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The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XLII NO. 3 ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1924 5 CENTS A COPY

THE GOODNOW-DERBY COMP'Y

Few Gift Suggestions!

For the Men

Neckties, 65¢ to $1.00
Hosiery, 25¢ to $1.00
Shirts, Dress and Flannel
Underwear
Caps
Hats
Trousers
Sweaters
Leather Blouses
Cloth Blouses
Sport Coats, Beach Jackets
Sheep Lined Coats, $15.00 to $25.00
Fancy Armbands, Garters and Suspenders
Handkerchiefs and Scarfs
Pajamas and Night Shirts
Ash Trays
Lunch Kits
Thermos Bottles, Pint size with 3 cups $1.98
Pocket Books and Purses
Safety Razors
Cigars in boxes
Tools

For the Ladies

Handkerchiefs, Great Variety
Fiber Silk Undervests 89¢
Fiber Silk Undershirts $2.50
Hosiery, Cotton, Silk and Wool
Embroidery
Cloth for dresses, Many Grades
Blankets, Spreads, Sheets
Bobbed Hair Combs
Beads 85¢ to $1.50
Dishes, Many Kinds of Cockery and Glass
Towel Sets
Compacts
Toilet Soaps
Candle Sticks
Bloomers
Fancy Garters
Leather Blouses
Toilet Powders
Bags
Night Robes
Photo Albums
Fancy Belts
Pins
Gloves
Stationery

For the Children

Gloves and Mittens Skiis Pins Knives
Knit Caps Stationery Sleds
Cap and Scarf Sets Toilet Articles
Carriage Robes Sport Hose Bob Combs

The Place Where They Deliver The Goods!

THE GOODNOW-DERBY COMP'Y

Odd Fellows Block

A Man's Best Recommendation is His Work

W. F. CLARK

ANTRIM, ... New Hampshire

PLUMBING, HEATING AND SUPPLIES!

OUR LINE OF

Kitchen Ranges and Parlor Stoves
Reed's Self-basting Roasters
Bath Room Fixtures,
Pyrex and Aluminum Ware

MAKE EXTRA GOOD

Christmas Gifts

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

What Christmas Means

Christmas is the season when all Christendom celebrates the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. The coming of Christ in human flesh shows us God. It opened to man the heart of God, and declared how much God cared for poor sinful man. The coming of Christ also taught us the possibilities of human life, for no one knew to what degree of excellency it could attain until demostrated by our Lord. From the birth of Jesus we learn that Eternal Love did not send but came to mankind. His birth was so important that it required a vast number of angels for its proper announcement. It was an event in which all heaven was interested. So Christmas sets before us, with marvelous beauty, a glimpse of the thoughts of the skies.

Rev. William Thompson

VETERAN'S NIGHT

To be Duly Observed by the Local I. O. O. F. Lodge

The committee having in charge the observance of Veteran's Night of Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I. O. O. F., have decided that the date shall be Tuesday evening, December 30. Other arrangements as made at this time and given out are that a supper will be served at about seven o'clock in the dining hall and this will be followed by a program in Odd Fellows hall, the details of which have not fully been arranged at this time. However, it is safe to say that enough will be doing to fill up a good evening's entertainment, so that all brothers who attend will enjoy the occasion.

As we understand it at this time it is an evening for Odd Fellows only and to take fitting notice of all members of the local Lodge who have been members of the order at least twenty-five years. There may be some among us that have membership elsewhere and are in this class; they are invited for this occasion as we are informed.

Veteran Odd Fellows become such after they have been members of the order twenty-five years, and those who have been longer connected with the order are veterans just the same. Some sixty of Waverley Lodge's membership are in this class and every Odd Fellow is expected and invited to be present on this occasion and assist in making it as pleasant a one as it possibly can be.

Other detailed information may be ours to give out next week, and if such is the case the Reporter will be pleased to carry the message to its readers.

Lyceum Course Number 4

The Kenmore Girls

These are three clever, charming American girls, whose chief ambition is to scatter a little sunshine, and make you forget your troubles for an hour and a half. There will be no "sameness" in their program. Readings, songs, instrumental solos, comedy sketches, costume specialties, in all ten distinct types. You will have difficulty to say which of the girls brings the greatest joy to the audience, as each is a real artist, and contributes an equal share to the success of the entertainment. Remember Friday evening, at eight o'clock, in the town hall, you will be introduced to the charming young ladies.

Taxes do not soak into the skin of the taxpayer and stay there; they are spread, butterlike, on the bread we poorer people eat. If anyone, no matter how poor, is innocent enough to think he escapes paying his full share of every tax levied, he certainly has an her think coming.—The Detroit Edison Synchroscope.

A FEW THOUGHTS

Suggested By What Is Happening Around

Pretty early for blizzards but we were given a taste of one on Sunday evening.

Examinations will be held certificates at the office of the State Board of Education, Concord, Friday and Saturday, January 2 and 3. For full information apply to State Board of Education, Concord.

Dr. Charles Mayo, the famous Rochester surgeon, says that the new immigration restrictive law will bring better health and decreased insanity for United States. Insanity has doubled in our country in 30 years, traceable to defective immigrants.

Among the special Christmas editions that have come to our desk are The Hillsboro Messenger, The Winchenlon (Mass.) Courier, The Monadnock Breeze. These weeklies in their holiday covers are brimful of Christmas suggestions that will surely entice the buyer, and the attractiveness of the announcements is unusually good.

Recently the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was advised by the United States District Attorney that an employe had received $3,000 for showing favoritism in the Special Wire Service Department. The matter was investigated, the charge found to be correct, and although the money was returned by the employe, he was immediately discharged by the company. This is modern public utility service—one price to all and special privilege to none. Any other system would disrupt and ruin a great public service organization just as it would eventually ruin the best system of government in the world.

The 51st State convention of the New Hampshire State Grange held at Nashua last week attracted a large number of delegates from all parts of the State. Among the features of the convention were the passing of a resolution opposing the child labor amendment and a resolution urging the establishing of State police. The opposing of the child labor amendment practically means the death of the measure in this State, as the views of the State Grange are usually accepted by the Legislative body. The State police measure was backed up by the president of the State Senate, Wesley Adams, and the resolutions urged better protection for farmers and small villages.

Settled Out of Court

The counter suits brought against each other by Mrs. Lois Day and Chas. W. Durgin, both of Bennington, were settled Tuesday without trial, after a conference between the counsel of the opposing parties and Justice Doe.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

Where Candies of Quality are Sold

Antrim's Most Complete Christmas Store IS READY TO HELP YOU SAY MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Make this your Christmas Store, with assurance that whether you spend much or little for a gift, it will be of a quality that will be a pleasure to give as well as to receive, and a value that will satisfy your personal sense of thrift.

Some of Our Christmas Offerings

Ladies' Pocket Books, Men's Pocket Books, Organdie Tea Aprons, Ladies' and Men's Handkerchiefs, Vanity Cases, Pearl Necklaces, Electric Flat Irons, Electric Toasters, Metal Hot Water Bottles, Rubber Hot Water Bottles, Thermos Bottles, Lunch Boxes with Thermos Bottles, Electric Curling Irons, Toilet Sets, Toilet Waters, Perfume, Shaving Sets, Mirrows and Brushes, Desk Clocks, Alarm Clocks, Watches, Eastman Cameras, Photo Albums, Flashlights, Harmonicas, Razors and Safty Razors, Fountain Pens, Gold and Silver Pencils, Genuine Cut Glass Vases, Relish Dishes, Bon Bon Jars, Cream Sets, Sewing Boxes and Baskets, Playing Cards, Pocket Knives, Tobacco Jars, Pipe Sets, Pipes in Single Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar Cases, Cigarette Cases, Tobaccos in ½ lb. and 1 lb. Tins and Jars, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, Cigarettes in Cartons all brands at cut prices, Cigars all brands in boxes of 10, 25, 50 and 100 in fact a full and complete line of smoker's articles, Traveling Writing Cases, Shopping Baskets.

Toys, Games, and Dolls

Of All Descriptions, too numerous to mention, in fact the Largest and Most Complete stock of Toys we have ever carried. Come in and look around.

Jewelry Watch Chains, Cuff Links, Stick Pins, Odd Fellows Buttons, Breast Pins, Fancy Pin Cushions, Pennants and Chains, Tie Clasps, Bar Pins, Ear Drops, Bracelets, Fancy Beads, Pearl Beads, Baby Pins, Lavelliers, Lingerie Clasps, Broches.

Chocolates Page & Shaw and Appollo Chocolates, in ½ lb., 1 lb., and 2 lb. Fancy Boxes.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

W. E. BUTCHER, Prop., Antrim, N. H.

Typewriter Paper

We still carry a stock of Bond Typewriter Paper, cut 8½x11 inches at prices varying with quality. Extra by parcel post.

This we will cut in halves, if you desire, giving you sheets 5½x8½ in.

We also have a stock of Light Yellow Typewriter Sheets, 8½x11, especially for Carbon Copy sheets. **75¢** for **500** sheets, 12¢ extra by parcel post. Pen can be used on this very well.

REPORTER OFFICE, ANTRIM, N. H.

Eliot Savings Bank

165 Dudley Street
BOSTON, - - Mass.

Incorporated 1864

Where Savings Are Safe. Resources $12,350,000

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANKS are institutions created for the purpose of encouraging thrift and the habit of saving on the part of the people.

IN MASSACHUSETTS these Banks have no capital stock and consequently no stockholders to absorb profits.

All the earnings belong to and are held for the benefit and protection of depositors.

The ELLIOT SAVINGS BANK has been for sixty years such an institution.

Why not give it the benefit of your patronage?

Information as to opening an account will be sent on request.

Deposits are put on interest monthly.

4½% Dividends paid for the past seven years, 4½%

THE CLOWN'S CHRISTMAS

By Mary Graham Bonner

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

FOR YEARS he had been funny. For years he had painted his face, worn funny clothes and had made jokes.

He had traveled first of all in this country with a road circus. Then, when the road circus was going out of business, more or less, he joined a road circus abroad.

And now he was very old.

But every afternoon and every night for ten months of the year he made jokes. He was in a small circus, too, so sometimes he had to take other parts.

The performing fox terriers acted with him. They were his pets. And how he loved them. How could some people be unkind to their pets?

Not the old clown.

There was the donkey, too. When he paid too much attention to the dogs the donkey came along and gave him a push to tell him that the donkey, too, wanted some attention.

And now he had planned to have a holiday. A long holiday. He would take a little place and with his donkey and his fox terriers they would rest after their work.

They would not join the circus another year. They were all old.

How tired he had become after some of the performances that year. He had washed his face in the basin

of cold water outside his wagon and had not even bothered to get off all the makeup.

The water was cold. It was hard to heat water after the performance was over, and only a little of the paint came off—only a little cold-looking pink water was at the bottom of the basin.

But the dogs didn't mind. They slept on the end or by the side of his cot in his wagon. They jumped in after him each evening, and they each kissed him good night. They didn't mind paint. They were used to it.

Oh, yes, he would take a long, long holiday. He would rest on the little he had managed to save. It would be enough for him and his pets.

But as the days passed along he seemed to feel rested and the pets seemed to have new vigor and strength. It was splendid to feel rested again. A family had invited him to Christmas dinner—and he had accepted and he had asked, too, if he could come with his donkey and bring his dogs along. They, he said, would help put on a little show for the children.

It was all agreed.

But when Christmas afternoon came and the Christmas dinner was over, and the old clown was beginning his show for the children, he knew then that he could never take more than a few months' holiday from being a clown.

The laughter and the delight and the shrieks and the cries of joy from the children were things the old clown could not get along without.

This Christmas had shown him that!

Naughty Papa

"Mother, does Santa Claus love my nursemaid, too?"

"I guess so, Thomas. Why?"

"Well last Christmas I saw Santa holding her on his lap."

RIBBONS ON WREATHS

THE wreaths hung in the windows, and attached to each wreath was a splendid ribbon bow.

For was it not Christmas time? And should not every Christmas wreath be dressed in its best for the holiday season?—Mary Graham Bonner.

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Trying to Get Station S-A-N-T-A

Her Christmas Wedding

By Emily Burks Adams

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

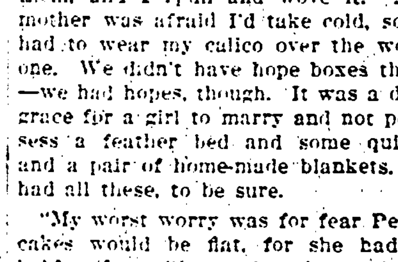
GRANDMOTHER, tell us a real Christmas story—one you really experienced. Tell us the very best Christmas you ever had—"

Julia and Juanita, grandmother's adored granddaughters, settled themselves, for, to them, no one could tell stories equal to grandma.

"All right, girls, that won't be hard. The very best Christmas I ever had was my wedding day. I was married on Christmas day and the most precious gift I ever received was your grandfather.

"Well, it was like this: Our Christmases and weddings were very different from now. My wedding dress was a pretty calico, the first I ever had, and cost one dollar a yard. Up to this time I had worn woolsey, we called them, and I spun and wove it. My mother was afraid I'd take cold, so I had to wear my calico over the wool one. We didn't have hope boxes then—we had hopes, though. It was a disgrace for a girl to marry and not possess a feather bed and some quilts and a pair of home-made blankets. I had all these, to be sure.

"My worst worry was for fear Peg's cakes would be flat, for she had a habit of spoiling cakes by making them too rich, when she wanted them especially good. I, too, wanted the plum pudding just so, and the turkeys



[illegible]—in case we got any—for my father had to go to the woods and kill wild turkey."

"Oh, grandma, how thrilling! Did you get a turkey?"

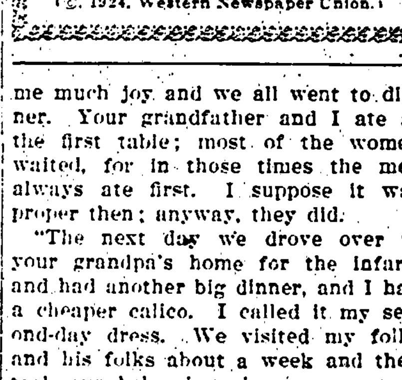
"Yes, your grandfather came in with six. Peg cooked four, for we were expecting all the kinsfolks from both sides of the house. This was the day before, and our kinfolks began coming that evening, for some lived ten miles and it was too far for the oxen to make the trip in time next morning. Oh, yes, we drove oxen—and I much prefer them to these human-killing automobiles of today."

Both Julia and Juanita laughed. "Oh, do go on, grandma!"

"Well, we were to be married at high noon Christmas day, so by ten o'clock Christmas Eve our feather beds were full. We didn't try to put more than six in one bed—three at the head and three at the foot—beds were made all over the house and we slept as soundly as you on your fine [illegible] of today, and nothing disturbed us only an occasional snore, and that wasn't half as bothersome as the sputtering of these flying machines.

"Well, the next day dawned fair, and I think everybody said 'Happy is the bride the sun shines on.' Peg assured me the cakes were fine and turkeys tender. The great, long table was 'set' and we were married under a bough of mistletoe—and your grandfather [illegible] me for the first time. I'm [illegible] girl of today can say that. Everybody shook my hand and wished me much joy and we all went to dinner. Your grandfather and I ate at the first table; most of the women waited, for in those times the men always ate first. I suppose it was proper then; anyway, they did.

"The next day we drove over to your grandpa's home for the infare, and had another big dinner, and I had a cheaper calico. I called it my second-day dress. We visited my folks and his folks about a week and then took our belongings in an ox-cart to



our home, four miles away—a one-room log house built by grandpa. Your mother was born there.

