County Fair association are: President, A. Erland Goyette of Peterborough; vice president, ex-Gov. Robert P. Bass of Peterborough; secretary, Fred L. Proctor of Antrim; treasurer, George E. Clement of Peterborough, and general manager, Fred L. Proctor of Antrim. The board of directors consists of the following: Fred A. Knight of Bennington, Arthur W. Proctor of Antrim, John Adams, D. H. Newell of Antrim, Thomas Nyland of Peterborough, and B. R. W. Russell of Peterborough.

Lost or Strayed

From my pasture, two sheep and three lambs, with my tag in ear.
Charles F. Balch,
Bennington, N. H.

German people as such. But since Germany has not offered a leadership from extreme monarchists to extreme socialists that has not been German through and through, determined to shirk its responsibility for the world disaster and unwilling to act by any other standard than the German purpose to sacrifice others to its safety or ambition, it is no more fitting to condone German atrocity and attempt to save German disintegration than when our boys were at Chateau Thierry or Belleau Woods and we were praying that the German Empire as such might be shot into fragments.

As Secretary Mellon observes, it is undoubtedly true that the breaking up of Germany would handicap the reparations situation and the allies, ourselves included, might temporarily lose economically, but that would be easily offset in the long run by the safety of the nations involved and the much greater assurance of the peace of the world. We venture even France with all Germany's obligations toward her, would much prefer such assurance of security for a half century than any possible financial reimbursement. We did not fight to win or even save our fortunes pre-eminently; we fought to save our freedom and independence, without which fortunes carry little meaning to the American people.

We have said every year since the war, and repeat again without any spirit of revenge, that the only way to the future safety of the world is in the utter breaking up of the German nation, with the possibilities of such re-alignment and safeguards as will secure the world until such time as new generations of Germans apart from the spell of her traditional spirit shall have learned the way of real civilization.

The Antrim Reporter is \$2.00 per year; gives all the local news. Can subscribe at any time.

Bennington

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Bennington at 8.00 o'clock

Wednesday, August 29
Anita Stewart in
"Plaything of Destiny"

Saturday, Sept 1
H. B. Warner in "Felix O'Day"
from Novel by F. H. Smith
Pathe Weekly and Comedy

Mrs. Vieno has gone to St. Joseph's hospital, Nashua.

John Adams was a visitor in town during the Fair at Greenfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Warner are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Griswold.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Wilson, Miss Lawrence and Miss Weeks are at Lake George.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Griswold, from Ithaca, N. Y., are guests of his parents for awhile.

John Gray has been home, but was obliged to return to the hospital at Greenfield on account of illness.

Oliver A. Harrington, of Revere, Mass., has been visiting his brother and family at South Bennington.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Poor and son, Warren, of Milford, visited Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Keeser over the weekend.

Ida Putnam has been visiting with Mrs. Lizzie Sargent for a week. Mrs. Sargent is having a trip through the White Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernstein, Mr. and Mrs. Griswold and two children, of Herkimer, N. Y., have been recent guests at J. J. Griswold's.

Miss Arline Edwards is at home from the Keene Normal and keeping house, while Miss Frieda has her vacation. Miss Caroline is also home.

The pastor's topic at the 10.45 service of the Congregational church next Sunday will be, "A Communion Meditation." Sunday school at noon.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Guy, of New York City, Mr. and Mrs. Graves, of Leominster, Mass., visited the Wallaces last week and attended Greenfield Fair.

Mrs. Arman Exsergian played the cello, with Le Von Exsergian at the organ, at the Congregational church on Sunday morning. Thanks are cordially extended them for their beautiful music.

The entertainment of the choir of the Catholic church is to be given at the town hall on the evening of September 11. Tickets may now be obtained from members of the choir at 50 cents each.

Mrs. Charles G. Cox, of Saskatoon, Sask., visited her father, William B. Gordon, a few days recently. Mrs. Cox's husband is an examining physician in the pension department for the Canadian government and came as far as Ottawa, where business kept him. They are soon to return to the Northwest.

The Water Carnival at Tall Pines Camp on Saturday afternoon was very much enjoyed by all who attended, every one was most cordially received. The canoes were most artistically decorated, each nation represented, passing the audience on the lake, following which a native dance was given on the beach. First came the American Indian, Spain, British Isles, France, Holland, Italy, Africa, Japan, America. The canoe representing Japan was beautiful, and the one representing Africa with its tall palm in one end and the kraal in the other and paddled by a real darky was a very clever conception; all was well done. The dancing was very graceful and pretty; this was followed by a visit to the exhibit Lodge where the hand work of the girls was shown and camp songs sung. Then there was a basket ball game and an exhibition of horse-back riding, which was very interesting, especially where the girls carried an egg on a table spoon in one hand, while they rode at a good clip around the given course. Only two came through without a spill. Then a delightful walk through the pines to the Club Lodge where tea, punch and fancy biscuits were served by the club members. It was an ideal day and many thanks are due the Tall Pines Camp and the Club for their kindly and cordial "Perfect Day" given their friends and neighbors.

Card of Thanks

Mrs. F. E. Sheldon, who is at the Mary Fletcher hospital, in Burlington, Vt., taking insulin treatment, was given a shower of handkerchiefs, and post cards on her birthday Saturday,

Antrim Locals

Miss Ethel L. Muzzey is having electric lights put into her newly purchased home.

All White Shoes at half price. White Boots given away, at Goodwin's. Adv.

Mrs. Harold Miner is entertaining her brother, Walter Wingate, of West Medford, Mass.

A new line of Fall and Winter Samples of Taylor's famous Tailor-made Clothes, at Goodwin's. Adv.

Mrs. Emily White, of Winthrop, Mass., has returned home, after spending two weeks with her brother, Arthur L. Smith.

L. E. Whittemore, Inspector in the Board of Health of New York City, is on a month's visit with his sister, Mrs. Josephine Stewart.

Gladiolas for sale, in sprays or by the dozen. Mrs. N. A. Richards, Antrim, N. H. Adv. 2t

Howard Mann and family and Henry Miner have been visiting with Ernest Mann and family, of Boston, who are at Spruce Lodge, Highland Lake, Stoddard.

News has reached friends here of the death of Edward Walker, husband of Mrs. Emma Manning Huntley, of Brookline, Mass., who passed away Sunday afternoon of heart failure. Funeral at St. Marks M. E. church on Tuesday, August 28; interment at Nashua.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

METHODIST

Rev. Wm. Thompson, Pastor

There will be no service Thursday of this week.

Truth can only be received by one who is prepared, the choicest literature is useless to those who have not learned the alphabet.

