

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XLIII NO. 21

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1926

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Men's Caps, Plain and Figured Shirts, Collars, Neckties, Belts, Silk Hose, Jackets.

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Are you thinking of a new Oil Stove this Summer? We have a good assortment of the leading makes. The Florence people have a new model this year with a new oversized Triple Power 15 inch Florence Burner, which gives all the heat needed for the new model Oven with the Door on the end; has an inside capacity as great as that of an ordinary Two-burner Oven, but occupies much less space on the Stove. We also have the One-burner Florence Hot Water Heater, with the new Florence 15 inch Burner; it is wickless and valveless and altogether dependable.

We also have a good line of Stoves, Enameled ware, Galvanized ware, Tin ware, Aluminum ware, Crockery, Copper Boilers, and other goods too numerous to mention.

No Argument

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THE ANTRIM REPORTER

All the Local News

\$2.00 Per Year, in Advance

YOU SHOULD HAVE A FLOWER GARDEN

A Townsman Who Knows What He Is Talking About Tells Why Flowers Should Be More Generally Grown

Installation No. 6
Handsome Sweet Peas
It is nearly time to plant the Sweet Peas in the warm well-drained spots. Just as soon as the ground is fit to work, make a good deep trench, a foot or more, and if you can get it, put in four to six inches of good manure, fill nearly full of good top soil, mix and firm well, adding a good handful of bone meal to the yard of row if you can get it. In the upper layer of top soil of about three inches, mix in a good sprinkling of hardwood ashes. Do not put manure and ashes directly together. Allow all to settle a couple of days, when the seed may be sown, covering about one inch. Do not have the trench quite full when finished. You can then draw in the earth later when hoeing, and if you never have it quite full, you can water much more effectively when dry weather comes. Try this method and you will get quantities of bloom.

If aphids are apt to bother your peas, sweet, or the vegetable varieties, tobacco stems scattered along the rows when planting will be found an effective remedy. They are also a help as a fertilizer, being rich in potash. If aphids get a foothold, spray with any of the nicotine preparations, like black-leaf 40, or nicotine; or whale oil soap. As a general rule, it is more satisfactory to plant peas of separate colors, and do not plant them too thick; a double row, spacing the seeds two or three inches apart, is thick enough, and finally thin to six inches apart in each row. Place the two rows six or eight inches apart. Four or five ten cent packets of seed will make a plenty for the average garden. An ounce of seed will plant twenty feet of row. Let me caution again about seed quality. Get the best, of a good dealer. The orchid-flowering type is much to be preferred, and there is an early orchid-flowering type which comes earlier than the regular type.

The fading blooms of all flowering plants, whether peas or something else should be scrupulously picked, as the formation of seed greatly shortens the period of bloom. When dry weather comes, give the ground a regular soaking twice a week if possible. Use good tall bushy brush, birches fine, for supports. If your location is right, and you have planted well, you will need supports six or eight feet above the ground.

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HAROLD L. BROWN.

OF MORE THAN LOCAL IMPORTANCE

Here Are Items of News Which Will Doubtless Interest All Our Readers in Antrim and Elsewhere

Well, what did the ground hog say, anyway? Will you believe in signs any more?

Life in this latitude may be said to be a continual emptying and filling of coal bins. However, we'll not have a whole lot to say about it if the stuff to fill them with can be procured at somewhere near a reasonable price.

The so called daylight saving goes into effect on the railroads on April 25, necessitating those who have business with the trains to set their schedule ahead one hour. This applies particularly to travelers by rail, express and mails. Again we say: What a mess!

The Antrim base ball team is making its preparations for another season's entertainment of our people with the prevailing summer sport. This announcement we are glad to make and to know that we are sure to have something pretty nice along this line. The business men are backing the team with funds, which is just as it should be, and having some good ball players as ever crossed the diamond among our boys, it is a sure thing that the season opens well and promises good.