"That was a great Christmas, and we were happier in one room than those in mansions today.

"Oh, that was a great day! Yes, it was truly Christ's day and Christ's way. The same Savior reigned then as now, and he has the same message—'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also.'

"Good night, girls, grandma must retire. Tomorrow is Christmas day, but sixty-seven years ago I received a gift better than any I'll get tomorrow. I'll be with father before another Christmas rolls around and there'll be another great Christmas and the same Christ will reign. Good night, dears."

A REAL SANTA CLAUS

SINCE we must have our Christmas trees the chief problem is how they are to be obtained. The cutting, shipping and selling of Christmas trees has developed into an established business, extending over the entire country. One large shipper of New England has been in the business forty years and in that time has sold many thousand carloads of trees. Some of these have been shipped as far south as Texas and as far west as Chicago. This pioneer in the industry is now eighty-two years of age, but he is still active, and curiously enough he is a real Santa Claus in appearance.—Frank Herbert Sweet.

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

A Christmas Prayer

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG
in Life and Light

SWEET Child of Peace, across the ancient strife
Bringing glad melody of angel psalm,
Our hearts are restless with the care of life—
O, bring to us Thy calm!

Dear Lord of Love, the world is waiting still
The high achievement of Thy gracious plan:
O, grant us Thine all-conquering good will,
Thy loving faith in man!

Master of Death, Thy greatest gift is yet—
To know Thy sacrifice, to share Thy loss,
Lest in the mirth of Christmas we forget
The glory of the Cross.

Little for Rest of Year

The trouble with such a lavish distribution of Christmas spirit is that a number have little left for the rest of the year.

A Christmas Greeting

By W. E. GILROY
in The Congregationalist

THERE'S not a memory of home, or friend,
Be they so far remote, however lowly;
No place where new affections richly blend
That does not grow more beautiful, more holy,
At Christmas.

There is no laughter of a little child,
No fiery passion of Youth's rosy morning,
No treasure-house of Age, benign and mild,
That is not sweeter for the Christ's adorning
At Christmas.

There is no depth of love, no pang of sorrow,
No mighty moving in the human heart,
No comfort for today, hope for tomorrow,
In which the Christ has not a larger part
At Christmas.

So, as we send our greeting of affection,
We share the memory of Him who came;
In fellowship, in happy recollection,
Each fervent wish is hallowed in His name
At Christmas.

For Mother's Christmas

By ETHEL COOK ELIOT

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

GOING home for Christmas?"

"Yes. All of us always go. Great fun seeing each other again and exchanging news! We go back to the farm."

"Yours must be quite a family now, with all the children. But I suppose your mother gets in extra help, and you all help, too."

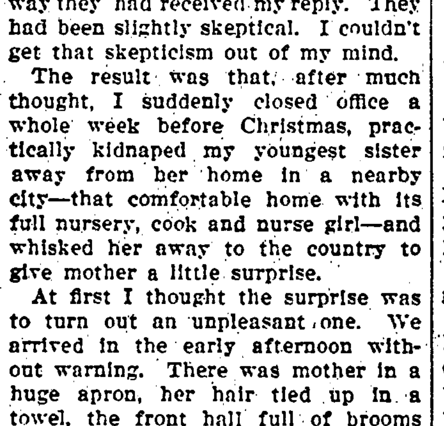
It was not impertinent, because it was my best friend speaking. She is just frank and sincere. She had dropped into my office after hours, not to buy insurance from me (yes, I am a female insurance agent and not a failure at it either!) but to say "goodby" before herself leaving the city for the holidays.

"No, there's no extra help to be gotten these days in the country any more than here. Not any that's worth while. So mother does it all herself. But she likes it. Christmas only comes once a year."

We said no more about that, but after my friend had gone I remembered her clear, frank eyes and the way they had received my reply. They had been slightly skeptical. I couldn't get that skepticism out of my mind.

The result was that, after much thought, I suddenly closed office a whole week before Christmas, practically kidnaped my youngest sister away from her home in a nearby city—that comfortable home with its full nursery, cook and nurse girl—and whisked her away to the country to give mother a little surprise.

At first I thought the surprise was to turn out an unpleasant one. We arrived in the early afternoon without warning. There was mother in a huge apron, her hair tied up in a towel, the front hall full of brooms and mops, housecleaning. She could not conceal her chagrin from us, we had so suddenly appeared. It certainly was different from our customary homecoming. Then, she met us at the



We Arrived in the Early Afternoon Without Warning.

front door, her arm linked in father's, dressed in her best silk, her white hair freshly curled, behind them the house shining in spotlessness. And then the pantry filled with pies, cakes, roast ham with its cloves, and mother's wonderful jelly tarts! Such an inviting, homelike, hospitable house! Such a sparklingly clean pantry full of good things!

How different today, six days before we were expected! Father had banished himself to the barn, and we found him disconsolately smoking by old Jim's stall. The house was chaos. All the rugs seemed to be up and the furniture out of place. Mother was cleaning!

"Oh, dear!" she greeted us. "I didn't expect you till Christmas Eve! Nothing's ready! I've just this hour started to fix for you."

We put down our suitcases in wonderment at this unheard-of welcome from mother, our mother!

"That's just it, mother, dear," I said. "We didn't want you to do all this 'fixing' alone. We've come to fix for ourselves, and the horde that follows on Christmas Eve."

Well, at first mother simply wouldn't hear of it. We were to be company and just wait till she got the rooms we were to occupy aired and made up. Since we were all there, well we must stay. But we shouldn't drudge. She guessed we worked hard enough, each at our own particular kind of work, all the year, not to have to work when we came home.

We wouldn't listen. We had come for one thing. We laughingly overbore her in all her objections.

More than that, we called father in from the barn and got him to bundle mother up and take her off for a sleigh ride. "A sleigh ride! Who ever heard of a sleigh ride and all the parlor furniture in the hall waiting for the parlor to be cleaned!" Well, mother heard of a sleigh ride, and under just those conditions now. She heard of it from her two strong-minded daughters, her youngest and her oldest. Father caught our spirit at once and bustled her away. How merrily the bells jingled as they whirled away through the snow!

Now for it! Marge and I tucked up our skirts, draped ourselves in big aprons and wound towels about our heads, and fell to. It was hard work, but what a lark we made of it. And we had a good supper waiting for mother and father when they got back.

And every day that week we did the same. Father whisked mother off in the sleigh to visit old friends in nearby towns, or just for the ride. And while they were gone we—hustled.

By Christmas Eve the house was as shining and tidy as it would have been had mother been left to herself with it. And Marge had proved herself a marvelous cook, too. There were pies and cakes, and even tarts, and the ham with cloves. The turkey was dressed, too, and the stuffing made. And mother had not so much as put her nose into the pantry door.

Then the family arrived. Three daughters, with their three husbands and several children apiece, and two brothers with their wives and offspring. And mother and father met them at the door, mother's arm

Father Whisked Mother Off in the Sleigh to Visit Friends.

tucked in father's, her hair freshly curled, her black silk rustling.

"My," cried Brother-in-law Jim, Nell's husband, "but you've lost ten years, mother! Such bright eyes and pink cheeks I've never seen."

Marge and I, in the darker background, nudged each other and giggled.

All the others cried the same thing. It was true enough, too. This was a different mother from the rather weary old woman we were accustomed to meeting at holidays here in the open door.

Father spoke up: "You're dead right, children," he said. "Your mother looks like this all the year except at holiday time. Then she just slaves getting ready for you and sort of gets worn out. This year was different. This year she went honeymooning with me instead."

Marge and I came forth from hiding. "Yes, and hereafter is always to be different," we promised.

And how it paid! We'd gotten into the way of thinking mother was an old woman. Now we saw her as her neighbors and father saw her—hearty, bright-eyed, carefree.

"My, it seems good to be eating other's cooking," escaped her that night, over Marge's apple tarts. "But you are naughty children just the same. Marge and you shouldn't boss me so! Right in my own house, too!" The reproach in her eyes, though mild indeed, was for an instant real. Marge caught it, and quicker than I, got up and ran around to mother at her place. There she leaned above her and gave her one of her old, impulsive, childish hugs. "Yes, mother dear, it's your own house. But you're our own mother. So 'twas fair!"

And everybody agreed that Marge had justified our highhandedness. However that may be, from Christmas to Christmas mother seems to be growing younger.

Well, another Christmas is here, and this insurance agent must get out her aprons. The other girls have offered to take their turns, of course, but I am too selfish to let them. I look forward to the annual cleaning spree with my jolly little sister, Marge, as to a jollification. And the best part of it all is the sound of those jingling sleighbells as mother and father go whisking out of the yard.

Heigh ho! Merry Christmas!

THOSE CHRISTMAS CAROLS

By MARION R. REAGAN

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

BERYL SANDS stood outside the dingy little restaurant, looking in at the heavily steamed windows with the absent, vacant stare of one whose mind is preoccupied with melancholy thoughts. People walking along the sidewalks crunched the fresh, dry snow under their heels. Most of them were talking and laughing with the light ease of those who feel at rights with the world. But their gay chatter only made Beryl more and more conscious of her loneliness. There was not a soul in this whole city she could call her friend, not one. And as for a lover—Beryl winced. Twenty-eight and never a lover! Think of spending all of one's life alone. "Old Maid Sands" it would be. Oh, how terrible life was; how unutterably hard on girls like her. Of course there had been Jack Boulton. He had always rather liked her; taken her home from church parties and so on in the old days when they lived in Allantown. He might have fallen in love with her if she had encouraged him. He was the only man who

had ever understood her at all. Wonder where he was now?

With slow, listless steps, Beryl entered the little restaurant. She chose the cleanest looking table in the room. A man was already seated there. She sat down opposite him and began to read the menu card.

"Beryl, by George, if it isn't!"

She looked up quickly and recognized with amazement the large, astonished blue eyes.

"Jack Boulton! Why, Jack, what on earth are you doing here?"

He laughed that half-amused, half-cynical laugh she knew so well.

"I'm down on luck, Beryl—broke. I came up here to Chicago three years ago to put across a deal but things didn't go so well, and I've been a little on the rough ever since."

Beryl was sympathetic. "I know, Jack, I think we're pretty much in the same boat. I haven't quite won fame and fortune here myself." They both laughed.

Jack looked at her a long time. She dropped her eyes under his steady gaze.

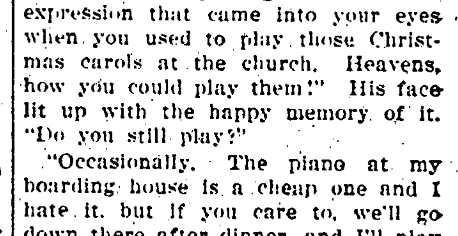
"You know, Beryl, I like that sad look in your eyes. I don't like to think that you've been sad, of course; but the look—it's appealing. It's the same expression that came into your eyes when you used to play those Christmas carols at the church. Heavens, how you could play them!" His face lit up with the happy memory of it. "Do you still play?"

"Occasionally. The piano at my boarding house is a cheap one and I hate it, but if you care to, we'll go down there after dinner, and I'll play you all those old Christmas songs. You have no other engagement?"

"None," he said promptly, "And if I did, I'd cancel it."

* * * * * * * *

When Beryl had finished, she rose from the piano and faced him. He was looking at her intently, longingly.



"You are very fond of music, aren't you, Jack?"

"Yes, when you play it I am." He came very close to her and took her hands. "Beryl, I was just thinking what harmony you could make out of my discordant life, if you would. Could you—could you ever—" he broke off. His voice thick with surging emotion.

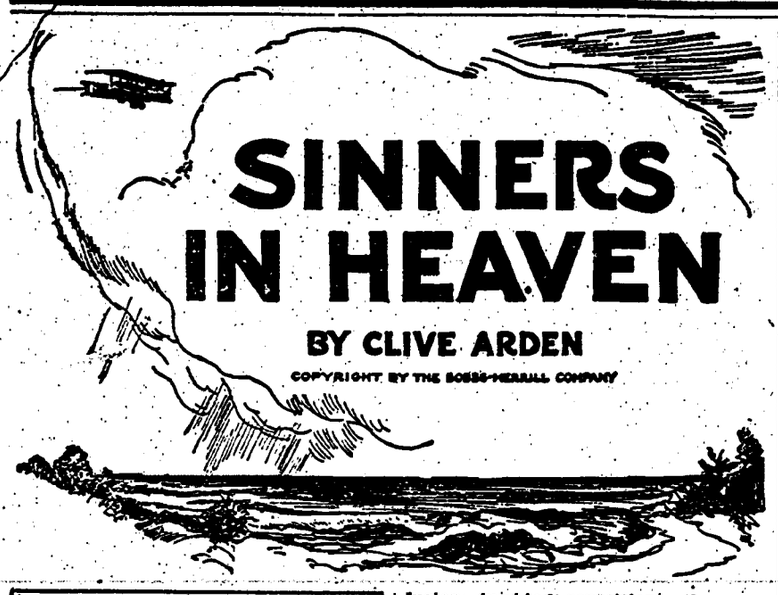
"Yes, Jack, I could," and as he held her tightly in his arms, Beryl was exultantly happy, and felt for the first time in her life, secure.

Christmas in British Isles

Christmas was introduced in what are now the British Isles under the Saxon rulers and was continued, in the winter solstice when the people had little to do, by the Anglo-Saxon kings and the succeeding monarchs of Norman blood. The celebrations beginning with court festivities and graduating down to the poorest families were frequently uproarious. In the reign of Elizabeth the Puritans attacked the Yuletide festivities, but the celebrations continued to flourish until the rule of Queen Mary. The Puritans, aided by the conditions growing out of civil war, finally succeeded by 1647 in abolishing [illegible] holiday.—George Newell Moran

Toys for Small Children

A little tot from one [illegible] enjoys little games that can [illegible] with the fingers and s[illegible] such as dolls, animals and [illegible] of rubber, wood, knitt[illegible] materials and plain blocks.



A TRANSFORMATION

SYNOPSIS.—Living in the small English village of Darbury, old-fashioned and sedate place, Barbara Stockley, daughter of a widowed mother, is soon to celebrate her marriage to Hugh Rochdale, rich and well connected. Barbara is adventurous, and has planned, with an aunt, an airplane trip to Australia. Major Alan Croft, famous as an aviator, is to be the pilot. At her first meeting with Croft Barbara is attracted by his manner and conversation, different from the cut-and-dried conventions of her small town. They set out, Barbara, her aunt, Croft, and a mechanician. Word in a few days comes to Darbury that the plane is missing and its occupants believed lost. Croft and Barbara, after the wreck of the airplane in a furious storm, reach an apparently uninhabited island in the Pacific ocean. The other two members of the party had perished. The two castaways build a shelter. In Croft's absence Barbara is attacked by a black man, evidently a savage. Croft rescues her.

PART TWO—Continued.

—5—

He could see now, in the stronger light, that all were armed with long spears, two also carrying bows and arrows. The third, an old man, wore round his neck a large clam-shell disk—emblem of the rank of chief—and through his nose-cartilages a dark stone. Rings, probably of tortoise-shell, hung from his ears.

Croft wondered if this were a visit of negotiation, with a view to a compact of friendship with visitors to their island. He recognized them for members of the huge scattered family of Melanesians, or Papuans, which have some undoubted connection with the African blacks, and are to be found in numberless South Sea islands as well as in Melanesia proper. Although their dialect is more or less local, there is sufficient similarity to make it fairly intelligible to any one accustomed to the variations.

A few minutes, and Croft's illusion of a friendly compact was destroyed. Hostility was evident. He soon realized that an attack was being organized for the following night, though he could not distinguish the plans being laid.