God's ways are not man's ways; the highest wisdom sometimes seems foolishness to one of limited knowledge and experience.

It is the highest wisdom to learn of God, not to think to direct his method of operation.

When one gives himself up to the pleasures of this world he is like the fly, not tasting the honey, but caught in its

Aug. 18, by her friends in Bennington and Antrim, for which she is very grateful. More than 75 handkerchiefs and as many post cards were received. F. E. Sheldon.



Stop ! Look ! Listen !

**10% to 20% REDUCTION
On All Furniture
During The Month Of
AUGUST**

Hillsboro Furniture Rooms
Baker Block Hillsboro, N. H.

USCO Users Stick

United States Tires are Good Tires

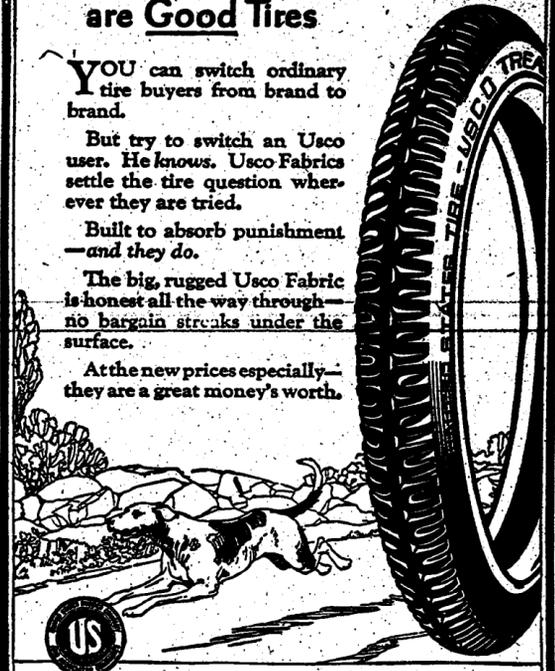
YOU can switch ordinary tire buyers from brand to brand.

But try to switch an Usco user. He knows. Usco Fabrics settle the tire question wherever they are tried.

Built to absorb punishment—and they do.

The big, rugged Usco Fabric is honest all the way through—no bargain streaks under the surface.

At the new prices especially—they are a great money's worth.



Where to buy U.S. Tires

Antrim Garage, Antrim, N. H.

embrace. He has the honey, but it ruins him.
Communion at the Sunday morning service.
The Sunday school will meet after the morning worship.

PRESBYTERIAN

Rev. J. D. Cameron, D. D., Pastor
Thursday
7 p.m.—Prayer meeting. Study, Acts, chapter 11.

Sunday
10.45 a.m.—Morning worship, with sermon by the pastor on the subject, "Natural Wonders."

12 m.—Bible school.

BAPTIST

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, the regular church prayer meeting in the vestry at 7.30. Topic, "The Master's Love," John 15, 11-27.
Sunday, morning worship at 10.45. Sermon by the pastor on the topic, "The Labor Question in the Light of Calvary."

Bible school at 12 o'clock, with classes for all.

Union service at 7 o'clock, with sermon on "100% Christianity."

Buy Your Bond AND BE SECURE

Why Run The Hazard

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

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

H. W. ELDREDGE Agent, Antrim.

MRS. BUTLER'S AGES AND PAINS

Vanished After Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

W. Philadelphia, Pa.—"When I cleaned house last April I must have overworked, for after that I had pains and aches all the time and was so discouraged, I could hardly do my own housework, and I could not carry a basket of groceries from the store nor walk even four or five squares without getting terrible pains in my back and abdomen and lower limbs. I went to visit a friend in Mt. Holly, N. J., and she said, 'Mrs. Butler, why don't you take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' My husband said that if it did her so much good for the same trouble, I should try it. So I have taken it and it is doing me good. Whenever I feel heavy or bad, it puts me right on my feet again. I am able to do my work with pleasure and am getting strong and stout. I still take the Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am using Lydia E. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash."—Mrs. CHARLES BUTLER, 1233 S. Hanson St., W. Phila., Pa.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text Book upon "Ailments of Women."

"Yellowstone, Largest and Most Far Famed"



THE HARDINGS IN YELLOWSTONE

1923 Opening Evokes Administration Policy of Complete Conservation for Our National Parks

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

THE national parks lost a good friend when Warren G. Harding died. His appreciation and approval of the national park movement were signally shown at the 1923 opening of Yellowstone for its fifty-first year by an official declaration of administration policy worthy of its place as the first national park in all history and largest and most famous of all America's nineteen public playgrounds set apart by congress for the use of the people forever. That official declaration of administration policy was nothing less than absolute protection of the national park system against commercial invasion and exploitation.

Dr. John Wesley Hill, chancellor of Lincoln Memorial university, made the declaration. He officially represented President Harding and Secretary of the Interior Work at the Yellowstone opening. His statement was prepared, careful and emphatic. It contained the following:

"And we are here today . . . to celebrate the annual opening of Yellowstone park, the largest and most far-famed of our national parks, a wooded wilderness of three thousand three hundred square miles, containing incomparable waterfalls, more geysers than are found in the rest of the world all put together, irrigated by rivers like miniature lakes, and beautified by lakes like inland seas, carved by canyons of sublimity, decorated with colors defying the painter's art, punctured with innumerable boiling springs whose steam mingles with fleecy clouds, studded with vast areas of petrified forests, a sanctuary of safe retreat for feathered songsters and wild beasts, a wonderful playground, sanitarium and university all in one, where the eye feasts upon the riotous colors of flowers, ferns and rocks; the ear is surged with the symphony of melodious sounds; the mind is sated with a thousand revelations of truth and beauty, and the jaded body, weary with the toils of thought and toil and travel, ungrudging for song and dance beneath the shadows of the everlasting hills.

"Yellowstone history is replete with crises where the friends of the park and the park idea have had to fight with a heroism worthy its explorers and discoverers to retain it intact against the bold and presumptuous claims of the advocates of special privilege, determined to commercialize this land of wonder, to build railroads through it, tunnel its mountains, dam its lakes and streams, and secure stranglehold monopolies with small compensation to the government and total loss to the people.

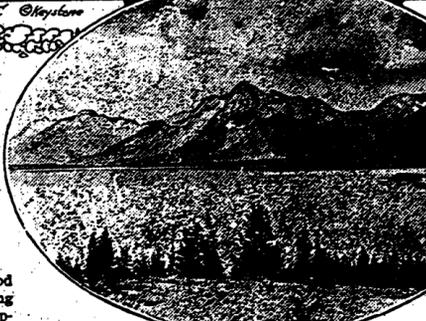
"And regardless of all facts and figures, appeals and threats, therefore, any plan, however meritorious on its face, for the commercial exploitation of parks must by the very nature of its aims and purposes be immediately doomed to failure.

