

# The Antrim Reporter

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VOLUME XLI NO. 4

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26, 1923

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## CRAM'S STORE

### Our Thanks

Are extended to all our people for their patronage the past year and for their most excellent Holiday Trade, and we wish for you a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

## W. E. CRAM

Odd Fellows Block Store,  
ANTRIM, New Hamp.

A Man's Best Recommendation is His Work

## W. F. CLARK

Successor to Geo. W. Hunt

### Plumbing and Heating and Supplies

New Line Pyrex and Aluminum Ware  
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ANTRIM, New Hampshire

## Fancy Groceries!

Our Line is Complete

Prices are Right

We Solicit Your Trade

## HEATH'S STORE,

ANTRIM, New Hampshire

### THE OLD AND NEW

#### Christmas Has Passed and a New Year Almost Here

Another Christmas has passed into history; its pleasures and happy memories are fresh in our minds and will linger there for a long time to come. It is a season of the year when all friends whether present or absent are brought nearer together, and remembering each other with gifts makes the occasion a most happy one. It is the one time in all the year when it is a delight to many to make happy the lives of others who are less fortunate than they, and in different ways remember them in a very substantial manner; and it is a pleasure to do so, as in most cases the favors are greatly appreciated and find a ready response. Perhaps at no other season of the year is greater good done to a greater number, and the remembrance of these things will remain with both giver and receiver for an indefinite time. The spirit of Christmas is a hallowed one and as years come and go it is fine to notice that this spirit is none the less prominent and permeates the thoughts and desires of all our people.

While dwelling upon the pleasures and happiness of the season just passing, it is well to say a few words regarding the New Year so soon to be embraced. It will come to us with opportunities, perhaps such as never have been ours before, and whether it takes much of us or little, let's meet them in a manly manner and go to the task with a heart brave as it is light and true. Let every resolution be of the best and highest order and may strength be given everyone to do the noble thing, the right thing; in performing well this work there will be great satisfaction, and all along the year it will be a source of enjoyment to know and realize we are doing our best.

#### Christmas Music at the Union Service Sunday Evening

An attentive audience listened to the following program of Christmas music given Sunday night, and we refer but briefly to the same:

Mrs. Felker had charge of the music; we take pleasure through these lines of thanking her for her selections on the organ as well as her energy and musicianship in drilling the scores.

The voices in the quartets were admirably blended and made a fine background for Miss Brown's pure floating obligato.

During the singing of "Nazareth" the electric lights went out. In the darkness, old carols and hymns were sung, Mr. Thompson led in prayer and Dr. Cameron gave the whole of his interesting and timely talk entitled "Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, today and forever."

We hope the work of the trio—violin, cello and organ—may be continued. Since George Appleton was taken from our midst and Mrs. Nellie Forsaith Young made her home in Washington, the stringed instruments have been lacking—excepting at the gatherings where Herbert Curtis, Arlene Paige and Mrs. Alice Newhall have kindly helped out.

Bartlett's "Day of Christ" was brilliantly sung. After the benediction, the choir sang one verse of "God Be With You till We Meet Again" as a parting message and tribute to the faithfulness of Dr. Cameron.

#### Ready to Do Custom Sawing

The Loveren Co. have taken over the well known "John H. Grimes" Mill, at Hillsboro Lower Village, and have let the same to Mr. Orrill M. Page, who is prepared to do Log Sawing, Planing and Edging, and will also Saw Shingles. He respectfully solicits your business.

The Loveren Co. is also prepared to do custom sawing at its Loveren Mill, at West Antrim. Adv.

#### Time Extended

Hon. Arthur P. Morrill, acting state chairman for the Harding Memorial Association, announces that the campaign for raising the state's quota of the money required is to be continued. Owing to the interference of Christmas and the numerous demands for money the response has been slow.

### A FEW THOUGHTS

#### Suggested By What Is Happening Around

Before another week goes by, you must write it 1924—and it is leap year too! But, then, all interested have doubtless had this in mind for a long time.

Taking time by the forelock a bit, the authorities took good care of the contraband goods in the town block on Saturday last. This was done as a precautionary measure, it being near Christmas, and was thought best to remove anything that might look like a temptation.

At the present time we are in the shortest days of the year—on Friday of this week the almanac tells us there will be an increase of just one minute. Another thing is learned by consulting the almanac: Winter begun last Saturday. Some years winter begins in this latitude long before it is announced, but this year we are all favored.

It has been a long time since we have read an article in a national weekly paper that more nearly fitted in with our ideas than the one in: The Country Gentleman of December 22, entitled "Lying About Prohibition,"—the Nation is flooded with absurd yarns about booze, says the author of the article, A. B. Macdonald. There is more loose talking and loose writing and lying about prohibition than about any other one thing. The writer had made an extended investigation and finds quantities of proof to substantiate his statements. This sort of propaganda is malicious in the extreme and fraught with great danger.

In reading the first part of the most interesting letter from the pen of our townsman, R. C. Goodell, which we are pleased to publish in this issue, we were at once reminded of a story we heard some time ago. Possibly all Congressmen (or conductors) don't have the same tired look, and very probable they don't all feel as this fellow did who had just finished his term of "confinement."

#### THEIR RETURN TO FREEDOM

The pale-faced passenger looked out of the car window with exceeding interest. Finally he turned to his seat mate. "You likely think I never rode in the cars before," he said, "but the fact is, pardner, I just got out of prison this mornin', and it does me good to look around. It is goin' to be mighty tough, though; you ain't got much idea how a man feels in a case like that?"

"Perhaps I have a better idea of your feelings than you think," said the other gentleman with a sad smile. "I am just getting home from Congress."—Lansdale (Penn.) Reporter

#### There With the "Salve."

Although the couple living near the writer in the North end had only been married a few years, he had already learned to forget many things. One day recently he returned home and was met by her at the door. The wife appeared disappointed at something.

"What's the matter?" the husband inquired.

"Today is my birthday and you've come home and forgotten to bring me a birthday present."

"Oh," replied the man, after a moment's hesitation. "But, dearie, how can I remember? You look as young as you did last year."—Columbus Dispatch.

#### The Practical Side.

He had duly proposed and been accepted and the engagement sealed with a kiss, a number of them, in fact. Then, as they sat on the sofa, he ventured to discuss more prosaic matters.

"One little question, dearest."

"Yes," she replied expectantly.

"Can you cook?" he asked earnestly.

"Why, no."

"Then how will we eat?"

"Oh, George, aren't you going to continue to bring me bonbons?"

#### Time to Quit.

At a party a necklace a woman was wearing was much admired. She took it off to show it better and it was passed from hand to hand. Later, it was not forthcoming.

"The joke has gone far enough," said the host. "I will put this silver dish upon the table, turn out the electric light, count one hundred, and expect to find the necklace on the dish when I turn up the light."

When he turned up the light the dish had also vanished!

## At the Main St. Soda Shop

W. E. BUTCHER, Prop.

### Appreciation!

We take this means to thank you one and all for your fine patronage bestowed upon us during the past year, and extend our best wishes for a very happy and prosperous New Year. Thanking you again, we are,

Cordially yours,  
MAIN STREET SODA SHOP,  
Antrim, N. H.

## At the Main St. Soda Shop

### THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

#### Visited by an Antrim Man— Writes Reporter Readers

Washington, D. C.,  
Dec. 3, 1923.

#### Dear Friends at Home:—

By way of excuse will say that last winter the editor invited me to write again and others have asked me to write.

How it rained on Friday after Thanksgiving! However, I will try to remember the "motto" on the sundial in the Lake Mohawk, N. Y., flower garden which reads something like this: "I record the sunny hours; let others tell of storms and showers."

There is plenty in life to be thankful for if we have the courage and ambition to look for it. For instance, at New Haven where we changed cars and had time enough to eat as much dinner as anyone should the day after turkey and all the fixings, it was not necessary to go out into the storm as there are covered passages and tunnels into the station, and then when we took the Colonial Express for Washington the train was drawn for some time by an electric engine so that there was no trouble from coal smoke or cinders.

New Haven reminds me that in my last letter I intended to say that a letter was directed to Antrim, New Haven, and of course all the postal clerks knew it belonged in New Hampshire and it was delivered there. (The printer made it read New Haven.)

When there is nothing else that is congenial to talk about one can usually talk politics and this frequently takes place on the trains headed for Washington. The conductor from New Haven to New York has been on the road many years and as he was washing up ready to get off he appeared so tired I said, "Well, I suppose your day is over, while I must ride to Washington." He replied, "No, I must go back to New Haven," and without stopping for a good look he said, "Are you a Congressman?" A man repeats to his wife some things he hears, but since the ladies have the ballot they are not always impressed by political talk. My wife remarked that "Possibly the conductor thought that 'Uncle Joe' Cannon was returning for one more term."

The colored porters hear a lot and are frequently very well posted on many subjects so I was interested to learn what one porter had to say. He said that he had heard many say that they loved and respected Pres. Harding, but should not have voted for him again. They are waiting for the message of Pres. Coolidge which is expected this week when he addresses Congress. After that and when they see how he handles affairs, they hope to support him with enthusiasm. The porter also said

(Continued on fifth page)

### The Bolshevik Spirit in Religion

By Wentworth Stewart

Thirty years ago there was among the protestant churches of the world a wide-spread revolt against doctrinal authority, and a breaking away which gradually brought large numbers of clergymen of all non-conformist denominations out on a liberal platform. Since that time as the results of the so-called "Higher Criticism" were quite generally accepted the spirit of revolt has quieted. During this period churches have been busying themselves largely in taking on and keeping pace with the modern spirit of organization.

The emphasis on leadership has passed from that of strength of personality, public gift and pronounced religious conviction to concern for plans and schemes of mechanical nature with which to further religion.

In this respect even the most orthodox and evangelical branches of the church have allowed ways and means of securing conversion to their faith and admission to their ranks to supersede their pronouncement of religious principles. In some churches this has been carried to extremes and efficiency in church work has become almost as commonly accepted as essential, as in business and industry.

Of late those branches of the Christian church that have hitherto stood for a very conservative rational view of religion dependent upon the appeal to reason, have in desperation gone over to the mechanical policy and inaugurated campaigns in the interest of increased adherents. Now comes a decided break in the Episcopal Church which only a few years since would have been looked for almost as readily in the Roman Catholic order.

What does this mean? Is it a part of the spirit of unrest abroad, due not a little to the search for reality and the disposition to feel that change is the way to that reality even though a forced rather than a natural change?

The Christian religion has been a matter of controversy and contention from the days of the apostles until now. Those controversies have rarely hinged on things vital to Christianity. The contentions of today do not. Concerning the great spiritual essentials, there is no controversy. Most of the controversy grows out of the disposition of church leaders. One wishes to assert his freedom and independence of traditions, the other stands guard a martyr to his faith.

However, as a matter of fact, there are no heroes among progressive religious thinkers today, as there once was, because a man may often best advertise himself by being a heretic. And there are no martyrs to the faith much as they try to make themselves believe they are, for there is no one who cares enough to either burn the heretics or glorify the believers.

The battles going on are not new. They may represent new angles of belief, but they are the shaking of that which is temporary and by this process that which is permanent becomes secure.

Religion is a spirit, a great leavening spirit that depends not upon

(Continued on fifth page)

# John Solomon, Incognito

By H. BEDFORD-JONES

Copyright by H. Bedford-Jones

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

He came upon the five men so suddenly and silently that they were startled. He laughed at that. The laugh made even those careless brutes shiver and fall still.

"Wright—the mate—is asleep?" he asked softly.

"Yes."

"And the steward also?"

"Yes."

"No need to worry about him."

Petit Jean chuckled, then stabbed with his finger at two of the men. "You, and you, lift that fool Fortier and set him in the canoe alongside. Then cast off the canoe and let it float away. See that you make no sound doing it."

"But—he knows—" protested one.

"He knows nothing of us!" said Petit Jean quickly. "Let him live or die—what matter to us? But he'll go out to sea on the tide. Now, go!"

Two of the men rose and slipped away. Petit Jean leaned forward and spoke very softly to the other three. They uttered low-breathed oaths of admiration. Petit Jean lit a cigarette and inhaled it. Presently the first two came back.

"It is done," said one of them. "The canoe went with the current at once."

Again Petit Jean leaned forward and spoke. More low oaths. Then he rose to his feet.

"You understand perfectly?"

A low chorus of assent. He dropped his cigarette and stepped on it.

"Very well. You Alcee, go and inform M'sieu Macarty that Fortier wishes to speak with him at once."

The man designated slipped back to the companionway. After him, a veritable shadow, went the figure of Petit Jean.

Perhaps three minutes of silence ensued. Then the scrape of feet from below, and the brandy-shot voice of David Macarty rose phlegmily.

"Give that varnisher a piece of my mind! I'll show him something!"

Through the companionway rose the head and shoulders of David Macarty. The arm of Petit Jean swung slightly; there was a dull sound, and David Macarty stopped moving. From his lips came a grunt of expelled breath. Then his head sagged, and seemed about to fall backward, except that the body was supported from below.