Emboldened by the absence of any sign of their enemy, the men remained standing for several minutes, gazing down the slope at the solitary hut wherein Barbara lay unprotected. At last, after an indistinct colloquy, they moved slowly forward in its direction.

For a moment Croft's heart seemed to stop beating. To expose himself, unarmed, would mean certain death, and the consequent abandonment of the girl, whose life now rested upon his, to a fate probably far worse. Inside the hut, if he could but reach it, lay the suitcase containing his revolver. Should he risk all and dash from his hiding place or—? A sigh of relief escaped his lips when the men suddenly halted. For what seemed an eternity he watched them confer together, evidently divided in opinion on the wisdom of their venture. When at last they turned and made off toward the south of the island, he found his clenched hands were shaking and his brow was wet. He hurried down to the hut, where he found a white-faced girl ineffectually barricading the door with suitcases.

She uttered a welcoming cry on his appearance at the window.

"How din you escape? Where were you? What can we do?"

To his own amazement perhaps as much as hers, he laughed—almost happily.

"They have gone away," he replied. "We can't do anything at present."

She gazed at him in some bewilderment, knowing nothing of the reaction which had caused that strange light in his face; and he laughed again, boyishly; then leaned farther in for a closer inspection of the blue-clad figure with its cloud of hair.

"You are better?" he asked.

The paleness of her cheeks changed suddenly to red under his scrutiny.

"I—I'm all right," she muttered, turning away.

"I will go back for the water," he remarked; and his face disappeared from the aperture.

Barbara's mind was uncomfortably confused. Safe in some refuge, she had seemed to be sleeping for hours. When she awoke she instinctively sought for a hand which proved not to be there. Throughout the terrified moments that ensued, vague impressions of some midnight event chased elusively through her brain. They were intensified by Croft's appearance. Vainly she tried to capture the threads; to separate the real from the chaos of delirium. All was confusion, jumbled repetitions of accumulated horrors. She caught first at one thread; then lost it and caught at another. But ever at one point her cheeks burned. How much was true? Surely not—. The more she thought, the more convinced did she become of its incredible reality. . . . How could she face her companion? He alone could place the unraveled threads in her hands. But how to make him do so? How—

So engrossed were her thoughts that she started violently at the sound of his voice again at the window.

"Your nerves are awfully weak," he remarked.

"They are not!" she snapped indignantly. Was she always to feel foolish and, above all, appear so, with this man?

Opening the door, she took in one of the basins, without looking up.

A scented, steaming bath could not have been more welcome than that little basin of cold water. The freshness invigorated her, reviving a girlish interest in appearances. Unpacking a tiny traveling mirror, she proceeded to do up her hair, dressing in one of the cool washing frocks intended for Australia.

Croft was thumping on the hut, demanding breakfast, before the completion of this toilet. His quick glance took in her dainty and very civilized appearance down to the gray suede shoes; but he made no comment.

Again the contents of the old tin box proved invaluable, with the addition of bananas and coconut. They spread their store upon the ground outside, in the early morning sunshine.

Conversation languished. Croft seemed abstracted, deep in thought. Her riddle of the night lay unsolved. . . .

After several furtive glances at his face, she made a plunge.

"I want to know—"

"Yes? What?" Quickly his eyes searched her own, causing her to lower them confusedly.

"I can't remember what happened—I'm afraid I——did I behave rather stupidly, last night?"

He stretched out his hand for a banana, peeling it with irritating deliberation before replying.

"You were, naturally, slightly unhinged after all your experiences."

This guarded reply was unsatisfactory.

She felt exasperated. Looking across at him, she fancied the suspicion of a smile hovered around his lips.

"You realize, of course, that anything I did—or said—was because—I mean, it was not my normal state!"

"Oh, I quite realize that!" His tone caused her to look up quickly again.

"Why are you laughing?" she asked uneasily.

"Why are you so afraid?" he retorted.

Nonplused, she took refuge in a dignified silence. Finishing her breakfast, she looked round the bay—at the rugged hill beside them, the palms and dense forest trees in the background, the coral shingle and white sand stretching down to the magnificent blue of the lagoon, in the distance the reef and vast stretch of limitless sea: the intensely vivid colors and contrast shone in the sunlight with extraordinary brilliance.

"It's all very beautiful," she said at last, conversationally.

"It is!" he agreed warmly, rising to his feet. Bringing his mug filled with water, he sat down close beside her.

"Now, please mend my head."

Barbara was concerned over his pallor and the lines surrounding his eyes.

"You look worn out!" she exclaimed involuntarily. "Didn't you sleep well last night?"

"Not a wink!" He glanced quickly up at her. Whereupon her unraveled confusion returned fourfold; and she finished her job in silence.

"I'm going up the hill to the wireless," he observed then. "You need not fear the natives. They won't return until they have mustered their numbers."

At her look of alarm he continued hurriedly: "I've got a scheme for scaring them off altogether. I shan't be long away. If you shout, I shall hear."

There was no suggestion of her company being required. She watched him disappear, with a sickening sense of the oppressive loneliness that she dreaded; but pride forbade her uttering a word to detain him. Then, with unconscious imitation of Croft, she threw her head a little back; clenched her hands; and entered the hut. . . .

While the natives hurried to the south, to prepare for battle, the man sat on the ground beside the transmitter, staring out to sea, his brain working on the scheme to which he had just alluded; his mind torn between conflicting decisions. In this predicament, at the mercy of a tribe of hostile savages, there were but two forlorn hopes of defense. One lay in the little weapon down in the hut, with its limited supply of ammunition; the other in the inherent superstition of the islanders. If once the latter could be roused; if his ruse, for all its wildness, succeeded, their lives might yet be safe. On the other hand, wireless messages might reach a ship in time. There was not enough electrical energy for both purposes. . . . Which should it be?

"My God!" he muttered to himself. "Was ever a man in such a d—d position?"

IV

No better tonic could have been given to Croft's mind than this necessity for immediate action. Until he had made his decision and the details were matured, he forbore to alarm Barbara with the prospect before them.

For about two hours he was absent. Then a spiral of gray smoke ascended from the hilltop, and he appeared with his arms full of wire.

"I have left a beacon burning, in case a passing vessel—" Abruptly he ceased, standing still, his eyes upon the figure emerging from the hut.

"A transformation!" he exclaimed; and there was a strange new tone in his voice.

The dainty shoes and stockings had been discarded, the hairpins thrown away. With a long thick plait swinging down her back, sleeves rolled up, bare feet sinking in the sand, she flashed him a shy look of inquiry.

"It seems more natural—here," she said.

Thus did Barbara take the first step from out the net of lifelong conventions, and tread the free spaciousness beyond.

"You fit in so well—as if it is your natural sphere!" she added.

He smiled half to himself, patted the spare seat beside him. Rather wonderingly she approached, looking, he thought with compunction, extremely young and delicately made. To inform a sensitive girl of the forthcoming attack of possible cannibals was, to Croft, ten times more formidable than meeting them single-handed. He was not versed in the handling of these situations.

Taking her hand, he drew her down close beside him; then, in a few curt sentences, he told her.

The fingers he held closed convulsively upon his own; her free hand

"They Wouldn't Kill You," He said. "Do You Understand?"

clenched itself upon her knee; the faint color drained away, leaving her face quite white.

"Can't we go—hide somewhere—on the reef?" she urged, turning dark eyes of fear upon him.

He shook his head. Very thoughtfully, from every point of view, had he considered the position. Should they, by hiding, elude the natives tonight, it would be but a respite. The same danger would surround them every moment they spent here; they could never know peace or safety. For some reason these natives were hostile: something must be done to overcome their hostility. Until and unless a friendly compact could be made, they must be forced to leave the two white people alone, through fear. All this he explained to the girl, who recognized the wisdom of it, as well as what she deemed the impossibility.

"Two! Against, possibly, hundreds! How can we make them fear us?" she asked hopelessly.

"Through their superstition," he replied promptly. "Once make them believe we deal with the supernatural, or possess magical powers, and they will make us tabu. The dread of death or disease from violating a tabu will cause them to shun us like lepers."

Barbara, inexperienced in natives' ways, was only half convinced. She listened incredulously to the scheme he propounded, her knowledge of electricity being limited.

"I will get some sticks," he concluded, rising; "and place everything in readiness; then I shall turn in for a bit. This afternoon we'll strengthen the walls of the hut; and I'll put up a partition. Then we shall each have a room until we can build another hut. Plenty of work before us, if rescue doesn't come soon!"

Silently, she helped to collect sticks, an extraordinary numbness pervading her mind. Croft's spirits rose. He had faced and eluded death too often to fear it. His confidence in this simple ruse puzzled her.

Collecting the rubber shock absorber belonging to the wireless outfit, he broke the sticks into short stakes, showing Barbara how to cover them. This done, he proceeded to fix them firmly in the ground round the hut, then attached the aerial to the top of each: thus forming a wire circle a few inches above the ground, as far from the hut as the amount of aerial permitted. The two ends were carried through the entrance and connected to the transmitter within.

"Now!" he exclaimed, "when I wave, press the key on the transmitter here, and watch the result."

He went out to the wire; and, kneeling down, placed one hand about half an inch above it. Raising the other, he gave the signal.

She pressed the key as directed. Immediately, a series of bright blue sparks flashed, like fireflies, from the wire to his hand, which he repeatedly jerked away; then, delighted with its success, he returned to her.

"You see," he explained, "the volume of current is always large with wireless, therefore takes effect by sparking at the moment of contact. The human body is, of course, a conductor. Our visitors will get the shock of their lives—especially as they usually approach any object of attack by waddling along on their stomachs!"

He chuckled with the anticipatory enjoyment of a schoolboy over a practical joke; then suggested having some food.

Mechanically she fetched Aunt Dolly's box and drew out tins of beef and coffee, heroically trying to share in his confidence.

He talked on, compelling her to attend, diverting her thoughts until the meal ended, covertly watching her every expression. Then he drew her within the hut, to rest.

Mechanically again, she entered, going to the little window and looking out, drearily, toward the palms. He fixed up the door, then came over to her.

"You don't feel at all nervous?" he asked nonchalantly.

She turned, with a forced smile.

"Oh, no! . . . Dear me, no! . . . Of course not," she answered, with terrific emphasis.

"That's all right! You're a plucky soul for a girl!"

She flashed an indignant look at him, which, in spite of herself, faded as she met the unexpected laughter in his eyes.

"You wanted adventure!" he reminded her. "You wanted to 'feel life,' to learn the 'meaning' of things, to sound the 'deep chords.' Well! You have your heart's desire—at the very bedrock of nature! Seize it, Barbara! Drink to the very dregs! Then tell me if you have discovered what—is missing."

Surprised, she listened silently. He turned away, laid one of their coats just inside the door, and threw himself down upon it. Within a few minutes he was sleeping the sleep of sheer exhaustion.

But the girl sat for long under the little window, lost in thought, wondering over his words. And ever her mind reverted to one sentence. A few words of praise from one whose opinion you have unconsciously learned to respect, and what a world of courage do they bring in their train!

* * * * * * *

There are no pleasant hours of twilight in the tropics. The sun sets, and soon the world is wrapped in darkness. It had disappeared behind the west hill, and already a few stars were showing in the swiftly darkening sky, when Croft came out of the hut to where Barbara was collecting the remains of their supper. He carried something in his hands.

"Do you understand a revolver?" he inquired.

She turned round, mingled fear and relief in her face. "Have you one? No; I have never fired one in my life I wouldn't dare!"

"Well, I want to show you how to use this little beast, in case anything goes wrong and you are left—"

She laughed, miserably.

"If they manage to kill you, they will soon finish me off!"

He regarded her in silence, for a moment.

"They wouldn't kill you," he said quietly. "Do you understand my meaning?"

Her face went very white. For a few minutes she paced up and down, hands clenched, facing this new terror, striving to control herself before this man whose very look discouraged weakness. The coolness of his bearing, as he stood playing with the weapon in his hands, calmed her, bracing her to a simulation of the same fearlessness.

"Show me," she said, going to him

This is interesting. How will a girl of Barbara's upbringing react to these primitive conditions?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Symbolic Indian Masks

According to the Bureau of American Ethnology, tribes of Indians throughout North America wore masks at religious festivals and at some social gatherings. Sometimes the priests alone were masked, though in other cases the entire company would appear in masks. The false faces generally represented supernatural beings. The simplest form of mask was one prepared from the head of a buffalo, deer, or some other animal. The mask stood, not for the actual animal, but for the type of animal and its supernatural characteristics, and the person wearing it was for the time being endowed with the distinctive quality of the animal.

MAKING GOOD IN A SMALL TOWN

Real Stories About Real Girls

By MRS. HARLAND H. ALLEN

KNITTING NETS NEAT SUMS

ALL THE nation needs knit-wear. That's why home knitting is more than the nice, but more or less unnecessary, occupation which the uninitiated consider it. The big factories, it is sometimes presumed, can take care of all the knitting that is necessary.

"But they don't," insists one woman who started a big knitting business in a small way, "for the home knitter not only exists, but she is an important factor in the business."

It's true that she doesn't always knit by hand now-a-days, she adds; if she has gone into the business seriously, she has probably procured for herself a knitting machine.

This young woman, living in a small Michigan town, started a "knitting factory" in her own kitchen. She "peddled" her wares from door to door, knowing that every person in town was a possible customer. Her idea "direct from mill to home" made a hit, and she soon found it necessary to install two knitting machines, and to employ girls to run them. From that small start has grown an organization running six hundred knitting machines, and employing eight thousand workers.

The small town girl who wants to take up knitting as a profession should start in on a small scale, knitting by hand, or buying only one machine.

Even before the present vogue for knitted outer-wear, the need for knitted stocking and underwear kept knitting needles—and machines—busy. Formerly, objections to a complete costume of knit goods were that it was too "stretchy," that it lost its shape almost before the buyer could get it home, and that it was not becoming to anyone weighing over one hundred and twenty pounds. Recent manufacturing methods have, in part, overcome these objections, and recent dressmaking methods have done the rest. Knit wear is fashionable; and the small town girl knitter should keep up on the fashions. She will then know just what knitted novelties are salable. If she is expert, she will be able to make, herself, the scarves, gloves and caps sportswomen are asking for; but for complete garments, she will, in all probability, need an expert tailor's aid.

Right now, when women are demanding complete knitted costumes, with all knitted accessories, is the time for the girl with the knitting needles—or machine—to "make good."

BOARDING, WITHOUT BORING, THE SUMMER GUEST

VARIETY, not satiety, is the objective of the summer boarder.

He wants "eggs with the cackle attached," and he'd like to sample every vegetable in the garden—but not all at the same meal. That's the conclusion of a girl who has seen several summers at "taking in boarders. Her town is something of a resort; her "paying guests" are tired-out and more or less critical cityites.

"They want fruit from the tree and not from the can; they want country cream that has never seen the inside of a chemist's laboratory," she declares. "They want what they can't get in the city. What they do not want is a poor imitation of metropolitan fare—and they don't want to see the table unattractively overloaded with coarse country foods, either."

The professional summer hostess should, then, provide the vacationist with simple foods, daintily and attractively served. Two green vegetables, besides potatoes, are enough for that type of food. She should always have some fresh wild flowers on the table; and she can garnish the dishes with a lettuce leaf or a bit of parsley.