"Good projects, bad projects, indifferent projects, all must face the same fate, for it is at least established policy of the government that our national parks must and shall forever be maintained in absolute, unimpaired form, not only for the present, but for all time to come, a policy which has the unqualified support of President Harding.

"This is the fixed policy of the administration, and I can assure you it will not be modified. It will not be swayed a hair's breadth by any influence, financial, political or otherwise.

"If rights are granted to one claimant, others must follow, so a precedent must not be established. It would inevitably ruin the entire national park system."

Doctor Hill might have been more definite in the matter of the attacks by commercial interests upon Yellowstone. Since early in 1920 it has required increasing vigilance and aggressive organized effort on the part of the vast army of national park enthusiasts to defeat these attacks. During the winter and spring of 1923 the Sixty-sixth congress nearly passed the Smith bill creating a commercial irrigation reservoir in the southwest corner of Yellowstone for the benefit of Idaho. And it did pass the water power bill granting to a commission power to lease public waters, including those of the national parks and monuments, for water power.



JACKSON LAKE AND TETONS

A national organization of defense, about 4,000,000 strong, was quickly effected. The Smith bill was killed in the house, after it had passed the senate. The Jones-Esch bill exempting national parks, present and future, from the jurisdiction of the water power commission was introduced and forced forward. The water power interests were powerful enough, however, to force a compromise amendment which exempted only the existing national parks. The Jones-Esch bill was passed by the Sixty-sixth congress.

In December of 1920 Senator Walsh of Montana championed a bill to dam Yellowstone lake for an irrigation scheme in Montana. A long and hard-fought battle followed. In June of 1921 Secretary of the Interior Fall reported on the bill and straddled on the question of protection, holding that power and irrigation development in the national parks should be only "on specific authorization of congress, the works to be constructed and controlled by the federal government." Thereupon Senator Walsh proposed a new bill providing that the United States reclamation service should build and operate the Yellowstone lake dam. The defenders of the park proved that the dam could be built to greater advantage outside the park. In 1922 the upholders of the parks won a victory by electing Scott Leavitt in Montana to congress over Jerome Locke, originator of the dam project. The final result of the fight was that the Sixty-seventh congress adjourned March 4, 1923, leaving the Walsh dam in the committee's pigeonhole. Efforts to revive it are expected in the Sixty-eighth congress.

During these three years another victory of great importance along the same line was the smothering in committee of the All-Year National park bill, personally drafted and sponsored by Secretary Fall. This bill created a national park in the Mesquero Indian reservation in New Mexico out of several insignificant spots widely separated, plus an irrigation and power reservoir ninety miles away. It would have introduced both water power and irrigation into the national park system. There was a nation-wide protest against this bill, in which New Mexico itself took an active part. The bill is too dead, it is believed, to be resuscitated.

A third victory called nation-wide attention to another danger that threatened—and still threatens—the national parks. The victory was the defeat of the Stamp bill creating the Appalachian National park out of a Virginia mountain top. It was opposed on the ground that the area was below the proper national park quality. It was favored by Secretary Fall, who in his report to the public lands committee said that his policy was to substitute a wide-open recreational park system of many small playgrounds for our historic national park system.

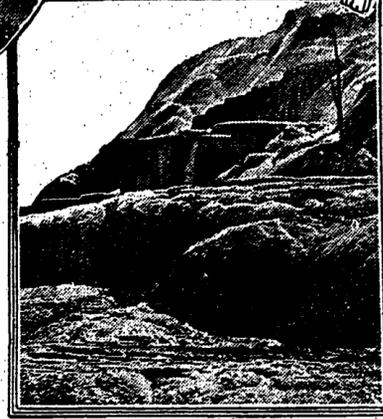
The late Franklin K. Lane, as secretary of the interior in 1918, nailed down this plank in the national park platform:

In studying new park projects you should seek to find "scenery of supreme and distinctive quality or some natural feature so extraordinary or unique as to be of national interest and importance. . . . The national park system as now constituted should not be lowered in standard, dignity and prestige by the inclusion of areas which express in less than the highest terms the particular class or kind of exhibit which they represent.

President Harding was the first president to announce publicly a general administration policy of absolute conservation for the national parks system, and for all of its units. Both Roosevelt and Taft were good friends of the national parks, but preservation against commercial invasion was not a question in their days. President Wilson, in his first term, signed the Hetch Hetchy bill giving San Francisco the water supply reservoir in Yosemite which has just been completed; its secret water power purpose was not then generally understood. President Wilson, however, stood by the national parks loyally and powerfully in the fight to exempt them from the jurisdiction of the water power commission.



OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER



PAINTED TERRACE

President Harding, in announcing this administration policy, was not anticipating a popular demand so much as answering it. The truth is that the American people have within the last three years adopted our nineteen national parks as a part of their conception of the greatness of their nation. "Hands off!" applies to the national parks as well as to Old Glory. They are eager to defend them and to keep them inviolate. And they have developed organized strength through the affiliation of a dozen or so nation-wide organizations to see that congress shall legislate wisely concerning the national parks. The announcement of the conservation policy was received with nation-wide delight. The national park enthusiasts hoped that the conservation policy would be broadened to uphold Secretary Lane's important plank.

Yellowstone also gets into the limelight this season because President Harding paid it a two-days' visit on his way to Alaska. The President's party went in and out through the north entrance and did about 150 miles of motoring in seeing various points of interest. On the Continental Divide they drove through snowbanks. The President went yachting on Yellowstone lake—undammed. He saw many wild animals and fed gingerbread and molasses to a black bear and her cub. He saw the Painted Terraces of Mammoth Hot Springs. Old Faithful geyser spouted 150 feet into the air every sixty-five minutes for him—as it does for every visitor. The photograph reproduced herewith shows the President and Mrs. Harding, under escort of Superintendent Horace M. Albright, viewing from Artist Point the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and the Lower Falls. The President was visibly impressed by the sight—one of the grandest and most beautiful in the world.

Just sixty-three years—1807-1870—were required to put Yellowstone on the map; the American people simply wouldn't believe there was any such place. The Lewis and Clark expedition of 1804-06 passed close by it, but the Indians never mentioned it, considering it the abode of "Evil Spirits" who punished all talk about them. John Colter, a member of the party who went back to trap beaver, discovered it in 1807. Upon his return to St. Louis in 1810 the people dubbed it "Colter's Hell" and laughed him and his tale out of court. James Bridger rediscovered it about 1823, and the public said "Just another of Jim Bridger's big yarns." The gold prospectors of 1862 described it and were set down as liars. It took the Washburn-Langford expedition of 1870 to make the people believe in its wonders. The members of that expedition were for pre-empting the scenic points and making their fortunes. Cornelius Hedges rebuked them and proposed the national park plan—the first in all history. The park was established by act of congress in 1872 and Yellowstone, celebrated its semi-centennial last fall.