"Up with him!" said Petit Jean calmly, and caught Macarty's collar.

The man below shivered, and Petit Jean pulled. An instant later, the senseless Macarty lay on deck, while Petit Jean was going through his pockets and transferring money and papers and keys. Then Jean rose.

"Not badly hurt," he said, and glanced around. Four other shadows hovered close at hand—the four other men. To one of them Hennepin handed the keys he had just taken.

"Go lock the door of Wright's cabin. Lock the steward in also. The rest of you get him gagged and tied."

Above the figure of David Macarty worked the silent shadows. They gagged the unfortunate man cruelly, and bound him. Then over his head one threw a ragged coat, another threw a shirt about his body. These were bound about with cord, so that the man resembled a wrapped mummy.

"All right," said Petit Jean, and went down the companionway.

He came back into the little saloon cabin, where Felix Macarty sat beneath the light-cluster at the table, and whistled between his teeth as he came. Felix glanced up at him, not without a trace of suspicion in the smoldering eyes.

"Play the devil did that fellow Fortier get free of his gag?"

Petit Jean Hennepin lifted his brows, shrugged carelessly as though to indicate that the question could not be answered, and sat down at the table. He put forth his hand and drew toward him the smaller box, that in which resided the pearls and the diamond. Felix Macarty watched him like a hawk, saw that he wished only to gaze and make no objection.

As he looked, once more the eyes of Petit Jean darted and flared, then narrowed into crafty slits of evil light. Suddenly he lifted his head, started. From the deck above there sounded the stamping of feet, an oath, a wild cry—then a splash alongside.

"The devil!" exclaimed Petit Jean. "What's that?"

Felix Macarty darted forward his long arm, seized upon the smaller box, and closed it. He closed the larger one also. Swift as light, he shoved them into the pocket of his coat, and whipped out an automatic pistol.

Swift as he was, however, he had barely come to his feet when the door was burst open and one of the men appeared there—the man Alcee.

"M'sieu Macarty!" gasped the man, his horrified eyes on Felix. "The prisoner—that Fortier—had a knife—he stabbed your father—"

With a wild oath, Felix Macarty brushed the man aside and leaped for the ladder.

As he came out on deck, Felix saw the shapes of several men struggling in a confused mass before him. He kicked at them, forced them apart with a storm of oaths and blows. He saw that they had been trussing up a

figure, which was hidden beneath rags and bonds.

"My father?" he cried out.

"There," said one of the men, pointing outside. "This one, this Fortier, stabbed him twice in the throat, M'sieu. He must have been quite dead before he fell across the rail. We fell on this one and stifled him—"

They draw back. For a moment Felix Macarty stood there in silence; under the veil of night his face could be seen only as a contorted mask of fury and passion. Twice he lifted the weapon in his hand as though to shoot the bound and motionless figure at his feet.

That figure moved slightly, with a wrenching motion. It moved as though the man inside those wrappings and bonds were sensible, knew what was going on, and were trying desperately to get free of his confinement. At the slight contortions, Felix Macarty laughed horribly, stepped forward, kicked the bound figure.

"Tie a weight to his feet," he said, "and throw him over. Quick!"

From the men came something not unlike a gasp of horror, of incredulous fear. But behind Felix Macarty uprose the figure of Petit Jean Hennepin, with an imperative gesture. The men saw that gesture, and obeyed.

They produced a weight of some sort, tied it to the recumbent, swathed figure. They hesitated, then—

"Over with it!" commanded Felix Macarty, his voice harsh.

Three of the men lifted that close-wrapped figure. In their hands it seemed to twist with a frightful effort, to be contorted as though a man were struggling in his bonds. A low, throaty noise came from it.

At this, Petit Jean made another imperative gesture. The three men dropped the body on the other side of the rail, then drew back quickly as though in horror of what they had done. There was a muffled splash, and then silence.

"So much for him!" said Felix Macarty. "Where'd he get the knife? How did he get free?"

Felix stepped to the rail and looked over at the indistinct ripples widening under the stars.

As he stood there, gazing down, the shadowy figure of Petit Jean approached behind him, making no sound. The long, keen-whetted knife flashed for an instant in the dull light of the stars.

Felix Macarty uttered no cry, but fell forward across the rail. The pistol fell from his hand. Petit Jean coolly caught the body and drew it back on deck.

At this instant there came a furious hammering and pounding from the door of the mate's cabin. Mr. Wright wanted to know what was going on, and said so in no uncertain terms.

The face of Petit Jean leaped into a grin of infernal delight. Snatching up the pistol that Felix had dropped, he slipped across the deck like a shadow. A moment later two reports reverberated across the water. The hammering at the cabin door ceased.

"Get up the anchor," said Petit Jean, his voice hoarse with exultation.

His men obeyed.

CHAPTER XVII.

In the obscurity that precedes the dawn, the Watersprite moved away from her anchorage. Her engines purred into life. Petit Jean, standing in her tiny bridge-house, ordered full speed ahead. She leaped through the dark waters, down the bayou toward the open gulf.

Petit Jean summoned the four men who were on deck. One, who knew the waters, he placed in charge of the wheel. With the others following him, he sought the mate's cabin and unlocked the door. Mr. Wright had been shot twice through the body, and must have died at once. Petit Jean commanded his three followers to get rid of the body over the side, and turned to the little cabin of the steward, adjoining the galley.

Unlocking the door of the steward's cabin, Petit Jean flung it open. A light was going, and Solomon sat on the edge of his bunk, half dressed. He blinked up at the intruder, who inspected him with an amused scrutiny. Indeed, there was something ludicrous in the aspect of this pudgy little old man, gray hair, tumbled about his head, blue eyes, with just now a trace of alarm in his expressionless face.

"The shots woke you up, did they?" queried Petit Jean.

"Why, sir," returned Solomon, wheezily. "I thought as 'ow I 'eard shots, yes, sir!"

The eyes of the other man suddenly blazed forth at him.

"I've taken over this boat," shot forth Petit Jean. "The Macartys are dead. I'm going to lay her up somewhere down the coast, today, and then skip out. The other men will loot her for their share. Come in with us on the deal—I'll give you two hundred cash and set you ashore safe. You know nothing, and you can't hurt us. What say?"

Solomon stared up, agape at this information.

"Dead!" he muttered. "The Macartys dead!"

"No talk," said Petit Jean. "Two hundred cash. Speak up, quick!"

Solomon recovered himself.

"Why, sir," he said, "that 'ere cash is a verry good argument. But I ain't so young as I was, sir, and I'd be verry sorry to be took up an' jailed, sir—"

"No danger," Petit Jean laughed thinly. There was a diabolical edge to this laugh of his—the sound of it made Solomon shiver slightly. "You're safe enough. No tales to be told, and there'll be no investigation until we're all scattered and safe. What say?"

"Why, sir," and Solomon bobbed his head. "I'll be verryappy to accommodate you, as the old gent said when 'e kissed the 'ousemaid. If so be as I could touch a bit o' that 'ere cash, sir and—"

With a slight sneer, Petit Jean drew a handful of bills from his pocket—money taken from the Macartys. He counted out a hundred dollars, and tossed the bills at Solomon.

"Now, get up and get busy," he snapped. "Throw some breakfast together. I'm going to snatch a bit of sleep. We ought to be out of the bayou in a couple of hours—by sunrise. Call me then."

"Yes, sir," returned Solomon humbly, stuffing the money into his pocket.

"Here's the key to Miss Lavergne's cabin," Petit Jean threw a key at him. "Give her something to eat and drink, and mind you keep the door locked. I'll send for her later."

Solomon bobbed his head, and the figure of Petit Jean withdrew.

As for the outlaw, he went to the cabin of David Macarty, dropped on the bunk, and was instantly asleep. He was the only person aboard who knew of the existence of the jewels. He was quite safe, especially as his cabin door was locked. And in his sleep, an infernal smile played about his cruel, evil lips.

The crew, left in charge of the yacht, clumped together and talked in low tones. Terror of Petit Jean was upon them. They brought the engines down to slow speed, and let

the yacht crawl along with the tide and current. At sight of Solomon, going about his duties, with his usual apologetic cheerfulness, they fell silent, watching him warily. They would have murdered him at the first hinted suspicion, for they were in panic at thought of the things which had taken place that night.

Dawn was breaking when Solomon finished his job of tidying up the saloon and getting things in shape. In the course of this work, he discovered on the floor a scrap of paper, which he examined and then pocketed.

Soon afterward, he brought food and hot coffee to the group of men about the wheel. The yacht was a little below the place where Wrexham's schooner had been concealed, and was several miles below the plantation. When the steward set down his burden, the helmsman threw a loop over the wheel and turned to snatch a cup of coffee. Solomon made his way back to the galley.

Calling up their comrade from the engine-room, the men ate and drank. The sullen mood fell away from them. Before the coming of the day, their panic vanished slowly.

"Better take the wheel yourself, Alcee," said one of the men, glancing at the shore. "She's making toward that mud flat—current swinging her, probably."

Alcee turned over the wheel, advanced the loop a spoke, and began to fill his pipe. The man who had just spoken leaped suddenly to his feet with an oath.

"Up with her, ye fool! We don't want to fetch up on that mud bank!"

All five men sprang up, in sudden astonishment and alarm. For the

yacht was certainly headed directly for the right-hand bank of the bayou! Alcee threw off the loop and twirled the wheel. Into his sullen Cajun features came a look of bewilderment.

"She don't answer!" he complained.

"She don't turn—"

"Tiller rope's busted!" cried somebody. "Shut off the engine—"

The engineer went leaping below. From the group of men broke a storm of oaths and curses as they realized that the move was useless. The yacht refused to answer her helm at all, and was now darting directly at the shore. There was a sudden thrum and throb as the engine gained his post and threw the gears into reverse—but he was too late.

Before reverse propeller could take effect, the yacht gave a long and creepy shudder, as her keel nosed into the mud of the bottom. Her prow still a dozen feet from shore, she drove herself firmly into the mud, and stayed there. With each instant, the tide was running out fast. As the wild vibrations of the screw shook her and it became evident that her own power would not get her off, the men fell to cursing anew. The engine ceased work.

She carried no launch. Her small boat towed alongside from the gangway, and two other boats were chocked and in davits on the upper deck.

It was at this instant that Petit Jean Hennepin appeared on deck again.

"How did this happen?" he said, with an appearance of calmness.

"We don't know—the steering gear is broken—the tiller rope has parted—"

Hennepin's deceptive manner burst into a furious, demonic storm of rage. He whipped out that knife of his and rushed at the five of them; foam touching his lips, wild oaths were on his tongue. In his eyes blazed the devil of murder.

Armed though they were, the five men broke before him in mad terror. They ran here and there, evading him, shouting hoarsely, leaping out of his course. In the way this murderous creature sent those five men running and screaming, was something horrible. Then, suddenly as he had let drive at them, Petit Jean halted, wiped his face, put away his knife.

"All right, curse you!" he cried hoarsely. "What's done can't be helped. Come here!"

They suspected some ruse, held off, watching him. Petit Jean cursed them, and began to make a cigarette; he walked to the rail, eying the shore and the water, then turned and beckoned.

They perceived that the madness had left him, and sullenly approached, albeit with much precaution. Now it was seen that a new change had come into the face of Petit Jean; the heretofore glittering eyes had become bloodshot, with a crimson murk.

"I shan't hurt you, little ones," he said, and laughed. "Come and do what papa says! You, too," and he stabbed at two of them with his finger, making them start back, "get into the boat, row up to the Lavergne place, and bring me down a launch. If those niggers ask any questions, say that everybody has gone for a cruise, say anything you like! Better bring a canoe for yourselves, too."

"I'll be off as soon as you get back. Then you can loot what you want from the yacht here, and set fire to her. Understand?"

They assented, gradually regaining confidence in him.

"You other three," he went on, "stay aboard. Do what you like, but see that one of you remains on watch. If any beats pass and ask questions, say that we ran ashore and that M'sieu Macarty has gone to Latouche to get a large boat to pull us off. Let no one aboard. You understand?"

They assented again. Petit Jean watched them shrink from his lurid eyes, and smiled.

"I shall sleep for an hour; at the end of that time, waken me. The boat will heel over a little as the tide goes down. When the tide comes in again this afternoon, she will float. Do what you like with her—she is yours. But I advise you to loot and burn her at once. That is all. Off with you, now!"

He turned, walked back to the companionway, and vanished there.

The five men looked one at another, exchanged a shrug and a muttered word, and obeyed his orders in a species of dumb terror. Two got down into the trailing boat, and began to row her upstream. The other three conferred for a moment, then two of them went to their own quarters, for they gained little sleep the preceding night. Alcee, chosen to stay on watch, seated himself on the deck, took a fishing line from his pocket and cast it over the rail, and began to smoke his pipe.

The eastern sky broke into a flame as the new day arrived.

