

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XL NO. 40

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5, 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.

Buy Your Bond

AND BE SECURE

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Hazard

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

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

H. W. ELDRIDGE Agent,
Antrim.

WINS TWO MORE

Antrim Team Leads Strong Jaffrey Team 3-1

Last Saturday Antrim defeated the East Jaffrey American Legion team on West St. grounds by a score of 3 to 1. This was the first time this season that Jaffrey suffered defeat at the hands of a Contoocook Valley team, they having defeated both Henniker and Hillsboro, and Peterboro four times. Antrim completely outplayed their opponents, and at no time was Jaffrey able to break through the stiff defense of the home team. Good defensive plays were too numerous to mention. "Dick" Cuddihy and "Matt" Cuddihy each hammered Topp for 3 hits, "Dick" getting 2 two-baggers and "Matt" 1. Pender got 2 timely hits. For Jaffrey, only one man could touch Antrim's pitcher, George Smith: Jerry Sullivan getting a three-bagger and 2 singles.

Antrim 17, Sunapee Lodge 2

For six innings Labor Day afternoon Antrim and Sunapee Lodge played a real game of ball, the score at the end of the 5th inning being 3 to 2, and at the end of the 6th inning 5 to 2 in favor of Antrim. In the 7th, the home team drove pitcher Robinson out of the box, with 5 runs and a bunch of hits, while in the next inning the Antrims all but demoralized the Sunapee team to the extent of 7 runs. Again Antrim played a tight game, making but one error behind Smith's great pitching. He allowed but 3 hits and struck out 10 batters. The entire Antrim team hit the ball hard, Smith, Newell and "Matt" Cuddihy leading with 3 each, in five trips to the plate.

In Explanation

In view of the hearty support so willingly given our Legion Auxiliary at our lawn parties and other public entertainments, we would like the people to know, in part at least, of the good work we have done and are trying to do.

At the start we had the usual expenses of a new organization in furniture and necessary supplies. We have since bought a nice silk flag and had the Constitution and By-Laws printed in book form. Last Christmas we sent fifty pounds of candy, fruit, nuts, cookies and tobacco to Oxford Spring Sanitarium. Last year we gave cash assistance to several unfortunate families in Antrim, and this year to the Canaan Relief Fund at the time of the fire. At the present time we support an adopted soldier boy in Fort Worth, Texas. At various times we have done relief work in the way of flowers and fruit to our Legion boys and to our members, and also to a sick soldier boy who formerly lived in Antrim. The disabled soldiers at Portsmouth have had aid from our Legion Auxiliary.

In many ways and places we have been able to give the assistance that otherwise would have been impossible had we not received the support and encouragement which we appreciate and for which we are truly thankful.

The Woman's Aux. of the American Legion.

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.

The State law touching this matter has not been repealed and no unvaccinated child can attend school.

C. W. PRENTISS,
Health Officer.

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

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

A FEW THOUGHTS

Suggested By What Is Happening Around

The customer was watching the butcher cut the meat. "It's tough to have to pay fifty cents a pound for meat," he soliloquized. "Yes," replied the meat man, "but it's tougher when you pay twenty-five."

Laconia takes the initiative and seven of its hosiery mills announce that the pay scales have been revised to cancel, in effect, wage increases granted on May 23 of this year. This new order is estimated to affect 1300 workers.

An analysis based on information gathered in 65 industrial centers from 1,428 firms employing 500 or more workers, showed that in July there was a slight increase in unemployment over June. A total of 37 cities, however, reported increased employment, while 27 registered a slight decrease.

It is a source of satisfaction to know that earthquakes are as far away as Japan, yet it disturbs us much to read of the loss of life and property by this destructive agency. Right at home, however, fire again visits our own state and Union loses a score or more houses and buildings and makes homeless many of her people.

Every few weeks you read a newspaper account of a man, woman, family or party in a buggy being struck by an auto and killed. The buggy had no lights and the oncoming motorist who killed them could not see the buggy until it was too late. Anyone driving any kind of a vehicle after dark, without lights, is taking his life in his hands.—Berlin (N. H.) Reporter.

Really the price of coal is high enough now, but we presume if it goes higher and users can get it, everyone will gladly pay and say nothing. An advance in price, however, will prove a hardship to many poor people. Those to blame for existing conditions are the ones that our government should see to it are made to pay dearly for their cunning tricks.

These may not be just the words all New England would have used had they been in his position, but almost to a man did Gov. Brown of the Granite State express his people's mind in his statement at the New York coal conference, when in a moment of disappointment at the lack of positive results, he is reported to have said: "To hell with resolutions. Show us how we are to get coal and then get busy. It's coal the people want in our state and not resolutions."

For the first time since 1895 the balance of trade is running against the United States. But Mr. Hoover's office says, "there is no reason for alarm; it is rather cause for congratulation, for it is evidence that the United States has reached a position where it is no longer dependent upon foreign capital." That reminds one of the fellow who didn't give a hang for the banker, and if he wanted to draw out all his money he was to be "congratulated" because he had the power to reduce the volume of the bank's deposits.

Said the proprietor: "Why should I advertise? I have been here for twenty years. There isn't a man, woman or child around these parts that does not know where I am and what I sell and how I do business." The advertising man

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.

EATMORE CHOCOLATES

All Hand Dipped, 49c. per box 25 Varieties
Over One Pound in Each Box

DELICIOUS CREAM MINTS, Assorted
49c. per pound

Just Arrived All Soft and Creamy

COCOANUT CHERRY CREAM BALLS
3 for 10c.

Extra High Grade
VANILLA TOASTED MARSHMALLOWS
Soft and Fluffy 49c. pound

At the Main St. Soda Shop

answered very promptly, and he said to the proprietor, pointing across the street: "What is that building over there?" The proprietor said to him: "That is the Methodist Episcopal church." The advertising man said: "How long has it been there?" The proprietor said: "Oh, I don't know, seventy-five years, probably." "And yet," said the advertising man, "they ring the church bell every Sunday morning."

The railroads leading out of New York put on six hundred extra trains to take care of the rush of travel over the holiday—which indicates that it wasn't exactly a holiday season for the railroad men, says an exchange.

This also shows that there are large numbers of people traveling in other ways than by automobile.

AUCTION SALE

By W. E. Cram, Auctioneer,
Antrim, N. H.

Patsy Cody, having lost his wife and sold his farm, will sell all his household furnishings at public auction, at his residence about three-fourths mile from Bennington Village, on the South Bennington road, on Tuesday, Sept. 11, at one o'clock sharp. In this lot of goods is included all the furnishings of chambers, living rooms and kitchen, besides small farming tools. Other particulars on auction bills.

Miss Junia Wilson, who has been spending a few weeks with relatives in New York, has returned to her home here for a brief stay, during which time she will close her home for the winter and return to New York for an indefinite stay.

Doings in the Police Court

During the past week or two there has been some activity along this line and the records show the following business transacted before Judge Wil-son of Bennington:

The male members of the Brown family, Fred, David and John, including the mother and Charles, were in an argument which necessitated legal advisors and court proceedings to untangle the difficulties. \$5.00 each and costs, with bonds to keep the peace, was the way out of their entanglement for this time.

One young man was fishing without a license and the fish and game warden's deputy appeared on the scene at a time when it cost this fellow a fine of \$15 and costs.

A summer guest at Gregg lake from Lowell, Mass., had his license all right, but it did not cover using two hooks on one line, consequently the deputy warden made a note of this fact, and it cost him a fine of \$15 and costs.

Fishing at Gregg lake has been pretty good and a few fishermen really admit catching some small fish. It is best to play safe, and it sometimes costs less.

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.

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 ruining 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'Neil."

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'Neil'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'Neil: 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'Neil."

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. This a humbled 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'Neil 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. 535, 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.

"On 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 173 pounds for the molars teeth, but much less for the bicuspids and incisors. The jaws are built on the principle of a pair of tongs.

Fame's Delay.

"What do you think of Tut-Ankh-Amen?"

"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,
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WEDDINGS ANNIVERSARIES
For For
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	
7:39 a. m.	Concord and Boston
12:20 p. m.	Hillsboro
2:39 p. m.	Concord
6:57 p. m.	Hillsboro
Sunday Trains	
South	For Peterboro
6:27 a. m.	Elmwood
North	Concord, Boston
11:57 a. m.	Hillsboro
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.

MATTIE 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.

Life Insurance Accident Insurance
If it's Insurance Get in Touch with
Carl F. Phillips
30 Main St., Lane's Block
Keene, N. H.
Agent with G. H. Aldrich & Sons, John Hancock Mut. Life Ins. Co. of Boston, Mass.
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Real Estate
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Farm, Village, Lake Property For Sale
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FOR SALE HORSES

Few Good Canada Horses on hand now, also a Few Good 2d hand Horses. Prices Right. Want to clean them all up very soon.

Harnesses and Collars, all kinds.
Have also a Few Extra Good New Milch Cows, more than I need.

FRED L. PROCTOR,
Antrim, N. H.

C. E. DUTTON,
AUCTIONEER,
Hancock, N. H.
Property advertised and sold on reasonable terms.

MAPLEHURST INN
Antrim, N. H.
RE-OPENED
To the Public under
NEW MANAGEMENT
BOARD BY DAY OR WEEK

W. L. Lawrence
ANTRIM, N. H.
Sole Agent for
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FLORIST
The Largest Greenhouses in Southern N. H.
FLOWERS for all OCCASIONS
Flowers by Telephone to All Parts of U. S.
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GOLDEN THREAD

By MISS BEULAH ROSE

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 fiance!

"Where is Robert Easton?" Madge asked her, when an opportunity of seeing her alone presented itself. "Weren't you engaged to him?"

"Oh, I gave him up," Ruth confided cheerfully. "He's 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 ruining your life? Madge, 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 stratagem, 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—rather you wouldn't go. I—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."

Name of Bombay.
The city of Bombay, known as the "gateway of India," receives its name from Bambi Mumba, the name of a Hindu goddess.

CALEB WINS

By DOROTHY DONAHUE

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 Lorne. 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.

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 waiting 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 bold 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 flushed 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 ye. 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.



EAGLE MIKADO
The YELLOW PENCIL with the RED BAND
EAGLE PENCIL CO. NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Pine Logs Wanted
Will Buy in Carload Lots at Any Station on the Boston & Maine Railroad
American Box & Lumber Co.,
NASHUA, N. H.

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XL NO. 40

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 5, 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¢

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Now on sale at 15¢ the copy.

W. E. CRAM

Odd Fellows Block Store,
ANTRIM, New Hamp.

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

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

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

H. W. ELDRIDGE Agent,
Antrim.

WINS TWO MORE

Antrim Team Leads Strong Jaffrey Team 3-1

Last Saturday Antrim defeated the East Jaffrey American Legion team on West St. grounds by a score of 3 to 1. This was the first time this season that Jaffrey suffered defeat at the hands of a Contoocook Valley team, they having defeated both Henniker and Hillsboro, and Peterboro four times. Antrim completely outplayed their opponents, and at no time was Jaffrey able to break through the stiff defense of the home team. Good defensive plays were too numerous to mention. "Dick" Cuddihy and "Matt" Cuddihy each hammered Topp for 3 hits, "Dick" getting 2 two-baggers and "Matt" 1. Pender got 2 timely hits. For Jaffrey, only one man could touch Antrim's pitcher, George Smith: Jerry Sullivan getting a three-bagger and 2 singles.

Antrim 17, Sunapee Lodge 2

For six innings Labor Day afternoon Antrim and Sunapee Lodge played a real game of ball, the score at the end of the 5th inning being 3 to 2, and at the end of the 6th inning 5 to 2 in favor of Antrim. In the 7th, the home team drove pitcher Robinson out of the box, with 5 runs and a bunch of hits, while in the next inning the Antrims all but demoralized the Sunapee team to the extent of 7 runs. Again Antrim played a tight game, making but one error behind Smith's great pitching. He allowed but 3 hits and struck out 10 batters. The entire Antrim team hit the ball hard, Smith, Newell and "Matt" Cuddihy leading with 3 each, in five trips to the plate.

In Explanation

In view of the hearty support so willingly given our Legion Auxiliary at our lawn parties and other public entertainments, we would like the people to know, in part at least, of the good work we have done and are trying to do.

At the start we had the usual expenses of a new organization in furniture and necessary supplies. We have since bought a nice silk flag and had the Constitution and By-Laws printed in book form. Last Christmas we sent fifty pounds of candy, fruit, nuts, cookies and tobacco to Oxford Spring Sanitarium. Last year we gave cash assistance to several unfortunate families in Antrim, and this year to the Canaan Relief Fund at the time of the fire. At the present time we support an adopted soldier boy in Fort Worth, Texas. At various times we have done relief work in the way of flowers and fruit to our Legion boys and to our members, and also to a sick soldier boy who formerly lived in Antrim. The disabled soldiers at Portsmouth have had aid from our Legion Auxiliary.

In many ways and places we have been able to give the assistance that otherwise would have been impossible had we not received the support and encouragement which we appreciate and for which we are truly thankful.

The Woman's Aux. of the American Legion.

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.

The State law touching this matter has not been repealed and no unvaccinated child can attend school.

C. W. PRENTISS,
Health Officer.

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

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

A FEW THOUGHTS

Suggested By What Is Happening Around

The customer was watching the butcher cut the meat. "It's tough to have to pay fifty cents a pound for meat," he soliloquized. "Yes," replied the meat man, "but it's tougher when you pay twenty-five."

Laconia takes the initiative and seven of its hosiery mills announce that the pay scales have been revised to cancel, in effect, wage increases granted on May 28 of this year. This new order is estimated to affect 1300 workers.

An analysis based on information gathered in 65 industrial centers from 1,428 firms employing 500 or more workers, showed that in July there was a slight increase in unemployment over June. A total of 37 cities, however, reported increased employment, while 27 registered a slight decrease.

It is a source of satisfaction to know that earthquakes are as far away as Japan, yet it disturbs us much to read of the loss of life and property by this destructive agency. Right at home, however, fire again visits our own state and Union loses a score or more houses and buildings and makes homeless many of her people.