She may increase her margin of profit by continuous replanting of her kitchen garden, thus assuring an abundance of fresh vegetables all through the season. Small fruits from her own bushes and vines; plenty of milk, butter and cream all are cheap and good. A few hives of bees to supply honey are an excellent investment. The poultry plant should be enlarged to provide fried chicken as a regular thing, not just for "Sunday dinner." The rabbit pen is good for an occasional rabbit-pie or fricassee. a pigeon loft is easily managed—and, the hostess should remember, broiled squab is a luxury that comes high in city hotels.

She may economize legitimately on her laundry bills, too, by discarding the heavy cover-all tablecloth in favor of doilies and runners, or the new luncheon sets of decorated oil-cloth, which are both practical and artistic.

But she cannot afford to confine her activities to the dining room. The entire house must be clean and well-aired, beds comfortable, furniture simple, pictures appropriate. She may decide to solve the problem of room scarcity by renting tents—which in many cases will be more popular than the rooms. The hostess may provide a tennis court, and a playground for children at little cost. If there is water, diving-boards, fishing-tackle and canoes are easy to furnish.

She must "put her house in order" both in-doors and out.

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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

Trace Causes of Odors in Metals

Experiments have been made to prove that metals have odors composed not of the atoms of the metal, but of the products of their chemical changes. At ordinary temperatures the odors frequently could not be detected or were almost imperceptible, but became more pronounced as the metal was heated, and then disappeared after the heating had been continued for a considerable length of time. The experimenters also have succeeded in isolating the odorous matter.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

P. D. Q.

Balthasar H. Meyer, chairman of the interstate commerce commission, told a railroad story at a Madison banquet.

"We'll call the line I have in mind the P. D. Q.," he said. "Well, a man under suspicion of hog stealing was being examined in court, and the magistrate said to him:

"'You claim that on the day these hogs disappeared you were at the P. D. Q. station from 9:15 in the morning till 11:50 at night. What on earth were you doing there all that time?'

"'Your honor,' said the suspect, 'I was waiting for the 10:20 a. m. express.'"

Stupid Question

"My mother," writes E. OE. Somerville in "Wheel-Tracks," was of that race of professional mothers that seem to have been a special product of the Victorian age; mothers who took seriously their trade as such, and devoted themselves unflinchingly to their offspring. I have heard of one who, being asked of which she thought most, her husband, or her son, replied indignantly, 'Me son, of course! Why wouldn't I think more of me own son than a strange man!'"

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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CURES COLDS — LA GRIPPE
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Standard cold remedy world over. Demand box bearing Mr. Hill's portrait and signature.
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After Suffering Intense Agony for Many Years—He Wants to Tell Others.

Dr. Brigadell: I simply had to write and tell you what your wonderful Camphorole has done for me. For many years I suffered the tortures of Rheumatism as only those who have it know. The sharp pains were so severe, I could not sleep. Had to get up and rub. It almost drove me crazy. I tried doctor after doctor and all kinds of medicine I was told to take, which only left me worse. I could not bend my knees. I am a steamfitter by trade and had to give up my work. Seeing your advertisement in a paper, I thought I would take another chance and told my daughter to get me a package of Camphorole. You can imagine my surprise after using Camphorole. I started to get better right away. After using two jars of Camphorole I am well and happy and have gone back to work. I shall never forget the day I took a chance on Camphorole. After all the years I suffered, it feels good to be well again. Robert W. Teesdale, 2917 High St., Camden, N. J.

At All Druggists — Dr. Brigadell's Camphorole Ointment 35¢ — Beware of Substitutes

One Soap *is all you need*
for TOILET BATH SHAMPOO
Keep your complexion free of blemishes, your skin clear, soft, smooth and white, your hair silky and glistening, your entire body refreshed, by using
Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Contains 33⅓% Pure Sulphur. At druggists.
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DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY
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C. F. Butterfield

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Peter Pan Pens and Pencils
Waterman Fountain Pens
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Bill Folds
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We can't begin to name them all.
Come in and See the Goods for Yourself.

Always a full line of Foot-wear

We Offer You Assistance in the Selection of Gifts

We have given months of careful attention to this problem that would surely confront you now. We realized you would desire to make your Christmas Money Do Its Utmost; that you would wish to make Real, Lasting, Satisfactory Gifts and we have selected for your consideration with this in mind. We now offer you the result:

TOYS- Gilbert Erectors, Gilbert Tool Chests, Structo Autos, American Flier Trains, Stone Blocks, Doll Beds and Trunks, Tea and Cooking Sets, Doll Carriages, Wooden Steam Engines. Buy toys that amuse more and last longer, we have them.

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

Chas. F. Jackson, Prop.,
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Antrim Locals

La Touraine Coffee 59c lb. Heath's Store. Adv.

Charles L. Fowler has been housed the past week with a severe cold.

We still have a stock of Portland Cement for sale at our Grimes Mill, Hillsboro Lower Village.
The Loveren Co. Adv.

Dr. Willis H. Sawyer, son of S. S. Sawyer and well known to many of our people, is in the Homeopathy hospital, in Boston, being treated for the asthma.

The Center Congregational society will give a Christmas pageant in their church next Sunday evening, Dec. 21, at 7 o'clock, to which the public is most cordially invited. The title of the pageant is "The Adoration of the Kings and Shepherds."

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

Thursday, Dec. 18
All Star Cast in The Stranger
Saturday, Dec. 20
Guy Bates Post in Omar the Tent Maker
Pathe Weekly

Pictures at 8.15

W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

Mrs. William Thompson has been confined to her room a few days the past week with a severe cold.

Miss Marion Wilkinson spent the weekend with her sister, Miss Rose Wilkinson, in Winchendon, Mass.

Visit Mrs. Eldredge's Gift Shop; you'll surely find something you want for the holidays. Adv.

This year, as in years past, there will be no delivery of mail on the rural routes from the local postoffice on Cnristmas day, Thursday, December 25.

For Sale — Single Sleigh, good shoes, newly painted. Ice Tongs, Acousticon recently put in order with new batteries. R C. Goodell. Adv.

Jackson's Garage has our thanks for a handsome calendar for the year 1925. Not only is the calendar itself a large one but the pad with good sized figures is easily read.

At the Gift Shop of Mrs. Eldredge there are just the dainty gifts you'll want for the holidays. Adv.

The program of Christmas music by the Union Choir will be given this year in the Baptist church, Sunday evening, Dec. 21, at 7 o'clock. It seems altogether fitting that singers should bring their gift of song at Christmas, and it is hoped that many of our townspeople will by their presence help to make this service inspiring and memorable.

Wood For Sale

I have a lot of wood for sale, in two grades, first and second quality; either four foot or stove length. Apply to
Robert N. Mulhall, Antrim.

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H. B. ELDREDGE, Assistant

Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1924

Long Distance Telephone

Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a Revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.

Resolutions of ordinary length $1.00.

Obituary poetry and lists of flowers charged for at advertising rates; also will be charged at this same rate list of presents at a wedding.

Foreign Advertising Representative
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

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

"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

Antrim Locals

For any who wish to use the local columns of the Reporter for short advertisements, the price is given herewith and may be sent with the order for insertion: All For Sale, Lost or Found, Want, and such like advs. two cents a word, extra insertion one cent a word; minimum charge 25 cts. All transient advs. of this kinds should be accompanied by cash with order.

Miss Bernice Robb is assisting as clerk in Miss Sadie Lane's store during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Cummings, of South Lyndeboro, were in town one day last week.

Among those housed during the past week with the prevailing cold was C. Frank Downes.

B. J. Wilkinson has completed his labors as juror in the County court and has been discharged.

Mrs. Albert Thornton and infant daughter arrived at their home here from the Peterboro hospital on Sunday.

Miss Mabelle Eldredge spent a few days the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Cranston D. Eldredge, in Winchendon, Mass.

The workmen on the new road to Hillsboro are about completing their labors, having practically finished the work of resurfacing.

Mrs. Mary Swain and daughter, Miss Mary Swain, have gone to Waltham, Mass., to spend the winter with the former's son, Eugene Swain and family.

Editor H. Burr Eldredge, of the Winchendon (Mass.) Courier, spent a few days the past week with his parents here, while nursing a troublesome cold.

Our readers looking for Christmas gifts will find that the announcements in The Reporter will tell you where to get certain lines of goods; the assortments are good and the prices are right.

The Goodnow-Derby Store of Antrim have been putting out circulars this week announcing the lines of goods they are carrying, with a few prices. You will be interested in looking over this list. Read this adv. in this paper.

The children's night on Wednesday evening last, at Odd Fellows hall, given by Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, proved very entertaining to a goodly number of youngsters, and of course all enjoyed the harlequin ice cream and fancy crackers as the closing number on the program.

Friends in Antrim have received cards announcing the marraige of Howard D. Farrant, formerly of this town, and Miss Hazel M. Robart, in New York City, on Friday, December 12. At home in Reading, Mass., after January 1. The Reporter joins with all friends in extending congratulations.

Fall and Winter MILLINERY

At 10 Per Cent Discount

Velvet Hats for every type, for every occasion, for youth or matron—each an unmistakably new fashion, made in that soft, pliable way that speaks of the best Hat makers.

Visit Our Gift Shop

Where there is on Exhibition a Nice Line of Goods suitable for

Gifts for the Holidays!

At the Residence of

MRS. H. W. ELDREDGE

Grove Street, Near Methodist Church, ANTRIM
Distinct and Correct Hats for Every Occasion

WHAT YOU SAID LAST CHRISTMAS

Do you remember what you said last Christmas? Was it something to the effect that you would never again put off your Christmas shopping so late?

Didn't you say something this year about beginning just as soon as the holiday stock was available? Well, our holiday stock is ready. We have the goods displayed and our assortment will be found to be the best you ever saw it. Now is the time to buy those important gifts that require careful selection. There is no rush now, you will find yourself ahead of the holiday crowds.

Your purchase can be laid aside until you are ready to take them or until you wish us to make delivery.

There is going to be the same old rush later and you may find yourself making ald resolutions to be earlier next year. The advantage is all with the early shopper. Why wait?

D. E. GORDON,
Hillsboro, N. H.
32 years in business.

Antrim Woman's Club

The regular meeting of the Antrim Woman's Club was held in the town hall Dec. 9. There were about forty members present. Dr. Anna B. Parker, of Gilmanton, gave a most interesting and instructive talk on "The Forthcoming Legislative Session." Dr. Parker is a woman of rare ability and the Club feels it is a Red Letter Day when she comes to Antrim. A social hour and refreshments, served by Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Lowell and Mrs. Hawkins, completed the afternoon's entertainment.

Maude M. Robinson,
Rec. Sec.

For Sale

Good Wood, 4 ft. or Stove length.
FRED L. PROCTOR,
Antrim, N. H.

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

B. D. PEASLEE, M. D.

HILLSBORO, N. H.
Office over National Bank
Practice limited to diseases of the eye. Latest instruments for detection of errors of vision and the correct fitting of glasses.
Office hours: By appointment.

Pine Logs Wanted

Will Buy in Carload Lots at Any Station on the Boston & Maine Railroad

American Box & Lumber Co.,

NASHUA, N. H.

Hillsboro Guaranty Savings Bank

Incorporated 1889
HILLSBORO, N. H.
Resources over $1,350,000.00

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent, $2 per year

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

DEPOSITS Made during the first three business days of the month draw Interest from the first day of the month

You Can Bank By Mail.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

HILLSBOROUGH, SS.
Court of Probate.

To the heirs at law of the estate of George H. Wallace, late of Bennington in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas William R. Wallace administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the final account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester in said County on the 20th. day of January next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County, this 11th. day of December A. D. 1924.

By order of the Court,
S. J. DEARBORN,
Register.

For Sale

Dry Hard Wood, $10.00 cord.
Dry Slab Wood.
In any quantity.
Geo. S. Wheeler, Antrim, N. H.

Parlor Millinery

I have a new line of Fall Millinery, including Girls' School Hats, Frames, Velvets, Feathers, Fancy Pins, Ornaments, etc. Making a specialty of Remodelling, Curling Plumes, Steaming Velvets, Ribbons, etc.

MRS. FRED H. COLBY
Depot Street, Antrim, N. H.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

HILLSBOROUGH, SS.
Court of Probate.

To the heirs at law of the estate of Mary H. Reed late of Antrim in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein.

Whereas Helen L. Ashford administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the final account of her administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Hillsboro in said County on the 30th day of January next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County, this 3rd. day of December A. D. 1924.

By order of the Court,
S. J. DEARBORN,
Register.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

During the season of Christmas shopping, great care should be taken to avoid colds that are likely to result in grip and pneumonia. The excitement of the time, the sudden change from the close and suffocating air of the big stores to the street, are all dangerous.

The value of Father John's Medicine in treating and preventing colds, grip and pneumonia, has been proven by over 69 years success. It is a pure and wholsome food medicine—builds new flesh and strength to fight off colds and grip. Its gentle laxative effect drives out impurities. Father John's Medicine is guaranteed free from alcohol or dangerous drugs.

Father John's Medicine
FOR COUGHS THAT HANG ON

Over 69 years of success

Sawyer Pictures

For the Holidays

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

James A. Elliott,
COAL
GENERAL TEAMING
FERTILIZER
ANTRIM, N. H. Phone, 2-6

H. B. Currier
Mortician
Hillsboro and Antrim, N. H.
Telephone connection

R. E. Tolman
UNDERTAKER
AND
LICENSED EMBALMER
Telephone 50
ANTRIM, N. H.

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the Last Friday Evening in each month, at 7.30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.

EMMA S. GOODELL,
ROSS H. ROBERTS,
BYRON G. BUTTERFIELD
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
CHARLES D. WHITE,
CHAS. F. BUTTERFIELD
JOHN THORNTON,
Selectmen of Antrim.

MAN WANTED

To sell seeds in each county. A good paying position for a man acquainted with farming. Experience not necessary but honesty and industry are. Steady work Cobb Co., Franklin, Mass.

-Bennington.

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Bennington
at 8.00 o'clock

Wednesday, Dec. 17
Katherine McDonald in
The Woman Conquers

Saturday, Dec. 20
All Star Cast in
Iron Trail, by Rex Beach
Pathe Weekly and Comedy

Mrs. L. E. Parker is very ill at her home here.

Miss C. E. Rogers expects to leave this week for Florida.

Arthur Bell and family have been sufferers from severe colds.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Ross are to have their house wired for electricity.

Mr. Bush is carrying the mails for Fred Bartlett, while he is laid by with a cold.

M. C. Newton is confined at home with a grip cold; other members of the family have had it.

Mrs. Walter Wilson, has been in North Adams, Mass., on a visit with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Fulshaw.

Mrs. Gordon is under Dr. Tibbett's care with the prevailing distemper, accompanied by frontal sinuses as well.

Several of the young people interested attended the whist party of the High school at Hillsboro on Friday evening last.

W. B. Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. Lacey, Mr. and Mrs. Downey, Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. John Day were in Nashua first of the week.

At a meeting of the Congregational church on Monday evening of this week, it was unanimously voted to extend a call to Rev. J. P. Dickerman, of Foxboro, Mass., to become the pastor of this church. The Rev. Dickerman has accepted the call and is the pastor of this church from now on.

W. J. Bryant, Bennington, has room for a couple more cars for winter storage. Apply for candidaes for supervisory to Frank Traxler. adv.

EAST ANTRIM

Friends of Mrs. C. D. White will be pleased to learn she has improved sufficently to leave the hospital, and at this writing is stopping with Mrs. George Appleton. We shall hope to see her home before long.

We were all glad to see Robert Nylander and family, former East Antrim residents but now of Maine. He tells us he likes Maine but the farming question has been serious there the past five years. Potatoes are their principle crop and every one knows what they are bringing. We hope for better luck for him and every one else, in the future.