The ensuing hour dragged its slow length along without incident. The only busy man aboard the yacht was the steward, to whom the brooding Alcee paid no attention.

John Solomon, indeed, went about his work in an unconcerned and

placid manner as though no sequence of tragedy had invested this yacht with a tragic veil of horror. He carried a tray to Aline Lavergne's cabin, and was in there a long while, talking with her. When he came out, he was puffing at his clay pipe, and appeared quite satisfied with himself.

A little later, he returned for her tray and bore it to the galley. Then he went down the companionway again, but this time he was not smoking; this time he went directly to the cabin that had been occupied by David Macarty. The door was locked, but for a little the steward worked softly at the lock. Presently the door opened under his hand. He saw Petit Jean stretched out in the bunk, snoring lustily, and beside him was the automatic pistol taken from Felix Macarty.

After a time he was on deck again. Alcee, the man on guard, paid him no attention.

When the appointed hour had gone, Alcee went below and wakened Petit Jean by pounding at the door. Hennepin opened the door and came out, sleepily.

"Not back yet with the launch? Tell that fool steward to fetch me some coffee, here in the saloon cabin. Then stay on watch."

The man departed. Petit Jean went into the saloon and dropped into a chair at the table. He did not observe that the place had been tidied up, nor that the scrap of paper had disappeared from the floor. He was thinking of something else.

With the falling of the tide, the yacht had heeled over quite a little, so that her decks were inclined. The skylight above the saloon was painting toward the eastern sky, and all the glory of the morning sunlight came through the clouded glass, filling the place with a diffused glare of light.

From his pocket, Petit Jean drew out the two little boxes, and set them on the table before him. He left them unopened. A moment later Solomon appeared, with a tray, and set coffee and fresh-made toast before the outlaw.

"Fetch Ma'm'selle Lavergne here in ten minutes," commanded Petit Jean, "and see to it that she does not go on deck instead."

"Yes, sir," returned Solomon, and disappeared.

Petit Jean wolfed the toast, gulped at the coffee, and then shoved the dishes back carelessly. With a quick catch of his breath, as though he had been awaiting this moment, he opened the smaller box and displayed the four great gems. He relapsed into a motionless silence, staring at them with new amazement.

If they had been glorious on the preceding evening under artificial light, now beneath the flood of new daylight they were splendid beyond words, indescribable in their beauty. Few men have ever looked with the pride of ownership upon four such jewels as these—the great black pearl lustrous as some lost star plucked from Erebus; the twin pink gem, luminous sister that reflected the rosy refulgence of the morning; and the diamond that coruscated in its bitter, dazzling acerbity.

What did Petit Jean Hennepin see in these four precious things? Not money alone, nor beauty, nor rarity; none of these could have drawn into his face such a devil of inhumanity as was compelled there as he gazed! These things, which react alike on no two men, wakened all the beast in this man.

Did this evil spirit divine the lust and blood which these precious objects had aroused in the past, and would rouse again? Was it this which evoked into his face that frightful devil of malign virulence?

A movement attracted his attention. He looked up and saw Aline Lavergne standing in the doorway.

Under his look, the face of the girl whitened. Yet her eyes did not lose that clear serenity which so distinguished her; she met his keenly piercing regard, and baffled it by the sheer magic of her virginal spirit. His eyes fell from hers.

"What do you want with me?" she asked quietly.

Petit Jean stirred a little. By an effort, he became composed. He came to his feet and stood gazing at her ermine-cloaked shape. He looked at her eyes again, and now his gaze was quick and hard, terrible—in its evil menace.

Hatred of her serene purity flamed in his face.

"I want you," he said, speaking the guttural patois which came naturally to his lips. "You shall go away with me now. You belong to me."

Perhaps he was astonished to find no fear, no terror, in her face. She was afraid, yes; the pulse at her throat, the quick color in her cheeks, betrayed inward fear, yet none showed in her eyes. And her voice was steady, cool—it maddened the brute before her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



**Just a Little Smile**

WORTH IT

An old Scotsman, dictating his will, said: "I give and bequeath to my wife the sum of £100 a year. Is that writ down?"

"Yes," said the lawyer; "but she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do."

"Ah, weel, write again, and say: If my wife marry again I give and bequeath to her the sum of £200 a year. That'll dae eh?"

"Why, that's just double the sum she would have had if she had remained unmarried," said the lawyer. "It is usually the other way."

"Aye, said the Scotsman, "but him that taks her wull deserve it."



**POPULAR MUSIC**

Minister—What class of music would please our congregation best?  
Organist—The lullaby I think.

**Obligations.**  
Debt could not spoil this life so gay  
With irritating chatter  
If each could say, "I cannot pay,"  
And thereby end the matter.

**Finished Cornetist.**  
"Fred Jenks is your neighbor now, isn't he?" remarked a man while calling on a friend one evening.  
"Who did you say?"  
"Fred Jenks. I understand he is a finished cornetist."  
"Is he? Good! Who did it?"

**Had No Reproaches.**  
Wife—Don't you think it's a shame for me to be going to church alone every Sunday?  
Hub—Oh, I don't know. You might be doing something worse.



**WORSE AND WORSE**

Sister—I wish you wouldn't butt in when Charlie's here, you know how anxious I am to marry him.  
Bobbie—That's what I told him.

**Irresponsible Publication.**  
The paper mark doth but deceive  
The eye that takes a squint.  
You're not expected to believe  
All that you see in print.

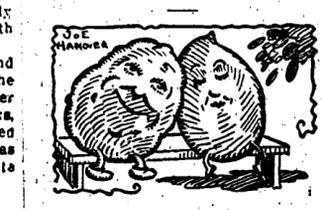
**A Little Christening.**  
Customer—Walter, do you call this oyster soup? Why, the oyster in it isn't big enough to flavor it!  
Walter—He wasn't put in to flavor it, sir. He's just supposed to christen it.

**A Real Performance.**  
"They keep two servants."  
"I wonder how they do it? I have difficulty getting one to stay longer than two weeks."

**How Benedict Saw It.**  
She—When we were married you said I was the sun of your existence.  
He—Well, you do make it pretty hot for me sometimes.

**Long Time Between Meals.**  
Housewife—I don't believe you've washed yourself in the last year.  
Tramp—You are right, lady. I wash myself only before I eat.

**Papa and His Filiver.**  
"What's the trouble?"  
"The car won't run."  
"What's the matter?"  
"Pa's been fixing it again."



**VEGETABLE LOVE**

White Potato—Oh, Miss Sweet Potato, you are so sweet.

FRISCH PICKED AS CAPTAIN OF GIANTS



The Actiongraph Shows Frankie Frisch at Bat.

Followers of the Giants are beginning to conjecture who will be captain of the team next year. The departure of Dave Bancroft necessarily leaves that position to be filled some time before the new season opens.

Just before going aboard McGraw spoke at length about the ability of the Fordham player, about his wonderful fielding and effective hitting, about his natural generalship and conduct on the diamond.

No doubt Frisch would be the logical one for the job. Heinie Groh, veteran though he is, would hardly be the one for such a position. True, the third baseman has seen more service than Frankie, but he is getting along in years and his seasons are limited.

Grid Team a Man Shy

University of Omaha wanted to play football this season, but when a call for candidates came only ten players, one less than required for a team, turned out.

Such coolness led to the decision to stick to basketball, a sport which attracts all the candidates necessary and in which the institution has been uniformly successful.

Norman Ross Ambitious to "Make" Olympic Team



Norman Ross is nursing an ambition to "make" the Olympic team in 1924, and hopes to represent this country in the 1,500-meter swim.

Ross, who was national all-around champion swimmer in 1921, will spend the winter in Honolulu, where he will train for the trials of the American team early next summer.

Roger Peckinpough Was 1923's Great Comeback

The greatest comeback of the year in the American league is Roger Peckinpough, veteran shortstop of the Washington Nationals.

Last season Peck got away to a very bad start, due largely to injuries that handicapped his spring training in the South. Only in the final weeks of the campaign did he hit his stride.

Incidentally the failure of Peckinpough to be made manager last year affected his work. Eager to try his hand at the managerial game, the appointment of Clyde Milan to lead the Nationals in 1922 was no doubt a distinct disappointment.

This spring Peck reported in the best shape of his career, eager to make good for Donie Bush. He sure has delivered.

No shortstop in the American league has played more brilliantly. His work in starting double plays has been marvelous. While he hasn't broken any records at the plate, his hitting has been timely. His great work has featured the play of the Washington club.

Sport Notes

Johnny Dundee, featherweight champion of the world, plans to visit Europe.

The Yale-Harvard boat race on the Thames at New London, Conn., will be rowed on June 20.

Watching Babe Ruth lay down a punt is reminiscent of a hippopotamus playing tiddle-de-winks.

Firpo is going to tell the bare truth, which may hurt more than the truth wearing five-ounce gloves.

At the annual meeting of the Blue Ridge League Vincent Jamieson was re-elected president for another year.

Pedro Dibut, ranked with Adolfo Luque as Cuba's greatest pitcher, has been obtained for the Cincinnati nationals.

Rev. W. H. Cornett, a veteran of the Brentwood Country club in California, has a record of making three hole-in-ones.

The veteran first baseman, Jack Beatty, it is announced, will manage the London team of the Mint league next season.

If France and England do have trouble it may complicate the attempts of swimmers to negotiate the English channel.

A composite summary of all football scores made in this country this fall discloses 25,122 defeats and 25,122 practically perfect alibis.

President Coolidge has accepted the honorary presidency of the American Olympic committee, as his predecessors have done in other Olympic periods.

It was announced by Cap Neal, business manager of the Louisville club, that the Colonels would return to Dawson Springs, Ky., for their spring training.

Frank E. Rokusek of Omaha, Neb., has been elected captain of the 1924 University of Illinois football team at the annual banquet given by the Champaign Rotary club for the Illinois squad.

The Cincinnati club has found a sand-lot pitcher from Louisville that the Colonels seem to have overlooked. His name is Joe Aulbach, who has a no-hit and several one-hit games to his credit.

The University of Missouri is a busy college in an athletic way as Coach Chester L. Brewer, in addition to football, baseball, track and basketball, also has time to give attention to the students' play in swimming, tennis, golf, boxing, wrestling and gymnastics.

Earl Neale, former outfielder with the Cincinnati Reds, who has made good as a football coach since he retired from big league baseball, has been re-engaged by the University of Virginia athletic directors to coach football and baseball for two more years at bigger pay.

New Use for Athletics

Teaching science may become a sporting proposition if a new method of scientific education in the Boston high schools, advocated by Prof. Lyman C. Newall, head of the chemistry department of Boston university college of liberal arts, is universally adopted.

Hockey, skiing, skating, sailing and other sports are used as the basis for teaching scientific principles.

LEW TENDLER IS NOT RETARDED BY STYLE

'Right Hand of as Much Service' as Leonard's Left.

Benny Leonard says that Lew Tandler is just another of those southpaw boxers and southpaws don't know how to fight. Left-handed boxers, as a rule, are a poor lot. Until Tandler came along Knockout Brown was the best lefty lightweight. Brown was not a great fighter. A well-handled publicity campaign made him what he was. Every time Brown met a boxer who knew something about the science of the game he was made to look like a joke.

Tandler is not like that. He has two good hands instead of one. He is reasonably fast on his feet, knows what a feint means and is a fair ring general. Tandler's right hand is just as useful to him as Leonard's left is to the champion. He shoots it hard and fast and accurately.

He showed what he could do with it when he beat Johnny Dundee, using his right hand alone. None of the other southpaw boxers could have come within a thousand miles of equaling a feat of that kind.

Tandler, unlike McCoy and Wilson, stands facing his man squarely, so that he is always in position to shoot with either hand. During the greater part of a bout it is difficult to tell whether he is a left-hander or a right-hander.

That Tandler is handicapped by his style there is no reason to believe. On the contrary, it is probable that he finds it a big asset.

San Antonio Will Stage Golf Tourney in February



Despite the edict of the United States Golf association against offering excessive purses for golf tournaments, San Antonio, Tex., has again come forward with the announcement of a tournament in which the prize money will amount to \$6,000. The event will be the annual Texas open championship, which will be staged on the municipal course on February 14, 15 and 16. It is expected that the leading pros of this country, including Walter Hagen (shown in the photo), Gene Sarazen, Jim Barnes, Hutchison and Kirkwood will compete.

Johnny Tobin of Browns Is One of Best Bunters

Bunting is fast becoming a lost art in the opinion of no less an authority than Hughie Jennings. Johnny Tobin of the Browns is one of the few great bunters still doing business. Tobin can bunt down the first or third base line or pull a fast drag with equal cleverness. Tobin's great speed, his ability to bunt and a penchant for crossing up the opposition by hitting one hard, makes him one of the most feared batters in the American league.