Every few weeks you read a newspaper account of a man, woman, family or party in a buggy being struck by an auto and killed. The buggy had no lights and the oncoming motorist who killed them could not see the buggy until it was too late. Anyone driving any kind of a vehicle after dark, without lights, is taking his life in his hands.—Berlin (N. H.) Reporter.

Really the price of coal is high enough now, but we presume if it goes higher and users can get it, everyone will gladly pay and say nothing. An advance in price, however, will prove a hardship to many poor people. Those to blame for existing conditions are the ones that our government should see to it are made to pay dearly for their cunning tricks.

These may not be just the words all New England would have used had they been in his position, but almost to a man did Gov. Brown of the Granite State express his people's mind in his statement at the New York coal conference, when in a moment of disappointment at the lack of positive results, he is reported to have said: "To hell with resolutions. Show us how we are to get coal and then get busy. It's coal the people want in our state and not resolutions."

For the first time since 1895 the balance of trade is running against the United States. But Mr. Hoover's office says "there is no reason for alarm; it is rather cause for congratulation, for it is evidence that the United States has reached a position where it is no longer dependent upon foreign capital." That reminds one of the fellow who didn't give a hang for the banker, and if he wanted to draw out all his money he was to be "congratulated" because he had the power to reduce the volume of the bank's deposits.

Said the proprietor: "Why should I advertise? I have been here for twenty years. There isn't a man, woman or child around these parts that does not know where I am and what I sell and how I do business." The advertising man

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.

EATMORE CHOCOLATES

All Hand Dipped, 49c. per box 25 Varieties
Over One Pound in Each Box

DELICIOUS CREAM MINTS, Assorted
49c. per pound

Just Arrived All Soft and Creamy

COCOANUT CHERRY CREAM BALLS
3 for 10c.

Extra High Grade
VANILLA TOASTED MARSHMALLOWS
Soft and Fluffy 49c. pound

At the Main St. Soda Shop

answered very promptly, and he said to the proprietor, pointing across the street: "What is that building over there?" The proprietor said to him: "That is the Methodist Episcopal church." The advertising man said: "How long has it been there?" The proprietor said: "Oh, I don't know, seventy-five years, probably." "And yet," said the advertising man, "they ring the church bell every Sunday morning."

The railroads leading out of New York put on six hundred extra trains to take care of the rush of travel over the holiday—which indicates that it wasn't exactly a holiday season for the railroad men, says an exchange.

This also shows that there are large numbers of people traveling in other ways than by automobile.

AUCTION SALE

By W. E. Cram, Auctioneer,
Antrim, N. H.

Patsy Cody, having lost his wife and sold his farm, will sell all his household furnishings at public auction, at his residence about three-fourths mile from Bennington Village, on the South Bennington road, on Tuesday, Sept. 11, at one o'clock sharp. In this lot of goods is included all the furnishings of chambers, living rooms and kitchen, besides small farming tools. Other particulars on auction bills.

Miss Junia Wilson, who has been spending a few weeks with relatives in New York, has returned to her home here for a brief stay, during which time she will close her home for the winter and return to New York for an indefinite stay.

Doings in the Police Court

During the past week or two there has been some activity along this line and the records show the following business transacted before Judge Wilson of Bennington:

The male members of the Brown family, Fred, David and John, including the mother and Charles, were in an argument which necessitated legal advisors and court proceedings to untangle the difficulties. \$5.00 each and costs, with bonds to keep the peace, was the way out of their entanglement for this time.

One young man was fishing without a license and the fish and game warden's deputy appeared on the scene at a time when it cost this fellow a fine of \$15 and costs.

A summer guest at Gregg lake from Lowell, Mass., had his license all right, but it did not cover using two hooks on one line, consequently the deputy warden made a note of this fact, and it cost him a fine of \$15 and costs.

Fishing at Gregg lake has been pretty good and a few fishermen really admit catching some small fish. It is best to play safe, and it sometimes costs less.

At Massassecum

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

The Light of Western Stars

A Romance By Zane Grey

Copyright by Harper and Brothers

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"An' I'll bet you a million pesos that if you got goin' on, an' she seen you as I've seen you—wal, I know what she'd think of you. This old world 'ain't changed much. Some women may be white-skinned an' soft-eyed an' sweet-voiced an' high-souled, but they all like to see a man! Gene, here's your game. Let Don Carlos come along. Be civil. If he an' his gang are hungry, feed 'em. Take even a little overbearin' Greaser talk. Be bilid if he wants his gang to steal somethin'. Let him think the women he mosied down to the ranch. But if he says you're lyin'—if he as much as looks round to see the women—jest jump him same as you jumped Pat Howe. Me an' Monty'll hang back for that, an' if your strong bluff don't go through, if the Don's gang even thinks of flashin' guns, then we'll open up. An' all I got to say is if them Greasers stand for real gun-play they'll be sure fust I ever seen."

"Nels, there are white men in that gang," said Stewart.
"Shore. But me an' Monty'll be thinkin' of that. If they start anythin' it'll hev to be shore quick."
"All right, Nels, old friend, and thanks," replied Stewart.
Nels returned to the campfire, and Stewart resumed his silent guard.
Madeline's guests sat talking in low voices until a late hour. The incident now began to take on the nature of Helen's long-yearned-for adventure. Some of the party even grew merry in a subdued way. Then, gradually, one by one they tired and went to bed.

To keep from thinking of Stewart and the burning anger he had caused her to feel for herself, Madeline tried to keep her mind on other things. But thought of him recurred, and each time there was a hot commotion in her breast hard to stifle. Intelligent reasoning seemed out of her power. In the daylight it had been possible for her to be oblivious to Stewart's deceit after the moment of its realization. At night, however, in the strange silence and hovering shadows of gloom, with the speaking stars seeming to call to her, with the moan of the wind in the pines, and the melancholy mourn of coyotes in the distance, she was not able to govern her thought and emotion. She had inadvertently heard Nels' conversation with Stewart; she had listened, hoping to hear some good news or to hear the worst; she had learned both, and, moreover, enlightenment on one point of Stewart's complex motives. He wished to spare her any sight that might offend, frighten, or disgust her. Yet this Stewart, who showed a fineness of feeling that might have been wanting even in Boyd Harvey, maintained a secret rendezvous with that pretty, abandoned Bonita. Here always the hot shame, like a live, stinging, internal fire, abruptly ended Madeline's thought. The hours wore on, and at length, as the stars began to pale and there was no sound whatever, she fell asleep.

She was called out of her slumber. Day had broken bright and cool. The sun was still below the eastern crags. Ambrose, with several other cowboys, had brought up buckets of spring water, and hot coffee and cakes. Madeline's party appeared to be none the worse for the night's experience. Indeed, the meager breakfast might have been as merrily partaken of as it was hungrily had not Ambrose enjoined silence.

"They're expecting company down below," he said.

This information and the summary manner in which the cowboys soon led

to wait developments. There came a slight rattling of stones in the rear. She turned to see Helen sliding down a bank with a perplexed and troubled expression. Ambrose sternly and heroically prepared to carry her back to the others. He laid hold of her. In a fury, with eyes blazing, Helen whispered:

"Let go of me! Majesty, what does this fool mean?"

Madeline laughed. She knew Helen; and had marked the whisper, when ordinarily Helen would have spoken imperiously, and not low. Madeline explained to her the exigency of the situation. "I might run, but I'll never scream," said Helen. With that Ambrose had to be content to let her stay. However, he found her a place somewhat farther back from Madeline's position, where he said there was less danger of her being seen. Then he sternly bound her to silence, carried a moment to comfort Christine, his wife, acting as maid to the ladies, and returned to where Madeline lay concealed. He had been there scarcely a moment when he whispered:

"I hear hosses. The guerrillas are comin'!"
Madeline's hiding place was well protected from possible discovery from below. She could peep over a kind of parapet, through an opening in the tips of the pines that reached up to the cliff, and obtain a commanding view of the camp circle and its immediate surroundings. She could not, however, see far either to right or left of the camp, owing to the obstructing foliage. Presently the sound of horses' hoofs quickened the beat of her pulse and caused her to turn keener gaze upon the cowboys below.

Although she had some inkling of the course Stewart and his men were to pursue, she was not by any means prepared for the indifference she saw. Frank was asleep, or pretended to be. Three cowboys were lazily and unconcernedly attending to campfire duties, such as baking biscuits, watching the ovens, and washing tins and pots. The elaborate set of aluminum plates, cups, etc., together with the other camp fixtures that had done service for Madeline's party, had disappeared. Nick Steele sat with his back to a log, smoking his pipe. Another cowboy had just brought the horses closer into camp, where they stood waiting to be saddled. Nels appeared to be fussing over a pack. Stewart was rolling a cigarette. Monty had apparently nothing to do for the present except whistle, which he was doing much more loudly than melodiously. The whole ensemble gave an impression of careless indifference.

The sound of horses' hoofs grew louder and slower its beat. One of the cowboys pointed down the trail, toward which several of his comrades turned their head for a moment, then went on with their occupations.

Presently a shaggy, dusty horse bearing a lean, ragged, dark rider rode into the camp and halted. Another followed, and another. Horses with Mexican riders came in single file and stopped behind the leader.

"Buenos dias, señor," ceremoniously said the foremost guerrilla.
By straining her ears Madeline heard that voice, and she recognized it as belonging to Don Carlos. Stewart answered the greeting in Spanish, and, waving his hand toward the campfire, added in English, "Get down and eat."

The guerrillas were anything but slow in complying. They crowded to the fire, then spread in a little circle and squatted upon the ground, laying their weapons beside them. The cowboys were not cordial in their reception of this visit, but they were hospitable. The law of the desert had always been to give food and drink to wayfarin' men, whether lost or hunted or hunting.

"They appear to be friendly enough," whispered Madeline. "Ambrose, tell me—explain to me—the real thing."
"Sure. Gene thinks they're after you indies—to carry you off. But Gene—Oh, Gene's some highfalutin in his ideas lately. Most of us boys think the guerrillas are out to rob—that's all."

Whatever might have been the secret motive of Don Carlos and his men, they did not allow it to interfere with a hearty appreciation of a generous amount of food. Then, as each and every one began to roll and smoke the inevitable cigarette of the Mexican, there was a subtle change in manner. They smoked and looked about the camp, off into the woods, up at the crags, and back at the leisurely cowboys. They had the air of men waiting for something.

"Senior," began Don Carlos, addressing Stewart. As he spoke he swept his sombrero to indicate the camp circle.

Madeline could not distinguish his words, but his gesture plainly indicated a question in regard to the rest of the camping party. Stewart's reply and the wave of his hand down the trail meant that his party had gone home. Stewart turned to some task, and the guerrilla leader quietly smoked. He looked cunning and thoughtful. Presently a big-boned man with a bullet head and a blistered red face of evil coarseness got up and threw away his cigarette. He was an American.

"Hey, cull," he called in loud voice. "ain't ye goin' to cough up a drink?"

"My boys don't carry liquor on the trail," replied Stewart.
"Haw, haw! I heard over in Roden, that ye was gittin' to be shore some fer temperance," said this fellow. "I hate to drink water, but I guess I've gotter do it."

He went to the spring, sprawled down to drink, and all of a sudden he thrust his arm down in the water to bring forth a basket. The cowboys in the hurry of packing had neglected to remove this basket; and it contained bottles of wine and liquors for Madeline's guests. They had been submerged in the spring to keep them cold. The guerrilla fumbled with the lid, opened it, and then got up, uttering a loud roar of delight.

Stewart made an almost imperceptible motion as if to leap forward; but he checked the impulse. "Guess my party forgot that. You're welcome to it."

Like bees the guerrillas swarmed around the lucky finder of the bottles. The drink did not last long, and it served only to liberate the spirit of



Like Bees the Guerrillas Swarmed Around the Lucky Finder of the Bottles.

recklessness. The several white outfits began to prowl around the camp; some of the Mexicans did likewise; others waited, showing by their ill-concealed expectancy the nature of their thoughts.

It was the demeanor of Stewart and his comrades that puzzled Madeline. Apparently they felt no anxiety or even particular interest. Don Carlos, who had been covertly watching them, now made his scrutiny open, even aggressive. The guerrilla leader seemed undecided, but not in any sense puzzled.

In her growing excitement Madeline had not clearly heard Ambrose's low whispers and she made an effort to distract some of her attention from those below to the cowboy crouching beside her.

The quality, the note of Ambrose's whisper had changed. It had a slight sibilant sound.

"Don't be mad if sudden-like I clap my hands over your eyes, Miss Hammond," he was saying. "Somethin's brewin' below. I never seen Gene so cool. That's a dangerous sign in him. And look, see how the boys are workin' together! Oh, it's slow and accident-like, but I know it's sure not accident. That foxy Greaser knows too. But maybe his men don't. If they are wise they haven't sense enough to care. The Don, though—he's worried. It's Nels and Monty he's watchin'. And well he needs to! There, Nick and Frank have settled down on that log with Booby. They don't seem to be packin' guns. But look how heavy their vests hang. A gun in each side! Those boys can pull a gun and flop over that log quicker than you can think. Do you notice how Nels and Monty and Gene are square between them guerrillas and the trail up here? It doesn't seem on purpose, but it is. Look at Nels and Monty. How quiet they are confabbin' together, paying no attention to the guerrillas. I see Monty look at Gene, then I see Nels look at Gene. Well, it's up to Gene. And they're goin' to back him. I reckon, Miss Hammond, there'd be dead Greasers round that camp long ago if Nels and Monty were fool-loose. They're beholdin' to Gene. That's plain. And, Lord! how it tickles me to watch them! Both packin' two forty-fives, butts swingin' clear. There's twenty-four shots in them four guns. And there's twenty-three guerrillas. If Nels and Monty ever throw guns at that close range, why, before you'd know what was up there'd be a pile of Greasers. There! Stewart said somethin' to the Don. I wonder what. I'll gamble it was somethin' to get the Don's outfit all close together. Sure! Greasers have no sense. But them white guerrillas, they're lookin' some dubious. Whatever's comin' off will come soon, you can bet. I wish I was down there. But maybe it won't come to a scrap. Stewart's set on avoidin' that. He's a wonderful chap to get his way. Lord, though! I'd like to see him go after that overbearin' Greaser! See! the Don can't stand prosperity. All this strange behavior of cowboys is beyond his pulque-soaked brains. Then he's a Greaser. If Gene doesn't knock him on the head presently he'll begin to

get over his scare, even of Nels and Monty. But Gene'll pick out the right time. Never saw Nels in but one fight, then he just shot a Greaser's arm off for tryin' to draw on him. But I've heard all about him. And Monty! Monty's the real old-fashioned gunman. What I don't understand is how Monty keeps so quiet and easy and peaceful-like. That's not his way, with such an outfit lookin' for trouble. O-ha! Now for the grand bluff. Looks like no fight at all!"