School closed Friday with Christmas exercises by the children; each one did well and all enjoyed the fun of unloading the Christmas tree. A goodly number of neighbors were present. Miss Dunton the teacher, left for her home in Littleton Saturday for a three weeks' vacation.

Courtland Boden, of Lowell, Mass., recently visited at M. S. French's.

Mr and Mrs. Ricker of Massachusetts, were at their home, the Baeder place, the first of the week. They did not come prepared for snow, and with the absence of chains on their auto tires were unable to quite reach their home without the aid of horses. Munson Cochrane came to their assistance.

Pretty late in the season for thunder showers, but there surely was one Saturday evening.

New Encampment Officers

At the regular meeting of Mt. Crotched Encampment, No. 39, I. O. O. F., on Monday evening, the semi-annual election of officers was held with the following result:

Chief Patriarch—Carlton W. Perkins
High Priest—H. W. Eldredge
Senior Warden—Frank J. Boyd
Junior Warden—Albert E. Thornton
Scribe—Charles L. Eaton
Treasurer—Everett N. Davis
Trustee for three years—Charles L. Eaton

Installation of officers will take place at the first meeting in January, the 5th, at O.U.A.M. hall, and refreshments will follow. Charles N. Robertson, D.D.G.P., will be installing officer.

MEN'S GET-TOGET.

Large Number Enjoy Banquet and Pleasing Address

A complimentary chicken pie supper was given at the Methodist Episcopal church on Tuesday evening of this week to the men of the united societies of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, under the management and personal supervision of the pastor and his wife, Rev and Mrs. William Thompson. They were ably assisted by ladies of the societies. A goodly number of men availed themselves of the opportunity to dine together and accepted the kind invitation extended them. At seven everything was ready, chicken, delicacies, appetites and all, and all present being in a happy frame of mind were ready to do justice to the entire bill of fare, seventy-five being admirably and generously served by a corps of courteous waiters.

Supper being over, the company adjourned from the dining room to the auditorium where a nice address was listened to, given by Rev. Edward A. Durham, of Haverhill, Mass., district superintendent of the N. H. Methodist Conference. His talk was along the line of what the church stands for in the community, and he made his thoughts very clear and impressive. Throughout his address he was listened to with marked attention. Everyone present greatly enjoyed the remarks as well as the speaker.

As an outcome of the meeting, on the suggestion of Rev. Thompson and vote of all present, it was decided to organize some sort of a men's club for the betterment of community interests, and a committee was selected to consider the matter and report at a not far distant date. The committee chosen was Rev. William Thompson, Frank E. Wheeler and Frank K. Black.

An expression of thanks was given all who had furnished and assisted in giving the supper, and also to the speaker of the evening. Thus ended a most pleasant and enjoyable evening.

W. R. C. Notes

At an adjourned meeting of the Woman's Relief Corps held Friday evening, Dec. 5, these officers were elected for the coming year:

President—Carrie Clark
S. V. Pres.—Emma Nay
J. V. Pres.—Ethel Whitney
Treasurer—Anna Carter
Chaplain—Ida B Robb
Conductor—Bertha Merrill
Guard—Fannie Brooks

Delegates to Department Convention—Bertha Merrill, Mattie Proctor, Agnes C. Weston

Alternates—Ida B. Robb, Ethel Whitney, Ethel Nichols

A generons contribution was made to the Army Nurse fund, for Christmas gifts to the Army nurses, also to the Near East Relief.

GREENFIELD

The newly elected officers for Greenfield Grange are as follows: Master, Perley Russell. Overseer, Miss Mildred Holt. Lecturer, Mrs. Mabel Holt. Steward, Miss Edith Holt. Asst. Steward, Malcom Atherton. Chaplain, Miss Nellie Mason. Treasurer, George Reynolds. Secretary, Mrs. Ella White. Gate Keeper, Harry Russell. Ceres, Mrs. Angie Russell. Pomona, Mrs. Nellie Cheever. Flora, Mrs. Lottie Atherton. Lady Asst. Steward, Miss Doris Mason. Executive committee for three years, Edward P. Holt.

Mrs. Mason and daughter, Miss Doris, were recent visitors in Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Lura Hopkins is visiting her son and family in Leominster, Mass.

Mrs. Fred Brooks was a recent visitor with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Savage, in Chelsea, Mass.

Mr. Swindlehurst and son have moved from the Cashion place to one of the Shea tenements in the village.

For Sale!

Horses, in pairs or single. Prices RIGHT. A full line of Harness and Collars, and everything that goes with a horse. Can save you money.

FRED L. PROCTOR,
Antrim, N. H.

Goods Must Be Sold

Must Sell all Goods in My Store in 10 days. Your Price is Mine. Come in and see. C. W. Thurston,
Dec. 10th, '24 Bennington, N. H.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian–Methodist Churches
Rev. Wm. Thompson, Pastor

Thursday evening, Paul's Great Prayer in Eph. 3 will be the theme for consideration.

Friday evening, the Kenmore Girls in the town hall, the fourth in the Lyceum course.

Sunday morning, special Christmas music, and song service with the five great Christmas hymns.

Sunday school following the morning worship.

Christian Endeavor meeting at 6 o'clock.

BAPTIST
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, December 18, Prayer Meeting at 7.30 p.m, Topic, "Overflowing Life," John 10:7–18.

Sunday, December 21, Morning Worship at 10 45. There will be special Christmas music and the pastor will preach a Christmas sermon on "The Babe of Bethlehem."

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

The Intermediate Christian Endeavor meeting will be omitted.

The Union Service at seven o'clock will be of a musical character. A union choir will render selections appropriate to the Christmas season.

Mrs. Fannie Pike

Died on Monday, after a lingering illness, at her home at Antrim Center, at the age of 66 years. She suffered a shock a little more than a week ago. Funeral from the home on Thursday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock.

AUCTION SALE

By Dutton and Crowe, Auctioneers, Greenfield and Jaffrey

Fred L. Proctor having more stock on hand than he can winter, will sell at his residence known as the Goodell Farm, in Antrim, on Saturday, Dec. 20, beginning at 10.30 a. m., 25 horses, 20 head cattle, and a lot of other goods. Some of the horses and cattle are extra good and should attract buyers. His stock of blankets is large and must be sold. Come to this sale. Read auction bills.

Old Japanese Legend of Lantern and Fan

A story of the origin of the lantern and the fan is told in Japan, concerns a palace official who had two beautiful daughters. As the story goes, the girls, who were the treasures of the father's heart, longed to pay a visit to a friend in another city.

The father, however, was unwilling for them to go, as he feared some accident of such degree would win their love and thus take them from him. In reply to their entreaties the father told them they could go, providing they promised to bring back to him the viewpoint in a paper and wind wrapped in reed.

The girls did not know what to do. They were in a quandary until one of their maids told them not to worry, but go and consult a certain wise woman who lived near the home of the friend whom they were to visit. After promising this to her they would fulfill his wish, they set out for the friend's home. The father was greatly surprised when, upon their return, the daughters presented him with the enclosed in a lightly fancy designed paper lantern and wind in a quaint-shaped paper fan. This, it is said, according to a story printed in the Pathfinder Magazine, the lantern and fan came into use.

Blind Persons Read Character by Voice

The similarity of voices is not confusing (to the blind) as a rule. Many are similar, to be sure, but I have never encountered absolute doubles, and in general voices are as sharply differentiated as faces—in fact, often far more.

The only difficulty I have experienced, strangely enough, is caused by one person's having several voices. All of us have; we change tone and quality more or less unconsciously according to our mood and condition. But in some that change is dishearteningly marked. One woman, for example, has as many as five voices, each quite distinct.

The physical condition is also revealed by the voice in a striking degree both as to change and normal characteristics. Fat people, for example, have a voice quality which is all but invariably detectable.

Character, too, is easily read. In fact, it seems that character is revealed in the voice even more fully and frequently than in the face, no doubt because the subject, failing to recognize this, makes less of an attempt to mask the voice.—Charles McGee Adams, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Odd Garden Products

Little Johnny, who was of school age, was on his way home from the week-night prayer meeting, where he had fallen asleep, a writer in the Youth's Companion reports. His father, who had had great difficulty in waking him at the close of the service, was walking by his side, holding his hand. Fearing that the boy would go to sleep again and that he should have to carry him, the father quickened his pace and, twitching the little fellow's hand vigorously, asked him briskly where he had been that day.

"Over to Mr. O'Neil's," was the drowsy reply.

"And what were they doing at Mr. O'Neil's?"

"Makin' garden," Johnny replied listlessly.

"And what did they plant?"

Johnny yawned. "Planted lett's an' onions an'—" he stumbled, and his tongue grew thick,—"an' rad'shes an' peas—an' q's—an' r's—an' s's—"

At that point the father picked him up and carried him.

Few Druses in America

Druses are people of mixed origin who inhabit a district in Syria. Their religion is fundamentally Mohammedan, but their faith mingles the teaching of the Mosaic law, the Christian Gospels and the Sufi allegories with those of the Koran. They believe in the transmigration of souls with constant advancement and purification. Their teachings enjoin abstinence from wine and tobacco, from profanity and obscenity, and polygamy is unknown among them. There are a few hundred of this sect in the United States.

Lightning and Radio

The bureau of standards states that a radio antenna, if grounded, or provided with a lightning arrester, has some of the properties of a lightning rod, but, as commonly installed, has these properties in such limited degrees that it is not to be regarded as effective protection against lightning. On the other hand, on account of its relatively small size, it does not appreciably increase the possibility of a direct stroke. A modern lightning rod system, however, is designed and installed with a view of protecting against direct strokes, and when this is properly done, a high degree of protection is obtained. Many lightning rods in actual use are not properly installed, and it is to these that isolated cases of damage to rodded buildings are usually traced.

Flemish Burghers Had True Democratic Spirit

The crown prince of Sweden, guest of the mayor of the ancient town of Bruges in Flanders, expressed surprise at the democratic manners of the burghers of the town. They dropped in quite casually at the "mairie" and came to shake hands with the heir apparent of the Swedish crown. These Flemish burghers have ever been thus, according to Pierre Van Paassen in the Atlanta Constitution. There need be no surprise in their customs. When Louis VIII, king of France, arrived in Ghent to be present at the marriage of his sister to the archduke of Austria, a special entertainment was given in the market square. On the one side of the square was a luxurious lodge draped in ermine and velvet, where seats had been arranged for the cardinal princes of the church and the king. Some good burghers arriving before the king calmly occupied the royal and princely seats. When the king put in an appearance the burghers refused to give up their seats to the cardinals, though they made room for the king of France. Indignantly, the cardinal archbishop of Rheims, who was present, ordered one citizen thrown into the river. The bailiff asked him: "On whose authority shall I do this?" "On the authority of a prince of the blood and a prince of the holy church," came the order. "Your highness," replied the bailiff, "the man you want me to throw into the river is a cloth weaver, and that means a little more than a mere prince of France with us."

Slight Misunderstanding

A seamstress employed by a charitable institution had her wages raised to such an amount that she was eligible to an income tax. When she received the usual forms from the collector with the request that she fill them out and return them, she sent them back with the following note: "Dear Sir: I have always been insured with the Safety company and I have no intention of changing my company now."

Chinese Girl's "No"

When a silken-coated Chinese mandarin, resting on his embroidered knees, pops the question to the lady of his choice, he never gets a "no." So explained Prof. Franklin Lee at Columbia university, where he is conducting a course in the Chinese language.

According to Professor Lee there's no such word as no in the Chinese lexicon. If the Chinese girl spurns her admirer she lisps something that sounds like "bushih," which means "not yes."—Los Angeles Times.

THE MANCHESTER
UNION-LEADER
Eleventh
Annual Bargain Day Offer
Six Days Only
December 26-27-28-29-30-31

2 Daily Newspapers, 36 Magazines, 2 Styles Fountain Pens—Arranged in 20 Big Offers.

Each offer contains from 2 to 10 Magazines each for one year and your choice of Union or Leader For One Year

Alphabetical list of magazines contained in Union Leader 1924 Bargain Day Offer.

$6.00 By Mail

Descriptive Circular in Colors Describing This Offer in detail sent free upon request

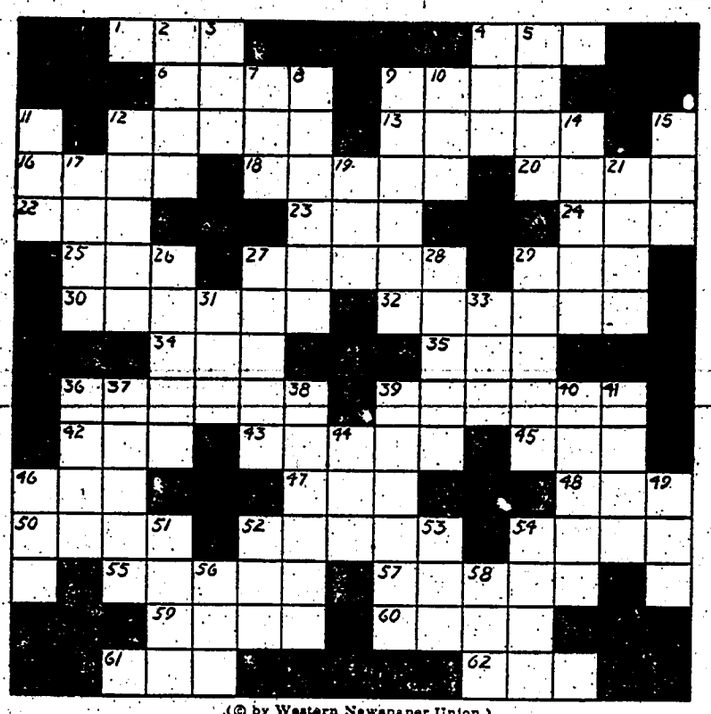
American Fruit Grower	Monthly	
Better Homes & Gardens	Monthly	
Christian Herald	Weekly	
Dairy Farmer	Semi-Monthly	
Delineator	Monthly	
Farm & Fireside	Monthly	
Farm & Home	Monthly	
Gentlewoman Magazine	Monthly	
Hearth & Home	Monthly	
Home Friend	Monthly	
Household Guest	Monthly	
Hunting and Fishing	Monthly	
Illustrated Companion	Monthly	
Liberty Magazine	Weekly	
McCall's Magazine	Monthly	
Modern Priscilla	Monthly	
Mother's Home Life	Monthly	
Motion Picture Classic	Monthly	
National Sportsman	Monthly	
People's Home Journal	Monthly	
Physical Culture	Monthly	
Pictorial Review	Monthly	
Popular Science	Monthly	
Poultry Success	Monthly	
Radio News	Monthly	
Radio in the Home	Monthly	
Reliable Poultry Journal	Monthly	
Rural Mechanics	Monthly	
Screenland	Monthly	
Success Magazine	Monthly	
Scribner's Magazine	Monthly	
The Pathfinder	Weekly	
Today's Housewife	Monthly	
True Romance	Monthly	
True Story	Monthly	
Woman's World	Monthly	

$6.00 By Mail

Subscriptions to This Offer may be sent in direct or placed with your Postmaster, Newsdealer or the regular Union-Leader Correspondent

FOUNTAIN PENS
Offer Number 20 A & B
Large (Red Rubber) Guaranteed
Gents'—with 14K gold pocket clasp
Ladies'—with 14K gold ferrule and ring for ribbon

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



(© by Western Newspaper Union.)

Horizontal.