Hard Job for Spring Is Plan of Manager Sisler

One of the first statements credited to Manager George Sisler of the Browns was his intention to start an intensive educational campaign with the players the moment they reported in the spring. A knowledge of the rules and inside baseball were to be considered. Sisler may find that a tougher job than landing the Browns in the first division.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE NEWS

Favors Mellon's Plan The Concord Chamber of Commerce went on record at its monthly forum meeting as in favor of Secretary Mellon's plan of tax reduction.

Shot In Head By Own Rifle Guy Perkins of Lancaster was shot in the head when his rifle was accidentally discharged as he was climbing into an automobile. He had gone into the woods with his brother to hunt rabbits.

\$1500 To Fight Tuberculosis More than \$1500 has been raised in Claremont for anti-tuberculosis work, according to the statement of Fred R. Thomas, chairman of the campaign committee, who hopes to reach the \$2500 goal.

Five Unconscious From Ptomaine One woman is believed to be dying at a hospital and four other persons seriously ill as the result of ptomaine poisoning. They were found unconscious in three different rooms in a tenement at 543 Dubuque street, Manchester.

Dies On Train While Seeking Medical Aid Peter Harris, aged 58, of Bellows Falls, Vt., died suddenly on the train for Boston where he was going for treatment for diabetes. Death occurred just before reaching Keene where his body was taken off the train.

Plan Winter Carnival With the first cold of the season, Manchester's winter carnival committee is making preparations for the second annual outdoor sports program, which will take place Jan. 16-19. This year's carnival will be on a much larger scale than that of last year, and will have several unusual features, the committee announced.

Estimate 5 Per Cent Gain In Nashua The census bureau's official survey of Nashua for the fall of 1923 shows an approximate increase in population of 5 per cent according to the figures obtained since the 1920 census. The present population is estimated at 29,797 as against 28,379 in the fall of 1919. Home building and citizenship have increased proportionately, according to the report.

Dartmouth Winter Carnival Feb. 7-9 Dartmouth's annual winter carnival by the Outing Club, will be held Feb. 7 to 9. Prof. C. A. Proctor of the athletic council heads the committee of arrangements.

It is expected that Yale and Harvard teams will oppose the green in athletic contests as well as in the snowshoe competition. Teams from Wisconsin and Minnesota also may appear.

Extradition Of Mexican Denied Mariano Viamonte Fernandez, former cashier general of the Finance Department, republic of Mexico, was discharged and extradition which had been requested by the border government was denied by United States Commissioner Elwin W. Page, in Concord, who found that probable cause was not shown that he was guilty of embezzlement of 137,000 pesos or \$60,000 in American money.

To Co-operate To Keep Roads Open As a result of conferences between the chamber of commerce committee and selectmen of Winchendon, Mass., Templeton, Royalston and Fitzwilliam, the roads between the former and Fitzwilliam as far as State Line, N. H.; the state road to Baldwinville as far as Templeton, and the turnpike to Royalston, as well as all roads within the fire district of the town, will be kept clear of snow this winter.

Plan For Resources Outlined A program for the work of the forestry and agriculture committee named at Durham to make a survey of New Hampshire resources and recommend a comprehensive plan for development for these, was outlined at a meeting in the office of Commissioner Felker of the state department of agriculture, who is chairman of the committee. Those present included President Hetchel of New Hampshire University, general chairman; State Forester Foster and President Putnam of the New Hampshire farm bureau.

Mr. Felker said the committee's investigation as outlined will include the farm to market highways, rural schools, including agricultural education, farm forestry taxation, social and religious opportunities, co-operative business organization, motor truck and railway transportation and loans.

Farm loans at present are usually short term, three to six months, taking in the period between planting and harvesting. The committee is of the opinion that stock raising on a large scale could be carried on here profitably and to that end loans up to three years are deemed desirable.

Farmer Shoots Self In Lung Frank Harris, a retired farmer, shot himself in the left lung in his garage in Manchester. He sat down on a box, after placing a rifle on a saw horse, and pulled the trigger by means of a broom handle. The bullet went through the left lung and back. He staggered out into the yard and fell unconscious.

Mr. Harris has been a successful farmer in Vermont. He had been melancholy for a week, during which time he had not been away from his home.

Newsboys Organize A Club

Under the auspices of the Concord Y. M. C. A., the newsboys of that city have organized a club. Harry Lundgren is president of the new organization, Joseph Messier vice president, John Pitts secretary, and Paul Robinson treasurer.

Found Dead Beside Tracks Frank M. Jones, for many years baggage-master at the station of the Boston & Maine railroad, Dover, was found dead beside the tracks of the Portsmouth and Dover branch railroad, having succumbed to heart trouble while enroute to work.

Special Course In Poultry A special Short Course in Poultry open to men and women, young and old, will be conducted at the University of New Hampshire from January 7 to 26. The poultry sessions during Farmers Week and the poultry demonstrations throughout the state have met with such enthusiasm and keen interest on the part of the poultry raisers of the state that a three weeks course to cover the subject simply but comprehensively has been planned. January was decided on as the month most convenient for the poultry raiser.

Leaves \$50,000 In Public Bequests Public bequests amounting to more than \$50,000 were made in the will of Dr. Charles P. Bancroft, filed in probate court Concord. The widow, Mrs. Susan C. Bancroft, is given a life interest in the estate, estimated at about \$300,000, and it is provided that she may use the income and principal at her own discretion, the public bequests to be paid after her death.

The Woman's Memorial Hospital of Concord is the largest beneficiary, receiving \$25,000, the income to be used for the maintenance of free beds and upkeep of the children's ward, to which Dr. Bancroft was a liberal contributor in his lifetime.

Poet Of Henniker Dies In Bay State Miss Edna Dean Proctor, author and poet, died at her home in Framingham, Mass., in her 95th year. She had been in poor health since last winter, when she broke her ankle at Atlantic City.

Born in Henniker, N. H., Miss Proctor lived in Framingham for many years, and for a time in Brooklyn, N. Y. She traveled abroad many times, and one of her books of poems, "A Russian Journey" won her the friendship of many Russians through her sympathy with their misfortunes. Her first book, published in 1886 was a collection of verses written during the Civil War. One of her best known books is "Mountain Maid and other Poems of New Hampshire."

Asks State To Assist Convicts When Freed "Jimmie, the trusty," an ex-convict and an ex-confidence man, called at Gov. Brown's office, seeking to interest the Governor in a project to aid ex-convicts to keep on the right path, but he called during the Governor's luncheon hour and failed to see him. He told Secretary of State Sawyer and urged the latter to have a law passed at the next session of the Legislature providing that the state should give all men on their discharge from jails enough money to keep them "going straight" until they found work.

Boston Woman Fined \$100 As Rum Runner Federal prohibition officers Ellingwood, Leighton, Kent and officer Hewitt of Portsmouth arrested William Lemieux, 17, of Biddeford and Miss Myrtle Marco, 30, of Boston, after search of their auto revealed 50 gallons of alcohol. The party enroute from Boston to Biddeford was arrested on the Lafayette road. Lemieux and the woman were arraigned before Associate Justice Edward H. Adams in the Municipal Court and were fined \$100 and costs each for illegal transportation.

A 60 day jail sentence was suspended upon payment of fine and costs. They were held for the Federal Court at Concord. The liquor seized was part of the holiday contraband that was being shipped.

Trudel Won't Run Mayor George E. Trudel of Manchester endorsed the candidacy of Maj. Frank Knox for the Republican nomination for Governor of New Hampshire. His announcement sets at rest rumors heard recently that Mayor Trudel would be a candidate for Governor.

Resolutions opposing the payment of a bonus and favoring a state taxpayers' league to study taxation and its reduction through the establishment of a budget system were adopted at the annual meeting of the Associated Industries of Maine.

A finding of \$700 in favor of Grace R. Richenbaker of Worcester was handed down in superior court in her suit against a California packing company, to recover for injuries received when glass was found in canned spinach.

Mother Risks Death To Save Children A frantic dash in the smoke and flame-filled cellar of her burning home enabled Mrs. Emile A. Chagnon, of Nashua, to save her two children, 5 and 3 years old, respectively, from death by suffocation.

Returning from a visit at a neighbor's home she smelled smoke, and traced it to the cellar, where the children were playing. Braving the danger, she sought them out, finding them huddled up in a corner. The house was almost destroyed, the damage being approximately \$10,000.



Advertisement for Baker's Breakfast Cocoa. Text includes: 'ALWAYS READY FOR Baker's Breakfast Cocoa', 'Growing children want and frequently need more nourishment than adults, owing to the activity of their restless little bodies.', 'Baker's Cocoa fills all the requirements of the dietitian and physician as a delicious, pure and healthful beverage.', 'Just as good for older people.', 'It is the cocoa of high quality. Made only by Walter Baker & Co. Ltd. Established 1870. Mills at Dorchester, Mass. and Montreal, Canada. BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE.'

A True Helpmate. The Welfare Worker—Is it true that your husband does absolutely nothing toward the support of his family? The Laundress—No, it ain't true. Why, he hardly ever goes out in his flannel but he brings back a washin' for me to do.

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR" A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

What He Saw. Minister to Stranger—I saw you looking intently at my church just now. Isn't it a handsome edifice? Stranger—I guess so—I didn't notice. I was just thinking what a splendid filling station site it occupied.—Farm Life.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS—10c A BOX Cures Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Drug stores, Adv.

A Double Carrier. The Nurse—See what the stork brought for you? Two little sisters. Little Elsie—My! It must have been a two-passenger stork.

Keep Well! Avoid Sickness. Take Brandreth Pills. One or two at bed time will cleanse the system, purify the blood and keep you well.—Adv.

Night Noises. "Here," said the salesman, "is a pair of pajamas you'll never wear out." "Er—yes, they are rather loud for street wear, aren't they?"

Advertisement for Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Text includes: '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. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.'

Advertisement for Green Mountain Asthma Compound. Text includes: 'GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMA COMPOUND quickly relieves the distressing paroxysms. Used for 25 years and result of long experience in treatment of throat and lung diseases by Dr. J. H. Guild, FREE TRIAL BOX, Trial size on Asthma, its causes, treatment, etc., sent on request, 25c and \$1.00 at druggists. J. H. Guild Co., Box 73, Rupert, Vt.'

Advertisement for Relieves Rheumatism or Costs Nothing. Text includes: 'Any reader who suffers from the above disease can be quickly relieved at home, or it doesn't cost a penny, with the remarkable discovery of the CENTRAL LABORATORIES, SEDALIA, MO. Don't send a penny—just write the CENTRAL LABORATORIES and they will send you full particulars about their thirty-day trial which costs you nothing if it does not relieve.'

Advertisement for Have You High Blood Pressure? Text includes: 'If so, take Vito Blood Life. Endorsed by leading physicians and druggists. Literature mailed upon request. Consult Vito Blood Life Co., Room 525, 6 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.'

Advertisement for Rub Your Eyes? Text includes: 'Dr. Thompson's Eye Rub at your druggist's or 125 River, Troy, N. Y. Booklet.'

Advertisement for Relief for Coughs. Text includes: 'Use PISO's—this prescription quickly relieves children and adults. A pleasant syrup. No opiates. 35c and 60c sizes sold everywhere.'

W. N. U., BOSTON, No. 52-1923.

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FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

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Candy, Tobacco, Cigars

Lots of Other Things. Come and See.

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**Very Happy New Year!**

May the Christmas Spirit Attend You,  
Bringing Health and Prosperity to You  
And Yours.

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OF Patronage You Have Given Us. We  
Are Determined More Than Before to  
Make Our Store An Institution For Ser-  
vice To All In This Vicinity.

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Live Long and Prosper."

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Railroad Station.

Trains leave Antrim Depot as follows:

Going South	Trains leave for
7:02 a. m.	Elmwood and Boston
10:31 a. m.	Peterboro
1:50 p. m.	Winchendon, Worcester, Boston
4:10 p. m.	Winchendon and Keene
Going North	Trains leave for
7:02 a. m.	Concord and Boston
12:20 p. m.	Hillsboro
2:39 p. m.	Hillsboro
6:37 p. m.	Hillsboro

Sunday Trains

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

Stage leaves Express Office 15 minutes  
earlier than departure of train.

Stage will call for passengers if word  
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Passengers for the early morning train  
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Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

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H. B. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANT

**Wednesday, Dec. 26, 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

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ond-class matter.



"It Stands Between Humanity  
and Oppression!"

**Antrim Locals**

Miss Dora Craig is stopping in the  
family of Fred Cutter.

John Adams, of Laconia, has been  
spending a season in this place.

The family of Carlton W. Perkins  
were in Brattleboro on Sunday visiting  
relatives.

Miss Lillian Cameron is spending  
the winter with her sister, Mrs. Her-  
bert Edwards.

The schools are enjoying a week's  
vacation, and the teachers are at their  
respective homes.

The Goodell Company's shops shut  
down for one day, Tuesday, for the  
employees to enjoy Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Noetzel are en-  
tertaining their sons and their fam-  
ilies from Boston and New York.

Miss Josephine Bailey, of Clare-  
mont, has returned home after spend-  
ing a week with her sister, Mrs. N. J.  
Morse.