The guerrilla leader had ceased his restless steps and glances, and turned to Stewart with something of bold resolution in his aspect.

"Gracias, senior," he said. "Adios." He swept his sombrero in the direction of the trail leading down the mountain to the ranch; and as he completed the gesture a smile, crafty and jeering, crossed his swarthy face.

Ambrose whispered so low that Madeline scarcely heard him. "If the Greaser goes that way he'll find our horses and get wise to the trick. Oh, he's wise now! But I'll gamble he never even starts on that trail."

Nether hurriedly nor guardedly Stewart rose out of his leaning posture and took a couple of long strides toward Don Carlos.

"Go back the way you came," he fairly yelled; and his voice had the ring of a bugle.

Ambrose nudged Madeline; his whisper was tense and rapid: "Don't miss nothin'. Gene's called him. Whatever's comin' off will be here quick as lightnin'. See! I guess maybe that Greaser don't savvy good U. S. lingo. Look at that dirty yaller face turn green. Put one eye on Nels and Monty! That's great—just to see 'em. Just as quiet and easy. But oh, the difference! Bent and stiff—that means every muscle is like a rawhide rata. They're watchin' with eyes that can see the workin's of them Greasers' minds. Now there ain't a boss-hair between them Greasers and h—!"

Don Carlos gave Stewart one long malignant stare; then he threw back his head, swept up the sombrero, and his evil smile showed gleaming teeth.

"Senior—" he began.

With magnificent bound Stewart was upon him. The guerrilla's cry was throttled in his throat. A fierce wrestling ensued, too swift to see clearly; then hauer, sudden blows, and Don Carlos was beaten to the ground. Stewart leaped back. Then, crouching with his hands on the butts of guns at his hips, he yelled, he thundered at the guerrillas. He had been quicker than a panther, and now his voice was so terrible that it curdled Madeline's blood, and the menace of deadly violence in his crouching position made her shut her eyes. But she had to open them. In that single instant Nels and Monty had leaped to Stewart's side. Both were bent down, with hands on the butts of guns at their hips. Nels' piercing yell seemed to divide Monty's roar of rage. They ceased, and echoes clapped from the crags. The silence of those three men crouching like tigers about to leap was more menacing than the nerve-racking yells.

Then the guerrillas wavered and broke and ran for their horses. Don Carlos rolled over, rose, and staggered away, to be helped upon his mount. He looked back, his pale and bloody face that of a thwarted demon. The whole band got into action and were gone in a moment.

"I knew it," declared Ambrose. "Never seen a Greaser who could face gun-play. That was some warm. And Monty Price never flashed a gun! He'll never get over that. I reckon, Miss Hammond, we're some lucky to avoid trouble. Gene had his way, as you see. Well, he's makin' tracks for the ranch in about two shakes."

"Why?" whispered Madeline, breathlessly. She became conscious that she was weak and shaken.

"Because the guerrillas sure will get their nerve back, and come sneakin' on our trail or try to head us off by ambushin'," replied Ambrose. "That's their way. Otherwise three cowboys couldn't bluff a whole gang like that. Gene knows the nature of Greasers. They're white-livered. But I reckon we're in more danger now than before. Unless we get a good start down the mountain. There! Gene's callin'. Come! Hurry!"

Helen had slipped down from her vantage point, and therefore had not seen the last act in that little campfire drama. It seemed, however, that her desire for excitement was satisfied, for her face was pale and she trembled when she asked if the guerrillas were gone.

Ambrose hurried the three women over the rough rocks, down the cliff. The cowboys below were saddling horses in haste. Swiftly, with regard only for life and limb, Madeline, Helen, and Christine were lowered by lassoes and half carried down to the level. By the time they were safely down the other members of the party appeared on the cliff above. They were in excellent spirits, appearing to treat the matter as a huge joke.

Ambrose put Christine on a horse and rode away through the pines; Frankie Slade did likewise with Helen. Stewart led Madeline's horse up to her, helped her to mount, and spoke one stern word, "Wait!" Then as fast as one of the women reached the level she was put upon a horse and taken away by a cowboy escort. Few words were spoken. Haste seemed to be the great essential. The horses were urged, and, once in the trail, spurred and led into a swift trot. One cowboy drove up two pack-horses, and these were hurriedly loaded with the party's baggage. Caberton and his companions mounted, and galloped off to catch the others in the lead. This left Madeline behind with Stewart and Nels and Monty.

"They're goin' to switch off at the

holler-thet heads near the trail a few miles down." Nels was saying, as he tightened his saddle-girth. "The holler heads into a big canyon. Once in that, it'll be every man for hisself. I reckon there won't be anythin' wuss than a rough ride."

Nels smiled reassuringly at Madeline, but he did not speak to her. Monty took her canteen and filled it at the spring and hung it over the pommel of her saddle. He put a couple of biscuits in the saddle-bag.

"Don't fergit to take a drink an' a bite as you're ridin' along," he said. "An' don't worry, Miss Majesty. Stewart'll be with you, an' me an' Nels hangin' on the back trail."

His somber and sullen face did not change in its strange intensity, but the look in his eyes, Madeline felt she would never forget. Left alone with these three men, now stripped of all pretense, she realized how fortune had favored her and what peril still hung in the balance. Stewart swung astride his big black, spurred him, and whistled. At the whistle Majesty jumped, and with swift canter followed Stewart. Madeline looked back to see Nels already up and Monty handing him a rifle. Then the pines hid her view.

Once in the trail, Stewart's horse broke into a gallop. Majesty changed his gait and kept at the black's heels. Stewart called back a warning. The low, wide-spreading branches of trees might brush Madeline out of the saddle. Fast riding through the forest along a crooked, obstructed trail called for all her alertness.

Before long Stewart wheeled at right angles off the trail and entered a hollow between two low bluffs. Madeline saw tracks in the open patches of ground. Here Stewart's horse took to a brisk walk.

At last Madeline was brought to a dead halt by Stewart and his horse blocking the trail. Looking up, she saw they were at the head of a canyon that yawned beneath and widened its gray-walled, green-patched slopes down to a black forest of fir. Retracting her gaze, Madeline saw pack-horses cross an open space a mile below, and she thought she saw the stag hounds. Stewart's dark eyes searched the slopes high up along the craggy escarpments. Then he put the black to the descent.

He led off to the right, zigzagging an intricate course through the roughest ground Madeline had ever ridden over. He crashed through cedars, threaded a tortuous way among boulders, made his horse slide down slanting banks of soft earth, picked a slow and cautious progress across weathered slopes of loose rock. Madeline followed, finding in this ride a tax on strength and judgment. It was dust and heat, a parching throat, that caused her to think of time; and she was amazed to see the sun sloping to the west. Stewart never stopped; he never looked back; he never spoke.

"After a mile or so of easy travel the ground again began to fall decidedly, sloping in numerous ridges, with draws between. Soon night shadowed the deeper gullies. Madeline was refreshed by the cooling of the air.

Stewart traveled slowly now. The barks of coyotes seemed to startle him. Often he stopped to listen. And during one of those intervals the silence was broken by sharp rifle shots. Madeline could not tell whether they were near or far, to right or left, behind or before. Evidently Stewart was both alarmed and baffled. He dismounted. He went cautiously forward to listen. Madeline fancied she heard a cry, low and far away. It was only that of a coyote, she convinced herself, yet it was so wallowing, so human, that she shuddered. Stewart came back. He slipped the bridle of both horses, and he led them. Every few paces he



He Went Cautiously Forward to Listen.

stopped to listen. He changed his direction several times, and the last time he got among rough, rocky ridges. The iron shoes of the horses cracked on the rocks. That sound must have penetrated far into the forest. It perturbed Stewart, for he searched for softer ground. Meanwhile the shadows merged into darkness. The stars shone. The wind rose. Madeline believed hours passed.

In More Modern Times.
A girl used to want to know if he had enough to start up housekeeping with; now she wants to know if he has enough to pay alimony.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Which?
Howard—"My daughter plays the piano." Jay—"By ear, by note or by record?"—New York Sun.



OUT OF JUICE

"Here, boy," said the wealthy motorist. "I want some gasoline, and please get a move on! You'll never get anywhere in the world unless you push. Push is essential. When I was young I pushed and that got me where I ain'."

"Well, gov-nor," replied the boy. "I reckon you'll have to push again, 'cause we ain't got a drop of gas in the place."—Black and Blue Jay (Johns Hopkins).



PALPABLY DAMAGED

"What's this?"
"The Venus de Milo. Millo must be the Italian for mill end. It is evidently a remnant, as you see."

Conservation of Effort.
If all we mortals needed here below On trees should grow.
How many men too indolent would be To shake the tree!

Among the Animals.
"Were you a bear or a bull in the market?"
"Neither," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "I was one of those wise old foxes who kept out of it."—Washington Star.

They Hear It Coming.
Ted—That's a dreadful second-hand car Tom bought.
Ned—He says he'll never have an accident, for it makes so much noise everybody gets out of the way in time.

Overheard at a Musicals.
"Maud sings with a great deal of expression."
"Yes, she does; but it's the kind that you must close your eyes to appreciate."

A Wise Father.
"Was your son educated in New Haven?"
"No; he went to college in New Haven, but he got his education in New York."—Life.

JUST SO.
Jones' nose is a regular weather signal.
How's that?
Sure sign of a storm when his wife sees it red.



Look at Merry Sids.

When your heart is feeling heavy, And your brain is rather sad, Don't think about your troubles, But of the fun you've had.

Up the Spout.
She—Jack Brokeleigh sent Edith a beautiful bouquet yesterday. I think there's something up.
He—Brokeleigh's watch, probably.

The Relationship.
"Hello, Smith; suppose a man marries his first wife's step-sister's aunt, what relation is he to her?"
"First—wife—umph—step—sister—er—let me see; I don't know."
"He's her husband."

Superior Sort.
"What would you call nerve?"
"To take shelter in an umbrella shop during a storm and leave without buying an umbrella."—Kasper (Stockholm.)

Running Behind.
"Is your business on a running basis yet?"
"I should say so. I always run when I see a creditor coming."

With the Athletes.
Phyllis—I love a backward spring!
Thyriss—Shall I do one for you?—Cornell Widow.

By Ma and Pa.
Gerald—I'd like to call you by your first name.
Geraldine—The first name I was ever called was 'sweetheart.'



HE'D MAKE THE SACRIFICE.



"I Promise Not to Make Any Noise," Replied Madeline.

the party higher up among the ruined shelves of rock caused a recurrence of anxiety. Madeline insisted on not going beyond a projection of cliff from which she could see directly down into the camp.

"Ambrose, do you really think the guerrillas will come?" she asked.

"Sure. We know. Nels just rode in and said they were on their way up. Miss Hammond, can I trust you? You won't let out a squeal if there's a fight down there? Stewart told me to hide you out of sight or keep you from lookin'."

"I promise not to make any noise," replied Madeline.

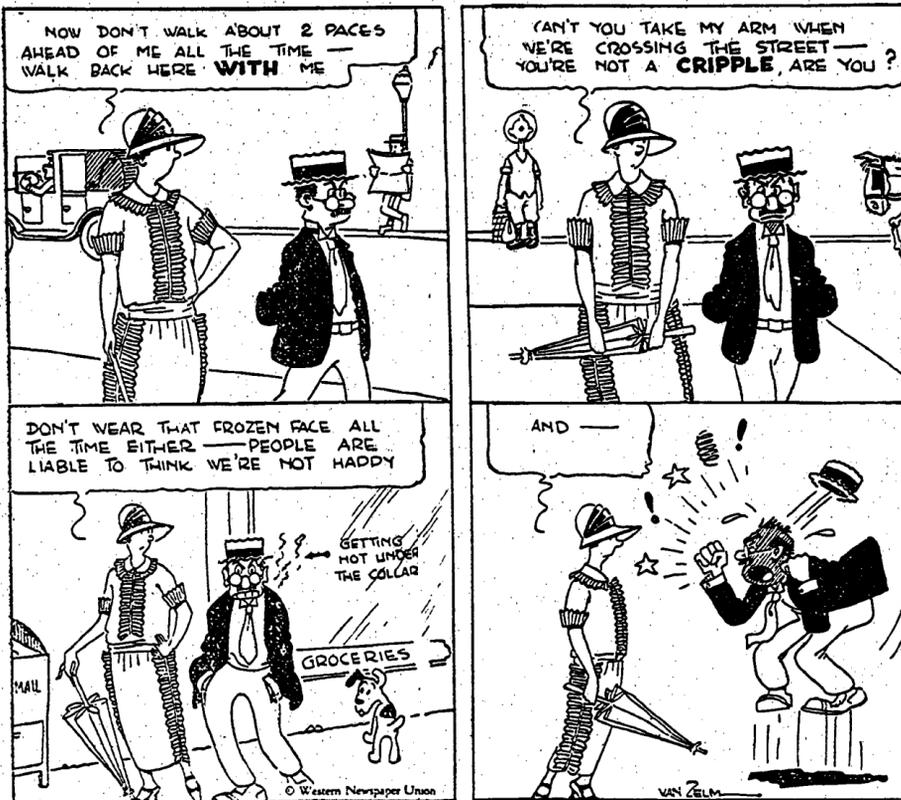
Madeline arranged her coat so that she could lie upon it, and settled down