Brother Langley, editor of the Concord Monitor Patriot, in a two column editorial, announces himself a candidate for the school board, his reason being that his reporters are unable to get this class of news; and from this we judge that there may be star chamber sessions and the reports thereof do not leak through with sufficient regularity or in satisfactory quantity to suit the news dispenser of our esteemed contemporary. Had we less experience in holding an office of this nature, very likely would wish him success in his efforts to secure this position, but knowing somewhat of the demands of the office, it is beyond us to wish the position on to a busy newspaper man.

The Salvation Army in New England is making an unusual appeal to the folks in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. The Army wants wild animals and birds of all descriptions. At Sharon, Mass., the Army maintains the finest fresh air camp in the world. The camp is called "Wonderland" and here, during the summer, more than 4,000 under-privileged boys and girls most of them from slums and poverty stricken homes, will spend their vacations. One of the big attractions for the little folks at the camp, is a miniature zoo. Colonel H. A. McIntyre, 8 East Brookline St., Boston, head of the Salvation Army in New England, has had cages and pens constructed. Now he needs some animals. If you have some thing along this line let him know.

The Boston & Maine railroad appears to be continuing its warfare against the people who happen to reside on branch lines of their road. We presume it is because we don't understand their position that we condemn their attitude. How they can expect towns to favor doing away with train service and allow the substitution of bus service is beyond us; and where rearrangement of train service is suggested it is at a longer distance so that the passenger will have to pay considerable more to get what and where he wants.

And this is not all: imagine if you can what the additional expense will be to the smaller towns in the upkeep of the roads when these heavy buses are allowed to use them as they wish.

In the rearrangement of train schedules it is claimed that some trains will be laid off and other things done with the thought in mind of benefiting the people. Can anyone tell how this can be done? If some of the former men who had charge of the railroad situation in this state a generation back were here now and doing business, we dare say things would be very different.

Mrs. Sarah McIlvin

A native of Antrim, passed away on Tuesday, April 6, at a hospital in Massachusetts after several months' illness, in her 83rd year. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. James Holland, of Brighton, Mass., a son, George McIlvin, of Farmington, and four grandchildren, Ruth and Arthur Holland, Madeline and Lin-

wood McIlvin.

The funeral was held on Thursday in the chapel of the undertaking room, at Brighton. Rev. Father Dale, of St. John's church, of Boston read the service. Miss Inez Pearce, of Roxbury, rendered three vocal selections: Abide with Me, Peace, Perfect Peace, and O Paradise. Burial at North Branch cemetery.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

Where Candles of Quality are Sold

Three Special Combinations—One Week Only

For the Ladies—One Lamb's Wool Powder Puff regular price 25c. One box Djer Kiss Face Powder regular price 60c. One 4-ounce bottle Toilet Water regular price 75c. Total \$1.60 Special combination price for all three \$1.00

For the Men—One Badger Hair Shaving Brush, white celluloid Handle, Bristles set in rubber, regular price 65c. One 8-ounce bottle imported Bay Rum, regular price 50c. One tube of Shaving Cream or Shaving Stick regular price 25c. Total \$1.40. Special combination price for all three 85c.

For Everybody—One 8-ounce bottle Eau de Quinine Hair Tonic regular price 75c. One 4-ounce bottle Coconut Oil Shampoo regular price 25c. Total \$1.00. Special combination price for both 65c.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

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

Prize Speaking

Town Hall, Antrim, Friday Even'g, April 23, 1926

ANTRIM HIGH SCHOOL

Piano Duet, "Bobolink Polka"	Wolcott
Elizabeth Robinson and Frances Wheeler	
"God's Judgement on a Wicked Bishop"	Robert Soutbey
Forrest Teaney	
"The Famine"	Longfellow
Rupert Wisell	
Chorus Singing, "Welcome Sweet Spring"	Robinson
Junior and Senior Classes	
"On the Shores of Tennessee"	Bees
Eather Perkins	
"The Story of the Barefoot Boy"	Trowbridge
Carrie Maxfield	
Piano Solo, "Love's Oracle"	Bohn
Dorothy Pratt	
"Covers for Seven"	Zona Gale
Elizabeth Tibbals	
"Landing of Our Pilgrim Fathers"	Hermans
Helen Rokes	
Chorus Singing, "Come Back to Erin"	Claribel
Junior and Senior Classes	
"Hervé Riel"	Browning
Carroll Johnson	
"Jean Desprez"	Robert W. Service
Charles Cutter	
Piano Duet, "The March of the Mitten Men"	Sousa
Elizabeth Robinson and Frances Wheeler	
"How Tom Sawyer got his Fence Whitewashed"	Mark Twain
Jessie Hills	
"The Case of Gunn versus Barclay"	
Dorothy Maxfield	
Violin Solo, "Valse"	Jean Coeur
Eather Perkins	

Report of Judges and Award of Prizes by Chairman of the evening

NOTICE!