Lucius E. Parker has completed his  
work on the highway at Ashburnham,  
Mass., and returned to his home here.  
He is now employed by W. F. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Cranston D. Eldredge  
and H. Burr Eldredge, from Winch-  
endon, Mass., spent Christmas with  
their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W.  
Eldredge.

The Hillsboro and Hancock basket-  
ball teams connected with the High  
schools, played at the Antrim town  
hall on Friday evening last, with  
Hillsboro the winning team.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist  
Society will hold their annual meeting  
with election of officers at the church  
parlors, Wednesday afternoon, Janu-  
ary 2. Supper will be served as usu-  
al at 5.30 o'clock.

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

**For Sale**

Thoroughbred Cheviot Sheep. Young  
Bucks. True to Thoroughbred Form.  
In Perfect Condition. With Registra-  
tion Papers. \$25. Without Registra-  
tion, \$20. Two other extra choice  
young grade Bucks, \$15 each.

**THE HENDERSON PLACE,**  
Antrim, N. H.

**For Sale**

Good Wood; stove length. Apply  
to  
**FRED L. PROCTOR,**  
Antrim, N. H.

**For Sale**

Half dry big Rock Maple wood, stove  
length. No better wood on the mar-  
ket. 140 cubic feet, \$12.00. Drop a  
postal. B. Grini, Antrim, N. H.

**Wood For Sale**

Green Hard Wood, 4 ft. Apply to  
**GUY A. HULETT,**  
Antrim, N. H.

**Wood For Sale**

Green Hardwood, four feet or sawed  
for stove. Apply to  
**ROBERT M. MULHALL,**  
Antrim

**Apples For Sale**

Various Varieties. Apply to  
**F. K. BLACK & SON.**

**Moving Pictures!**  
Town Hall, Antrim

**Thursday, Dec. 27**  
Gloria Swanson in  
"My American Wife"  
Pathe Weekly

Pictures at 8 15

**W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.**

**Antrim Locals**

The editor will be glad to print all  
communications, signed by the name  
of the writer, bearing on any matter  
of public interest, except articles or  
letters advocating or opposing the  
nomination or election of candidates  
for public office, which will be treat-  
ed as advertising.

Our thanks to W. C. Hills, insur-  
ance agent, for a nice calendar.

Mr. and Mrs. Alwin Young enter-  
tained relatives for over the holi-  
day.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest P. Libby are  
entertaining their son for the holi-  
days.

Dr. Ralph Hurlin, from New York,  
joined his family here for the Christ-  
mas holidays.

Charles N. Fuggle has been confined  
to his home the past week, not quite  
as well as usual.

R. John Lilley is spending the holi-  
day season with Mrs. Lilley at his  
home in this place.

Ralph Proctor is spending the holi-  
day season with his parents, Mr. and  
Mrs. Fred L. Proctor.

Misses Eckieze and Fredrika Nay  
are spending the holiday vacation with  
their mother, Mrs. Mary Nay.

Miss Anna Furr, of North New-  
ton, Mass., is with her parents, Mr.  
and Mrs. Joseph Furr, for the holi-  
days.

Miss Mary Adams, of Derry, was a  
Christmas guest of Rev. and Mrs.  
William Thompson, at the Methodist  
parsonage.

Joseph Hansie, of Newark, N. J.,  
and Carl Hansie, of Woodsville, spent  
the holiday with their mother, Mrs.  
Lena Hansie.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Robinson ar-  
sons, Neil and William, of Arlington  
Mass., were here with relatives for  
over Christmas.

Miss Ethel L. Muzzev is spending  
the Christmas vacation at her home  
here from teaching in the Milton,  
Mass., schools.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hurlin  
and little child, of Haverhill, Mass.,  
are holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs.  
Henry A. Hurlin.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Jones will  
spend the winter months with Mr.  
and Mrs. Herbert Edwards, at their  
home on Grove street.

Mrs. E. C. Paige entertained for  
the holiday her son, Paul F. Paige and  
wife, from Detroit, Mich., and Mrs.  
Paige's mother, from Boston.

Friday evening, at the Baptist  
church, a Christmas masque was  
presented, entitled "The Holy Night."  
A committee of three had charge of  
the affair, with Miss Anna Noetzel  
presenting the same; the scholars of  
the Sunday School taking active parts.  
The music for some of the different  
parts was composed by Mrs. Ivan I.  
Felker, who had much to do with  
the musical part of the program.  
The entire program was well arranged,  
delightfully presented, and well spoken  
of by the large number of people who  
attended.

**For Sale!**

**HORSES AND CATTLE**

Few extra good drivers and workers.  
Good traces. Team harness, driving  
harnesses and collars, new and second-  
hand. Large stock of winter blankets  
for street and stable. Prices right.

**FRED L. PROCTOR,**  
Goodell Farm, Antrim, N. H.

**MAN WANTED**

To sell goods in each county. A  
good paying position for a man ac-  
quainted with farming. Experience  
not necessary but honesty and industry  
are. Steady work. Cobb Co., Frank-  
lin, Mass.

**LUDEN'S**  
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS  
for nose and throat  
Give Quick Relief

**DURANT**  
Just a Real Good Car

**STAR**  
Worth the Money

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

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

The above are delivered prices.

Write for information Call for demonstration

**MAPLE STREET GARAGE**  
WHITNEY BROS., Proprietors HENNIKER, N. H.  
Telephone 11-2

**R. E. TOLMAN, Antrim, N. H., Local Agent**

**Gift Shop**

AND

**Millinery Parlors**

Will Close This Present Week,  
and Remain Closed Till the  
Opening of the Spring Season.

**Fall and Winter Hats**

At 25 Per Cent Discount

Several Attractive Hats Offered at a Big Saving  
in Price. Latest Styles.

Velvets, Feits, Metal Cloth, etc.

**Mrs. H. W. Eldredge**  
Antrim, New Hampshire

**John R. Putney Estate**  
**Undertaker**

First Class, Experienced Di-  
rector 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, 102, at Post  
Office, 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.

**Buy Your Bond**  
AND BE SECURE

**Why**  
**Run**  
**The**  
**Hazard**

Of accepting personal security  
upon a bond, when corporate se-  
curity is vastly superior? The  
personal security may be finan-  
cially strong to-day and insolvent  
to-morrow; or he may die, and  
his estate be immediately distrib-  
uted. 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.

The National Capital

(Continued from first page) that he thought it possible that in 25 years or more Ex- Pres. Wilson would be considered one of the great presidents, as history would forget how he undertook to do everything alone and would not listen to advice from other great men in his own or any other party.

The Bolshevik Spirit

(Continued from first page) the triumph of reason, but on the moral consciousness of men. The last word will perhaps never be said in the rational contentions over religious truth; but over and above the strife of these will ever prevail the assertion of the Master, "God is a spirit," and they who continue to worship Him in spirit and truth will know His fellowship which is the sum total of religion.

HOW "O. K." CAME INTO USE

One Explanation Is That Gen. Andrew Jackson Borrowed Abbreviation From Choctaw Indians.

The expression "O. K." is a colloquialism. There are many explanations for its origin, but most of them center around Andrew Jackson. One explanation is that General Jackson borrowed the abbreviation from the Choctaw Indians, with which tribe he was well acquainted.

Another explanation was offered in 1909 at the time of the death of Cornelius Kendall of Chicago. Mr. Kendall was the youngest son of Orrin Kendall, from whose initials the use of "O. K." is said to have sprung.

Saturday afternoon there was great excitement in town for the Marines played football with the 3rd Corps Area of the Army and won 7-0. If it had been a baseball game I might have tried to borrow furs and help 'root,' but I can't get up much interest in football, although I did enjoy the Army and Navy game at West Point some years ago.

NEW ENGLAND "BLUE LAWS"

Stories of Early Day Bigotry Said by Writer to Be Inventions of a Tory Preacher.

This whole delusion of New England blue laws was created by a Tory preacher who was driven out of the colonies to England, and who, in his resentment, had published a long list of absurd enactments for the purpose of stirring the intelligence and character of the American patriots, says Floyd W. Parsons.

His statement included such fabrications as the following: "No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath. No one shall run on the Sabbath, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere except reverently to and from meetings. No one shall travel, cook, make beds, sweep, shave or cut hair on Sunday.

And although even a hasty investigation will prove to anyone's satisfaction that our colonial acts were neither excessively intolerant nor bigoted, the Tory preacher's libel of early American customs continues to perpetuate the fallacy of New England blue laws.—Saturday Evening Post.

Walla Walla Indian Tribe.

Walla Walla, meaning running water, is one of the most beautiful Indian names in Washington geography, according to Edmond S. Meany, professor of history at the University of Washington.

The origin of the name is easily ascertained, as it was recorded by the first white men who visited that region, according to Professor Meany, the Detroit News avers. Early forms were Wollah Wollah, Wallow Wallow, Wollaw Wollah and Woller Woller.

In several languages "walla" means running water, and reduplication of the word diminutizes it; so "walla walla" is the small rapid stream. The word thus first recorded as the name of a tribe of Indians was soon naturally applied to the region occupied by them. In fact the name was taken by the Indians because it described the land where they lived.

Chairs Made of Grass.

The manufacture of furniture from grass is an important industry in certain parts of the Mississippi valley. Ordinary grass cannot, of course, be employed for this purpose. It is the wire grass, which may be found in bogs and marshes in the great glacial belt extending from the Ohio valley into the British provinces of the north-west. Some one of an inventive turn of mind conceived the idea of twisting the tough growth into twine. From this it was an easy step to weave the twine into beautiful matting. The idea did not stop here. At St. Paul, Oshkosh and other cities, couches and easy chairs are made from the tough, pliable material.

Push Some More.

A wealthy motorist, while traveling through a Mississippi town, approached a gasoline station only to find the tender a lazy country boy. "Here, boy," said the motorist. "I want some gasoline. And get a move on you! 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 am." "Well, governor," replied the boy, "I reckon you'll have to push again, 'cause we ain't got a drop o' gas in the place."—Forbes Magazine.

IN ST. COLUMBAN'S MEMORY

Apostle of France and Italy Was Great Leader of Christianity Thirteen Centuries Ago.

The thirteen hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Columban or Columbanus, was celebrated recently at the town of Appennines, where his tomb is. The proper date was 1915, but in that year the World war made the celebration impossible, so it was postponed.

Columbanus was the apostle of southern France and northern Italy, and, indeed, is regarded as the pioneer of that remarkable movement which lasted for 200 of the darkest years of European history, during which Ireland supplied saints and scholars to the Western world.

Columbanus with 20 other monks left the monastery of Bangor, in the County Down, in 590. After some vicissitudes, they settled at Luxeuil, where Columbanus founded one of the world's most famous monasteries—the parent of many other monasteries. For 20 years he ruled it and became one of the great figures of his day.

ORIGIN OF "DIXIE LAND"

Name Came From the \$10 Bills Issued Prior to Civil War by Citizens' Bank at New Orleans.

The Financial Times of London, in a review of the history of the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana, at New Orleans, recalls the interesting origin of the word "Dixie," as applied to the South. It says:

"The Citizens' bank was so closely identified with the South that it gave it the name of 'Dixie Land,' since preserved in the famous southern war song, 'Dixie.'"

"It came about in this way: Prior to the Civil war in the States, the Citizens' bank had the power to issue paper money notes. These bills were issued in denominations of \$10 and \$20, but preferably \$10, to the extent of a few millions. These \$10 bills were engraved in French, and on the backs was the French word 'Dix' (ten) very prominent, and the Americans living along the upper Mississippi river called the bills 'Dixies.'"

"Finally, the bank's money became so popular that Louisiana was referred to as 'The Land of Dixie,' or 'Dixie Land.' Afterward the term was made to apply to all the southern states."—Detroit News.

Power From Peanuts.

It appears that one of the advantages of the oil engine lies in its ability to produce power by burning not only the cheapest grades of natural mineral oils and the by-products of coal distillation and coke plants, tar and creosote oils, but also vegetable and animal oils. Indeed, it can use peanut oil almost as effectively as mineral oil. The use of fat oils from vegetable sources for fuel will, it is predicted, promote industrial development in regions where the cost of coal is prohibitive.—In northern Africa, for example, and in many parts of our own country. It has been declared that those oils make it certain that motive power can still be produced from the heat of the sun, even when all our natural sources of solid and liquid fuels are exhausted.

Might Have Been Worse.

Many stories have been told of the mud seas which engulf the unpaved streets of certain oil towns in the rainy season, but these are all outclassed by one which is being told of a central Texas settlement.

Looking out of his front window a resident espied a hat apparently floating along on a sea of mud which a few days before had been a highway. Going out to investigate, he discovered that the hat was on the head of the owner, who was having difficulty in keeping his nose and mouth above the surface.

"Hey, Rastus, you're in a bad fix out thar, ain't you?" he called.

"Well, boss, I ain't bragging, but I ain't in nowhar nigh as bad a fix as dis heah mule Ise riding."