OUR COMIC SECTION

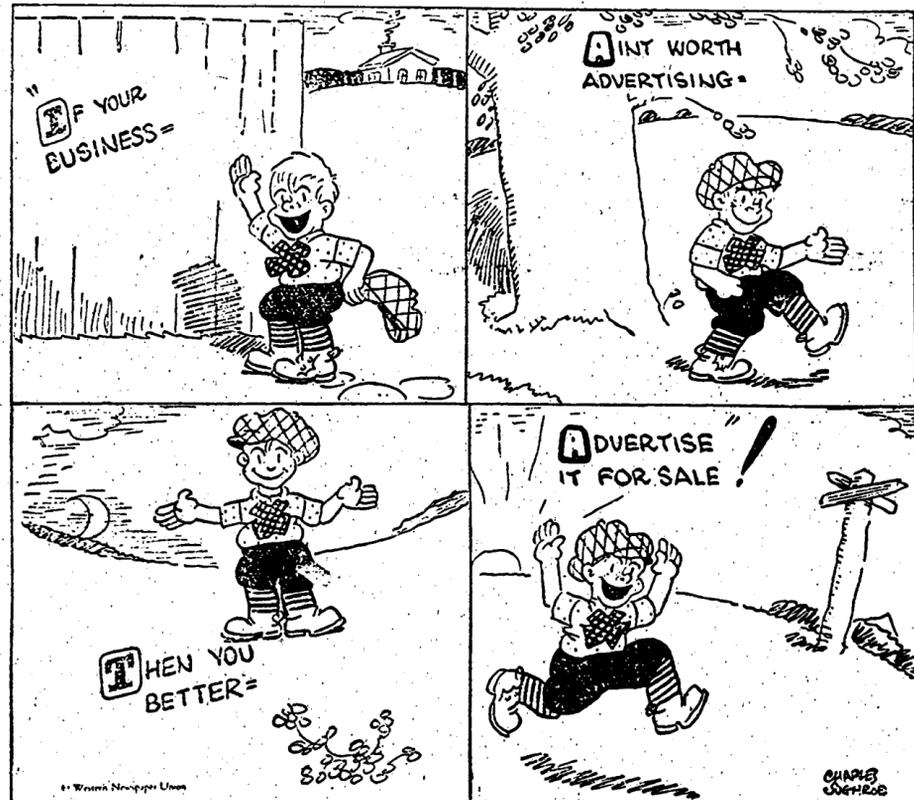
On the Concrete



Then the Woim Toined



Words of Wisdom From the Young



NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE NEWS

Observes 101st Birthday
Mrs. Sarah Leonard Neal, born at Newcastle August 20, 1822, celebrated her 101st birthday, Wednesday. On the occasion of her hundredth birthday, last year, a man, aged ninety, wrote and congratulated her on her longevity. She responded to the effect that he was much too young to be attempting a flirtation with a lady of her maturity.

Manchester Schools to be Crowded
Despite a building program under which three new schoolhouses were recently completed, Manchester schoolhouses will be so crowded in the fall that classes will have to be held in basements and attics, school department officials declared. The Highland school will be forced to operate on a half-session plan.

Candidate Opposes Knickers
Dustin D. Rhodes, of Manchester, latest candidate in the mayoralty field, announces these three planks:
1. Opposed to women and girls wearing knickers.
2. No Sunday golf or baseball.
3. Souvenir postcards sold must all bear message: "Having a good time; wish you were here."

Spaulding Defends Public Schools
The modern educational system as prevailing in the New Hampshire public schools is better today than ever before in its history, and the state has practically no untrained teachers, Huntley N. Spaulding, chairman of the state board, declared in an address before the superintendents and headmasters of the state at Plymouth.

Tenant Horsewhips Landlord
John Papanonian, proprietor of a coffee house at Somersworth, was ordered detained for an examination as to his sanity following a court hearing on a charge of assault on Charles Tsokos, owner of the building in which the establishment is located. Tsokos ordered Papanonian to vacate and when the latter refused he went to the coffee house and started to remove the furnishings, whereupon Papanonian seized a horse whip and attacked the owner.

Cow Gets Apple Jag
L. C. Leighton, a special officer on the police force of Franklin declares that the worst case of intoxication he has observed in recent years was among his herd of cows in a pasture where there are some cider apple trees. Heavy wind blew quantities of the fruit from the trees. One old cow, especially, ate an indiscreet amount of the apples. She was hardly able to walk home to the stable from the pasture and in many ways acted like a man thoroughly intoxicated.

Deeds Property to Rochester
Charles A. C. Hanson, of Rochester, has deeded to the city a number of acres of land adjoining the easterly section of Dominicus Hanson park. Mr. Hanson gave the land in honor of his grandfather, Joseph Hanson, for years a prominent business man of Rochester. It will be called "Carnival Grounds," and will be a valuable addition to the above-named park. A number of years ago Mr. Hanson gave the park to the city in honor of his father, Dominicus Hanson. The park has fine shade trees, and is used as the public playground. Picnics and social gatherings are held there.

Protests Buying Outside State
Secy. Joseph Melia of the Central Labor Union, Concord, has protested to State Purchasing Agent, William A. Stone, against the buying of bakery products for New Hampshire institutions from firms outside the state. Mr. Melia claims that New Hampshire bakeries can supply goods of equal or better quality and complains that all but a small percentage of expenditures amounting to thousands of dollars are with bakeries located beyond our borders. No Concord firm, he says, is patronized, except that the Norris Baking Company supplies the State hospital with crackers and some pastries.

Child Welfare Work Progressing
Miss Elena M. Crough, supervising nurse of maternity and child welfare work for the State Board of Health, reported at the conclusion of an inspection tour lasting about a week, splendid progress in New Hampshire, and helpful co-operation by physicians everywhere. Miss Crough attended conferences at Woodsville and Berlin and heard reports of much interest. Miss Myra L. Ellis of Berlin has visited the home of every baby born in her territory since July, 1921. Miss Crough was told. At Woodsville, it was stated that 85 per cent of the children examined had too little fresh air and sunshine, while many are victims of over-feeding. Miss Elizabeth Murphy, of the state department of education, was with Miss Crough part of the time during the week.

Runaway Horses Kill Girl
Struck by a pair of heavy truck horses running away through the most populous section of Manchester, Miss Jessie Brown, 15, of Medford, was killed and her four-year-old nephew, John Kent, was seriously hurt. The girl's skull was fractured, and she was injured internally. She died as she was being carried from the police ambulance into the Sacred Heart hospital. The boy is suffering from a gash over one eye, and possible internal injuries.

To Resurface Daniel Webster Road
The board of Aldermen of Concord has passed a resolution appropriating \$50,000 for the resurfacing and reconstruction of the Daniel Webster highway from North Main St. in the city proper to the Boscawen town line. Funds are to be raised by notes maturing in from one to five years.

Body Recovered at Hampton
After being in the water eight days, the body of Ambrose Crowley, son of Dr. Ambrose Crowley of Brookline, was found floating about 75 yards from the point where he was drowned on Aug. 20, at Hampton Beach while swimming. The body was seen by two boys, who were bathing and who later brought it ashore.

Locke Descendants Meet
Rye, N. H., Aug. 29.—The 33d annual reunion of the Locke Family Association, descendants of Capt. John Locke, who settled in Rye in 1636 and who was killed by the Indians at Locke's Neck, was held in Rye Town Hall with upwards of 100 present. Arthur H. Locke of Portsmouth was reelected president.

Help Is Scarce
Domestic "help" is still scarce in New Hampshire Labor Commission John S. B. Davie said in briefly reviewing the work of the free employment bureau maintained by his department in Concord. Few persons, apparently, are anxious to enter domestic service and the demand continues far ahead of the supply, with no prospect that the condition will change.

Even though most of the haying has been done, farmers of the state are still able to use more workers than they can easily obtain. In other lines of work Mr. Davie and his special assistant, William Riley of Concord, have been very successful in bringing the person who wants work in contact with the one who needs help.

Guard Drinking Water Supply
In its August bulletin, the State Board of Health calls attention to an actual menace in the practice of bathing in ponds and lakes that are the source of public water supplies.

The health authorities generally refuse to consider such requests, knowing well that the best way to guard against pollution of water supplies is to prevent it altogether, and having before them the examples of other states, where serious epidemics have resulted directly from lack of care in this regard.

The New Hampshire Legislature long ago made the granting of bathing permits for public waters the business of the Board of Health. "A safe drinking water," it is stated, "is more essential to the health of the public than the brief recreational facilities of the summer months."

New Hampshire History
"A Brief History of New Hampshire, compiled by six teachers in the public schools of Manchester for use in the institutions of the state, has been printed and copies are now in the School Department offices awaiting distribution to the sixth grades. The history has been accepted by school officials of Manchester and will be introduced for the first time this fall. It is understood, other public schools of the state are planning to adopt the new book, which contains a brief outline of the Granite State's history.

The authors of the history, Mary E. Barnes, J. Elizabeth Cate, Cassie M. Coiby, Laura M. Gould, Elizabeth J. McKelvie and Emma L. McLaren have applied for a copyright. The book is of 32 pages and contains the following: Early settlements; period of the French and Indian Wars; the Revolutionary period; the critical period; economic and social development; famous names in New Hampshire history.

New Hampshire Lime
New Hampshire lime for New Hampshire farmers becomes a probability with a report issued by Secretary H. Styles Bridges of the State Farm Bureau Federation on investigations of native deposits.

Four deposits investigated by agents of the Farm Bureau Federation and the University of New Hampshire, Mr. Bridges said showed lime 92 per cent pure, an unusually high average.

Farmers of the state used about 4,000 tons of lime last year and they would benefit if they could call upon a home supply, certainly in lower transportation charges and undoubtedly in other ways. High costs, including expensive lime, explain the abandonment of general farming by many. New Hampshire agriculturists in favor of the poultry industry, Mr. Bridges said. The poultry farmer was making money where the general farmer often wasn't, with the result that poultry farms multiplied in this state. This tendency may be checked, it was added, through such enterprises as the joint investigation of local lime deposits.

Hosiery Mill Reduces Wages
Notices have been posted in the hosiery mills at Laconia cancelling increases in wages granted to employees on May 28. About 1,300 employees are affected. The increase granted in May totalled 12-1/2 per cent. Lack of business was given as the cause.

Nashua City Government Outing
About 50 of the members of the Nashua City Government and guests attended the annual City Government outing at Bass Point, Nahant, Mass.

After Every Meal
A universal custom that benefits every-body. Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.

WRIGLEYS



BATHING SUIT AND SILK HAT

Mayor of English Town Stages Novel Ceremony in Dedicating New Bathing Pool.

A unique ceremony of inauguration recently took place at Grimsby, Lincolnshire, England, when the lord mayor was requested to preside at the dedication of a municipal bathing pool.

His honor appeared at the head of an impressive procession clad in official frock coat and silk hat. Every body naturally expected the usual decorous oration inseparable from such functions. What, then, was the general astonishment when the mayor standing beside the pool, doffed first hat, then frock coat, vest, trousers shirt, shoes and socks and appeared arrayed solely in a rather ordinary bathing suit, in which garb he plunged bravely into the pool.

This unexpected dedication was hailed with resounding cheers which greeted the sporting executive when he emerged spluttering from the water.

Palpably False.
"I heard a queer story in town yesterday," related Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge. "It was windy one day and a lady came around a corner, and a certain fellow turned his head as quick he broke his neck."
"That's just like all the men—drag 'em," returned Mrs. Johnson. "They'll look every time a woman—"
"But the story goes that this fellow tried to look the other way, an—"
"Now, Gap, you ort to be ashamed of yourself, lying that-a-way before the children."

Neither adversity nor prosperity ever changes a man; each merely brings out what there is in him. Inkwarmness makes enemies as well as downright opposition.

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"

SCHOOL DAYS

School days are here, vacations are over, now for a change. You will need New Shoes, Collars, Ties, Shirts, Hose. Now is a good time to select one of those fine fitting tailor made suits.

We have in a fine line of School Shoes, a line of Moccasin Shoes, very easy and long service.

Always bargains in broken lines of Shoes. Some at half price or less. School supplies: Tablets, Composition Books, Pens, Pencils, Inks, etc.

"GOODWIN'S"

SPECIAL BARGAIN On the very best Aluminum Ware

"Wear-Ever"



Aluminum Preserving Kettle
10 Qt. Size
Regular \$2.65
Special Price 50c
TRADE MARK

Aluminum for kitchen use is going through exactly the same stage that was experienced in the early days of the enamelled ware. House-keepers, or at least some of them, think all Aluminum is alike; they buy a few articles of very thin, soft plate and because they do not prove satisfactory condemn all Aluminum.

Same Kettle, 8 qt., \$1.49. Cover 35 cents
5 qt. Tea Kettle \$2.98

If desired by parcel post please add 15 cents for one article and 5 cents for each additional article.

Buy Wearever and you become an enthusiast for Aluminum

EMERSON & SON, Milford.

B. D. PEASLEE, M. D.
HILLSBORO, N. H.
Office Over National Bank

Diseases of Eye and Ear. Latest instruments for the detection of errors of vision and correct fitting of Glasses.

Regular office hours: Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 1 to 3 p. m., other days and hours by appointment only.
Office CLOSED Oct. 25 to Apr. 15

J. D. HUTCHINSON
Civil Engineer,
Land Surveying, Levels, etc.
ANTRIM, N. H.
WATERPROOF CONNECTIONS

**Watches & Clocks
CLEANED
AND
REPAIRED.**

Work may be left at Goodwin's Store

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

Arthur A. Muir, D. C. Ph. C.
KEENE CHIROPRACTOR
MAKES CALLS
ANTRIM HANCOCK
BENNINGTON PETERBORO
Monday, Wednesday, Friday

Jackson's Garage
Have your Automobile done in a satisfactory manner. Complete satisfaction is the result of taking it to a first-class mechanic who guarantees his work, at fair prices.
Chas. F. Jackson, Prop.,
Elm St., Antrim Phone 4-3

The Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

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Advertising Rates on Application
H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
H. B. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANT
Wednesday, Sept. 5, 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

For School Supplies go to Goodwin's. Adv.