Yellowstone contains 3,348 square miles—3,114 in Wyoming, 188 in Montana and 86 in Idaho. Big as it is, the plan is to enlarge it by the addition of many square miles to the south—the Jackson Hole country, which contains Jackson lake and the Teton mountains and is a natural part of the park.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.

Sold by druggists for over 40 years

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy

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

Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Contains 33 1/2% Pure Sulphur (As Druggists) Sulphur is an effective remedy for skin troubles. Chronic eczema, acne, and various scaly eruptions are greatly benefited by Glenn's, which cleanses, disinfects, whitens and beautifies the skin. Millions find it delightful. For Toilet - Bath - Shampoo

One must be imposed upon more or less, but that sort of thing is reciprocal.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS 6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief BELLANS 25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Sense is another thing of which the common brand is best.

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion. Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then, as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

Back to the Land. Many of the islands of the southern coast of Africa, much frequented by penguins, are only now reverting to pre-war conditions. Colonies of penguins settled on these islands and large quantities of guano were yearly collected. The war produced an atmosphere—by constant gun practice of warships and members of the defense force—which, unaccustomed as they were to these conditions, frightened them away from their usual haunts, and now, that these practices have been given up, the penguins are gradually returning to the islands of early associations, with the promise also of a corresponding increase in guano deposits from their return.

To make the day pleasant, study what you say; and don't study what others say—too much.

Experience is the name every one gives to his mistakes.

Made only of wheat and barley scientifically baked 20 hours ~ Supplies Vitamin-B and mineral elements. How can Grape-Nuts be other than a wonderfully appetizing, healthful food? "There's a Reason"

Beecham's Pills Keep you fit

My Picture on Every Package P.D.Q.

P. D. Q., a chemical (not an insect powder) that will actually rid a house of Bed Bugs, Roaches, Flies and Ants with its proper use—impossible for them to exist as it kills their eggs as well and thereby stops future generations. A 3c package makes a quart. Free a patent spot in every package, to get them in the hard-to-get-at places. Special Hospital size, \$2.50, makes 5 gallons. Your druggist has it or can get it for you. Mailed prepaid upon receipt of price by the Owl Chemical Works, Terre Haute, Ind.

Girls who make the greatest exertions to catch husbands are usually last in the race.

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 Colds, Headache, Toothache, Lumbago, Earache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain, Pain.

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 Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Advertisement.

The one redeeming feature about sea-sickness is that it makes you forget all your other troubles.

Women enjoy wearing tight clothes because it makes them feel so good when they take them off.

Have You a Bad Back?

You can't be happy when every day brings morning lameness, torturing backache and sharp, cutting pains. So, why not find the cause and correct it? Likely it's your kidneys. If you suffer headaches and dizziness, too—feel tired, nervous and depressed, it's a further proof your kidneys need help. Neglect is dangerous! Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills today. Thousands have been helped by Doan's. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A New Hampshire Case
Mrs. Carrie A. Grant, 91 Portland St., Rochester, N. H., says: "It was hard for me to get up from a sitting position and my back felt as though it were ready to give out. I had dizzy spells and my kidneys acted irregularly. I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and they helped me so much that I kept on taking them until my back and kidneys were strong."

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

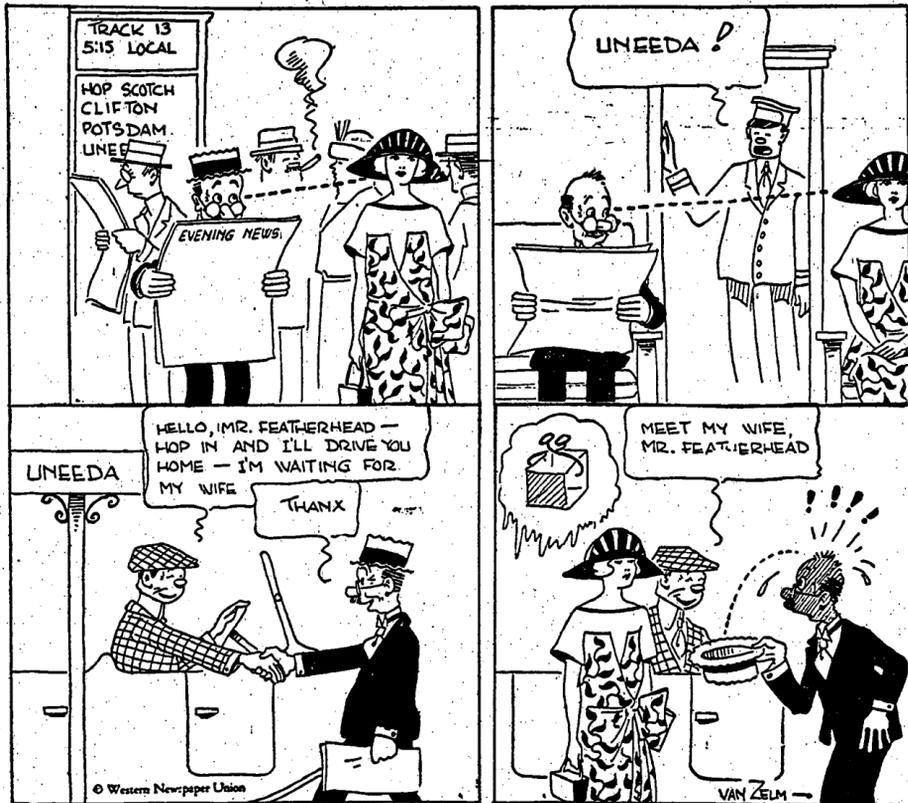
OUR COMIC SECTION

On the Concrete



(Copyright, W. N. U.)