1—Marsh
4—Young goat
6—Deeply engrossed
9—Organs of head
12—Dull, spiritless person
13—Purchasable
16—Exclamation of regret
18—Pastimes
20—A quick pull
22—Having been victorious
23—Small room
24—Fish eggs
25—Turf
27—Girl's nickname
29—Long period of time
30—One who follows up
32—Boy's first name
34—Old horse
35—To pull with force
36—Hit
38—University official
42—Prevaricate
43—Becomes fatigued
45—Boy's name
46—Distress signal
47—Mixture of earth and water
48—Unclosed (poetic)
50—Shoemaker's tool (pl.)
52—Yellow
54—Belonging to a person
55—To run off
57—Acquires by labor
59—Impressed
60—Flesh
61—Nickname of martyred President
62—A weight

Vertical.

2—God of love
3—Short sleep
4—To know (Scotch)
5—Englishman's salutation (two words)
7—Projecting piece of wood
8—Dealer
9—Happening
10—Affirmative
11—Face bone
12—Mansion
14—Big
15—To earn
17—Parted with
19—Came face to face with
21—Christmas carol
23—Prefix meaning by means of or through
26—Author of "The Inferno"
27—Acquire
28—Belonging to an eastern university
29—A drill
31—Domestic animal
33—Cup
36—Forcible stroke
37—Passageway
38—Darkened
39—To make amends
40—Middays
41—Metal stamp
44—Chafe with friction
46—Carpenter's tool
49—Latin or French for "in"
51—Thick slice of anything
52—To initiate
53—Girl's name
54—Upon
56—To be in debt
58—Rodent

The solution will appear in next issue.

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.

A	Z	A	N		F		L	A	R	D		
V	A	N		V	I	A		B	O	A		
O	X		H	A	R	R	Y		T	R		
W		H	A	S		E	E	L		E		
	M	E	T	E		A	W	A	Y			
S	E	A						S	E	T		
	W	R	A	P		C	E	S	S			
F		S	L	Y		L	O	O		Z		
I	T		T	R	I	O	S		L	A		
J	A	G		E	R	G		M	E	N		
I	R	O	N		E		Q	U	A	Y		

HOW TO SOLVE A CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

When the correct letters are placed in the white space this puzzle will spell words both vertically and horizontally. The first letter in each word is indicated by a number, which refers to the definition listed below the puzzle. Thus No. 1 under the column headed "horizontal" defines a word which will fill the white spaces up to the first black square to the right, and a number under "vertical" defines a word which will fill the white squares to the next black one below. No letters go in the black spaces. All words used are dictionary words, except proper names. Abbreviations, slang, initials, technical terms and obsolete forms are indicated in the definitions.

NURSERY RHYME PUZZLE

SPIN, top, spin!
Circling out and in,
Whirling 'round before my eyes,
Like a fairy in disguise—
Who would believe a common string
Made you start to dance and sing?
Spin, top, spin!

Find four other spinners. Upper side down, in flowers; upper side down, along head and shoulders; upper side down, along head and shoulders; upper side down, along boy's clothes.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE NEWS

Bride of 13 Marries Lumberman, Aged 34

Miss Irene Woodman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Woodman of Alton, 13, is the youngest bride ever known in these parts. She recently became the wife of Harry A. King of Rochester, a lumberman, 34 years of age.

A special order from Justice Thomas L. Marble of Superior Court was necessary before the wedding could take place. The couple were married by Justice of the Peace Albert O. Bennett of Gilmanton Iron Works.

Dartmouth's Call for Law Enforcement

Planks supporting the more strict enforcement of the eighteenth amendment, the encouragement of discussion groups and college courses dealing with religious problems, the institution of voluntary chapel service and the condemnation of cribbing are the chief points set forth in an announced program by the Dartmouth Christian association. Found in the announcement was a scathing denunciation of the faculty, alumni, and student body for "lack of conviction as to the unlawful use of intoxicants."

Dartmouth Enters for Quebec Winter Sports

The Frontenac Winter Sports Club of Quebec will start its season program December 30 with a college ski competition for the New Year's cup, a perpetual trophy to be competed for each year in Quebec during the New Year's holidays.

Invitations have been sent to the following colleges: Dartmouth, McGill, Laval of Montreal, Laval of Quebec, Loyola, Bishops and Ottawa. Dartmouth and McGill have already accepted the invitation.

The competition will start in the morning with a five-mile cross-country ski race and will be followed in the afternoon by a ski-jumping contest on the new ski jump erected on Dufferin Terrace.

New England Farm Crops

Profitable farm crops in New England tend to be those which are relatively wet and heavy, such as milk and potatoes, or upon which a premium for freshness is placed, such as eggs. This was one of the conclusions presented in a discussion of "The Trend of New England Agriculture" by Director Sidney B. Haskell of the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station at the conference of Extension workers at the University of New Hampshire. In addition the crop must of course be suited to soil and climate, and one for which people are willing to pay fair prices.

Director Haskell contrasted the agricultural conditions of 1890 with those of today, greatly to the advantage of the latter.

New England's future possibilities are bright, he believes, for three reasons: An increasing population means an increasing need for food. The great areas of untilled soil are now exhausted. And industrialization of cornbelt and cotton-belt states shows that New England history is repeating itself in other sections, thus moving farther westward the area of greatest competition with New England production.

Co-operation Between Bankers and Farmers

Closer co-operation between bankers and farmers was urged at a joint conference between the members of the Agricultural Committee of the New Hampshire Bankers Association and the University of New Hampshire Extension Service. Director A. N. Otis, head of the National Banker-Farmer Committee, declared that the bankers generally throughout the country are promoting boys' and girls' club work, a diversified agricultural program, the Purnell bill for Federal agricultural research, among their national projects. Mr. Otis recited how the demonstration of two canning club girls before the meeting of the American Bankers Association brought forth comments that the speeches of the girls were the best made at the convention. An interesting coincidence transpired at the meeting when it was discovered that one of the very girls who had given this demonstration was now serving, as a home demonstration agent in New Hampshire. She is Miss Marion Eggleston, home demonstration agent in Grafton County.

Mr. A. M. Heard, president, Amoskeag National Bank, Manchester, N. H., pointed out that only 56% of the food-stuffs of New Hampshire are produced within the borders of the state and that we are sending out $35,000,000 annually for standard food products. He stated that even if only a small percentage of this capital was kept within the state that it would make a considerable difference to New Hampshire industries.

Uses Three Methods to Take Own Life

Karl Gottschling, 52, of Manchester, used three means of committing suicide the other day. While his wife was doing an errand, he locked up the apartment and opened gas jets. His body was found hanging from a hook in the bedroom, with deep cuts in both arms, just above the elbow. Neighbors helped his wife to break into the apartment and discover the suicide. He had been out of work for 22 weeks. He was the father of seven children.

Thought Navy Yard in N. H.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt Robinson made a visit to the Portsmouth navy yard last week and stated that he always thought the navy yard was in New Hampshire and was surprised to find that it was actually located in Maine.

Writes New Book

Ernest R. Groves, formerly Dean of Arts and Science at Durham, in collaboration with his wife, Gladys Hoagland Groves, '19, has written a book on child training, entitled "Wholesome Childhood." Mr. Groves was instructor in English 1093-1904; was instructor in English 1903-1904; Dean of Arts and Science, 1908-1920.

Concord Fire Chief Rounds Out 30 Years

Chief William C. Green of the Concord fire department has rounded out 30 years as head of the department. The chief said that unless there is a heavy fire loss between now and Jan. 1, the loss for 1924 will be the smallest in a number of years. During the chief's incumbency there have been 7355 fires, with losses amounting to $2,260,471.

Gulls Trail Fish Up River

Gulls came up to Exeter from the sea by the thousands, caused probably by following a school of smelts. The shores and river were white with the birds and many persons watched them as they swooped down for the fish. Many of them flew farther inland and caused a strange sight at a considerable distance from the river. As the tide ebbed the birds gradually went back to the sea.

Cat, Moved, Hikes Back 25 Miles to Old Home

A love for home and his old haunts proved too strong for Smokey the pet cat of Mrs. Poucher and her son and granddaughter of Temple. As the family had moved to Baldwinville, Mass., for the winter, Smokey accompanied them, securely done up in a large box. At Winchendon, his owners found him purring away happily in his improvised quarters, but on their arrival at their new home, Smokey was A. W. O. L. A few days later he returned to his old home, none the worse for his hike of over 25 miles, and was welcomed back by his many neighbors.

Has 10 Official Jobs, But They Are Only Part of His Day's Work

There are more than eight working hours in a day for Frank E. Smith of Gilsum. He carries on a farm and he holds at present 10 official positions, more, it is believed, than by any other man in the state.

Can Mr. Smith find time for anything else outside of taking care of the town business? He can. Last year, he made 800 pounds of maple sugar and raised more than 150 bushels of potatoes. And in six years, he has taken more than 3,000 trout from the streams of New Hampshire.

The following official positions are held by Mr. Smith in the town: Overseer of poor, chief of police, constable, truant officer, health officer, tax collector, dog constable, foreman of the fire department, justice of the peace and trustee of trust funds.

Club Work in Danger

Out of the annual conference of New Hampshire extension workers held at the State University several points shape up that are likely to have a significant bearing upon the work of the coming year.

Boys' and girls' club work is in danger. Reports from the various counties indicate that lowered farm bureau appropriations are likely to shear off in some of the counties the workers who have charge of the junior clubs. Federal and state funds for the work will in all probability be available, but will require supplementary aid from the counties. The question of the continuance of this work—or its initiation in the counties now without club agents—will, therefore, be a matter for the serious consideration of the county legislative delegations this Winter. In the meantime plans for the improvement of the junior activities were a feature of the conference, looking forward particularly to their extension to boys and girls not actually enrolled in definite clubs.

Dartmouth College Bars Pledging of Freshmen

Dartmouth College fraternities will not be permitted after the close of the present academic year to initiate or pledge students to membership until they have attained sophomore standing. President Ernest Martin Hopkins announced.

"The interpolation of fraternity interests into the freshman year at Dartmouth is a maladjustment," President Hopkins said in a letter to the Dartmouth, the student publication, in which he announced the decision. "Its processes are harmful to the class, demeaning to the fraternities and injurious to the morale of the college."

Sets Record by Rolling 4500 Cigars in 48 Hours

What is believed to be a world's record in cigar making was established in the R. G. Sullivan factory, Manchester, by Oscar von Wymersch, who rolled 4500 cigars in 48 working hours at his bench.

As far as can be learned, no other cigar-maker ever rolled 4500 cigars in one week. Von Wymersch also set up a new record for one day's work in the shop. He reached his peak with 784 cigars.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Colds · Headache
Pain · Neuralgia
Toothache · Lumbago
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 Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Milk Made No Sort of Hit With Slum Woman

Hal C. Davis, the noted reformer, said in an address in Pittsburgh:

"Politics are so rotten, it's no wonder autocracies have sprung up in Russia, Spain and Italy. An autocracy may spring up here. Our average politician understands statesmanship about as well as the slum woman understood milk.

"A model dairy, by way of an advertisement, once supplied a sample quart of rich, pure milk to a slum woman, and next morning, when the wagon stopped again, the woman said:

"'Don't leave no more of yer milk here, mister. It's on the pig. I'm afeared of it.'

"'Afeared of our milk? Why so, madam?' said the delivery man.

"'I let the sample ye give me yesterday stand for a couple of hours,' she replied, 'and it got a nasty, thick, yaller scum on the top of it, so I got afeared and had to throw it out.'"

Sicilian Lemons

The fruit quarantine maintained by the United States in an effort to keep the Mediterranean fruit fly out of this country has reacted severely upon the Sicilian lemon industry. The exports from Palermo to the United States for the first quarter of 1924 were one-half million dollars less than for the corresponding quarter of 1923.

Forest Fires Costly

The National Lumber Manufacturers' association has estimated that forest fire losses this season in California, Oregon, Washington, Montana and Idaho amount to $4,250,000. Of this $3,000,000 represented the loss of standing timber in the national parks and forests, $500,000 damage to privately owned standing timber and an equal sum for logs and logging equipment; $250,000 in losses to settlers and community property.

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing Clears Away Blotches

Measuring Lightning

Photography determines the distance of a lightning flash, and hence the dimensions of any of its features. Two cameras are mounted side by side and exposed at the same time, says Nature Magazine. Objects of known distance from the point of observation are photographed along with the lightning, and a comparison of the two pictures, plus a little mathematics, gives the distance of the lightning much more exactly than the old process of counting seconds between the flash and the thunder.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

NEP-NEP OINTMENT

"NEP." for RHEUMATISM and Kindred Ailments

A Famous European Remedy Made in U. S. A.

For the relief of all forms of **Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Gout, Earache, Headache** and all **Pains, Sprains** and **Bruises,** the manufacturers feel that no article or combination of articles has proved as beneficial in external treatment. Sold by all druggists or large tube sent postpaid for $1.00.

Try **NEP.** Ointment — Stop Taking Harmful Drugs

NEP. PRODUCTS CO., Inc., 8 Station St., Hyde Park, Mass.

She Threw Away Calomel *and took* Beecham's Pills

"I felt so miserable," said the young woman cashier in a fashionable New Jersey hotel. "A friend suggested calomel and I was about to take it.

"Another friend noticed the calomel on my desk and cautioned me against it. She said her sister took calomel and ate some fruit and the combination 'salivated' her—loosened some of her teeth and made her very sick.

"Fearing that my stomach might be in an acid condition, I bought a 25c box of Beecham's Pills and took a dose. The next day I felt fine and I haven't needed anything during the three weeks since.

"I wouldn't take anything but Beecham's now. Some of the other girls here take Beecham's and all say they are wonderful."

At all druggists—25c-50c.

Beecham's Pills

FREE To Housewives

Send us your name and we will send you, FREE and POSTPAID, a 10 cent bottle of LIQUID VENEER. Wonderful for your daily dusting. Cleans, dusts and polishes with one sweep of your dust cloth. Renews pianos, furniture, woodwork, automobiles. Makes everything look like new. Makes dusting a pleasure.

Sold by Hardware, furniture, drug, paint, grocery and general stores.

LIQUID VENEER COMPANY Buffalo, N. Y.

LIQUID VENEER

26 different Cleaners to Choose from.

$9.95

$3 Down—Balance Weekly

Fully Guaranteed

All rebuilt in our own shop.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Write for Bargain List

JOHN H. WARD

Vacuum Cleaner Specialist

1037 Walnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Creeping Fords Cause Accidents

"READ" Ball Bearing Clutch Lever Release Screw makes hand brake operate easily. Send 20 cents for one, get quantity prices. "READ," 365 Flushing Ave., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

MORE LIGHT—BETTER LIGHT
Less Trouble—Less Fire Risk—Lower Insurance
LIBERTY ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER PLANT
Runs on kerosene. All wearing parts are interchangeable with FORD car parts. Capacity—60 25-watt lamps. Power—5 h. p. on pulley, 1,500 watts on generator. SAN-FORD AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS CORP., 522 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Agents Wanted—Write for Terms

FOR SALE

89 Acres, 40 Tillage

Balance Wood and Pasture

Good nine-room house, large barn, hennery, garage. Good neighbors; handy location; excellent schools. Price $6,300.

Write JAMES H. PAGE

Hampton Falls New Hampshire

STOW'S PATENT STOVE BRICK. Fit any range. Easily applied, last longer, bake better than any stove brick. Send by express for $1. Grates for any range or furnace. S. J. STOW, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

START A MILLINERY BUSINESS at home. Our honest methods will help you make money; we send stock, all necessities and instructions for $100. Write for particulars.

UNITED MILLINERS
35-37 Ormond Place - Brooklyn, N. Y.

COME SOUTH TO TIDEWATER VIRGINIA. Free list of small farms, one or more acres, with and without buildings. DEVERELL & CO., CLAREMONT, VA.