Misses Evelyn and Marie Parker visited relatives in Chesham over the week-end.

Miss Nelly Mudge has returned to her work at the Goodell Co.'s office, after a two weeks' vacation.

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

Miss Frances Forsaith has returned to her school teaching duties in Boston.

Miss Jennie Craig is visiting her cousin, Miss Frances Craig, in Hillsboro.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Whitcomb, of Worcester, Mass., is spending a few days at the Baptist parsonage.

Miss Angie E. Craig returned to Lawrence, Mass., Monday, having spent two weeks at Craig-Farm.

School Days. See display adv. on fourth page. Goodwin's. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Butterfield and four children, of Concord, called at the Craig Farm on Labor Day.

Albert Cheney, of Pittsfield, was guest first of the week of Miss Anna Duncan, in the family of Everett N. Davis.

Warm Fall days are with us and Rubber-soled Shoes are very proper to wear. We have a large assortment. Goodwin's. Adv.

Mrs. Greta MacDowell and daughter, Mildred, returned to Antrim on Saturday after being in Groton, Mass., for the past two months.

C. R. Nichols, headmaster of the High school, and Mrs. Nichols, have arrived in town and are occupying the Squires Forsaith house on Main St.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Gabriel, of Allston, Mass., sales manager of the Chevrolet Motor Co., and Miss Silbia Clark, of Boston, were week-end visitors at Freeman Clark's.

Lost—Sept. 1, between Antrim and Hillsboro, ladies black coat. Finder please leave at Mrs. W. H. Toward's, on West Street. Adv.

Copies of the State laws passed by the 1923 legislature have been received at the Tuttle Library, and anyone who cares particularly for a copy can have one by calling at the library.

George E. MacDowell, wife and son, from Worcester, Mass., Albert Prescott and wife, from West Boylston, Mass., Miss Sarah Ford, from Milford, Mass., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Toward over Labor Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Balch and son, Robert, of Brockton, and Harold Brunell, of Whitman, Mass., were at Leander Patterson's for the week-end. On their return—Mrs. Lena Balch and John Libbey accompanied them.

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

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Antrim

Thursday, Sept. 6

Gloria Swanson, in "The Impossible Mrs. Belleu"

Saturday, Sept. 8

A Robert Brunton Production, "The Devil to Pay," from the Novel by Frances Nimmo Greene

Pathe Weekly

Pictures at 8.15

W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

The residence of E. E. George is receiving a new coat of paint.

R. John Lilley was at his home here for the week end and holiday.

Mrs. A. W. George has been confined to her home the past week by illness.

Ed. E. George was on the sick list a part of last week, as was also M. D. Cooper.

Miss Mary Antheine of Nashua, was the week end guest in the family of D. W. Cooley.

George W. Wallace, from Northampton, Mass., is the guest of relatives in this place for a season.

The R. F. D. carriers did not cover their routes on Monday and the postoffice was running on holiday schedule.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Raleigh and son, Walter, of East Jaffrey, were guests for the holiday with relatives in town.

Alwin Young was here last week from his home in Winchester, this state, for a few days' visit with his aunt, Mrs. Grace Young.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Sawyer, Harry G. Sawyer, and Mrs. A. E. Shaw, of Boston, were here for the holiday, to attend the school reunion at the Branch.

Mrs. Charles G. Wallace and son Earl, and Mrs. Alva Shepardson and little son have returned from their vacation trip to the former home of Mrs. Wallace in New Brunswick.

Will E. Cram was in Warner Saturday to assist Silas A. Rowe at a large auction sale in that town for William R. Halkett, who disposed of his farm, stock, tools, crops and household goods.

Camp Greggmore has closed a very successful season and the young ladies have departed for their respective homes. The closing function was their banquet given last Wednesday evening, which was a very pleasing affair.

Arthur S. Nesmith, of Reading, Mass., was with his father, G. M. Nesmith, a day or two first of the week. On his return home he was accompanied by his son, who has been spending a few weeks with his grandfather.

Lost,—last Wednesday in Antrim, small black velvet handbag with tassel on bottom, small leather pouch inside containing sum of money, some loose change in handbag, also store ticket. Finder please return to P. O. Box 56, Hancock, N. H., and receive reward. Adv.

In the upper left hand corner of our fifth page today will be found a new advertisement of the Hancock Garage. Read what is contained therein; it may be of interest to you and possibly be a means of saving you money. In this same position each week will appear a similar announcement.

A few families by themselves made up picnic parties and enjoyed the day Monday at lakes or groves not far distant, while members of families residing elsewhere took advantage of the holiday and the automobile to visit town. The weather man was good natured and passed out to all alike a fine September day which was greatly enjoyed by everybody.

Notice!

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

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 \$1585, Sedan \$1495, Coupe \$1495, Roadster \$990.
Star—Chassis \$433, 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.
New England Telephone 13-2, at Rest Home, 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

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

Listed with me are quickly

SOLD.

No charge unless sale is made.

LESTER H. LATHAM,
P. O. Box 408,
Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.
Telephone connection

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 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.

Fall Opening

AT
The Hat Shop

Hillsboro, N. H.

September 13, 14 and 15

Every one Cordially Invited to See the New Models.

ANNA F. BRUCE.

Try the REPORTER.

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Exide Battery for Ford, Buick, Overland and Chevrolet **\$15.00**
 Goodyear or Firestone, 1st quality, 30x3 1/2 Tire **\$10.00**
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 " " " " 30x3 1/2 Tube **2.00**
 " " " " 30x3 " **1.75**
 General Cord " " 30x3 1/2 Tire **14.00**
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Oxy-Acetylene Welding and Brazing— We Repair Broken Frames, Crank Cases, Housings, Farm Machinery, in fact anything made of Metal.

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Hancock Garage,

W. M. HANSON, Prop.
HANCOCK, -- New Hampshire

THE HOME AND SCHOOL

A Timely Article Of Interest To All Parents

By Wentworth Stewart

We have reserved this week to consider briefly the relation of the home to the school and its part in the responsibility for the success of local education. We do not mean to intimate that the home does not figure large in education beyond the local schools, but that here the home is directly responsible for much of the discipline of the school and the attitude boys and girls assume toward teachers and school administration; and besides it is assumed that while these young people are still under the parental roof they will not disregard home support of school discipline.

We wonder if back of all our serious problems of today the American home as it is at present conducted is not responsible in large measure for the breaking down of those sturdy characteristics of soberness, thrift, honesty and obedience to law so noticeable at present among us.

Blame the schools all we may for inefficiency in preparing our young people for life and its responsibilities, nevertheless the atmosphere by which such is brought about cannot be expected to be generated in the broken hours of a school day or week, but must come preeminently from the home the very nest in which life is hatched out and takes on its first and profoundest color and trend. That wholesomeness of soberness and thrift, that ruggedness of responsibility that makes a man the whole nation admires as his life with a clear conscience stands out amid uncertain characteristics of today, was never made in school alone, and will never be made in the ordinary homes of our day, where boys and girls are brought up workless, indulged, and with little discipline. Such easy-going homes never made a Calvin Coolidge and never will.

There are faults and weaknesses in our schools, but these will never be corrected so long as the American home condones its children's carelessness and fails to fairly support those who are trying to make something of our boys and girls educationally in these very loose and swift times.

The school is assuming the wrong attitude when it disregards the wishes of, and does not understand the home feeling, and cannot hope thus to succeed with its work; but the home is even more in the wrong that disregards the school aim and effort and fails to co-operate in every reasonable way in the discipline of boys and girls to which in these days it has for relief of care committed an altogether unfair measure of responsibility.

A mother who shares with many others the feeling that something must be wrong with our schools because the children are constantly provoked toward critical attitudes, nevertheless in her determination to be fair with the school and teachers, and also to share the responsibility for discipline, said she would not permit her children to criticize their teachers. It is possi-

Antrim Locals

A coating of calcium chloride is being put on Main street to lay the dust.

Geno Ricciti visited with his son at the home of O. H. Robb first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Baker, of Worcester, Mass., spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. Julia V. Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fred Gray, of Boston, spent the week end with Mrs. Gray's sister, Mrs. Josephine Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold MacBriane and little child, from Somerville, Mass., have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Nay.

Paul Prentiss and gentleman friend of New Haven, Conn., spent a few days the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Prentiss.

The Bickford house, which was last week sold at auction, was purchased by Guy A. Hullett, for the sum of two thousand dollars.

C. W. Perkins is about to remove the express office from Jameson block to a room in the hotel formerly used as a pool room and barber shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth E. Roeder, of Brighton, Mass., spent the week end and holiday at the Baker house, and visited with friends in town.

R. J. Hopp was called out of town last week by the death of a relative and Harry Eldredge kept his barber shop open for him during his absence and wielded the scissors and razor.

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph G. Hurlin and two daughters have returned to their home in New York, after a pleasant vacation season with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Hurlin.

Wm. M. Hanson, of Hancock, has been appointed Deputy Sheriff, for this part of the County, by Sheriff John O'Dowd.

It is possible that such an attitude as this upon the part of parents would greatly allay complaint and relieve the schools of problems in discipline as well as cause the boys and girls to hold mothers and fathers in greater esteem.

Every town should have, as many towns do have, a Parent-Teacher association where many matters of general nature can be talked over with better understanding of relations of home and school; and the school authorities for their own comfort and successful administration should not seek to evade, but rather court such relationship, and thus establish confidence upon the part of parents in the intelligence, interestedness and fairness with which our schools are conducted. When the committee shall have sought on its own initiative to bring about such confidential and sympathetic relations we believe it will have removed the greater part of the present temper and have begun the generation of a true local school spirit.

Bennington.

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Bennington at 8.00 o'clock

Wednesday, Sept. 5

All Star Cast
"The Snitching Hour"
Two Reel Western "Heads or Tails"

Saturday, Sept. 8

All Star Caste, "Golden Snare"
Taken from the Novel of James Oliver Curwood
Pathe Weekly and Comedy

Mrs. Albert French was in Worcester, from Friday to Monday.

Clarence Sawyer, of Russell, Mass., was a visitor in town last week.

Several from here went to Peterboro for the Labor Day celebration.

Miss Annie Kimball, of Boston, Mass., has been at Camp K. Lake George, for several weeks' vacation.

The pastor's topic next Sunday morning at 10.45 will be "The Training of This Generation." Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

Mr. Pierce, of Antrim, who has had charge of the Cutlery works, during Mr. Wilson's absence, has gone to Connecticut Lake for his vacation and Mr. Wilson is back in the shop again.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gordon have been having some delightful auto trips with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gordon and son, Allen, from Ashland, Mass., taking in all the lakes and mountains possible in three days, as well as Concord, Keene and Nashua.

The Juvenile Minstrels will be staged for the benefit of St. Patrick's church, at the Town hall here, on Tuesday evening, September 11 and, in addition there will be a grand vaudeville program, consisting of harp, violin and piano solos, duets and trios, and entertainment by leading members of the best Boston talent.

DIRECT COMPARISON

Suggests Many Thoughts Not Often Considered

Mr. Charles Schwab in acting as a witness in the famous Morse suit the other day in Washington, in his jovial way remarked that rich men's sons do not like to work.

This statement comes with better grace from Mr. Schwab than from some very rich men. He knows what it is to work even from the bottom up and can fittingly take to task the worthless of workless sons of rich men.

It has been and probably still is a very unhealthy influence in our great democratic nation that rich men's sons with their conspicuous position and sometimes with their display of wealth and luxury are notoriously indolent and sometimes reckless and irresponsible. If they live in small communities it is more unfortunate because their worthlessness is outstanding, and incites dissatisfaction and unrest, and makes against civic and industrial loyalty.

The most unfortunate thing about it undoubtedly is that these young men never reach any worth while place in society and contribute little to the common weal because they do not appreciate real values, such as have been the ease with which their needs have been met.

Then in addition the story is often a tragedy because the young man has never had an opportunity to make of himself what he should, for only as men have to forge their fortunes can they forge the strongest character.

However, what Mr. Schwab said of rich men's sons can be said in

(Continued on eighth page.)

To know how good a cigarette really can be made you must try a



CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

METHODIST

Rev. Wm. Thompson, Pastor

Remember the Thursday evening service in the lecture room of the Church.

We believe that young people should be happy for they were created to be so.

The merry laugh, the bright smile, the rejoicing spirit, are gifts of God to be used, not repressed nor forbidden.

To do nothing but to give one's self up to pleasures that will only produce laughter is to write one's condemnation.

The mind and heart are nobler parts, and they have pleasures peculiar to their own natures.

To fail to secure enjoyments for these higher natures is to barter one's birthright for Esau's pottage.

Regular Sunday morning preaching service at 10.45.

The Sunday school will meet after the morning service.

The pastor will preach at the union service in the evening.

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

The prayer meeting this week Thursday will be especially a young people's meeting. Topic, "Trust in God," Psalms, 4.

Sunday, morning worship at 10.45. Sermon by the pastor on the topic, "The Greatest Enterprise in the World."

Bible school at 12 o'clock.

Intermediate Christian Endeavor at 6 o'clock.

EAST ANTRIM

Leslie Brown, of Meriden, Conn., recently visited his mother, Mrs. Emma M. Brown.

Mrs. Dora Swett and son, Richard, and Dr. Peters, of New York, have returned to their home, after two months spent at Brookside Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred White, of Franklin, spent last week with E. G. Rokes and family.

C. D. White has a new Buick touring car.

Otis Tuttle has been quite ill at the home of Mrs. Traak, barely escaping pneumonia. Mrs. Traak cared for him.

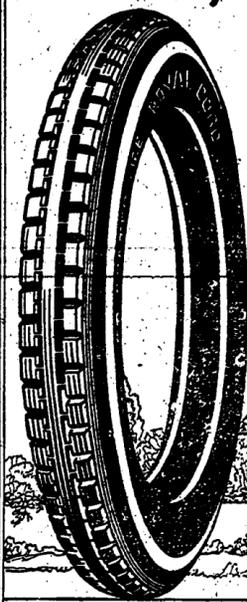
Edson Tuttle and Munson Cochrane are building a hen house for H. L. Brown.