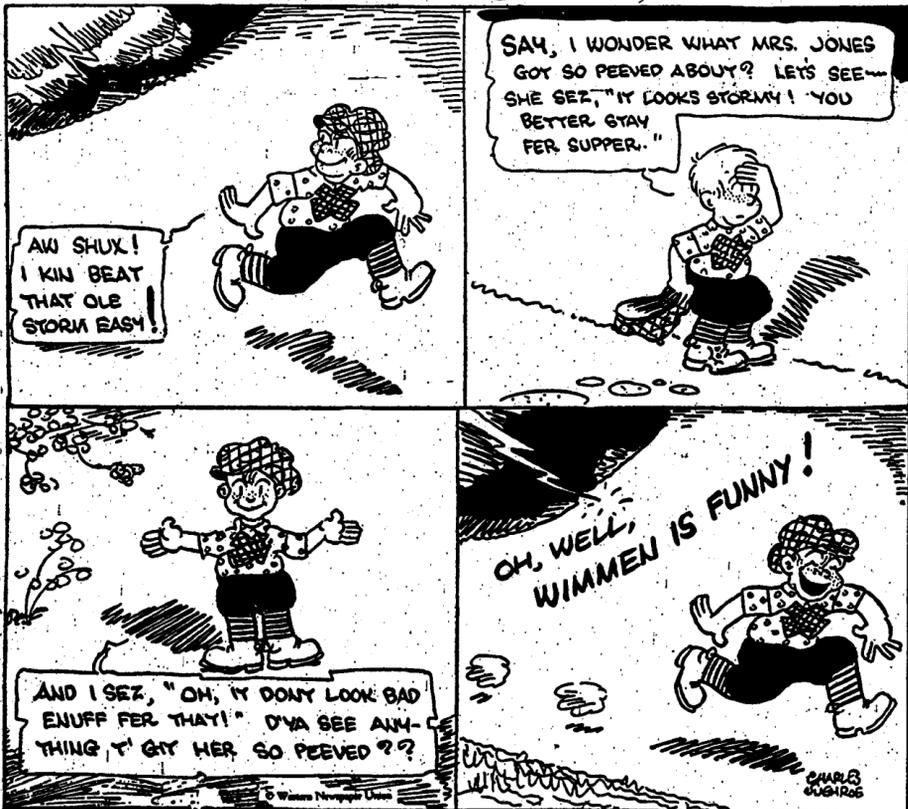
The Troubles of Flirtation



© Western Newspaper Union

VAN ZELM

What's Wrong Here?



© Western Newspaper Union

CHARLES SCHUBERT

GABRIELLE'S WAYS

By MOLLIE MATHER

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

PHILIP RADCLIFF turned to his mother.

"I am afraid this is going to be hard for you," he said.

"My brother's daughter has not had the environment to make her a fitting companion for you, nor a useful occupant of a ministerial household. But we must do our duty by Gordon's child, as he asked us in the last letter he ever wrote. The telegram received states that she will be with us this evening. I shall meet her at the station."

Mrs. Radcliff smiled, but she was herself apprehensive regarding the adoption of this unknown member of the family.

The departed Gordon had often written of his daughter Gabrielle's willful ways, inherited, Mrs. Radcliff feared, from the disapproved mother.

Gordon had truly loved the little actress who had captivated him. The ministerial career planned and sacrificed for by the elder Gordon, dead now, had to be renounced in the swift choosing of actual paying labor.

Philip, the younger brother, had acceded to his father's wish, and was the minister of his heart.

Gordon's pretty, unknown wife had left the world as her tiny daughter entered it. The maternal grandmother had raised the child, Gabrielle, until almost with her first "ankle skirt," she had inevitably followed in her mother's gay profession.

Gabrielle proved competent to care for herself, and the letter written to his brother some years ago in her behalf was merely a father's last desire for some sort of guardianship over her.

The telegram received into the pastor's quiet household was unexpected and disturbing.

"Read Gabrielle's own words, my dear," Philip's mother requested. "It is not, after all, strange that she should turn to us, now that she is quite alone in the world, no matter how successful in her unfortunate career."

Philip, a troubled frown on his fine forehead, obeyed.

"Gabrielle will arrive tomorrow, Wed. evening, in Rosemont. Kindly meet 5:20 limited."

"Brief, and to the point," he remarked.

"I believe," he said, "that the understanding from my niece's last letter was that when she should decide to come to us it would be to stay?"

Mrs. Radcliff nodded.

"The girl may be in ill health," she replied, "and in need of true care. We will be very kind to my son's child and very patient."

"Of course," he agreed. But he awaited the passenger's descent from the 5:20 train apprehensively.

A low voice greeted him. He had been watching a modish young person who came down the car steps. This young woman who stood smiling beside him was almost somber in attire, becoming, certainly, but simple.

"Mr. Radcliff?" she questioned. "You came to meet Gabrielle, did you not?"

"Too much astonished to reply, he assisted her silently into his car. The small person sank back with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I'm so glad I'm here at last," she remarked. "It has been a wearisome journey."

Her very smile had won him; the soft tone of her voice was pleasantly thrilling. Philip Radcliff was not aware of the words that gentle voice was saying.

But presently he became aware, and his dark gaze widened.

"Gabrielle wanted me to see you personally and tell you about it. You see, I happened to be coming this way—looking into a position as companion. Gabrielle and I traveled part way together. She is to be married tonight, and she said, 'It would be so nice, Janey, if you'd stop over at Rosemont and prepare my relatives. You can follow my telegram instead, and we will go on later. Charles—that's her husband-to-be—and I, Gabrielle does appreciate your interest in her, and she is settling down to domesticity with a worthy young man."

"I may as well explain," said Janey, "that Gabrielle is the best friend I have. We met accidentally when my mother was doing her fine sewing; when mother died I carried on the work among a certain few kind actresses. Gabrielle was the kindest of them all. Now she has found for me the position for which I shall apply. I have a sealed note from Gabrielle to Mrs. Radcliff, her grandmother. I shall see her?"

"Very soon," Philip said.

The sealed letter from Gabrielle was enlightening. Her grandmother read it slowly, her eyes from time to time raised to the face of the messenger, near by. As she read the last line of the letter she arose, putting forth a welcoming hand.

"My dear," she said to Janey, "my granddaughter has evidently surprised us both. She suggests that I inform you that I am the one to whom she would send you as a companion. And if we like each other—Gabrielle says—you need travel no farther. May we persuade you to stay on with us until we learn to know each other?"

Janey Gray's eyes were rapturous. "I do believe," she said, "that this was Gabrielle's way of bequeathing to me the home she did not need."

"Then that's settled," Philip Radcliff said, and picked up Janey's modest bag to carry it to the waiting room upstairs.

Why He Called It "Portland" Cement

In 1824, an English mason wanted to produce a better cement than any then in use. To do this he burned finely ground clay and limestone together at a high heat. The hard balls [called clinker] that resulted were ground to a fine powder. When a mixture of this dull gray powder with water had hardened, it was the color of a popular building stone quarried on the Isle of Portland off the coast of England. So this mason, Joseph Aspdin, called his discovery "portland" cement.

That was less than one hundred years ago.

Portland cement was not made in the United States until fifty years ago. The average annual production for the ten years following was only 36,000 sacks. Last year the country used over 470,000,000 sacks of portland cement. Capacity to manufacture was nearly 600,000,000 sacks.