He Should Worry!

Mrs. Brown was particularly fond of reminding her husband that the silver was hers, the furniture was hers, the piano was hers, and so on, until poor Brown wished he hadn't married a girl with money.

One night Mrs. Brown awoke and heard strange voices in the lower part of the house. Punching her husband in the ribs, she cried:

"John, get up! There are burglars downstairs!"

"Eh?" inquired Brown sleepily.

"Burglars downstairs!" shrieked his wife.

"Burglars!" said Brown, as he turned over. "Well, let 'em burgle! There's nothing of mine there!"

She Knew.

At election time the mayor of a western city made a great play for the women's vote and, of course, if one wishes to win the mothers it is good policy to compliment the daughters. But one evening the mayor met his Waterloo for he was so rash as to compliment a sophisticated high school girl. "What a beautiful complexion you have," cried the mayor. "It is a gift from heaven." "Don't you believe it," retorted the girl. "It's nothing but a steady expense."

Bennington.

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Bennington at 8.00 o'clock

Saturday, Dec. 29 Charlie Ray in "19 and Phyllis" Pathe Weekly and Comedy

Mrs. Heath was in Nashua one day last week.

Marie Codema is reported to have typhoid fever.

It is said that there are five cases of measles in town.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Traxler is sick.

Mr. Sweet, of Antrim, is helping out at the postoffice.

John T. Day has been very sick, but is reported some better.

Gladys Atwood is sick with what is reported to be typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Gust Dodge were here for Christmas with relatives.

Mrs. Gove, of Bedford, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seaver.

Mr. and Mrs. Lounsbury are visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. C. King for the holidays.

Miss Arline Edwards is home from school duties at New London for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Keezer went to Milford for Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Poor.

Gordon Dodge, of Lowell, Mass., visited with relatives here over the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. Harrison Wilson, Mrs. Michael Powers and Mrs. William Gordon were in Peterboro Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Gerrard and C. F. Burnham were in Holyoke, Mass., over the Christmas holidays.

Hunters reported seeing pansies in blossom at White Birch Camp, Stoddard, the 16th of this month.

The Monadnock Mills closed down for Monday and Tuesday for Christmas, starting again on Wednesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Fulshaw, of New York City, are with Mrs. Fulshaw's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knowles for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Meahan, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and Miss Dorothy Hart, all of Lynn, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hart over Christmas.

Morris M. Cheney passed away at his home here on the 22nd. The funeral was held at the house on Christmas day at 2 o'clock. There will be a further and more complete notice next week.

The annual supper and Christmas tree for the Sunday School and their friends was held at the Congregational chapel on Christmas eve. There was a good attendance and all the children had presents.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson, of New York City, are with Mr. Wilson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilson, and Miss Margaret Wilson, of Tilton, and a friend, Miss Binbaker, of Ohio, are also there.

Supports to carry the wires from the new Monadnock Power House are being placed along the river edge. They are put into a solid cement base and look as though they might resist both wind and water for all time.

At the Congregational church the pastor's topic will be "The Sermons of 1924" at the morning service, in the evening, "Mr. Bok Finds His Life Work."

Morning service 10.45. Sunday School 12, evening service 7, Intermediate C. E. 6 p. m. at Congregational church next Sunday.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

METHODIST

Rev. Wm. Thompson, Pastor

There will be no service Thursday evening.

"A Book, The Symbol of Life," will be the theme of the Sunday morning address by the pastor.

The Bible School will meet for study after the morning worship.

PRESBYTERIAN

Rev. J. D. Cameron, D.D., Pastor

Thursday, 7 p. m., prayer meeting, at home of Mrs. Enoch Paige. Study Acts chapters 23-28.

Friday, 3 p. m., mission study class at the home of Mrs. Mary B. Jameson.

Sunday, 10.45 a. m., communion

service. Subject, "Remembering Christ." 6.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor.

BAPTIST

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, December 27, regular church prayer meeting in the vestry at 7.30. Topic, "Looking Backward—and Forward." Ps. 66 and Phil. 3: 12-16.

Sunday, Dec. 30, morning worship at 10.45. The pastor will preach on "Christ the Life-Giver."

The Bible school will meet at 12 o'clock.

Intermediate Christian Endeavor at six o'clock, in the vestry.

Union Service at seven o'clock. The subject of the sermon will be "Beginnings."

DAYBREAK IN THE CATSKILLS

Delicate Streak of Lavender Bespeaks the New Day—Silence Interrupted by a "Whippoorwill."

The clock on the mantel strikes four. The only other sound is a momentary gnawing of wood by a field mouse somewhere on the roof. A delicate streak of lavender bespeaks the day, and the clock ticks on.

Again the hour strikes, and the narrow strip of lavender has widened. The deep blue of the night clouds has turned to soft gray, outlining a low ridge of mountains on the opposite side of the valley. The rich liquid note of a thrush rings through the stillness, then pauses, and all is quiet, save the ticking of the clock. As the light increases, the sweet song of the thrush continues, interrupted only by an emphatic "Whippoorwill," repeated rapidly, and again there is silence.

In the distance, a crow calls his flock to early matins. Somewhere in a nearby pine tree a red squirrel burrs and a chipmunk chips. Down in the meadow, far, far below, the tinkling of a cowbell announces the awakening of farm life. A gentle breeze rustles the foliage of some young oaks near the window, while the full melody of the thrush welcomes the rising sun.

Thoreau an Independent Man.

Thoreau was never married. He was a solitary man.

The chief element in his character was independence. He must live his own life and go his own way. He said: "Nothing is so much to be feared as fear. The sin that God hates is fear; He thinks atheism innocent in comparison."

He wrote in his diary: "If I do not keep step with others it is because I hear a different drummer. Let a man step to the music which he hears, however measured and however far away."

He went to jail because he would not pay his poll tax, on the ground that the government supported slavery. No one wanted to arrest him. The man who took him in custody offered to pay the tax.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Turbans and Neats.

The turban is a fashionable headdress in Burma, and each girl eagerly looks forward to the time when it will be her privilege to swathe her head in yards and yards of dark cloth. But, until she has found a young man who is willing to build her a bamboo house and to raise rice for her, she cannot wear this coveted headdress.

Because among the Kachins unmarried girls are not permitted to wear a turban nor do they let their hair grow long. They wear bobbed hair and have done so for centuries. But the day a Kachin girl is married she lets her hair grow and binds it up with the turban, which she wears with pride. For the turban marks her as a married woman.

Wear Husbands' Skulls.

There is to be found in the Adulman Islands in the Bay of Bengal a race of pigmy people who believe that every child is born with evil spirits within him or her. So the mother, every two or three months, lets the spirits escape through cuts which she inflicts on the body of the child. As a result all the men and women of the island have their entire bodies covered with scars.

The women of the islands wear the skulls of their dead husbands as loving souvenirs. When a man dies the little people blow on his face to say good-by, bury him, and then desert the camp in which they are living. After several months they come back, dig up the bones and wash them in the sea. Finally they hold a dance in honor of the dead man's skull, paying it with red ochre and white clay. And give it and the jawbones to the chief mourners, who wear them about their necks on fiber strings, like huge stones on a necklace.

Sense of Smell.

Experiments with men and women as to their sense of smell showed that camphor was usually associated with old clothes and cupboards, but with one subject it aroused a sense of fear and a sensation of darkness and suffocation. It was found that this subject had been shut up in a dark wardrobe as a child and had completely forgotten the incident until it was recalled by the smell. Rose oil occasioned a sense of fear in one subject, and this was due to the fact that he had met with a motor accident on a country road in July outside a house where roses were growing plentifully.

Heed the Warning If You Cough



Start Taking Father John's Medicine at Once

Coughs are danger signals. Don't neglect them. They won't get well unless you treat them rightly.

You must heal the lining of the breathing passages.

For this purpose Father John's Medicine has proven of special value.

Its soothing, healing elements relieve the irritation of the breathing passages.

Its strength giving elements are so prepared that they are easily taken up by a weakened system which is thus enabled to get rid of the trouble.

You can gain strength and health by taking Father John's Medicine to relieve your cough and build new flesh. Over 68 years in use.

COLLECTOR'S SALE OF NON-RESIDENT LANDS

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE Hillsborough SS.

Notice is hereby given that so much of the following real estate in the town of Antrim, in said county belonging to persons not resident in said town, as will pay the following taxes assessed upon each tract respectively for the year 1923 with incidental charges, will be sold at auction at Selectmen's Room, in said Antrim, on WEDNESDAY the 5th day of March next, at two o'clock in the afternoon unless prevented by previous payment.

Owner's Name Valuation Taxes

Austin & Nichols, Brown Lot \$ 50 \$1.48

Ferry, Mrs. G. C., House Lot 150 4.73

Carr, George M. Est., Land, Keene Road, 200 5.90

Wellington, Edwin J., Weston Pasture 228 a. 1600 23.60

Wellington, Erwin J., Orchard Pasture, 1400 20.25

Antrim, N. H., December 24, 1923.

WILLIAM C. HILLS, Collector.

COLLECTOR'S SALE OF NON-RESIDENT LANDS.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, Hillsborough SS.

Notice is hereby given that so much of the following real estate in the town of Bennington, in said county belonging to persons not resident in said town, as will pay the following taxes assessed upon each tract respectively for the year 1923 with incidental charges, will be sold at auction at Town Hall, in said Bennington, on SATURDAY, the first day of March next, at two o'clock in the afternoon unless prevented by previous payment.

Owner's Name Valuation Taxes

James A. Thompson, Whittemore Pasture 50 a \$250 \$4.80

MAURICE C. NEWTON, Collector of Taxes.

Keep Posted

All former residents of Antrim ask in letters home "What's the news?"

Keep In Touch

With your old home by reading the locals in this paper. Only \$2.00 for a year.—62 weekly visits

An Easy Way

To tell your absent friends the news is to subscribe for The Antrim Reporter and have the paper mailed to them regularly every week

Tell Us Items

About former town's people and we will gladly publish the facts.

ENGRAVED CARDS

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

REPORTER PRESS, Antrim, N. H.

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

Girls! Girls!! Clear Your Skin With Cuticura Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

KEMP'S BALSAM Don't cough! cough! cough!

Chopped From Aspnait. After chopping with axes for more than two hours, workmen succeeded in rescuing a man from a block of asphalt...

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN Aspirin Marked With "Bayer Cross" Has Been Proved Safe by Millions.

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin...

The Ideal Husband. "What qualifications have you that give you the idea you would make a good husband for my daughter?" asked the Old Man.

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment.

Youth. Youth drinks the Cup of Life With joyous haste. Age sips it with jealous care.

LOST BREATH, HEART FLUTTERED after least exertion Weak, Nervous Woman Obtains New Health WINCARNIS

MAGIC BOOKS Lovess Trap 10c, Egyptian Witch Dreambook 14c

Turn Your Old and... 28 Fun Cards 10c, 250 Tricks, 14c, 1000 Riddles 12c



Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN NEW YEAR'S DAY is the day when the prophets are wont to tell us all about what is going to take place during the coming year.

Suppose Uncle Sam had a Department of Prophecy at Washington or a United States Commission of Prophecy or something of the kind. And suppose it was the function of said department or commission on January 1 of each year accurately to forecast the events of the coming twelve months, at home and abroad.

Another American statesman—of the same political party—says in answer: I deny that America played an ignoble part before during or since the war. I assert the noblest page of history ever written is the story of America's part, before, during and since the war.

There is, of course, plenty and to spare of people who think they know all about this scrambled world and believe they are able to unscramble it. No less than 22,000 people applied for the \$100,000 offered by Edward W. Bok for the best "practicable plan by which the United States may cooperate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world."

Five years ago President Wilson read to a joint session of the houses of the American congress the terms of the armistice which had brought the World War to an end. He said, among other things:

Europe is completely mad," says Gerard, former ambassador to Germany, "with no difference except in degree between England, France and Germany." This inevitably suggests the story of the old Quaker who said to his wife: "All the world is queer except me and thee and sometimes I think thee is a little queer."

Mr. Gerard may be right; certainly no one can prove him wrong. But it only adds to the puzzlement of the puzzle. Boy, page Mr. Secretary

Prophet, Uncle Sam wants him on the phone on department business. Some of the smaller puzzles, while probably less important, are no less puzzling. Take, for example, the "war of women against women" in the United States.

Exactly. But does the womanhood of the nation want the equal rights amendment? In 1920 sixteen women's organizations of nation-wide membership formed the Women's Joint Congressional committee in order to decide upon measures to be presented to congress. Eleven of these organizations will oppose the equal rights amendment, believing it unwise to surrender the existing state laws favoring women because of their sex and preferring to work through state legislatures rather than through congress.

Catarrh Clinical tests have proved that Zonite is highly effective in cases of nasal catarrh when used in dilution as a nasal spray.

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Olive Tar Nothing better—Quick—Gratifying—Satisfying—a standby for over sixty years in thousands of homes.