Mrs. Bertha (Rich) Sargent and two daughters spent the week end at E. M. Knapp's.

Miss Dorothy Knapp has returned home, after several weeks spent with relatives in Keene.

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

Here's Good News for the Man who needs a Royal Cord



ROYALS are the only tires in which you get the benefit of the three new U. S. discoveries—Sprayed Rubber—Web Cord and the Flat-Band Method of building a Cord Tire.

Made in all sizes 30 x 3 1/2 and up.

United States Tires are Good Tires



Where to buy U.S. Tires



Antrim Garage, Antrim, N. H.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate.

To the heirs at law of the estate of Elinor M. Richardson, late of Bennington, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Charles W. Thurston, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester, in said County, on the 16th day of October next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court.

Given at Nashua, in said County, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1923.

By order of the Court,

S. J. DEARBORN, Register.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate.

To the heirs at law of the estate of Patrick E. Cashion, late of Bennington, in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Henry W. Wilson, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester, in said County, on this 16th day of October next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said executor is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court.

Given at Nashua, in said County, the 31st day of August, A. D. 1923.

By order of the Court,

S. J. DEARBORN, Register.

ADVERTISE In THE REPORTER

And Get Your Share of the Trade.

Stop ! Look ! Listen !

10% to 20% REDUCTION

On All Furniture

Hillsboro Furniture Rooms

Baker Block

Hillsboro, N. H.

A SCHOOL GIRL'S SUCCESS

Everything Depends upon her Health

Mrs. George E. Whitacre Tells of her Daughter's Breakdown and How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her a Healthy, Happy, Strong Girl

Every girl possesses information of vital importance to her young daughter, and the responsibility for her future is largely in her hands. When a school girl's thoughts become sluggish, when she suffers the consequences of wet feet, pain, headaches, fainting spells, loss of sleep and appetite, and is irregular, her mother should have a thought for her physical condition and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which has proved a reliable aid to nature for just such conditions in so many cases.

This Mother Writes:
Mahoningtown, Pa.—"I would like to say a few words about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. About a year ago I thought it would be necessary for me to take my daughter out of school. She was losing weight, was nervous, and when she would come home from school she would drop into a chair and cry, and say, 'Mamma, I don't believe I can go to school another day!' I gave her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now she is a healthy,

happy, hearty, strong girl and weighs 120 pounds. She has no difficulty in doing her 'gym' work, and she works at home every night and morning, too. I am a mother who can certainly praise your medicine, and use this letter as a reference."—Mrs. GEORGE E. WHITACRE, 621 W. Madison Avenue, Mahoningtown, Pa.

Every girl ought to be healthy and strong, and every mother wants her daughter to do well in school and to enjoy herself at other times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a splendid medicine for young women just entering womanhood. Mothers can depend upon it. It is prepared from roots and herbs, contains nothing harmful, and has great power to tone up and strengthen the system, so it will work in a healthy and normal manner.

For nearly fifty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been used by women of all ages, and these women know its great value. Let it help your daughter, and yourself.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts.

Fear is at the bottom of worry. Is there no gland that will exterminate fear?

Time is a perpetual motion arrangement for making yesterdays of tomorrows.

By breaking out of the rut, one can change the luck, even if he doesn't improve it.

So far this year Superior, Wis., has had more divorces than marriages.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists. R. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

Euticura Soap

Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Tablets 25c.

Nurses

With their wealth of practical experience, use and recommend

JAQUES CAPSULES

For Digestive Ills
Anna Westburg, Nurse, Lyndhurst, N. J., writes, "I have taken Jaques Capsules for dyspepsia, indigestion and constipation with wonderful results." A Brooklyn nurse, Susie C. Clark, says, "Jaques' Capsules are a wonderful preparation. I have no hesitancy in recommending them." One or two with a swallow of water give quick relief from stomach ills. At all druggists or 60 cents by mail postpaid from Jaques Capsule Co., Inc., Plattsburg, N. Y. JAQUES (JAKES) Give Quick Relief

Opportunity Calls from CANADA

Pay a visit to Canada—see for yourself the opportunities which Canada offers to both labor and capital—rich, fertile, virgin prairie land, near railroads and towns, at \$15 to \$20 an acre—long terms if desired. What crops last year the biggest in history; dairying and hops pay well; mixed farming rapidly increasing.

Homeseekers' Rates on Canadian Railroads

If you wish to look over the country with a view to taking up land get an order from the nearest Canadian Government Agent for special rates on Canadian railroads. Make this your summer outing—Canada welcomes tourists—no passport required—have a great trip and see with your own eyes the opportunities that await you.

For full information, with free booklets and maps, write: Mrs. A. Bowler, Desk W, 33 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.; C. A. Laurier, Desk W, 43 Manchester St., Manchester, N. H. Authorized Canadian Gov't Agt.

BOYS—Make Easy Money at Home

Send two-cent stamps for outfit.
B. F. PORTER
822 West 8th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

We Start You in Candy Business at Home, small room anywhere, everything furnished, free tools. Men, women; exp. unnecessary. Big profits. Milton Co., 1308 Master St., Phila., Pa.

MARTIN SAUCE—TO EAT WITH MEATS, fish, omelette, game, etc., made of pure fruits, juices and selected spices. Retail 50c; three for \$1.25, prepaid. MARTIN SAUCE CO., 1768 North 14th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents, Distributors Make \$15 to \$20 a Day selling Radio Waxes. Every auto, garage and accessory dealer buys. Particulars free. Radio Chem. Co., Dept. 60, Chelsea, Mass.

INFLAMED EYES

Use Dr. Thompson's Eye Liniment. Sold by all druggists or 100 N. River, Troy, N. Y., Booklet.

SUGAR INDUSTRY IN FILMS

United States Department of Agriculture Shows Process on Motion Picture Screen.

"Raising cane" and then crushing the juice out of it and making it into white granulated sugar is one of the latest subjects to be portrayed on the educational motion picture screen by the United States Department of Agriculture. The new film is titled "Sugar Cane and Cane Sugar." It is one reel long.

Cultural processes from replanting preparations to the "laying by" of the cane when it has grown big enough to take care of itself are shown in the early scenes. Harvesting the crop, stripping, cutting and hauling to the sugar factory are depicted. The factory scenes include the various steps in the manufacture and refinement of granulated sugar, from the crushing of the cane between huge corrugated steel crushers to the bagging and barreling of the finished product.

The film was made in Louisiana, where nine-tenths of America's 250,000-ton cane sugar crop is produced. The bureau of chemistry and plant industry co-operated in producing the film.

"Sugar Cane and Cane Sugar" will be loaned, free, except for transportation which borrowers will be required to pay both ways. Authorized persons and institutions may purchase prints at the manufacturing cost.

A Record.
"How is your wife getting along with the car?"
"Fine. Nothing but smashed fenders."—Life.

Unproductive Labor.
Jud Tunkins says his hired man has got so interested in politics that about all the work he does is guess work.

A successful physician is one who is able to relieve his patients of good fees.

According to census figures the number of farms in Alaska increased 64 per cent between 1910 and 1920.

Since the late war 5,280 families have settled on Wisconsin farms.

HAY FEVER

Sufferers from this distressing complaint can secure quick relief by using GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMA COMPOUND. Used for 35 years and result of long experience in treatment of throat and lung diseases by Dr. H. H. GUILD, FREDERICK BOX and Treatise sent upon request. 25c and \$1.00 at drug stores. H. H. GUILD CO., RUPERT, VERMONT.



Catarrh

Clinical tests have proved that Zonite is highly effective in cases of nasal catarrh when used in dilution as a nasal spray. Its effect is to cleanse the mucous membrane and reduce abnormal discharges, thus clearing the nasal passages.

Note: Atomizer fittings must be of hard rubber.

Zonite

NON-POISONOUS

Not Broken Reeds

By CORONA REMINGTON

(© 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Pretty Evelyn Maynard leaped over in the limousine and touched Mrs. Worthen's arm caressingly.

"Dear Grannie, it's such fun to leave you with us," she said.

"It's fine to be with you young folks again—especially you, Evelyn. You know you're my pet."

"Darling Grannie, but I do wish mother'd come on; she's had time enough to buy a whole store out."

"She'll be along in a minute. Mary always was that way; even when she was a child. Sometimes I just hated to take her uptown because she'd have to stop at every counter and examine everything on it. And the questions that child could ask! Mercy me!"

"Oh, there's Valley," Evelyn suddenly exclaimed, sitting up and starting to lower one of the little windows.

"Valley!" she called. "Want to speak to you."

In horror Mrs. Worthen put a restraining hand on her granddaughter's arm.

"Dear me, Evelyn, what are you coming to? Screaming after a man at the top of your lungs; on the main street at that! You won't have a shred of reputation left."

"That's nothing, Grannie. There's not a bit of harm in it; besides, I want to speak to him."

Meanwhile the young man stopped short, turned around, looked inquiringly at the sky, the pavement, the store door, the passersby and finally spied the waiting car.

"Ho there, Prissy. Just been trying to get you at the house; they said you were out," he smiled as he put a foot on the running board of the car and looked admiringly at Evelyn.

"I want to present you to my grandmother, Mrs. Worthen, Valley. Mr. Valentine Bassells, Grannie."

Mrs. Worthen was so amazed by the pliant familiarity of the two that she found her mental nature completely frozen up and could only manage a curt little bow in acknowledgment of the introduction.

"Prissy!" "Valley." Her granddaughter permitting that! In her days it would have been "Miss Evelyn" and "Mr. Bassells," and if she had called after a man in that hoydenish fashion she would have been banished to her room for a week.

She listened to the two as they chattered away, a perfect jargon of slang; "huff," the expressions she had never even heard before.

At last, to her relief, Mrs. Maynard emerged from the store and came toward the car. Bassells moved aside, greeted her almost as familiarly as he had her daughter, opened the door and helped her into the car.

"Say, Prissy, got a date for tonight?" he asked as the chauffeur started the engine. "No? Good; let's go to the show at the Regina. They say it's great stuff."

Grandmother Worthen's thoughts were in a whirl. She leaned back in the car and tried to adjust herself to the fact that Evelyn was of her own kindred. After luncheon that day she brought a faded old album into the living room where Evelyn and her mother were seated.

"I came across this in the attic just before I left home," she explained, "so I brought it along because I thought it might interest you. In the old days there were no telephones, so when a young man wanted to take a young lady out he sent a note by his negro man servant. Here are some I received."

"Oh, Grannie, how exciting!" exclaimed Evelyn. "Let me read them, do."

She took the book and began reading aloud:

"Miss Sarah: 'May I have the pleasure of your company at the opera tomorrow night? If you have an engagement for that time may we go to the cauet drill Wednesday?'

"Your sincere friend,"

"C. S. MELTON."

"The pleasure of your company. Wasn't he the quaintest old thing, though? If anybody began a letter to me like that I'd think he was angry."

"How do they begin them?"

"Usually 'Dearest Evelyn' or 'Prissy' or whatever their nickname for me is."

"I thought so."

Mrs. Worthen said it as if she had feared the worst and found it so.

"No harm in that. What's the use of being so stiff and formal, anyway?"

Mrs. Worthen was depressed. The world was going to the dogs. No doubt about it—the whole future depended upon the younger generation, and that was, indeed, a sadly broken reed to lean on.

That evening after dinner she dozed over her knitting in the library, and when Bassells called she was dimly conscious of voices, nearby.

"Sh-h-h, don't wake Grannie. She's so tired."

It was Evelyn speaking.

"Bless her heart, not I. I took a shine to her straight off the bat. Say, Prissy, don't let's go to the show tonight. Let's talk."

"All right, Prissy. I want to show you Grannie's memory book. Anyway, she won't mind."

The two young heads were soon

dozed close together over the faded old book. Grannie's eyes came open just a little way and she had to admit that it was rather a pretty picture; his hair was so black and masculine, hers so fair and dainty.

"She may think men were more chivalrous in those days," said Valley, "but I believe they'd defend a girl and protect her just as quick today as they ever would. And men and women are much closer together now than they ever were. Look at our case; you're not only my sweetheart—you're my chum, my little buddy. There's nothing I'd be afraid to tell you; you know I always come straight to you with everything and that means a whole lot to a fellow. But her husband didn't tell her everything—not by a jugful!"

As Grandmother Worthen sat dozing, quite wide awake, it came back to her suddenly how often in days long past she had tried to get close to her husband and how she had felt, rather bitterly, that he had dozens of men friends who knew him better than she.

She gave a sigh of genuine relief. Maybe the world wasn't leaning on such broken reeds after all.

QUEER OCCUPATIONS IN INDIA

One, at Least, Can Hardly Be Ranked as Highly Desirable, Even for a "Down-and-Outer."

Writing from Lucknow, Irene Burn tells of the three queerest trades in India in the following manner:

In England one can rhyme a string of dull trades, "tinker, tailor"; but one must journey to India to happen upon such strange occupations as those of the monkey deporter, the corpse fender and the shabbash-wala.

Here on the plains of northern India the small brown monkey is a pest to cultivators. In mischievous hordes he swoops upon fruit trees and strips them bare.

But Hanuman, the monkey-god, will not suffer the death by violence of one of his kin. No Hindu may slay a monkey, so he hires a monkey deporter.

At sunset, when the monkey families swing home to bed, this hireling creeps beneath the mango trees, armed with a net.

With this he snares the thieves from their branches, afterward packing his live prey into crates. Then he goes off by train for a station or two and lets the deported monkeys free to ravage strange pastures.

The freshly outraged cultivator now hires a monkey deporter and the trade flourishes.

The job of the corpse fender is to push off half-burnt corpses that drift from the burning ghats to anchor by one's garden.

Hindus burn their dead by the river side. If they are too poor to furnish a pyre, a benevolent government supplies wood. But the thrifty find it absurd to waste good fuel, so they use a little of it to singe the corpse and sell the rest.