Barber Shop

In the Codman House, Entrance Summer St., Now Open for Business

R. G. HODGES, Antrim, N. H.

Specials This Week!

Yale B Batteries, 45 V.....	\$3.20
Yale B Batteries, 22½ V.....	1.95
Tubes, 201 A RCA.....	1.95
Tubes, UV 199 RCA.....	2.20
S-anite Interference Eliminators	1.00
Battery Cables.....	.85
Davis Head Phones.....	2.95
Electric Curling Irons.....	.95
Electric Flat Irons.....	1.75

Paul G. Traxler, Store Under Barber Shop, Bennington, N. H.

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

H. Carl Muzzey AUCTIONEER

ANTRIM, N. H.

Prices Right. Drop me a postal card

CHAS. S. ABBOTT FIRE INSURANCE

Reliable Agencies

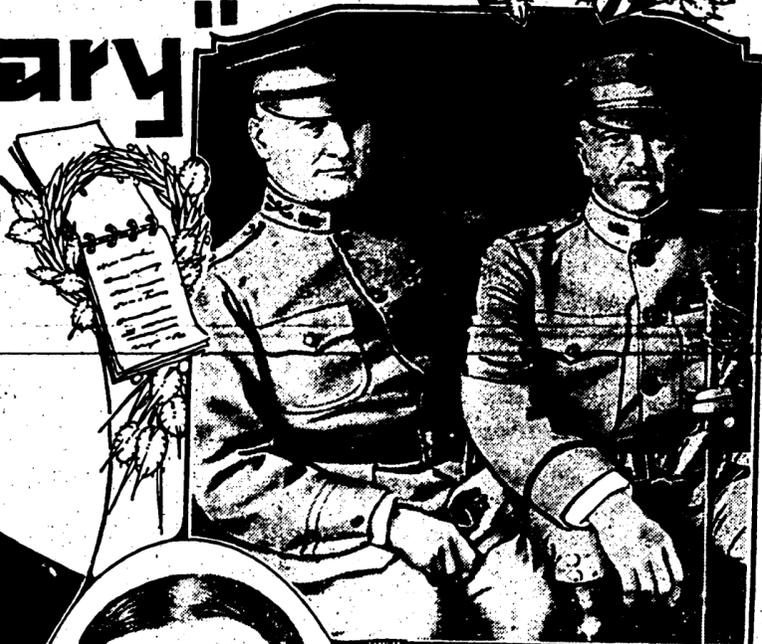
To all in need of insurance I should be pleased to have you call on me.

Antrim, N. H.

"Leaves From a War Diary"



MAJ. GEN. JAMES G. HARBORD



GENERALS HARBORD AND PERSHING

Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord Tells of Greatest Conflict in History

WHAT does a brigade commander think about? Particularly if that brigade commander finds himself responsible for the success of a maneuver in one of the campaigns in the World war? Let Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord, who commanded the marine brigade around Belleau Wood, tell you. He knows. You can read his reactions now for the first time in that living record written in the heat of war days with no thought of publication, but only "for the eyes of one woman, the wife of one soldier and the daughter of another." This is the explanation with which the general dedicates to his wife the newly published "Leaves From a War Diary" (Hodd, Mead and Company), which, in the days before he could write "Retired List" after his name, were for home consumption only.