CLEAR your COMPLEXION Remove all blemishes, discolorations. Have a smooth, soft skin—natural, beautiful.

DR. DANIELS' Animal Doctor BOOKS Horse, Cow, Dog, Cat and Poultry. They tell you how to care for sick or well—describe disease and how to treat ill and lameness.

Free! Latest RADIO Book of RADIO Look-ups containing 22 tested circuits for getting new thrill out of your present equipment.

Lucky Husband. She was a big, strong woman and the burglar she had tackled and captured bore unmistakable signs of punishment. "It was very plucky of you, madam," said the magistrate.

A Simple, Safe, Sure Remedy for all local aches and pains due to taking cold or over exertion is an Alcock's Plaster.—Adv.

Pat's Idea of Distance. The motorists had driven a weary road in Ireland, seeking the way to Lahinch. Presently they asked Pat, who was working at the roadside: "How far to Lahinch?"

Dangerous Gas Stomach gas is a danger sign of improper digestion. Do not neglect it. JACQUES CAPSULES

Break Up Gas Jacques' Capsules tone up the stomach and digestive tract. Restore proper digestion, carry off waste, relieve constipation and prevent the formation of gas which often has serious results.

Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

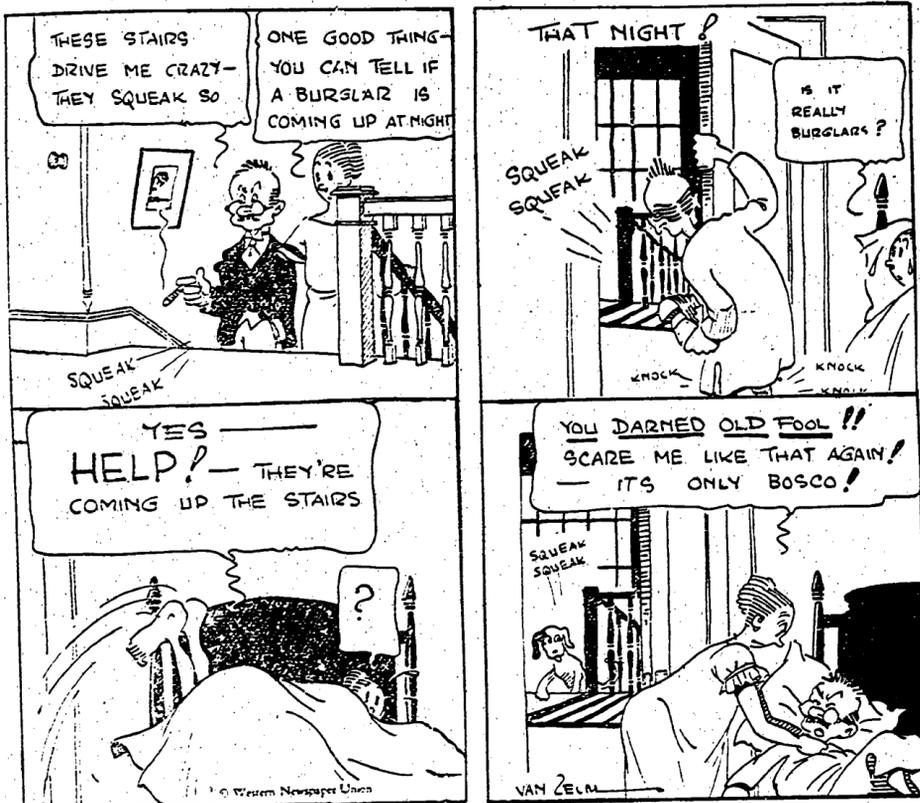
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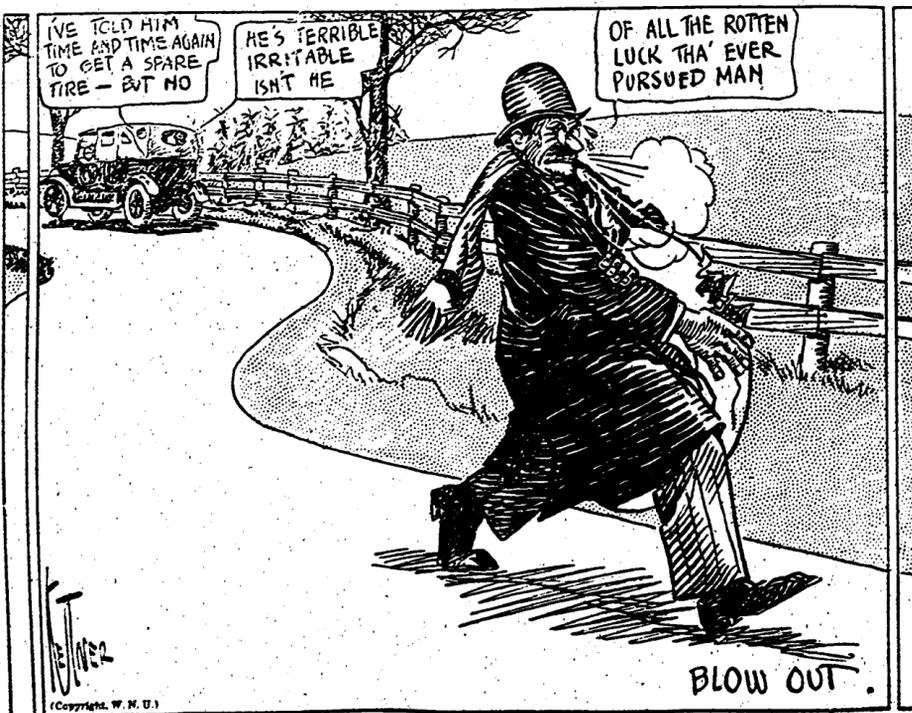
With a Tin Cup and Red Cap



How Did Felix Know



Along the Concrete



## Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

CHRISTMAS SNOW

"Come, get busy, my little darlings," said old King Snow to the little Snow children and the Snowflake grandchildren. "Christmas is coming along and we have been very lazy lately. "Dear me, dear me; why we have left the earth uncovered, and it is time the earth had a nap. Besides we must get dressed up in our best for Christmas, and we must dress up for the others." Just then some great birds wearing handsome blue feathers flew along and old King Snow said: "Ah, you see, everything is looking its best now as the Christmas season approaches, and we must do the same. "Come along, children; come along." So the Snowflake grandchildren and the Snow children and old King Snow began to decorate for Christmas time. First of all they made patches of snow as though to say: "This isn't really winter. This is only the beginning of it. We will start though in real earnest this time.



"Get Busy, My Little Darlings." We know that we've been playing about before, but we've gone off again. "We've been back and forth having fun."

All along a great long and very beautiful river King Snow and his family started in with their best Christmas touches. Mr. Freezing-Is-Fun came along to join the others. So did Sir Freeze-the-Ponds and the Icicle Girls. The Diamond-Snow Jewelers, who wore such very fine and dazzling gems, came along, too. "We'll have some beautiful gems for Christmas," they said, "and Mr. Sun will make the jewels look as never they did before. "People cannot buy our jewels. They're not for sale. If they should put money down beside one of the jewels in the snow it would make no difference. We never sell our jewels for they're for every one to gaze upon."

The waterfalls down rocks and mountains were being paid flying visits. The Icicle Girls whispered many lovely, chilly secrets to them. And they slid up and down the rocks, too, and had a game and a frolic before they went on to the next place. This they did wherever there were rocks and waterfalls. King Snow went between the brown trees and now instead of patching with snow he gave everything a brand new snow cover. "As it's Christmas time," he said, "everything should be new and beautiful whenever possible." So they all worked and played, and their work and play seemed the same to them. They enjoyed decorating so much. They went to the very tops of the hills and deep down into the valleys and they gave great snow covers and icicle ornaments to everything. Here and there in the ponds Sir Freeze-the-Ponds let the water come up between.

"The ice looks pretty broken up like this," he said, "and I think this is the way I'll decorate along here." He let some of the little sticks and shrubs show, too, above the ponds, while above, the firs and the pines looked down to admire his work. King Snow noticed a little old low house with a thatched roof. "How sweet that is," he said. And he went there and gave generously of snow all about, covering the bushes and making everything look just as Christmas as was possible. He also saw an old worn red brick house and beside it and around it was a great deal of brown grass to be seen. "I'll make the house and the parts around look lovely," said old King Snow, and he did, too. For the house and the ugly brown earth had before looked rather wretched and something like shivering people without coats on cold winter days. Ah yes, King Snow did his Christmas decorating in plenty of time and the result was very, very lovely. King Snow and his friends know how to decorate. There is no mistake about that!

Job Was No Doctor. "Dad, was Job a doctor?" "Not that I know of." "Then why do people have so much to say about the patients of Job?" Happy Days Gone By. Junior—Seniors are not what they used to be. Senior—What did they used to be? Junior—Juniors, of course.

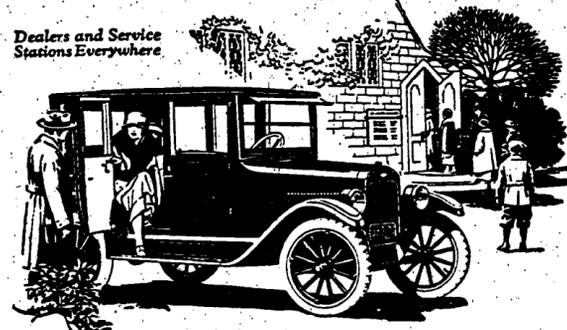
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Chevrolet now leads all high-grade cars in number sold. Our new low prices have been made possible through doubling our productive capacity. We are now operating twelve mammoth manufacturing and assembly plants throughout the United States in which thousands of skilled workmen are turning out 2500 Chevrolets per day. See Chevrolet First Notwithstanding our recent big reduction in prices the quality and equipment of our cars have been steadily increased, until today Chevrolet stands beyond comparison as the best dollar value of any car sold at any price and the most economical car to maintain.

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Superior Roadster	490	Commercial Cars	
Superior Touring	495	Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Utility Coupe	640	Superior Light Delivery	495
Superior Sedan	795	Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan



The chances are that Adam didn't get anything but the core of the apple, at that. Of all kinds of animals there is none except man that has knowledge of a god. The man with a grievance is a grievance to others. Life is half spent before one knows what life is.

## SAVING City Men's HEALTH

The City's continual rush! Clamorous meals gulped down in stuffy restaurants. Heavy night meals and heavier entertainment. Time for proper elimination of waste matter universally begrudged! How city men live would be a wonder except for the fact that for many of them Beecham's Pills keep their digestion vigorous, liver and bowels functioning regularly and completely. (See Booklet.)

12 Pills—10c 40 Pills—25c 90 Pills—50c  
At All Druggists

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

Happy Days Gone By. Junior—Seniors are not what they used to be. Senior—What did they used to be? Junior—Juniors, of course. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. Never judge a man's worth by the taxes he pays.

## Demand BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy—Genuine Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for Colds Headache Neuralgia Lumbago Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism. Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocrocinolide of Salicylic Acid.

Two pleasant ways to relieve a cough. Take your choice and suit your taste. S-B—or Menthol flavor. A sure relief for coughs, colds and hoarseness. Put one in your mouth at bedtime. Always keep a box on hand.

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**LIKE THE WORLD OF TODAY**

Ills of the Present-Day Civilization Existed in Babylon — Raids on Roadhouse Parties Were Common.

The ill of present-day civilization existed in Babylon. Raids on gay roadhouse parties were common. Wine selling was regulated and the enforcement was put squarely up to the vendor. One section of the penal code provided, "If a wine merchant has allowed riotous characters to assemble in her house, and those riotous characters (she) has not seized and driven to the palace that wine merchant shall be put to death."

A maid might sue for breach of promise, a landholder had to pay a heavier tax if he did not cultivate his allotment, guardians were provided for estates of widows and orphans. Formal contracts and deeds had to be attested by a notary and in swearing the person taking the oath raised his right hand. An official copy of the transaction, on a clay tablet, with the notary's attestation, was deposited in the temple—the courthouse of those days.

There was an excellent reason for paying one's rent promptly in Babylon, for creditors could seize one of the debtor's household for a hostage and hold him until a satisfactory settlement was made. Interest rates, referred to on clay tablets, were 20 per cent. Instead of a penalty of 10 per cent, as provided in modern notes, if legal steps must be taken to collect Babylonian notes provided for the doubling of the debt.

**ALL BOILERS DON'T EXPLODE**

Explosion When Steamer Sinks Is Due to Water Pouring into the Furnaces.

We often read, or hear, of her "boilers blowing up" when a steamer founders. Indulge yourself in a smile the next time the expression is used in your presence. The thing doesn't happen.

A boiler is less likely to burst when surrounded by water and thus receiving pressure from the outside than when exposed to the air and subjected to the full force of the internal pressure caused by the expansion of the steam.