Best Offer. German Razors. Fountain Pens, beads and all kinds of novelties. Send stamp for catalogue. Write today. LAIME NOVELTY CO., 114 Union Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

$1—CALVIN COOLIDGE BUST—$1 Striking likeness of the President. Artistic and unique Christmas gift for one dollar. F. Simpson, 820 W. 180th St., New York City.

We Offer—Good Pay and Steady Work near own home to another honest, energetic man. If you are interested write for particulars. The Pequod Nursery Co., Yalesville, Conn.

Let Me Purchase for You, at Wholesale prices, latest models, in radio sets and loud speakers. Write for particulars. Chas. K. Ives, 230 Upland Road, Cambridge, Mass.

RADIO FANS—Radio Kinks and Trouble Hints, in plain terms, understood by all, sent for one dime. CHARLES MURRAY, P. O. BOX 42, Station V, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

With a Purpose

The little boy who had received his first jilting was eating far too many sweets.

"Why can't you be contented with a few, like other boys?" asked his mother.

"Mummy," he answered, "daddy told me that a man who smokes too much gets smoker's heart, and a man who rows too much gets rower's heart, and—well—I'm eating sweets too much."

Waterfalls in Harness

Waterfalls more than 800 feet high in India are being harnessed by engineers near Bombay to furnish hydroelectric power.

Martha and Elizabeth Thealstone, twin sisters, died recently in England on the same day, after having lived together for 92 years.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

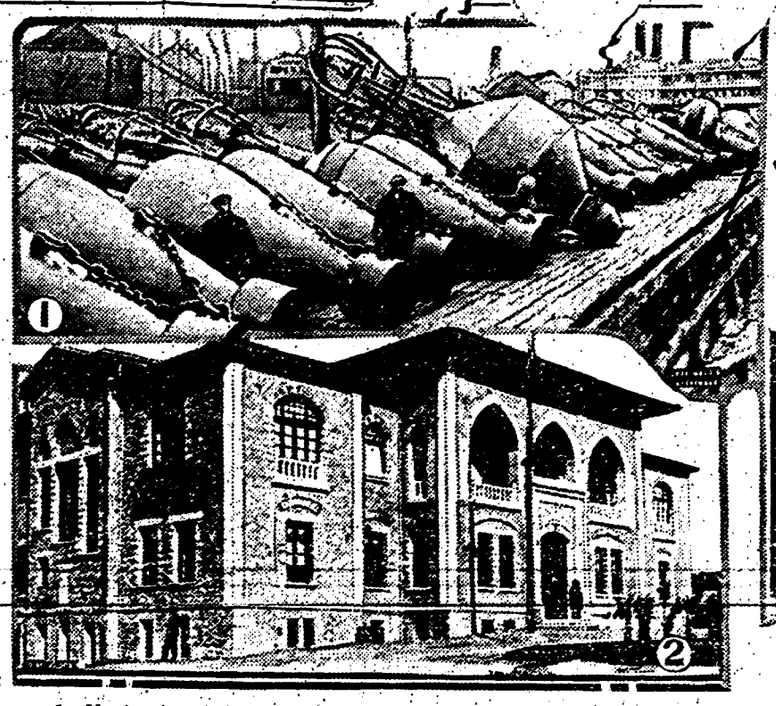
BATHE TIRED EYES with Dr. Thompson's Eyewater. Buy at your druggist's or 1160 River, Troy, N. Y. Booklet.

Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap

Bland and Soothing to Tender Skins.

DR. HUMPHREYS' REMEDY "77" BEST FOR COLDS-GRIP

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 51–1924.



1—Navigation being closed in the St. Lawrence from Montreal to the sea, automatic gas buoys are hauled up for winter storage at Sorel, Quebec. 2—New parliament house of Turkish republic at Angora. 3—Book-Cadillac hotel in Detroit, just opened; said to be the tallest hotel in world.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

British Stand Checks the Funding of Debts to U. S. —Germany's Elections.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

NEGOTIATIONS for the funding of war debts owed the United States by foreign nations may be checked entirely by the position taken last week by Great Britain as represented by Winston Churchill, chancellor of the exchequer. Discussions between Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Ambassador Jusserand relative to funding the French debt aroused the fear in England that France would be granted more favorable terms than were given to Great Britain. Mr. Churchill, explaining his government's position to the house of commons, said Britain would insist on equal treatment with any other nation in this matter, and he added: "It is essential that any payment by our debtors in Europe to the United States should be accompanied by a simultaneous and proportionate payment to us."

Speaking for the Liberals, Sir John Simon called England's position "intolerable" and said: "Our allies owe us some £3,000,000,000, involving a yearly interest on the debt of £130,000,000. We are paying our debt to America, but none of our allies dreams of paying us anything." Washington officials declared positively that there was no reason to expect a reopening of the funding agreement with Great Britain, a request for an understanding to that end having already been flatly refused.

Another controversy arose when Austen Chamberlain, British foreign secretary, notified Secretary Hughes that, in the view of his government, the United States was not entitled to collect war damage claims against Germany out of what the reparations commission receives from Germany through the Dawes plan. France, Italy and Belgium have agreed to support the American claim to the right to share in the reparations. Great Britain holds that America has no such right at all, having made a separate treaty with Germany. The point is made that the United States should follow the example of the allies by using the sequestered German property within its borders to meet the claims of its citizens against Germany. Washington forwarded an answer to England which, while expressing the belief that the matter could be settled amicably, firmly rejected the British position and insisted on America's right to receive payment for war damages out of the reparations funds. Unless the question is settled previously, it will come up when the allied finance ministers meet in Paris next month to decide upon the distribution of German payments.

GERMANY'S continued support of the Dawes plan was fairly well assured by the result of the reichstag elections. The three republican parties—Social Democrats, Catholics and Democrats—have 230 seats, which is just a few short of a majority. The three monarchist parties have 170 seats. The balance of power is thus held by hitherto weak groups, like the Bavarian Peoples' and Peasants' parties. Doctor Dernberg is quoted as saying the elections show that "a majority of the Germans are for the honest carrying out of the pledges of the Dawes plan, and, moreover, for honest co-operation in the international affairs leading to peace and reconciliation. Germany at present is negotiating for entry to the League of Nations and other international relations. The elections show that the people favor this program and oppose the extremists' efforts to break it.

"I believe a coalition of the middle parties will result. The Democrats are ready to quit co-operating with the People's party, which stands with the reactionaries. The three republican parties will be able, with the aid of two of the small parties, to form a republican government. Once this is begun it is possible that the People's party will be eager to join, because the People's party wants a place in the government, no matter what its political complexion."

For the present the People's party has refused to go into a coalition which would include the Socialists, so, according to dispatches from Berlin, the cabinet headed by Chancellor Marx has decided to resign. The outcome may be the formation of a bourgeois ministry to include the Nationalists, whose opponents wish to maneuver them into an impossible situation.

Baron Ago von Maltzan, secretary of state of the German foreign office, has been appointed ambassador to Washington to succeed Herr Wiedfeldt, who has resigned. Baron Maltzan is credited with possessing great diplomatic ability. He was chiefly responsible for the treaty of Rapallo between Germany and Russia which caused such a sensation during the Genoa conference of the great powers.

THE League of Nations council opened in Rome what might have been an important meeting had it not been found necessary or advisable to yield to the demands of the British. Austen Chamberlain told the council the Baldwin cabinet needed more time to examine the security and arbitration protocol and insisted that consideration of it be postponed until March, which was agreed to. A delegation from Egypt urged that the council take cognizance of the protest of the Egyptian parliament against the recent "wanton British attack," but here again British influence prevailed and the league secretariat announced it could not recognize the protest because it did not come from the Egyptian government.

Mr. Chamberlain had long conversations with Premiers Herriot and Mussolini, and afterward intimated that great progress had been made toward a complete accord of Great Britain, France and Italy on vital questions. Among other things, it was agreed that Britain should remain in the Rhineland, retiring from the Cologne bridgehead in January but occupying some other region, probably that of Coblenz which was held by the Americans after the armistice. They also discussed the problem of North Africa, with what result is not known.

FRANCE, as well as some other central European countries, has been making a campaign against the Reds within her borders because of their attempts to incite revolution and murder, and many of them have been arrested and deported. Premier Herriot was subjected to bitter attacks for his course, but defended himself skillfully and won a vote of confidence of 369 to 29 in the chamber of deputies.

Over here in the United States the Communists received a jolt when the Michigan Supreme court upheld the conviction of Charles E. Ruthenberg for violation of the state syndicalism law. It is presumed that as a result W. Z. Foster, in whose case the jury disagreed, will be retried and that Benjamin Gitlow, Rose Pastor Stokes and others who were indicted will be brought to trial.

MUSCLE SHOALS was by agreement the subject before the senate until disposed of, and it gave rise to some lively debates. The Underwood bill was up for action, and despite warm opposition it appeared likely to pass. Senator McKellar of Tennessee declared it was drawn in the interest of the Alabama Power company and that its terms would be even less favorable to the government than a bid made by that concern. The Republican steering committee of the senate agreed that controversial measures such as the world court membership proposal and repeal of the income tax publicity clause shall be omitted from the legislative program for the present session.

The senate on Thursday passed the cruiser and battleship rehabilitation bill which the house passed last session. It carries about $140,000,000 for construction and alteration and, although there is no provision for gun elevation, it will bring the navy almost up to the 5-5-3 ratio, according to Representative Britten.

The house was busy with the annual supply bills and quickly disposed of the appropriation measure for the Interior department, which carries a total of $238,000,000. Western Republicans and Southern Democrats prevented the elimination of an amendment for continuance of 39 land offices in Western and Southern states. The agricultural appropriation bill was then taken up and seemed to meet with little opposition in any of its parts. Among its items is one of $80,000,000 for road construction.

SUPPLEMENTING the gloomy reports of the secretaries of war and the navy is the annual report of the advisory committee for aeronautics which President Coolidge transmitted to congress. It gives a startling picture of what might happen to this country in time of war because of our deficiency in aircraft. Here is an extract:

"No one can foretell at this time what the use of aircraft will be in future wars, not even in the next war. It is safe to say that there will be individual and group fighting in the air; there will be aircraft attacking troops on the ground both with bombs dropped from great heights and with machine guns mounted on low-flying aircraft protected by armor from ordinary rifle bullets; there will be bombing of large centers, and routes of communication and transportation.

"And it has been proposed that aircraft be used to drop poisonous gases, not only on the enemy troops, but also behind the lines and in the centers of population, to the same extent that long-distance bombing will be carried on. The bombs carried may not be limited to explosives and poisonous gases, but may possibly be loaded with germs to spread disease and pestilence.

"Without limitations on the uses of aircraft in warfare, a nation fighting with its back to the wall cannot be expected to omit to use desperate means to stave off defeat."

TWO immense gifts to the American public for educational and charitable purposes were announced last week. James B. Duke, tobacco and power magnate, created a trust fund embracing properties worth at least $40,000,000, to be increased later to $80,000,000, for education, church and hospital work in North and South Carolina. The trustees are instructed to spend part of this in creating a university to be known as Duke university, provided Trinity college at Durham will not consent to change its name to Duke, which it probably will not do.

The other benefactor is George Eastman, head of the Eastman Kodak company of Rochester, N. Y. He announces new gifts of $12,500,000 to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, University of Rochester, Hampton institute and Tuskegee Institute. This brings Mr. Eastman's known benefactions up to $78,092,000, of which nearly $24,000,000 has been given to the University of Rochester. Explaining the donations of $1,000,000 each to Hampton and Tuskegee, he says:

"Almost the entire attention of educators has been devoted thus far to the white race, but we have more than 10 per cent negro population in the United States, most of whom are densely ignorant. The only hope of the negro race and the settlement of the negro problem is through proper education of the Hampton-Tuskegee type."

SAMUEL GOMPERS, who went to Mexico City for the Pan-American Federation of Labor convention and was elected its president, was taken seriously ill there and was placed on a train and hurried homeward. At the time this was written there was small hope for his recovery. He had been in very poor health for some time, and it was believed the altitude of Mexico City affected his heart.

August Belmont, known throughout the world as a financier and a sportsman, died rather suddenly in his New York residence at the age of seventy-one years. Mr. Belmont financed the first New York subway and was the chief figure in the building of the Cape Cod canal. For a great many years he was one of the leaders in American thoroughbred racing.

Another notable man who passed away during the week was Mahlon Pitney, former associate justice of the United States Supreme court. About eighteen months ago he was forced to retire by two strokes of paralysis, and he never recovered from them.

MONARCH

—for 70 Years QUALITY

As Monarch Coffee excels ordinary coffee, so Monarch Tea and Monarch Cocoa give evidence of their superiority at the first trial.

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
Established 1853
Chicago Boston Pittsburgh New York

TRADE BUILDER FOR 25 YEARS

"For over 25 years, Monarch Coffee has been one of our strongest trade builders. Our sales on Monarch have increased to the point where we do not hesitate to buy in thousand-pound lots."
RECKNORS, Creston, Iowa

40 MONARCH FAVORITES

Cocoa	Mayonnaise Dressing	Cling Peaches	Cherries	Hominy
Tea	1000 Island Dressing	Bilted Peaches	Beets	Pumpkin
Sweet Pickles	Pork and Beans	Apricots	Red Kidney Beans	Stringless Beans
Sweet Relish	Peanut Butter	Pears	Lima Beans	Sweet Potatoes
Catsup	Prepared Mustard	Loganberries	Asparagus Tips	Saner Kraut
Chili Sauce	Grape Juice	Red Raspberries	Corn	Spinach
Preserves	Fruit Salad	Strawberries	Tomatoes	Salmon
Mince Meat	Pineapple	Blackberries	Peas	Milk

Radio Special

The chance of a lifetime to obtain a *First Class Radio*

Tuska Superdyne--4 Tubes

VOLUME! BEAUTY! TONE!

To introduce this receiver we offer this remarkable set for $75.00. Regular price $125.00. Write Radio Dept.

McKENNEY & WATERBURY, 181 Franklin Street BOSTON, MASS.

Dog Weighs 187 Pounds

The largest dog at London's bench show last October was a St. Bernard weighing 187 pounds and the smallest was a Papillon that tipped the scales at 2½ pounds.

Green's August Flower

The remedy with a record of fifty-eight years of surpassing excellence. All who suffer with nervous dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation, indigestion, torpid liver, dizziness, headaches, coming-up of food, wind on stomach, palpitation and other indications of digestive disorder, will find GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER an effective and efficient remedy. For fifty-eight years this medicine has been successfully used in millions of households all over the civilized world. Because of its merit and popularity GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER is found today wherever medicines are sold. 30 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

New styles for men win their way slowly, and many never do break through their stubborn opposition.

A married woman says that the price of a husband's conscience is productive of a lot of pin money.

Sounds Inconsistent

Henry—What caused the coolness between you and Ernest?

Marie—A heated argument.

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 proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 23 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

The man who denies everything and asserts nothing is of no positive benefit to himself or anybody else.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces.