You decide to try to straighten out a small re-entrant in your lines, starts the general's answer to the above question, or, perhaps, the Boche decides to do something to you, and for about one minute of thought followed by a decision delivered perhaps in less than ten seconds you sit through hours of waiting. You wait for the necessary preliminary reconnaissance for some artillery preparation; perhaps for the approval of some superior whose mind does not seem to function quickly; for the reconnaissance you must await the report before you can make up your mind what it is you wish your action to be; the artilleryman must get some data to tell you whether he can do what you ask; the necessary matters of ammunition for rifle, Chauchat, Stokes, V. B. 47-mm. or machine-gun, all of which now form part of your armament, must be considered; also the weather, the interval to night-fall as compared with the time it will take to make your operation; what the enemy is liable to do; what your own people on either side of you can do or will do, etc., etc. Finally all these preliminaries are gone through, and your orders are made, and your attack is launched in the Bois de Belleau, or wherever it is, going to be. Then comes the hard waiting.

You know your people have started forward, and the outcome is in the knees of the gods. You can do nothing more, but you wish you could, and it is sometimes hours before you know what is happening. The telephone wires are cut, runners are killed, your men are out of sight and hearing. Eventually, perhaps, an airplane drops a message at your headquarters as it flies over. An orderly hastens to pick up the little tin cylinder in which the aviators drop their messages, and you get the information that "Americans are in sight on the Belleau-Bouresches road," or "Americans are in possession of Bourcy." Wounded men begin to arrive at the dressing-stations in the little Red-Cross Ford ambulances, and sometimes you get your first news from them. Eventually a signal goes up, "Objective attained," or it may be "Falling back," or "We want to advance, lengthen on the fire" this for the artillery, or "our artillery is firing on us." By and by, when you are frantic for news, a message arrives by runner, but is almost illegible and quite generally very vague, being written on some officer's knee with a soft pencil, and carried through brush and shell-fire, and probably written under fire. You wish more than anything else in the world to know the exact position of your troops, and exactly where the enemy is with reference to them; where you can see the artillery to place their further fire; whether or not the casualties have been heavy among our people, and among the Germans; and the formation takes a day and night to alter in, and it is difficult to be patient. The telephone gets cut at critical times, and you cannot use it except in code, for the modern listening sets enable the enemy to hear, and the operators have continually to be cautioned to be careful about revealing confidential matters over the telephone. Officers under fire are oblivious to the passage of time and forget the importance of reports. You can't help them unless you know where they are, how they are, and when. Reports come in without the hour on them, and are worthless, for you certainly do not know when the conditions reported existed in, and it is difficult to say that the liaison is of the very highest importance. Liaison, generally speaking, consists in keeping everybody informed of everything he ought to know.

Meanwhile you wait, and walk the floor, or smoke (some play solitaire), or you worry over whether you have left anything undone or not, says the general, and adds:

A favorite, or rather an inevitable topic, when one is waiting in our relations with our allies, particularly the French. They are the most delightful, unassuming, unselfish, trustworthy, sensitive, unassuming, clean, dirty, artistic, clever and stupid people that the writer has ever known. Intensely academic and theoretical yet splendidly practical at times, it will be a wonder if we do not feel as much like fighting them as we do the Germans

before the war is over, for our alliance tries human patience—American patience—almost to the limit. One of their orators said in my presence some time ago that all the world weeps for the same reasons, but only those who see alike laugh at the same things, and he reasoned that the French and Americans are alike because they laugh at the same things. We do, but we are surely very different.

Reproduction of maps from airplane photographs is in the French system assigned to the topographic section of the army. With us our organization has only gone as far as the corps as yet. Our division general staff section 2 (intelligence) has been furnishing us some maps from airplane photographs. French staff officers spend a golden hour telling you that it is not the business of the Deuxieme bureau to make such maps, but of the Section Topographique d'Armee. The war may be lost, the maps would never be made, men die for want of the information the maps would have given, but what matters if the battle be lost or won if the Deuxieme bureau is not prostituted into the making of maps, but unmoored does its regularly assigned work somewhere back in a safe place in the rear.

This is war as seen and felt by a man who was in the thick of it. General Harbord is human through and through. From his observations of the French you realize the variations of his manly enthusiasms and manly resentments. But most important, from the viewpoint of the historian, the general is a good observer with a penetrating sense of values as to what is interesting. He writes frankly with a candid tongue, using language to convey meanings and not to disguise them.