What really occurs is that the furnaces are flooded when a steamship sinks, thus causing a sudden rush of steam—call it an explosion of steam—and what this may mean can best be realized by comparison with common or household grate when the kettle boils over. Imagine this on a gigantic scale, and a conception can be formed of the force exerted and the explosion resulting, although the boilers remain intact.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**His Depression Was Justified.**

He was a sentimental youth who had been suffering for some time with severe lovesickness. One morning, says Sunbeams, he turned up at the office, looking the picture of abject misery.

"What's the matter?" asked his employer.

"I can hardly tell you," the boy replied unsteadily. "I—I have at last proposed—and have been turned down."

"Tut-tut," replied his employer cheerfully. "It will turn out all right in the end. A woman's 'no' often means yes."

"Perhaps it does," was the sorrowful reply, "but this woman didn't say no; she just laughed."—Youth's Companion.

**Voting With Caps.**

The long-armed ungainly Cossacks are a peculiar people living their own lives in their own primitive manner, and adhering tenaciously to their horse breeding and trading and their ancient customs. The word Hetman is a title given to the commander in chief of the Cossacks, annually chosen from among their number. The process of selection offers a contrast to the accidental custom of figuratively throwing one's hat in the ring as a sign of willingness to accept the nomination to office. Among the Cossacks it was the custom while in assembly to throw their fur caps at the candidates for whom they voted, and the one receiving the greatest number was declared elected.

**Very Likely.**

"I met a bunch of children in the road," stated a motorist who had halted his car in front of the Lazenberry home. "They were carrying pieces of hooped rope, wire and the like, and declared they were going to lasso alligators."

"My children?" proudly replied Lop Lazenberry of Fiddle Creek. "Smartest bunch of little cusses in seven states!"

"But there are no alligators around here, are there?"

"Not as I ever heered of. But if there was they'd shore-p tu—lasso 'em!"

**Just the Other Way.**

A small boy was brought by his father to Washington and taken to visit congress.

He was much interested in the chaplain, who always opened the sessions with prayer. Both in the senate and the house he had observed this procedure.

Firmly he asked: "Papa, why does the minister come in every day, and pray for congress?"

"You've got it all wrong, son," replied his father. "The minister comes in every day, looks over congress, and then prays for the country."

**The Sawyer Pictures**

For Weddings Anniversaries For Birthdays Graduation Diaries For Year 1924 The Antrim Pharmacy C. A. Bates Antrim, New Hampshire

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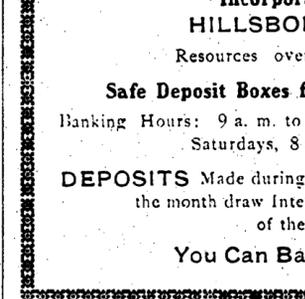
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**Pine Logs Wanted** Will buy in Carload Lots at Any Station on the Boston & Maine Railroad American Box & Lumber Co., NASHUA, N. H.

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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 Tuesday 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.

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**HER MISTAKE**

By JANE GORDON

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

MRS. TILDEN looked at her sister-in-law appraisingly. Polly sat near the window and the sunshine coming through the neat ruffled curtains touched her brown hair kindly. Polly's face was very sweet, with an eagerness to please, in her swift wistful smile. But Mrs. Tilden found, evidently, no satisfaction in her study.

"Of course, Polly," she said, "you must realize that in Stan Wentworth's coming there is a decided interest in yourself. We all know that years ago he was in love with you; what you quarreled over is a mystery to me. And when later word came that he had married there in the city, why, you failed and faded like a blighted flower. Mercy me!"

exclaimed Mrs. Tilden, "I am becoming poetic on the subject. But what I wish to impress upon you for your own good is this. Now that Stan is a widower, he's coming to see his old love. And he is in every way desirable. We need not discuss you and I; it would be a nice thing for you to be settled in a comfortable, luxurious home of your own."

"Between us," said Polly solemnly, "a great gulf is fixed. Oh, yes, I understand, Lucille. And I am to bridge that gulf. How?"

Mrs. Tilden never understood her sister-in-law in merry mood. "If I might suggest," she answered coldly, "I would wear a new and modish dress upon the night of Stan's call, and I'd let Coralie do my hair." Coralie was Mrs. Tilden's daughter.

"Modishly, too?" Polly wanted to know. "Certainly. That loose knotting of yours is antediluvian."

"And rouge a bit, Polly went on, 'to cover the devastation of years.'" "You are ungrateful of my interest," Mrs. Tilden was decidedly offended. Polly went to her, softly placating. "Dear," she said, "don't you understand? If I must coax Stan's love back I do not want it; and if he is so changed, exacting, why, he would not be the same Stan to me."

"You admit then," Mrs. Tilden spoke excitedly, "you practically admit Polly, that you have loved him all along—do love him still?"

Polly's wistful smile answered. Her sister-in-law grasped the advantage. "You will let me send over Coralie's new crepe," she coaxed; "you know her dresses fit you; such a dainty figure you have, my dear. Coralie will love to have you wear it. She is proud of her aunt."

Polly sighed resignedly; her relative's kindly interest touched her lonely heart. "Any way," she was telling herself, "it mattered not what she might wear. Stan must long ago have forgotten—forgotten all the old home pleasures of their past, in the little village. Don't omit the rouge, Lucille," she added good naturedly.

Coralie, however, saw to it that a touch of rouge was not omitted. Coralie was having a joyous time in what she gayly termed "The rejuvenation of Sweet Pauline."

Mrs. Tilden sat decorously in the background on the eventual occasion of Stanford Wentworth's call. It seemed in accord with convention, she thought, that her sister-in-law should not be alone in receiving him. Stan, she decided, had improved in the years of separation. Broader, he was, and irreproachably dressed. The gray at his temples made him more distinguished in appearance. Coralie herself might look little younger, for all the years of division.

Polly evidently had followed the cue of her very modern attire, and was discussing current events fluently. Mrs. Tilden was astonished to find her home-clinging sister-in-law so conversant with the names and ways of certain screen favorites. Stan Wentworth remained, for the most part, silent, his roving gaze following slowly the quaint appointments of the comfortable, old-fashioned room. At length he arose abruptly.

"I thank you for a delightful evening," he said, and left them. Polly's voice broke as she turned to her sister-in-law. "I will do up Coralie's snery for you to take home." She laughed ruefully. "The masquerade had not its hoped-for effect." "Still," she reasoned in the light of morning, "he did come back; he remembered. That's something to think of happily."

Polly put on her blue dress with its boyish white collar and white cuffs turned back from her rounded arms. Her brown hair coiled loosely so that an escaping wave brushed the cheek devoid of rouge; the heat of the cook stove, as Polly rolled and baked her cookies, brought to that wholesome cheek a deeper pink. Polly sang; this had long been her habit while at work. The kitchen doorway framed suddenly a tall figure. Stan stood there, eagerness in the smile that she remembered so well.

**ABOUT HUSBANDS**

By R. EVA ARONSON

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

ALMA looked up from her dance program to frown at her husband. In appearance he was far from the standard of manly beauty set by Adonis: His shortness, his squareness, his plain, freckled face, were a source of inner dissatisfaction to Alma.

"You might have had those trousers pressed," she complained. "You disgrace me!"

He looked mildly surprised. "Why, what is the matter with me?" he asked, innocently. "It was impossible to explain to him. She nodded toward Archibald A. Donis, who was crossing the floor to claim his dance with her.

"Look at him," she said, "and perhaps you'll know."

John glanced at the tall, handsome man bowing over his wife's hand, and then looked down at himself. His lips twitched sensitively. But all he said was, "I am sorry," and retired to a corner.

Alma, fox-trotting with Archibald, looked up at him admiringly. Any woman would be proud to introduce him as her husband. In addition to his superior height and artistic profile, he possessed a sunny smile, and agreeable manners. It was impossible not to like him.

"Is that my wife, entertaining your husband?" asked Donis, presently. "Yes. John is being saved from boredom. He hates social affairs."

"That must be rather hard on such a young, pretty girl as you," he murmured in her ear. Alma blushed and glowed under his admiring eyes.

Before the evening was half over she discovered that she and Archie had much in common. And she was frankly envious of the tall, statuesque, blond woman who was still sitting beside John, conversing with him in an animated manner.

"I guess she's pitying me," thought Alma, "and wondering how I ever came to marry John."

Toward the end of the evening John went home. Alma was secretly glad of it.

"My wife and I shall be pleased to take you home in our car," Archie said, looking deeply into her eyes.

"He's the kind of a man I should have married," reflected Alma, as she ran into the dressing room to get her wraps.

On her way back she passed the half-open door of a little sitting room which led out of the ballroom, and paused at the sound of voices raised in altercation.

"Look here, Arch"—surely that was Mrs. Donis talking—"I won't have you making a fool of that little woman. You know, as a rule, I shut my eyes to your little indiscretions, but when it comes to deliberately—"

"Now, don't get on your high horse, Jean. The kid's snidled herself with an old stick-in-the-mud who's got a face only a mother could love"—it was clearly Archie's voice.

**TURBOT IS ALWAYS THERE**

Permanent Fixture Found in the Menu of an English Dining Car.

One of the first truths to be learned from the study of esthetics is that the nature of the material, the existing cause, of pleasure goes for very little in the composition of that pleasure. It is what we bring, not what we receive, which makes us glad or sorry. An instance of this great philosophical truth is within easy reach of every traveler.

No one, not even the master-carriers of the great railway companies, whose new names are still as strange to us, would lay hand on heart and swear that in respect to quality the meals served in the luncheon cars of our long-distance trains were choice food. Considering the difficulties, they are surprisingly dished, and deftly served by the obliging waiters.

But there is nearly always turbot, or cod-fishes that, when they take the train or stay in a hotel, become as uninteresting, as reserved, as flatly respectable as English travelers themselves. The choice between roast joint hot and pressed beef or ham cod seems no choice at all, but a double compulsion, as of pistols or swords to a timid duelist. And the meal, unlike all other meals, be it luncheon or be it dinner, strikes one as drawing slowly crescendo to a climax of sweetish biscuits and gorgonzola cheese. Why is there nearly always gorgonzola cheese in the train, and why does one always eat and enjoy it there, and rarely anywhere else?—London Times.

**FIN CHARGED WITH VENOM**

Sting Bull Fish Found in the Mediterranean Sea Carries Poisoned Daggers.

The weever, or sting bull, as it is sometimes called, is a fish native of the Mediterranean. The word weever is a derivation of the French *Le Vive*, and was in all probability conferred upon it in recognition of its tenacious hold on life after being removed from the water. Like all deep sea fish it takes a long time to die.

Its means of defense and offense are carried in a five-pointed fin heavily charged with venom, situated immediately behind the head. On each gill plate it carries a poisoned dagger half an inch long, which it is able to send out at right angles to the body. A sting from these fins is most painful, and the flesh surrounding the puncture at once assumes a dark purple color, while the limb swells to an alarming extent. Its food consists of the young fry of other fish, and it only feeds when the sun is shining. In dull weather it burrows into the sand, completely covering the body, with the exception of the five-pointed fin on the back.

It is delicious eating. But of course, care is required to see that the head has been taken off properly. In Spain there is a heavy penalty for exposing the fish for sale without removing any spine likely to give a bad wound.—Detroit News.

**Valuable Dog.**

"Expect they had some fine pups at the dog show," remarked Johnson, "but I have a dog at home I wouldn't exchange for the best of 'em."

"What breed is he?"

"Don't know exactly, but I call him a coaly."

"Coilie, you mean?"

"No, I mean just what I say—coaly. Money wouldn't buy that dog. You see, several years ago I trained him to bark at the railway trains as they passed our house. That's his business—barking at trains. He annoys the railway men so much that every stoker on the line has sworn to kill him. Oh, but he is a valuable dog!"

"I can't see where the value comes in."

"No? Well, you could if you were in my place and had all the coal you could burn and some to sell thrown off at your back door free of cost."

**Britain's First Church.**

According to tradition, Joseph of Arimathea reached the shores of Britain in the year of the Christian era 61, settled at Glastonbury with eleven companions, and built the first church. Its length was 80 feet and its breadth 28 feet. The walls were made of twigs and branches twisted together after the ancient custom. Professor Willis, in his "Architectural History of Glastonbury Abbey," records that "on the spot where the present church stands there existed a structure of twisted rods, or bundles, which was believed to have been built as a Christian oratory, and reported to be the earliest church in Britain. It bore the name of 'Vestus Ecclesia,' the 'Old Church,' and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary."

**Scotch and English.**

Four separate wrecks had cast up four men on a lonely island of the South seas. There were two Scotchmen and two Englishmen. After several years a passing steamer hove to and took the four men aboard. Sandy and Donald found their way to the skipper's cabin and in telling their experiences Sandy said: "It would grieve you, mon, to see the Englishmen. Never a word did they speak all the time they were there; they were not introduced." "And how did ye lads muck out?" inquired the skipper. "Aye, mon, the dea I found Donald on the beach we organized a Caledonian society, a golf club and a Presbyterian church."—Copper's Weekly.