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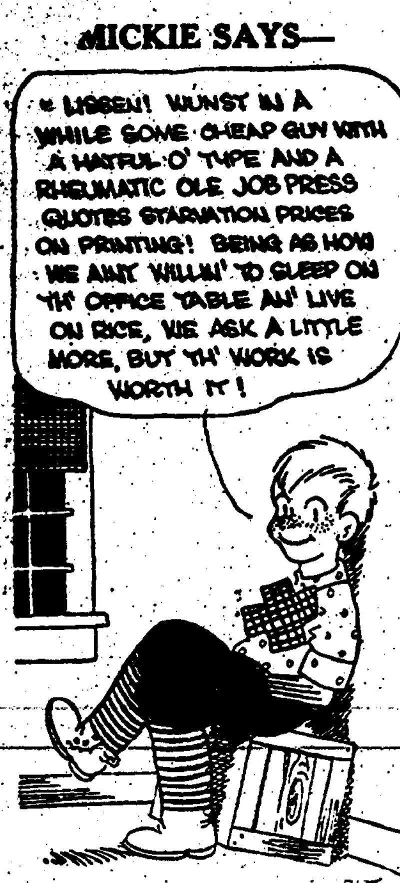

Mythical Snake Stories

There is a snake of the South Atlantic states, foolishly feared by the negroes, who say it will put its tail in its mouth, stiffen its body and roll along like a hoop, aiming to let go of its sting-tipped tail and dart it into the first person it meets. Similar stories are told of a closely related species, the wampum snake, common in swampy ground in the South, and both are called horn snakes. In fact, both species are perfectly harmless and spend most of their time beneath the ground, burrowing deeply into the soil. The former is blue black above, marked with three red lines, and flesh-colored below, with black spots; while the latter is uniform bluish-black above and banded with red on the abdomen.

"Tragedy" and "Comedy"

At first tragedies were brought on the stage as means of reminding men of the things which happen to them, and that it is according to nature for things to happen so, and that, if thou art delighted with what is shown on the stage, thou shouldst not be troubled with that which takes place on the larger stage. After tragedy, the old comedy was introduced which had a magisterial freedom of speech, and by its very plainness of speaking was useful in reminding men to beware of insolence.—Marcus Aurelius.

Makers of Dynamite Can Take No Chances

When one approaches a factory where dynamite is made everything seems half asleep. Here and there among the scattered buildings a man may be seen slowly wheeling a rubber-tired vehicle that looks not unlike a baby carriage. He exercises the greatest care, for his load is nitroglycerin, which does not allow mistakes to happen twice. The workmen and these strange carts are used to take the nitroglycerin from the [illegible] ing room to the refinery for the [illegible] nate straining and testing it must undergo until its detonating qualities are perfected. When the dynamite has been strained and the sulphuric acid removed from it the foreman takes half a teaspoonful of the liquid, spreads it thin on a metal surface and then strikes it with a hammer. [illegible] he is satisfied the product is [illegible] along to the dynamite building, where the nitroglycerin is soaked up by porous clay and cut in convenient sticks for mine use. The dynamite when pressed into shape is tested out by the explosion of a small amount on a ballistic pendulum. This device has a heavy lead ball mounted on the end of a swinging arm, which is set in motion by the force of the explosion. The gage tells the amount of motion and from this the power of the dynamite is calculated.

Word "Sleet" Used to Convey Many Meanings

The word "sleet" has three distinct [illegible] in the English-speaking world, says Nature Magazine. In England it is nearly always applied to a mixture of snow and rain, and the same usage prevails to some extent in this country.

[illegible], a great many Americans, including most engineers, have long applied the name "sleet" to the smooth coating of ice, due to rain falling in cold weather that at times envelops the branches, wires and other objects and gives us the beautiful spectacle of the "ice storm." British meteorologists call this "glazed frost," our Weather bureau has coined for it the name "glaze," and on both sides of the Atlantic it has sometimes been known as "silver thaw."

Lastly, the "sleet" of weather bureau [illegible] is widely so called in America and is sometimes so called in Great Britain [illegible] a few British meteorologists [illegible] tentatively styled it "ice rain." [illegible] this name has never become established.

In view of these facts, it is a safe [illegible] that the term "sleet" is destined to cause meteorologists more [illegible] in years to come than the term [illegible] which most people still [illegible] ply to the tornado—has caused [illegible] many years past.

Queer Marriage Customs

In many parts of India, after the marriage ceremony the bride and bridegroom are tied together by the corners of their garments and compelled to parade the full length of the village to signify that they are united for life. At a Cingalese wedding the presumably happy couple are tied together by their thumbs.

In Turkey, when the bridegroom [illegible] his bride to have [illegible] of her after the marriage [illegible] looks into a mirror [illegible] heads together so that the [illegible] appear united.

In certain [illegible] bride is carried [illegible] over a slow fire [illegible] are [illegible] of [illegible] of her new home.

Writing With a "Hill"

[illegible]

[illegible] quarries [illegible] word "pen" denotes a [illegible] on the coast, or a peak in the country, and it is from these old rock formations that the material is quarried. In this way we find such names as Penrith, Penmaenmawr, Penrhyn, Pennines, and Penzance, all of which have at one time or another been actively associated with the slate industry.

In the manufacture of the modern "lead" pencils, the plumbago from which the writing portion is made is also quarried in these regions.—London Mail.

Adjusting Compass

As a rule the deviation of the compass in steel ships is compensated by means of magnets and soft iron correctors. These are so placed near the compass as to almost exactly counteract the ship's magnetism and reduce the deviation to zero. Compensation is never quite perfect, however, and the operation must be repeated and the magnets readjusted if the ship greatly changes her magnetic latitude, because the earth's magnetic force changes as we recede from the poles, while the magnets do not.

Evidently Much Moved

A little girl returned home to her parents, after sitting for her school musical examination. They asked her how she had got on.

"Very well, I think," she answered.

"What was the examiner like?"

"Quite a nice man—and so religious."

"Religious! How could you tell?"

"In the middle of one of my pieces he put his head in his hands and said 'Oh, heavens! Oh, heavens!' very reverently."

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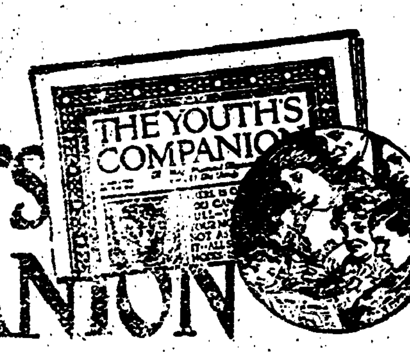

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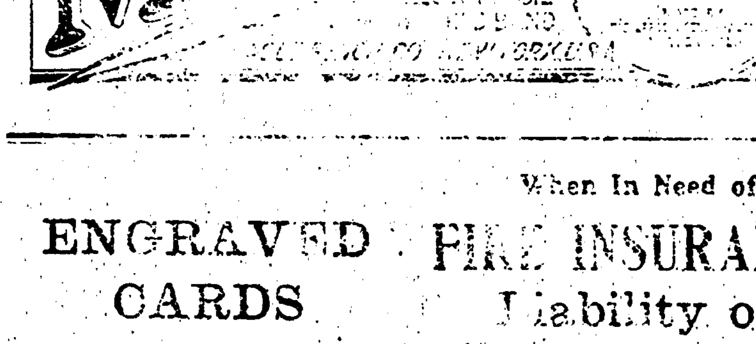

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1.50 p.m.		Winchendon, Worcester, Boston
4.15 p.m.		Winchendon and Keene
Going North		Trains leave for
7.30 a.m.		Concord and Boston
12.20 p.m.		Hillsboro
[illegible] p. m.		Concord
[illegible] p. m.		Hillsboro

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South	6.27 a.m.	For Peterboro
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Pipe-Organ Evolution of Twenty Centuries

More than 20 centuries ago a barber made the discovery that in moving his mirror in the pursuit of his duties air was forced through the tubes of the crude contrivance, causing a sweet musical sound. So struck was he by this peculiarity that he set about making an instrument which was the foundation of the modern organ. After several experiments he made a water-flute, in which air was forced by bellows through an inverted cone which led to flutes controlled by a keyboard, the pressure being kept uniform by water. After a thousand years a rival instrument made its appearance. This was of a similar pattern, but, instead of water, weights regulated the pressure. In 951 an organ was erected at Winchester, England. It had 26 bellows and ten pipes to each key. Two men who sat at the keyboard "blew and sweated enormously." Later, a firm of organ makers in Germany succeeded in erecting the first really big instrument. The primary stops did not differ very much from those of today, although various novelties were introduced. Among the innovations were the nightingale and cuckoo stops, while others represented cock-crowing and goat-bleating. Though these novelties have now fallen into disuse, an organ with one of these nightingale stops is still to be seen in Rome. It was not until the Nineteenth century that the problem of the regulation of air pressures was solved by the introduction of the hydraulic blower.

Dime Novels Brought Him Fame and Fortune

Erastus F. Beadle, the originator of the dime novel, which type of publication occupies a chapter in Edmund Lester Pearson's "Books in Black or Red," published the first dime novel, according to Mr. Pearson, in 1860. It was a small pamphlet with orange pink covers. The firm of Beadle & Adams continued their business until 1897.

Beadle, a descendant of American pioneers and soldiers, was born in Otsego county, New York, in 1821, says the Detroit News. Working as a boy for a miller, he found a need one day for letters of some sort to label the bags of grain. He cut the letters from blocks of hardwood, as Gutenberg's predecessors had done. This experience interested him in printing; he learned the art, and by 1852 had a printing shop of his own. In 1858 he moved to New York to test an idea which had come to him: the publication of books to be sold at 10 cents—song books, joke books and finally novels. The first of these books were mainly historical novels of the American Revolution, or early pioneer life. About nine-tenths of the settings, then and later, were American.

Little Known About Saint

Very little is known regarding Saint Bartholomew, one of the disciples of Christ. He is supposed to be also the Nathaniel mentioned in the first chapter in the gospel of St. John. He is believed to have traveled on a mission into Armenia, and to have there suffered martyrdom by being flayed alive. Himself one of the gentlest of men, he was destined by the irony of fate to give his name to one of the most frightful massacres recorded in history, and to the London Saturnalia known as St. Bartholomew's fair. This famous festival was celebrated annually in Smithfield, where many Huguenot refugees located, on August 24, for over 750 years, and was finally abolished in 1855, by which time it had degenerated into an orgy of drunkenness and debauchery.

Rich Man Might Better Have Forgotten Penny

In his "Queer Things About London," Mr. C. G. Harper tells the following story:

On the north side of Piccadilly is that famous labyrinthine warren of exceedingly select bachelor chambers, dating from about 1804, and known to most people as "The Albany."

By the smart set who reside there, however, it is accounted absurd to speak or write of "The" Albany. If you perpetuate that grave error, you cannot be "one of us."

Albany has always been affected, as a place of residence, by men of rank and fashion. Herein dwelt the millionaire Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and coming from his luxurious chambers one day he dropped a penny on the pavement outside.

He sought long and anxiously for the coin; but vainly, for it had rolled down a grating. Resuming an upright position, he remarked sadly on the fleeting nature of riches. Meanwhile a pickpocket had relieved him of his watch.

What the Dial Was For

"I see that you don't know how to tune this set," the friend observed, as he began adjusting the knobs. "But don't let that worry you, old man; we all have to learn, you know. Now," he continued, "did you notice the increased volume of sound as I turned the last dial? Just put the finishing touches on reception, as it were. Of course, one cannot teach you the whole game of reception at one sitting; but I will say this much—you would do well to pay particular attention to that dial if you want good quality and plenty of volume. That is one of the most sensitive controls. Condenser, I suppose?"

"No, Bill," replied the host. "You see, it is like this: I bored an extra hole in the panel by mistake and I put a knob there to hide it. It does not control anything, except the imagination."—Wireless Age.

The Phantom Fog-Horn

By CHART PITT

(©, Doubleday, Page & Co.)

PETE KETTLESON, keeper of the Muk-muk lighthouse, heaved a sigh of relief as he settled down in his easy chair. He lifted his fat hand and scratched his bald head thoughtfully. He had feasted upon his favorite dish—and Dogfish Dan Swanson was dead at last.

Ten years ago Dan had wrecked his schooner in a fog. The Vampire had piled upon the rocks right in front of the lighthouse—wrecked within pistol-shot of the silent fog-signal—and Dan had blamed Keeper Kettleson for it all.

But Dogfish Dan was dead now, and Pete still clung to his government job over at the lighthouse. Some uncanny impulse had compelled Kettleson to go to the funeral of the man whom he had hated so long and bitterly. But now when it was over he wished he had stayed at home. For Danny Swanson, the old man's son, had glared at him from across the coffin—and the boy had grown to look like his father—too much like his father to suit Pete.

One by one the lights of the town went out, and the lightkeeper began to feel sleepy there in his easy chair. The clock ticked off its minutes upon the wall. It, too, was getting drowsy, and its voice seemed farther and farther away to the nodding man. Midnight came; the eery hush of a dreaming world hung over the lighthouse where Pete Kettleson sat in the depths of his easy chair, sleeping on his watch—with his educated ear close to the open crack of the window, so he would be sure to wake up if the boats began whistling for fog.

The faithless lightkeeper slept peacefully on, and out in the night the neglected light blinked on—with none to watch it except the eyes of the Almighty.

Then Pete Kettleson sprang from his chair, with the echoes of a fog-horn still ringing in his ears. The haze of sleep was in his eyes as he bolted for the engine room and started the fog signal. When the machinery was in motion, Pete went outside. He was a bit curious to know if there were any ships close to the rocks—and whether Muk-muk light was due for another investigation.

Then he swore.

Above him the midnight stars were burning—bright and clear. He looked out to sea, but there was no trace of fog.

He hurried in and stopped the signal, and returned to his quarters. He poked up his fire, then settled down in his chair again, with his educated ear close to the crack in the window. Once more he was sleeping, as he had slept for twenty years—on his watch.

The clock upon the wall ticked off the minutes. Deeper and deeper the bald-headed lightkeeper sank into the black bogs of Morpheus. But that wise old ear of his was at the window, listening, listening for some alien sound in the night.

Then once more Pete Kettleson sprang to his feet. The whistles were blowing again. Almost automatically he staggered inside, and started the engine. For twenty years he had tended the lights, and his hands had grown used to doing the work with little aid from his sleepy brain. But at the first blast of the signal he remembered something—and darted outside.

The lightkeeper became alarmed. For a score of years he had slept on his watch, trusting his sharp ears to awaken him if the boats began blowing for fog—now his ears were beginning to play him false. To keep awake nights, as lightkeepers were supposed to do, was out of the question. That habit of taking cat-naps was too firmly fixed to be broken.

For an hour Pete Kettleson tramped back and forth across the lighthouse grounds. He was afraid to go to sleep again, and it was almost impossible for him to keep awake.

Then he heard it—a fog-whistle out of the night. He wheeled toward the signal—then he stopped. It came again—louder—a whistle such as never blew on land or sea—the whistle of the phantom fleet that steer their eternal courses across the ocean of the damned.

For a moment the guilty lightkeeper stood there with his wide eyes staring out into the black night. Then he remembered about Dogfish Dan—who was dead.

It was ten years since the old fisherman had spoken to him—but those last words rang like a banshee's cry in his fear-sharpened ears.

"You slept on your watch, Pete Kettleson—and I lost my ship because of you—and if I had gone down with the Vampire—I would have come back and haunted you!"

Now Dogfish Dan was dead—and the phantom horns were blowing—out there on the reefs of the Muk-muk—where the bones of the Vampire lay.

He rushed into his quarters and bolted the door: a fear-haunted man who knew retribution had found him at last. Back and forth across the floor he walked, while out in the murk of the lonely night the phantom horns kept blowing—the voice of lost ships cursing him from the graveyards of the sea.

* * * * * * * *

In the gray gloom of the dawn, a canoe came creeping in from the reefs of Muk-muk. Danny Swanson smiled softly to himself as he hid his boat among the weeds. Then he stole away toward the cabin on the hill—with a basket of assorted conch-shell whistles under his arm.