Time and again he expresses a whole-souled admiration for John J. Pershing, and when he writes "My Chief," we cannot but believe the true warmth of feeling carried by this phrase. This loyalty and an increasing friendship with Charles G. Dawes (later of the Dawes plan and of Coolidge and Dawes), combined with the fullest enthusiasm for the marines, constitute the throbbing, human cadence of his book. Read what he says in June, 1918, after getting into action with the marine brigade:

What shall I say of the gallantry with which these marines have fought? Of the slopes of Hill 142, of the Mares farm, of the Bois de Belleau and the village of Bourches stained with their blood, and not only taken away from the Germans in the full tide of their advance against the French, but held by my boys against counter-attacks day after day and night after night. I attack days of their splendid gallantry without tears coming to my eyes. There has never been anything better in the world. What can one say of men who die for others, who freely give up life for country and comrades? What can be said that is adequate? Literally scores of these men have refused to leave the field when wounded. Officers have individually captured machine-guns and killed their crews. Privates have led platoons when their officers have fallen. Many companies have lost all their officers and been commanded by noncommissioned officers. One of my young lieutenants, Lieutenant Moore, with the veteran Sergeant Quick, a medal-of-honor man, volunteered to run an ammunition truck down a shell-swept road into the town of Bourches the night we captured it, and did it. Instances of men rushing out and carrying in wounded comrades, which in other days called for the award of a Medal of Honor, have been so frequent as to be almost common in this brigade.

Here is his picture of General Pershing: General Pershing is a very strong character. He has a good many peculiarities, such I suppose as every strong man accustomed to command is apt to develop. He is very patient and philosophical under trying delays from the War Department. He is playing for high stakes and does not intend to jeopardize his winning by wasting his standing. He is extremely cautious, though very annoying as they occur. He is extremely cautious, does nothing hastily or carelessly. He spends much time re-writing the cables and other papers I prepare for him, putting his own individuality into them. He is the first officer for whom I have prepared papers who did not generally accept what I wrote for him. It is very seldom I get anything past him without some alteration. I am obliged to say I do not always consider that he improves them,

though often he does. He edits everything he signs, even the most trivial things. It is a good precaution, but one which can easily be carried to a point where it will waste time that might better be employed on bigger things, but is probably justified in the preliminary stages in which we are.

He thinks very clearly and directly; goes to his conclusions directly when matters call for decision. He can talk straighter to people when calling them down than any one I have seen. I have not yet experienced it, though. He has naturally a good disposition and a keen sense of humor. He loses his temper occasionally, and stupidly and vaguely irritate him more than anything else. He can stand plain talk, but the staff officer who goes in with only vagueness where he ought to have certainty, who does not know what he wants, and fumbles around, has lost time and generally gained some straight talk. He develops great fondness for people whom he likes and is indulgent toward their faults, but at the same time is relentless when convinced of inefficiency. Personal loyalty to friends is strong with him, I should say, but does not blind him to the truth.

Writing of the early days in 1917, when the A. E. F. was in its infancy, General Harbord found an excellent character study in contrasting the types presented by Pershing and the French commander, Petain, between whom at this time there existed not too cordial relations. Harbord says: He is said to be known as Petain the Brief, among his own countrymen. He was a lieutenant colonel of infantry before the war, and taught in the Ecole de Guerre, an institution of the higher training of French officers similar to that revered institution on the banks of the Potomac where I spent so many long hours last winter. He is a man about fifty-seven, I should judge, blue-eyed, blond-mustached, bald to the ears, erect in carriage, and gives the impression of alertness and energy. He is extremely direct in his conversation, frank to the point of brusqueness.

Though known to his own people as The Brief, he did not seem to me to find the sound of his own voice at all disagreeable, or to be particularly brief in getting through what he had to say. Pershing would be better translated as "brusk," very much worth a stream of terse, concise, talk that practically held the center of the stage during the entire dinner, pausing occasionally for the interpreter, our Major Frank Parker, who is on duty at French general headquarters and speaks French, to render him somewhat of an interpreter for General Pershing and reply "on his own" to General Petain. The latter's French was so distinct that I was able to follow his conversation fairly well.