That holy river, the Ganges, takes the half-burnt body into an embrace so reluctant that the corpse fender must arm himself with a long iron-tipped staff to keep the shallows free.

The shabbash-wala is a cheerier wight than the monkey deporter or the corpse fender, who are prone to pessimism, since monkeys and corpses are so frequent and so persistent.

His name means literally "brave fellow." Himself he handles neither spade nor pick, but stands over a gang of workmen, howling, monotonously, "Shabbash, shabbash" ("Well done, well done").

Without a shabbash-wala an Indian gang slackens at once.

Brilliant Pupil.

Mrs. Phillip North Moore, president of the National Council of Women, said at a tea:

"Woman is taking her place beside man in every walk of life, but you can still disable her with a well-aimed charge of battery."

"Why was Solomon the wisest man?" a young woman school-teacher asked her class.

"Because he had so many wives to advise him," a boy answered.

"Humph," said the young woman teacher. "That is not exactly the reason given in the book, but I award you, Johnny, our weekly prize for brilliant scholarship, and here is a nice large doughnut that will go well with your luncheon.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Seasons Merely Names.

The English climate comes in for a lot of abuse, like the American's comment, "You have no climate, only samples." This grumbling is an old habit. Horace Walpole in 1737, writing as an imaginary Chinese philosopher, said: "The English have no sun, no summer as we have; at least their sun does not scorch like ours. They content themselves with names; at a certain time of the year they leave their capital, and that makes summer; they go out of the city, and that makes the country. . . . If thou wilt believe me, I am now (in May) writing to thee before a fire."

Why, the Old Sinner!

Two old bachelors were having a conversation on a street car filled with flappers. "What do they call that brilliant red stuff?" asked one.

"Lip rouge," responded the other. "They didn't have it in our day."

"No, they didn't. But it is kind of pretty."

The second old boy leaned over and said cautiously: "Do you know, Harum, I sometimes wonder how it tastes."

Then they both grinned sheepishly and returned to the market reports.

Simplicity in Coat Styles; Fashions for the Juniors

THERE seems to be a disposition on the part of well dressed women to demand that the excellence of their fall coats be evident more in precise and beautiful tailoring than in elaborate trimming, and new models in garments of this variety attain a fine degree of that elegant simplicity which is always in good taste and is, at the same time, almost universally becoming. The vogue of the straight lines, at least, may be used with good effect whether the wearer is slim or stout, short or tall. The element of individuality, always a desirable fea-

reached that stage in life where she is neither a little girl nor yet a young lady always presents some difficulty. There is no little tragedy for the young person herself in being forced to wear clothes that she feels she has outgrown and on the other hand it is certainly unwise to permit her to dress as a grownup. Consequently, the styles advanced for her special benefit are in the nature of a compromise and for the current season the compromise is a peculiarly happy one. This is true because "grown-up"



CAMEL'S HAIR USED IN THIS DESIGN

ture, may be expressed in material, frocks, coats and suits follow very simple lines and junior garments patterned after them naturally avoid the sophisticated appearance of elaborate flounces, drapes, frills and furbelows.

The little frock pictured, for instance, is of navy crepe de chine made in a simple slipover pattern which hangs in perfectly straight lines to the knee. The low waistline is defined with rows of shirred tucking, which is also used on the short sleeves. The only other ornamentation is a touch of embroidery done in bright shades of yellow and green.

Junior coats for fall and winter wear are practically miniature editions of those worn by mothers and elder sisters. The same warm colors in delightfully soft sport woollens, the

trimming and cut without any sacrifice of style.

Camel's hair, in a new pattern, is used for making the coat shown here. The long stripes of brown and tan make it an ideal pattern for short or stout women, since their effect is to lend height to the figure. The long kimono sleeve is set low at the shoulder and is made knuckle length. Brown fox exactly matching the dark stripe of the material is used for the collar.

Fur-fabric coats are promised in greater variety than ever before, as the season progresses, and that they will be even more popular than usual is a safe forecast in view of advancing prices for fur and fur trimmed coats.



SLIPOVER PATTERN IN CREPE DE CHINE

The beautiful new metal brocades and oriental patterns in silk weaves, that have appeared in the past few weeks, have been immediately used in linings for fur coats and they are so rich and luxurious that it is often difficult to say whether the coat or its lining is the more attractive.

The heavier twills, camel's hair and fine pile fabrics are leading favorites among coatings. They are usually lined with plain crepe de chine, and nothing could serve this purpose better.

The problem of outfitting a younger member of the family who has

Julia Bottomley

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



HOW TO FORGET TROUBLES

TROUBLES knock up your system like Jack Dempsey knocks down his opponent.

Troubles deal blows both in the head and stomach—and they hurt the stomach more than they do the head!

Troubles give the stomach indigestion, slow up the liver—and then follow constipation and biliousness.

The way to get rid of troubles is to invigorate digestion, stimulate liver and bowels and tone up the entire system.

Then you will feel so good that "troubles" become merely problems, to be solved readily by the clear, keen brain of health.

At All Druggists—25c and 50c

A practical joke played on a practical joker hardly ever cures him.

Isn't it a grief that a charming personality often has serious faults?

Love keeps the family jars empty.

TOO WEAK TO WALK

Lost All Strength After Years of Suffering

"I suffered for years with non-assimilation of food, nervousness, nervous chills, and irregular and weak heart action. I lost flesh and strength until I was scarcely able to walk. My limbs got so numb and weak that when I tried to walk even a short distance I felt I must sit down at once if I didn't want to fall down.

(Mrs. T. E. Crane, St. Johnland, Kings Park, Long Island, N. Y.)

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Two Sizes, \$1.10 and \$1.95

WRITE FOR FREE INTERESTING BOOKLET TO EDWARD LASSERE, INC., 400 West 23rd Street, NEW YORK.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES AS LECTURER



James J. Jeffries, pugilist, rancher and student, is shown in a characteristic pose as a lecturer. The once invincible heavyweight champ says that clenched fists are more effective to drive home facts than airy gestures.

Dundee After Leonard

Johnny Dundee wants to take Benny Leonard's crown. Leonard seeks Mickey Walker's welter-weight title and Walker is after Harry Greb.

Leonard may beat Walker and Leonard may beat Greb for Benny is just as fast as Greb and a harder puncher, but Dundee beating Leonard is as much out of the question as Leonard beating Jack Dempsey, says the Detroit News.

That may seem far fetched, but if they meet the forecast will come true—just as true as the meeting.

Yanks' Star Catcher



Photograph of Hofmann, the star catcher of the New York Yanks. Hofmann replaced Wallie Schang, and old timers who have seen him perform say that he is the equal of either Schang or Ray Schalk.

Beals Becker Still Is Playing Good Baseball

Beals Becker, at one time outfielder for the New York Giants, also with Pittsburgh and Boston in the National league, is still playing baseball. He is a member of the Kansas City American association team and doing plenty of hitting.

Becker, who knows something about batting, recently said that the major leagues today lacked high class pitching and that no one in either major loop came near the standard of Christy Mathewson or Mordred Brown, two pitchers that Becker could not hit.

Planes Will Drop Down to Take on Gas Supply

"In twenty-five years," remarked Eddie Rickenbacker, famous as racer and aviator, "planes will drop down and take on gas just as autos do now, and there will be garages that specialize in airplane repair work."

"Airplanes can go anywhere there is atmosphere," continued Eddie, "and for that reason they will be the leading means of travel in a quarter of a century."

Best Team of Home-Run Hitters in Big League

Basing players on 1922 averages, the best team of home-run hitters in the major leagues consist of the following stars: A. P. Cooper, pitcher, 4; Honline, catcher, 14; Kelly first base, 17; Hornsby, second base, 42; Fletcher, shortstop, 7; Baker, third base, 7; Ken Williams, 39; Clarence Walker, 37, and Babe Ruth, 35, as outfielders.

Joe Burman Given Title



Joe Burman, bantamweight of Chicago, was named by the New York boxing commission to succeed Joe Lynch as world champion of his class, following the latter's suspension by the board for failure to accept within six months the challenge of Burman. Joe is now recognized as the 110-pound champion of New York state.

Success of Bob Quinn

The story of Bobby Quinn, new president of the Boston Americans, is one of success. Quinn was formerly a second baseman, a long time ago, and not much of a second baseman at that, mechanically. He was smart, smart in business and in baseball, so much so that he was made business manager of the Columbus team years ago.

CALL NICK ALTROCK CLOWN OF BASEBALL

Fans Think He is Funniest Thing Walking on Two Legs.

Nick Altrock is the "clown of baseball." The Washington American league team keeps Nick on its payroll because he lures thousands of fans each year to the ball park.

During his Chicago White Sox days, Nick was a great southpaw. He slipped, inevitably, in course of time, and Comiskey sent him to the American association.

Nick felt it in his arms and legs and all through his body that he was aging and had only a few years at most to stick to baseball.

One day he happened to call around the training quarters of Johnny Kilbane, then featherweight champion. Kilbane was shadow boxing at the time. Altrock thought it a queer stunt.

Up to this time he had always been a rather sober-minded sort of fellow. One day a ground ball struck a pebble or something, bounded and hit Nick in the face. The picture of Kilbane shadow boxing crossed his mind.

At once Nick began to shadow box, fighting off imaginary opponents and finally going down for the count. The incident took place in Kansas City, Kan. The crowd in the stands went wild.

Altrock got up and looked at the crowd in amazement. He had no idea that his stunt would get across. Knowing that his old pitching arm was getting all kinked up, he decided then and there to capitalize that shadow boxing act.

He became the "clown of baseball." Everybody who follows the fortunes of the American league teams thinks he is about the funniest thing on legs.

Nick has kept up the stunt that first brought him fame as a clown, but he has added scores of others. His tight rope act on the foul lines never fails to get the crowd.

When the mud is soft in the coaching boxes after a rain, Nick performs fancy skating stunts; the skit ending with a heavy fall, but always in the grass.

He has dozens of skits, all pantomime, and every one of which gets the crowd with him. When Nick started his baseball career as a stroller southpaw he had no idea he would end it as a clown. He seems good for several years yet; as long as the crowd likes his antics, Altrock will continue to draw his pay check.

Sporting Squibs of All Kinds

The United States army has more than 1,000 skilled polo players.

Philadelphia or Worcester may hold the Olympic regatta trials next year.

Ebor, a bantamweight boxer around New York City, has called himself "Bad News" Ebor.

Cleveland, O., Duluth, Minn., and St. Louis, Mo., want franchises in the National Football league.

The National Billiards association of the United States is now represented by 161,927 members.

The United States battleship Idaho, of the Pacific fleet, has 22 boxers numbered among its crew.

It begins to appear that a fighter's best chance consists in persuading the crowd not to be for him.

Helmar, 2:06 1/4, is the largest trotter taking part in Grand Circuit races, standing 17 hands high.

Honolulu will hold a big polo tourney. San Francisco and other western quartets will participate.

The proposed athletic stadium of the University of Kentucky is to be the finest of its kind in the South.

Having obtained Goldie Rapp to do infield work the Fort Worth club shipped Frank Haley to Corsicana.

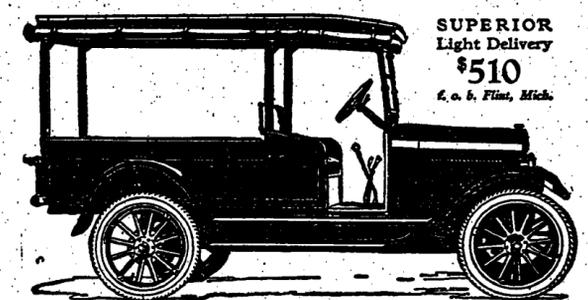
The New York state boxing commission's age limits for boxers are twenty-one and thirty-eight inclusive.

Two sets of brothers who have scored ring successes are Mike and Tom Gibbons and Mike and Jack Twin Sullivan.

The winners of the Olympic marathons since 1896 were Loues, Teato, Hicks, Sherring, Hayes, McArthur and Kolehma.

CHEVROLET for Economical Transportation OF Farm Products

Modern, progressive farmers, being also business men, now depend on fast economical motor transportation to save time, save products and get the money. Chevrolet Superior Light Delivery, with four post body was built especially for farm needs. It has the space and power for a big load, which it moves fast at a very low cost per mile.



COMFORT FOR BOY BATHERS They Swim in Forbidden Waters and Then Dry Themselves in Hot Air Grating Blast.

Those who enjoy bathing at Balley's beach, Rye beach, Manhattan beach, Coney island and a dozen other places would possibly proclaim that their own favorite was superior to all others and dilate on its qualities and attractions. They would, however, be at a loss to produce evidence of a convenience such as is made use of by the 15,000 youngsters who enjoy a "dip" in Madison square.

These youngsters, all boys, take their bath fully attired—the possibility of the arrival of an unfriendly cop has to be at all times considered and the means of a hasty retreat provided—and so when they are finished their clothes hang in dripping folds around them, says the New York Sun and Globe.

This would be a decided discomfort but the Madison square bathers are well taken care of. They make immediate tracks for a large grating in the sidewalk at Broadway and Twenty-second street from which emerges a warm drying breeze untainted by cooking or other odors. Over this they stand and in a short while they are completely dried.

Freshen a Heavy Skin With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Advertisement.

JUST THOUGHTS AND THEY STUCK "BECAUSE" Really Nothing Remarkable That the Telephone Operators Remained in Their Positions. Lightning had struck the glue factory. The huge storage tanks had burst and the contents were flooding every department, while fire-tongues lapped greedily at the wooden parts of the structure.

If coffee disagrees drink Postum There's a Reason

Mothers of the World Mothers!! Write for 32-Page Booklet, "Mothers of the World" Lloyd Loom Products

NAMES OF MARRIED WOMEN

Writer of Note Puts the Matter in a New Light—Right to Permanent Appellation. The special demand of women for a permanent name of their own is wholly right, and has no faintest bearing on the matter of sex misconduct.