Cement cannot be made everywhere because raw materials of the necessary chemical composition are not found in sufficient quantities in every part of the country. But it is now manufactured in 27 states by 120 plants. There is at least one of these plants within shipping distance of any community in this country.

To provide a cement supply that would always be ample to meet demand has meant a good deal in costly experience to those who have invested in the cement industry. There have been large capital investments with low returns.

In the last twenty-five years, 328 cement plants have been built or have gone through some stage of construction or financing. 162 were completed and placed in operation.

Only 120 of these plants have survived the financial, operating and marketing risks of that period. Their capacity is nearly 30 per cent greater than the record year's demand.

These are a few important facts about an industry that is still young. Advertisements to follow will give you more of these facts, and will tell something of the important place cement occupies in the welfare of every individual.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION 111 West Washington Street CHICAGO

A National Organization
to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete

- | | | | | |
|------------|--------------|-------------|----------------|-------------------|
| Atlanta | Denver | Kansas City | New York | San Francisco |
| Birmingham | Des Moines | Los Angeles | Parkersonburg | Seattle |
| Boston | Detroit | Memphis | Philadelphia | St. Louis |
| Chicago | Halifax | Milwaukee | Pittsburgh | Yonkers, N. C. |
| Dallas | Indianapolis | Minneapolis | Portland, Ore. | Washington, D. C. |
| | Jacksonville | New Orleans | Salt Lake City | |

Headache
Many headaches come from impaired digestion and constipation.

JAQUES CAPSULES

Greatly Aid Digestion
Tune up the stomach and bowels; relieve distress after eating; break up gas; carry off waste. Easy to take. Quick in action. Women find Jaques' Capsules particularly valuable in correcting stomach and bowel disturbances during pregnancy and change of life, when these organs are unusually sensitive. Contain no habit-forming drugs. At all druggists or 60 cents by mail postpaid from Jaques Capsule Co., Inc., Plattburgh, N. Y.

JAQUES (JAKES) Give Quick Relief

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff - Stops Hair Falling - Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair - 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists. Write for booklet and statements. Carl H. Heston, Hotel Juniper, Braintree, Mass.

HINDERCORNS Remove Corns, Calluses, etc. - Stops all pain, causes comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. By mail or at Druggists. Hester Chemical Works, Passaic, N. J.

Florida Land Sold on Easy Terms, good fertile soil; near cities and towns, fine roads, good shipping, gas, marketing facilities. Write for booklet and statements. Carl Heston, Hotel Juniper, Braintree, Mass.

Dr. Isaac **EYEWATER HELPFUL EYE WASH**
118 River, Troy, N. Y. Booklet

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 35-1923.

Wear and Tear.
"For how long do you guarantee this watch?"
"It depends," replied the jeweler, "on whether you live in a daylight-saving neighborhood and have to wear it out resetting it."

Catarrh



CLINICAL tests have proved that Zonite, the World War antiseptic, is highly effective in cases of nasal catarrh.

The antiseptic is used in dilution as a nasal spray for this trouble. Its effect is to cleanse the mucous membrane and reduce abnormal discharges, thus clearing the nasal passages.

Note: A more copious flow of mucus may be expected after spraying; it will soon disappear. Atomizer fittings must be of hard rubber.

Zonite
NON-POISONOUS

WHERE DOBBIN LED

By MOLLIE MATHER

RICHARD STANDISH congratulated himself upon the silence and beauty of the situation. Here his problems might be solved; the intricate workings of the plan which troubled him brought to successful fulfillment. Then, too, his health would be benefited. His privileged housekeeper of many years' service had meaningfully told him that his nerves were "pretty ragged on the edges."

Richard drew plans for great buildings and great bridges. He had decided to rent this old house in the country, after a chance auto drive in its direction.

Mrs. Brewster, his housekeeper, was interested in the garden. She enthused over the vegetables they were later to enjoy, and Richard absently agreed, but his happy peace was to be disturbed. Mrs. Brewster, her face red with indignation, came to him.

"Well, now!" she exclaimed. "If we haven't moved next door to fighting people—dictating to you what you'll do with this and that, an' you an architect. If Dobbin does wander into her back yard, need she write an impudent note?"

Richard, perplexed, brushed the hair from his forehead. "Dobbin?" he questioned.

"Dobbin is an old horse that the liveryman rented to me for the time of our stay here, so that I may drive into town and back with our marketing. And if he did get into that red-headed woman's garden—"

Richard interrupted. "Let me see the note," he said.

It was evidently a hurried note. "Your horse," the communication began abruptly, "is running my potato patch. He comes over and rolls on it. If you do not keep him stabled I'll have to charge you damage.—Nora O'Neill."

Richard, glancing from the window, saw an angular woman, with bright red hair, in the garden opposite.

"Dobbin," declared Richard, "must be kept away from Miss O'Neill's garden. I have no wish to enter into an argument with that determined person—and I don't want to pay for her potatoes."

He reached for a pad nearby and, lazily amused, scribbled a line:

"Dear Miss O'Neill: Pardon our wandering steed for trespassing. The liveryman did not inform us of his fondness for potatoes. We will endeavor to keep him stabled, notwithstanding the fact that we have no stable. If, however, he should again roam from the shed that shelters him you are at liberty to use any means at hand to drive him from your garden.—R. Standish, neighbor."

Distastefully the housekeeper delivered the note to the red-headed woman in the opposite inclosure—who as ungraciously took it.

To Richard, now seriously engaged with his drawings, came presently an answer.

"That idiotic animal is in my garden this moment. He has ruined about fifty dollars' worth of potato vines and is cavorting toward the lettuce bed. Instead of writing silly notes come and get him.—Nora O'Neill."

Richard, in his absorption, was in no mood to be rudely ordered regarding an old horse. But in Mrs. Brewster's eye was the light of enjoyable battle. If he was to live in continued peace in this retreat he would have to see the irate woman next door himself. Impatiently he went forth to the task.

There was no one in view, so he strode on toward the vegetable garden, there to see a wildly-gesturing figure, almost obscured by a playful horse. Dobbin was giving the woman a chase. Then a hubbub object in the potato patch caught his eye—a girl in blue, her cheeks rose-colored from evident exertion, her brown hair blown and curling. It was she who accosted Richard, rising angrily to her small height.

"Now," cried the girl, "you take that animal off yourself!"

Then, from behind the dividing fence, came, soothingly, Mrs. Brewster's voice: "Come, Dobbin, come." Obediently Dobbin came.