Petain seems very frank and direct in his dealing with General Pershing, but I have not full faith that he regards these exchanges on official matters at social events quite so seriously as we are apt to do. Letters that come from his staff to ours, or that are written by them for his signature, are not always in accord with his expression of opinion at the table. This whole question of our relations with the French high command is going to be maneuvered by them to rush our general off his feet if he is not extremely careful.

Later he speaks of Pershing visiting the French front with Petain: General Pershing is evidently studying Petain very closely. The question of the employment of our army is to come up. France has over a million men in the field; they are wanting and ours are scarce. Should nothing go wrong and the war continue we shall have more than they a year from now. For the present the French attitude is at times very distinctly patronizing.

There is a somewhat of an amateur, doubtless looked upon somewhat as an amateur, though I believe the average professional level of our commissioned ranks is higher than theirs. Our numbers now are, of course, trifling; but we are coming. Petain has sent in several suggestions that have been distinctly patronizing, and in which he has played all around the word "order" without quite using it. He will do well to omit that word from his repertoire. Our general is very cautious; thinks very deeply; takes no false steps; knows his ground, and he knows who holds the whip hand, if one may use that word in speaking of relations with an ally. France depends on America, and she shall not depend in vain. We cannot permit to be generous, and it shall never be said that we were not. But our relations, it will be explained to General Petain, are those of co-operation. The general is going to suggest to us that they are treating exactly as equals on the direct and personal instead of by correspondence; that they are treating exactly as equals on the same level; that General Petain's interests as well as his own, and those of their respective countries, will be best served so. I think they will be great friends; that each will probably be a hero in his own country; and together with the word "order" it will carry the war to a strictly co-operative basis; no orders, but patronage. General Pershing and General Wood are the only two American generals with whom I have close dealings, that struck me as having the head for the part, when so far as beating their enemies in detail, when the French have gone forward, the British have not; when the British have been ready, the French have been delayed. It has been a sea-saw; two badly trained horses pulling separately instead of together. Great Britain is engaged in too many subsidiary operations. Such operations are only justified in war when they have a direct bearing on the object of the war.

The place to beat the Germans is where the Germans are, and that is on the western front; not in Bagdad, Mesopotamia, Egypt, or Salonika. The fighting in those regions is purely in the interest of British political and commercial supremacy in Asia and Africa. It ties up a tremendous amount of shipping which is needed to bring us into the war, all sides realizing that with France and England bearing the end of their main power, it is America that must win the war.

LENDS VARIETY TO COATS; PARIS USES LIGHT WOOLENS

SO LONG as the average woman is looking for slenderizing lines, the coat that is straight, or nearly so, will have the strongest appeal for her. Therefore the majority of spring coats make no radical departures from the straight line. They look to variations and odd tricks in cut, to trimmings and accessories, to give them interest and diversity. Flares, capes, pockets, collars and trimmings—nobly have they played their part, but the subtle art of the coat makers shines brightest in those ingenuities of cut by which they ring changes on the trim lines favored by fashion. Besides there is much variety in fashionable materials, with rep, twill, smooth-



TWO LATE SPRING COATS

service expected of them—but more of them are unadorned; the simplest have some little touches that suit them to their youthful wearers. Thus, early in life, the young Parisienne becomes aware of the value of chic details.

Above is a sketch of two frocks from a Paris house that makes only children's clothes, and these two dresses, of woolen cloth, are prettily embellished with embroidery and important little details of finish, that suit them to all the dress-up occasions of little girls. Gray cloth makes the simply designed frock at the left with set-in cap sleeves. Conventional flower motifs, embroidered in colors, supply the

panels in the skirt and adornment for the sleeves, and the panels are joined by an outline of embroidery. An important bow of wide ribbon makes a chic finish for the "V" neck, which allows the dress to be slipped over the head.