Mother Neglected. He—Well, I see the pop concerts are over. She—Aren't they going to have any for men? Had not science progressed as far as it has, many modern occurrences would be taken as miracles.

Pessimists try to annoy optimists and optimists annoy pessimists without trying to.

Vaseline Pure and healing a grateful aid on countless occasions CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. Vaseline Yellow or White PETROLIUM JELLY

Pesky Devils Quietus P. D. Q. P. D. Q. Pesky Devils Quietus, is the name of the new chemical that actually ends the bug family. Bed Bugs, Roaches, Ants and Fleas, as P. D. Q. kills the live ones and their eggs and stops future generations. Not an insect powder but a chemical unlike anything you have ever used.

Direct Comparison

(Continued from fifth page)

quite as great proportion of poor men's sons, especially in these recent years.

The workless life is not confined to rich men's sons; it is a rather general tendency among all classes today. Indeed there never has been a time when there were not plenty workless and worthless young men and in all kinds of communities. When the writer was a boy he well recalls that in an immediate rural community of fifteen or twenty families more than half of these were notoriously indolent, and two or three families lived as cheaply and as near the edge of dire poverty as they could and survive. Laziness is not the product of our times; it is the heritage of all time and appears in every period and every community.

Today the children of the so-called common people are being brought up quite as much to escape work and responsibility as the children of the rich. They are encouraged often by precept and example to feel that the resources of the community or nation are sufficient to give them an easy chance and the main thing is not to work, produce, save and live personally responsible lives, but to be trained in pursuits in which they will by cleverness be able to manipulate and secure their living or their fortune, not by production, but by appropriation, directly or indirectly.

In the earlier days many of these would have been classed among the indolent and ostracized because there was not enough general wealth in circulation to let many of these in on it.

Today the vast wealth of the country, the much more general distribution of this among all classes, the proportion of it being received for the humblest toil, gives the idler a chance to come in for his share and often much more than should be his, just by a normal relation to the productive activities of the community.

Our present paternalistic policies, beginning often in school days, are tending to take inspiration to ambition and thrift from our boys and girls and make them hangers-on.

As a matter of fact the irresponsible sons of rich men are becoming less with every passing year; we are outliving the period of the cheap aristocrat whose standing consists chiefly of the money of his father and who isolated himself from society and relieved himself of responsibility.

If these men do not need to be active in business, they are often actively interested in the common weal which indirectly lends itself to advance the economic as well as other interests of the community. In many of our towns the rich or well to do not only set a good example of thrift and democratic spirit, but they spend quite as many hours in active relation to productive business as does the average worker and manifest toward the community quite as large a measure of responsible living.

Wentworth Stewart.

HILLSBORO

Mrs. Abbie MacDowell of Carmel, Cal., Mrs. Henry Gould, Mrs. Lizzie Tuttle, Miss Beulah Adams and Mr. and Mrs. George Ellinwood were members of a party who motored over the Mohawk Trail one day recently.

The Contocook Hosiery Co. is closed for two weeks while repairs are completed on the company's dam.

Edwin Halladay and Wilfred La Casse, who left town last spring on a trip through the middle west and south, have returned to Hillsborough. Most of the time was passed in Iowa and Wisconsin.

With its numerous summer visitors, Hillsborough sees many cars with out-of-state licenses, but two trucks from Mississippi are the first ever seen here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin, Mrs. Bernice Anderson, Frances Anderson, and Frank Locke, all of Manchester, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Martin and children of Hopkinton have been guests at Leonard Martin's.

Miss Marie Wells entertained a number of her young friends at a party on Thursday, the occasion being her tenth birthday. Games were played and refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Stoke will remove their furniture from town and expect to spend the winter in Boston where Mr. Stoke will be engaged in graduate study.

Dr. and Mrs. Harvey Grimes will occupy the Proctor house, formerly occupied by Headmaster Stoke.

Miss Marion Halladay has returned home after passing some weeks in the middle west. Detroit and Windsor, Ont., were among the cities she visited.

Miss Lilla Sturtevant, Miss Edna Howard and Elbert Farrar were members of the Hillsborough Hilltop Club who attended Farmers' Week at Durham.

Irvin Read has returned from a week's vacation in Newburyport, Mass.

J. W. Cobband J.H. Edwards were recent visitors in Wardsboro, Vt.

Funeral services for Miss Abbie A. White were conducted by Rev. I. Mellor of the Methodist church and burial was in Deering cemetery.

Smith Memorial church has been reopened after a month during which no services have been held. Rev. H. L. McCann and family have been enjoying a vacation at Belgrade Lakes, Me.

Mrs. J. C. Parker, Mrs. Ella McKellips, Miss Cora McKellips and Miss Mollie Parker have been at Hampton Beach for a week's vacation. Mrs. Warren Crosby substituted at the postoffice for Miss Parker.

50 GOOD CIGARETTES 10¢



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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	Trains leave for
Going South	Elmwood and Boston
7:02 a. m.	Peterboro
10:31 a. m.	Worcester, Boston
1:50 p. m.	Winchendon and Keene
4:10 p. m.	Winchendon and Keene
Going North	Concord and Boston
7:39 a. m.	Hillsboro
12:20 p. m.	Concord
3:30 p. m.	Hillsboro
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

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When In Need of
FIRE INSURANCE
Liability or Auto Insurance
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W. C. Hills,
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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.

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

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

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

Life Insurance Accident Insurance
If it's Insurance Get in Touch with

Carl F. Phillips
30 Main St., Lane's Block
Keene, N. H.

Agent with G. H. Aldrich & Sons, John Hancock Mut. Life Ins. Co. of Boston, Mass.

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FOR SALE HORSES

Few Good Canada Horses on hand now, also a Few Good 2d hand Horses. Prices Right. Want to clean them all up very soon.

Harnesses and Collars, all kinds.

Have also a Few Extra Good New Milch Cows, more than I need.

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Antrim, N. H.

C. E. DUTTON, AUCTIONEER.

Hancock, N. H.
Property advertised and sold on reasonable terms.

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RE-OPENED
To the Public under
NEW MANAGEMENT
BOARD BY DAY OR WEEK

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ANTRIM, N. H.

Sole Agent for
Geo. E. Buxton FLORIST
The Largest Greenhouses in Southern N. H.
FLOWERS for all OCCASIONS
Flowers by Telephone to All Parts of U. S.
Phone 811-W NASHUA, N. H.

Jeff's Desert Ride

By ANTHONY REIMERT
(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

JEFF rode his pinto as if all the devils in hell were after him, which meant, with the pinto's present capabilities, a slow, staggering walk. He had ridden thirty miles into the desert since morning.

Thirty miles under that blazing, pitiless sky, with the free ranges still remote. But a mile further on was the water-hole. Once he and his pony had drunk there; they would be safe from pursuit.

And after him, perhaps a mile away, rode the sheriff. Jeff had had him in plain view all the time he rode. But now he felt secure. Once his pinto had drunk, he could easily outdistance the sheriff's horse. Freedom was his, though the shadow of the noose had dangled over him all that morning.

He had shot his partner, Bill Saleeby, his friend of years, in a quarrel over cards. Both had been drunk—that was why the thirst tormented him so now. But he had shot Bill, and, leaping on his horse, had ridden madly into the desert.

Now he saw the water-hole in front of him. He kicked his jaded animal into a lope. A few moments later he had hung himself from its back and was lapping up the precious fluid, while his pinto put its head down and drank greedily.

Satisfied at last, he remounted. He felt from the easy movement of his mount that it was now good for many a mile. He started off again.

But after covering a few hundred yards he pulled in and looked back. The sheriff's horse had fallen—a quarter of a mile, perhaps, from the water-hole. He saw the sheriff staggering about like a drunken man. Round and round he went—and dropped again.

At once the meaning of this came to Jeff. The sheriff did not know of the water-hole, or did not know how near it was. Had he known, he would have pulled himself together, concentrated all his strength in the endeavor to make the few hundred yards remaining.

As he watched he saw the sheriff go down for the last time and lie still. Exultation filled Jeff's heart. He was free—he was free!

He rode on a hundred yards farther. He reined in and looked back. Sheriff and horse were still lying where he had seen them before. They would die there.

Jeff sat like a statue. All sorts of thoughts ran through his head. Bitterness and grief for the death of his partner Bill were foremost. Why should he save the sheriff when a better man than he had cashed in that morning?

He would almost have given his life to have had his partner back again. For years they had been together, prospecting, sharing good fortune and ill. Now he had killed Bill—over a measly game of cards, and there lay the sheriff.

"Shucks!" he muttered. "Come on, pinto. I guess we got to save the cuss."

He knew the risk; that the sheriff would still have strength enough to shoot him as he returned. His heart misgave him; a dozen times he stopped the horse and called himself a fool as he turned back. Nevertheless, he kept on.

He had filled his canteen at the water-hole, and now, after stopping for another drink for himself and his pinto, he rode back toward the motionless figures of horse and man.

He rode cautiously, his pistol in his hand. If the sheriff tried any tricks with him he meant to spur his pony hard, ride up, and try to put a bullet into him before he was mortally wounded. But the sheriff did not stir.

He rode around and reconnoitered. He saw now that the sheriff had raised his head. He strained his eyes to see whether he had a six-gun in his hand. The light was blinding.

"Sheriff!" he yelled.

There came no answer. "Don't shoot!" he called again. But still the other was silent. And then, taking his chance, Jeff kicked his pony and dashed at full speed toward the prostrate man, threw the reins and dismounted.

The sheriff was waving an empty hand at him. Jeff ran to him.

Next instant he let out a whoop. "Bill! Bill, by all that's holy!"

"You—durned old fool," Bill muttered. "That bullet hit my watch, didn't hurt me. I rode all this way to tell you to come back; it's all right." His head dropped on his arm. Jeff knelt beside him and put the canteen to his lips.

Details on the Farm.

The newly-wed bride from the city went to a neighboring farmer to negotiate for a cow.

"About what sort of cow did you think you would like?" asked the stock raiser.

"Well, I thought maybe a condensed or malted cow would be about right—we often use those kinds of milk."—Philadelphia Retail Ledger.

Probably Mother Thought So, Too.

One of our neighbors was in the habit of running her own car, but after baby came she held the baby while her husband was at the wheel.

Mae, who lived next door, noticed this and called to her mother and said: "Oh, mother, Mrs. Kale is holding something precouser in her hands than the wheel."—Chicago Tribune.

AVIARY IN CENTER OF CITY

Every Variety of Bird Known in California is Said to Be Found There.

An unenclosed aviary exists in the center of a thriving California city. One block from automobile row, where humming motors and clanging street cars make the life of pedestrians precarious, a family of feathered creatures live in perfect harmony. The rear yard of this unusual city home is covered with oak trees and shrubbery. An artificial stream runs through its grounds.

Birds of every variety known in California, including the timorous little wild quail that find a haven of safety in town, gather on a common feeding ground each morning. The timidity with which the quail enter the family feast is interesting, says Carolus Boone in Our Dumb Animals. They arrive in pairs. If they were humans we would call them clannish or exclusive. The male quail gives the call to his mate for breakfast and if she fails to respond instantly he shows great impatience with her deliberate ways. After they have finished their meal they adjourn in pairs to some low roof and apparently talk over the day's program.

Bluejays have proved the most avaricious, while the smaller bird family is meek and gracious. The trees and shrubbery are filled with the nests of the jays and the cry of the babies can be heard until their mouths are filled. A close study of the quail and the affection that they show for each other would lessen the desire of hunters to slay these most appealing feathered friends.

WATCH FOR BABY PLANETS

Experts at the Naval Observatory Constantly at Work Taking Calculations and Photographs.

Those who imagine that astronomy is a finished science will be astonished to learn that at the naval observatory there are daily calculations and photographs taken of tiny planets whose number is not yet ascertained. These, called asteroids, spin about in our solar system like wee beads each in its own orbit, but follow in between the track of Mars and that of Jupiter.

Studying these asteroids and discovering new ones is the work of photographic-telescope. The finest instruments are those in the possession of the naval observatory, and are the work of George Peters. In taking negatives there is a new exposure about once a minute, so that the course of the planet, or rather asteroid, is plainly shown by successive negatives.

These negatives are studied under a microscope and then compared with maps of the heavens. If any new little planet or asteroid appears, it is at once named by the discoverer. At present there are more than 700, but the number is increasing every year. Any day Uncle Sam is likely to catch a new one in his naval observatory net with its magnificent lens. Planet photography is now a specialty.—Washington Star.

Buried Five Minutes, and Lives.

Buried alive by a landslide for about five minutes, a laborer of Mitchell, S. D., though severely bruised and injured, lives to tell the tale. He was working in an eight-foot ditch in which water mains are being laid, when a landslide occurred in which he was caught. He called for help as the soft gravel pinned him down, but it was five minutes before he could be dug out. The gravel caught and pinned him in an upright position and the dirt was piled three feet above his head. The landslide broke his shoulder, fractured his pelvis and dislocated his right hip, and his fellow laborers, in digging him out, made numerous bruises and wounds on his head, face and body with their sharp shovels.

Feminine Ways Unfathomable.

"I notice that many of the girls on their way to work carry their hats in their hands," remarked Mr. Brown. "So I have noticed," replied his friend.

"Why is that?"
"Well, the days are warm. And their hats, I take it, are more or less oppressive," carefully explained friend Jones.

"In that case why do they not leave their hats at home and save all the trouble of carrying them?"
"Now, my friend, you are asking me to follow you into the realms of the unfathomable."

Immense Ore Region in Brazil.

One of the world's greatest iron ore regions is located in the interior of Brazil. The ore-beds are pure and abundant and the only drawback to development lies in the lack of transportation. The natives smelt the ore and fashion it into utensils and farming implements by the crudest process known to modern man. With the abundant waterpower to develop current for electric furnaces, the economic development of this area will soon be solved. Brazil now imports large quantities of iron and steel from other countries.

The Addict.

Among Jimmie Malden's favorite stories is the one concerning two gentlemen who were getting acquainted through the medium of casual conversation. "Do you play golf?" inquired one of them.
"No," said the other. "but I can't give it up."



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