The red-headed woman stared at Richard, the little brown-haired one gazed at him reproachfully. "It was my first garden," she said, "and it took

me so long to learn to be a farmerette, and I was going to carry on mother's old home every summer, and make money for us. And this year's work is almost completely spoiled."

Richard had been gazing into the soft blue eyes. Eagerly he grasped at the possibility of the last regretful sentence. "Almost," said Richard; "then you think there might still be hope for the garden?"

"They plant some potatoes in June," the girl answered, wondering.

"Then I'll tell you what," Richard suggested, "let me come over and help you with the new planting. You," he added, "could direct me. I'm only an architect."

"Why," his neighbor exclaimed, "you are kind. Mrs. Tyler, my helper while I'm here, led me to think that we were to have a hard time of it—"

"That," Mrs. Tyler grimly remarked, "was because of the impudence of that woman who works for him."

Richard's eyes met the girl's blue ones.

"Let me help you," he begged, surprised at his own earnestness.

Nora O'Neill put forth her hand, with her own entrancing smile. "I will be glad to," she said.

ALWAYS STUDYING THE SKY

Work Has Been Made Much Easier Since the Introduction of Celestial Photography.

There continues the discovery of asteroids or minor planets, especially with the aid afforded by celestial photography. Among a vast multitude of stars crowding on a photographic plate one, perhaps, will be seen to have drawn a short, thin line on the plate during its hours of exposure. The astronomer knows at once that it is either an asteroid or a comet. Subsequent observations soon decide the point. Only the more interesting ones are afterward observed with attention, but once discovered they cannot be ignored, and the rapid growth of the flock becomes an embarrassment.

Eros, which at times approaches the earth nearer than any other regular member of the solar system except the moon, and Asteroid No. 585, which at aphelion is more distant than Jupiter, as far as their orbits are concerned, remain the most interesting members of the entire group and are kept under constant observation whenever circumstances permit.

Medical Efficiency.

Dr. Leroy C. Crummer of Omaha attended the medical convention in this city. He was describing the 100 per cent efficiency methods in vogue among the newer Western physicians. "A patient of mine visited one of these doctors," he said. "After he shook hands with the chief he turned him over to an assistant, who took his history. Next he was hustled into the office of an X-ray specialist. From there he passed to a laboratory technician, then to a blood expert, and finally to the nerve clinic."

"When he returned to the chief doctor he was curtly told the pile of reports showed that there was nothing the matter with him."

"How about my bill?" queried the patient.

"Oh, you must see my accountant for that," replied the doctor, ushering him out.

"Well, really, doctor, I should like to pay you personally," replied the patient, "for then I would have the satisfaction of knowing that you did at least one thing in my case."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Test Teeth Pressure.

Dr. C. E. Black, president of Chicago Dental college, has invented a machine to test the power in a patient's jaws. He calls it a gnathodynamometer, but that is not the test. It is a very simple instrument. Doctor Black has performed gnathodynamometric tests on the jaws of a thousand people. The average power was 171 pounds for the molar teeth, but much less for the incisors and incisors. The jaws are built on the principle of a pair of tongs.

Fame's Delay.

"What do you think of Tut-Arkhamen?" "He's one of those chaps," replied Senator Sorghum, "who get a lot of wonderful publicity so long after their death that it doesn't do any good."—Washington Star.

50 GOOD CIGARETTES 10¢

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO



TRUCKING!

Am prepared to do all kinds of Trucking,—Furniture, Live Stock, etc., long or short distance, at satisfactory prices.

CECIL C. PERKINS,
Phone 45-3 or P. O. Box 303
Antrim, N. H.

The Sawyer Pictures

For Weddings Anniversaries Birthdays Graduation

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

R. E. Tolman

UNDERTAKER

AND LICENSED EMBALMER

Telephone 50
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:
7:30 a. m.	Concord and Boston
12:20 p. m.	Hillsboro
3:30 p. m.	Concord
6:57 p. m.	Hillsboro

Sunday Trains

South	6:27 a. m.	For Peterboro
	6:40 a. m.	Elmwood
North	11:57 a. m.	Concord, Boston
	4:49 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.

James A. Elliott,

COAL

GENERAL TEAMING FERTILIZER

ANTRIM, N. H. Phone, 2-6

H. B. Currier

Mortician

Hillsboro and Antrim, N. H.
Telephone connection

When In Need of

FIRE INSURANCE

Liability or Auto Insurance

Call on

W. C. Hills,
Antrim, N. H.

Automobile LIVERY!

Parties carried Day or Night.
Cars Rented to Responsible Drivers.

Our satisfied patrons our best advertisement

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

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.

MATTHEW L. 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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GOLDEN THREAD

By MISS BEULAH ROSE

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

MADGE WINTHROP likened her prosaic, uneventful existence to a great, ghastly white cloth which was so common and inferior that even the loneliest mendicant would have stepped over it in disdain.

Four years ago Madge's now deceased mother had, in a moment of anguish at the death of her husband, told her daughter that her life thereafter would be like a white cloth—a great, dull, dismal, white cloth.

In one of the rooms of a hotel sat the girl, reading a letter that had just come. It was from Ruth, who had been her room-mate some nine months ago.

"The contents of the letter distressed Madge immensely. She did not want Ruth to move to the part of the city in which she (Madge) lived.

And now she was coming. Of course she was. She had invited herself to call on Madge immediately upon arrival, and well Madge knew no power on earth could turn her from her purpose. Oh, well! Madge heaved a sigh. Let her come. What difference did it make, anyway? Suddenly she thought of something she had read somewhere. Or had she heard of it? Why, yes, Ruth herself had told her about it—the golden thread.

"Don't fret any more, Madge," she had said, in a moment of unusual gravity. "Get that idea of a cloth of white out of your head." Then, "Don't you know, dear, there's a golden thread on every cloth of white? All you have to do is to look for it."

Madge had been considerate enough to take advantage of the suggestion. She had looked, but her search had been fruitless. Her cloth had no golden thread; it was white—all white.

Ruth came, as she had promised. With her she brought a good-looking young man whom she introduced as Donald Bradshaw, her fiancé!

"Where is Robert Easton?" Madge asked her, when an opportunity of seeing her alone presented itself. "Where is Robert Easton?" Madge asked her, when an opportunity of seeing her alone presented itself. "Where is Robert Easton?" Madge asked her, when an opportunity of seeing her alone presented itself.

"Oh, I gave him up," Ruth confided cheerfully. "He's too—too—oh, you know, Madge, he was always a bit too lively for me."

Ruth and the young man became frequent visitors. Through her gloom Madge perceived that she contrived to have him accompany her very often, and that when he was not present, Ruth invariably made him the object of the conversation.