Dark blue cloth proves a charming choice for the dress at the right, with hand embroidery in gay colors forming the collar, short sleeves and simulated pockets. The leather belt and silk tie are wonderfully effective on this model, and may be chosen in any color wanted. The trick of slipping the tie through the slashes in the frock gives a pretty hint of princess becoming to little maids.

Paris has always liked the plaited skirt in little girls' frocks, and this



TOGS FOR PARIS TOTS

squirrel to correspond, develops a very slight flare from the hips. When fastened at the throat it is a trim double breasted, straight front, but when open it achieves the popular side fastening in effect. A novelty weave in a tweed mixture makes the simple model at the right—having no sort of decoration and needing none. The style in the material is suited to this mannish simplicity of design. Little Miss Paris finds all sorts of fabrics making up the sum of her spring wardrobe, but the two most featured are likely to be light wooleens and taffeta silk. These, singly or combined, might well account for the majority of spring dresses for little maids wherever they are. The wooleens are very practical and are more or less elaborated, according to the sort of year they are shown with jumpers in contrasting materials—as skirts of plain cloth with figured jumpers or of plaid with plain jumpers. Taffeta silk and woolen cloths are combined in many frocks of the same kind as those shown here in wool. This is a happy solution to the problem of remodeling a last year's frock, especially as taffeta is so accommodating in the matter of making trimmings. It is used in ruffings, ruchings, puffs and applique motifs, for yokes, collars and other accessories, in panels, in fact, in any way the dressmaker may choose, and is usually chosen to match the cloth in color. But the combination of plain and plaid patterns is always good in children's dresses.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY, 68, 1924, Western Newsman, Dallas.



The Wife-Ship Woman

By Hugh Pendexter

Author of Kings of the Missouri, By Gears, A Virginia Scout, etc.

Copyright by Hugh Pendexter, 1932-1933.

A QUEER MAID

SYNOPSIS—Traveling by canoe on the Mississippi, on his way to Biloxi, in the early days of the settlement of Louisiana, William Brampton, English spy, known to Indians and settlers as the "White Indian," sees a Natchez Indian post a declaration of war against the French. For his own purposes, he hastens to Biloxi to carry the news to Bienville, French governor. Brampton meets an old friend, Joe Labrador, Indian half-breed, who warns him Bienville has threatened to hang him as a spy. Brampton refuses to turn back. He falls in with Jules and Basile Mator, on their way to Biloxi to secure wives from a ship, the Maire, bringing women from France. At Biloxi Brampton protects a woman from a sergeant's brutality. She tells him she is Claire Dahlsgaard, picked-up in a raid in Paris. Evidently well bred and educated, she is a mystery to Brampton. He intervenes to prevent a man, English, known as "Old Six Fingers," following her to New Orleans. A Frenchman, Francois Narbonne, slightly demoted by stories he has heard of the riches of the New World, introduces himself. Bienville accuses Brampton of treachery, but the latter secures a respite from death by revealing the Natchez declaration of war. He is to await the arrival of a former companion, Damoon the Fox, who will exonerate or condemn him. Damoon has documents proving Brampton an English spy. Brampton receives a message from Claire, begging him to help her reach the English settlements. Brampton treats Narbonne with a note to Claire promising to meet her at New Orleans. He plans his escape. After a struggle Brampton wrests the incriminating papers from Damoon and escapes from Biloxi. He meets the Mators and they go to New Orleans in a sailing packet. At the landing place Brampton again encounters Joe Labrador, whom he asks to bring Claire to him. Brampton questions her closely, she will tell him little of her story. With Labrador, Brampton and Claire leave in two canoes for the English settlements.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"We now come to the great river, the Mississippi. I am positive the man Damoon and his Indians are coming up the river to look for me. I have paddled hard to make the big river ahead of them. Now I am wondering if it is wise to go ahead of them." "But how can we flee from them unless we be ahead?" she exclaimed. "If they are ahead and we can follow them I should like it better," I replied. "Oh, la! La! To think of that!" And for the moment she was an entirely new and most tantalizing young woman. She laughed softly and with such zest that I was amazed and thrilled. "Oh, monsieur! Now I do feel safe when you can plan so shrewdly," she cried. "To be sure! They seek us ahead of them, their eyes are all to the front, and we come softly after them, like a mouse walking after the cat! The big river? Pooh! I will not be afraid of it any more." "How old are you?" I shot over my shoulder. "Nineteen. Twenty in December," she promptly replied. "Have you paused to think what people may say when they are told you traveled with me from the Mississippi to the coast?" Her grave eyes stared at me in deep perplexity, and I could have kicked myself for putting the question. "What will they say?" she slowly repeated, with a little frown wrinkling her brows. "Certainly they will say Monsieur Brampton is a most kind and compassionate gentleman, to help a poor girl find a place of safety." I was glad to be out of it thus easily, and to prevent her taking time to analyze the query and arrive at a more world-wise conclusion, I spoke of Six Fingers. Her face reflected terror, and she whispered: "That man is the devil, or the devil's man! It is because of him that I wear this!" And from her blouse she pulled a small dirk in a sheath and secured by a string around her slim neck. "He bothered you in New Orleans?" "The French gentleman, the one who gave me your note and who went away before I could thank him, kept very close to the bad one. But I do not think the bad one wished to talk with me in New Orleans. However, he will follow me if he can." "But what has to be done with you? How long have you known him?" "Known him, monsieur?" she gasped, trying me in amazement. "One does not know such catties."