"Isn't he manly looking?" Ruth asked, one evening.

Madge did not deign to reply.

Suddenly Ruth came near and put her arm around the waist of the other girl.

"Madge dear," she whispered, her compassionate heart overflowing with love and pity. "Madge, haven't you found the golden thread yet?"

"Do you know, dear," Ruth went on softly, "you are tearing the cloth of white into shreds and are preventing any possibility of a golden thread!"

"Let me think it out alone," was the answer. "Please go—I want to be alone." And Ruth, considering the matter in her own shrewd way, went.

It was some time before Madge discovered that Ruth had forgotten something—a letter. Instinctively, her eyes sought the address.

"Robert Easton?" she gasped, her mind replete with vague apprehensions.

What was Ruth doing? Playing false? To whom? Madge hesitated. It was a hopeless mixup. Suddenly she found herself reading the letter, part of which ran:

"And when my plan turns out successfully, Bobby Boy, we'll get married—because you know, dear, I just couldn't be happy with the thought that somewhere there is a lonely little girl with the unhappy vision of a ghastly cloth of white. I've got to show her the golden thread first."

It was an angry, wholly resentful girl who stood up then. The whole strangeness, the whole infamous conspiracy, as she called it, dawned upon her. She was alive now, intensely alive, and her pulses were tingling with the pain of wounded pride.

There was a knock. A moment later, when she opened the door to admit Donald Bradshaw, her lips parted wrathfully. But, strange to say, she found herself powerless to remonstrate. Instead, she sank into a chair and gasped.

He approached her. His eyes were filled with what she now discovered was love—love of the profoundest kind.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I'm very sorry it had to be like this. I was pushed into it against my will, and wanted to back out, but when I saw you—well, I just had to stay, that's all."

Slowly, tremulously, she rose and came to him. Her eyes were moist, and her lips quivered, as she said: "I'd—I'd rather you wouldn't go. I'm glad you stayed."

"Madge!" He caught her in his arms. "Madge, let me make you happy. It won't be hard—"

"No—Donald, it won't be hard," she cried. "It won't be hard one bit, because, oh, Donald, I have found the golden thread."

Out in the country, after miles of struggle in deep, soft mud ruts, the brand-new car of Lonnie's gave it up. Weary, from the top of its cheap black top to the mud-caked tires, and delicate in constitution to boot, it wheezed painfully—and stalled. Lonnie smiled at Gwendolyn. A car that wouldn't go meant not a thing to Lonnie—with the girl of his heart so near. But Gwendolyn surprised him. She didn't smile back. She frowned—a little.

Gwendolyn twisted in her seat and flushed angrily but did nothing useful. She finally could stand the monotony of Gwendolyn no longer.

"Lonnie Evans! Don't you know anything 'bout a car? Anything?" Lonnie looked up at her. She had shrieked that last "Anything!" It might have been the unharmonious voice of a sleep-provoking cat. Under ordinary circumstances Lonnie would have spoken softly and consolingly.

"I'm in no hurry," he said evenly, his eyes unwavering in their boldly direct gaze into hers.

"Really?" Gwendolyn offered, her head high. Blue, furious blue eyes, swept the car and the soiled Lonnie—scathingly. Gwendolyn had not been to the movies for nothing. Her expression was faultless.

Lonnie glanced at her again, secretly, and wondered why his father hadn't told him that Gwendolyn was sugar-coated only. Pills are sugar-coated; but, even in his anger Lonnie could not refer to Gwen as such. He was sure, though, that Caleb had seen through the candy coating to the bitter and distasteful substance beneath. Caleb had a way of finding out things like that, but usually he waited until Lonnie had seen it before they talked it over.

"Go ahead and walk," Lonnie said, ungalantly and abruptly.

Then Gwendolyn flamed—unbecomingly. She stood up in her seat and delivered a lecture concerning the conduct of Lonnie and the car. Then, probably because of Lonnie's lack of response, she slumped down into her seat and beat her fists on the leather cushion. Gwendolyn was an only child. So was Lonnie. He told her to stop before she wore the finish completely off.

Then Caleb came along. His car was tilting merrily over every rut in existence and didn't care. Caleb had fixed Lonnie's car so that it wouldn't go very far. He looked at Gwendolyn's fussy and disagreeable countenance and at Lonnie's sober, disillusioned one, and decided that the car would be sold the next day and he and Lonnie would begin search for a dark-haired girl with sweet, wise eyes and a similar disposition.

Lonnie got in front with his father. Gwendolyn climbed in back, unassisted.

"H'm, Lonnie," Caleb looked sideways at his son. "Not very polite, now, be ya. Better get in back, 'don't you think?"

"Shut up!" Lonnie said darkly, but he squeezed his father's arm so he'd know he didn't mean it.

So Lonnie awakened and Caleb grinned. Gwendolyn repeated miserably, knowing it would do no good, and the car clattered over tiny hills and rocky lanes.

It didn't matter. Caleb had Lonnie. The motor hummed it. Caleb—has—Lonnie.

CALEB WINS

By DOROTHY DONAHUE

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

CALEB started the car and stepped back to regard the quivering, choking, consumptive but useful little animal—with dubious eyes.

Caleb's son, Lonnie, came to the door of the little cottage with a frown, always inevitable when he heard the smooth, steady hum of the motor.

There were three things upon which the elder and younger Evans failed most disturbingly to agree. The first was Lonnie's name. Mrs. Evans had most decidedly wanted a girl and planned carefully the name of Lorna. But the desired girl had turned out to be decidedly a boy, and Mrs. Evans had substituted an "e" for the "a" and achieved Lorna. Later, with the compliments of the village youngsters, he became Lonnie.

Caleb always addressed his son as Lonnie, but he always thought of him as John or Bill.

The second cause of many a discussion was the car. Lonnie wanted a better car.

Lonnie had a girl. The girl was another innocent subject for deep thought on the part of both—father and son. She was pretty, blonde, round-eyed and giggling. She had confided to Caleb that she adored candy and Lonnie. Caleb had decided right then that she could keep the candy, but not Lonnie. He needed Lonnie. He knew, too, that Lonnie was too young for marriage. Lonnie was nineteen. The fair Gwendolyn, at any rate, would never do.

Lonnie had bought the new machine. It hadn't cost so very much more than the other car, but it was a brighter color and as yet unscratched. The motor in it did not hum so pleasantly as the one in Caleb's, but Lonnie didn't notice that. Gwendolyn liked it and he was going to take her for a ride—out in the country. He told Caleb about it as he stood in the doorway looking at the battered machine and wondering why on earth his father didn't sell it—or give it away.

After Lonnie had gone in Caleb planned.

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