"He did not bother me on the ship. But over here, in this country, if a man is strong and has a black heart—" "And has been a pirate," I suggested. "Yes, yes! He has been a pirate! Terrible stories he told on the voyage over! He has done monstrous things. He is still a pirate in his evil heart!" This perverted explanation delighted me none; she had not thought of him as a pirate until I gave her the idea. And what righteous indignation when I assumed she had known him in the past! It was all most bewildering. My estimates of her had ranged from a guttersnipe to a fine lady; from a street gamin to a refined and worldly-ignorant child. If appearances and speech went for anything, she possessed the hauteur of the lady and the ignorance of the child. If her conflicting stories of how she came to be on the Maire, her obvious poverty, and her useless hands were to be considered, there could remain only the hateful conclusion that she was a product of the streets, and that life had been horribly unfair to her. "We land here, mademoiselle," I announced, drawing up to the bank. "The river is just ahead. I must ask you to stay here while I look about a bit." "Stay here alone?" she exclaimed, glancing about as if expecting to find danger in her innocent surroundings. "You will be safe. I would not leave you if there was any danger. Here is my pistol. If you feel very much afraid you can fire it." "It is all so strange, you will have the good heart to excuse. I do not care for the weapon. Go." This was delivered with the poise and composure of a mature woman. And yet when I reached the bend and stole a backward glance and saw her standing where I had left her, her hands clasped before her, her head bent in mournful attitude, she became a child again. I suddenly was loath to leave her there disconsolate, thinking she might be frightened during my absence. I pushed forward rapidly, and at last stood on the shore of the Mississippi. I stood for a moment looking across its broad expanse, then I was on my hands and knees among the bushes, watching two pirogues turning the bend below. The one ahead was large and filled with Indians. In the second were three men, two of whom were white men. I hastily retreated a considerable distance. Secure in my new position, I waited for the pirogues to cross my line of vision; and as I watched I was startled by a light step behind me. Wheeling apprehensively, I was in time to detect a slight motion in the bushes. I crawled toward the bushes to investigate, but before I could reach them Mademoiselle Dahlsgaard stepped into view; into view, also of anyone on the river passing the Iberville. I grabbed one of her be-lagging ankles and yanked her to the ground and glared savagely as she would have opened her mouth to scream. Then toward the Mississippi I turned to learn the worst. The Choctaws were gazing upstream. None was looking in our direction. But in the other canoe one of the white men was touching the Indian on the shoulder. The Indian ceased paddling and stood up and peered under his hand toward our hiding-place. Then he dropped on his knees and resumed paddling. The white man, who had been suspicious, gesticulated with the other white man, who gazed toward our hiding place, then sank back. His companion, not yet satisfied, stood up and fed his hawklike gaze on the thick growth; hawklike, because he was Damoon the Fox. And he thought he had seen something. His companion wore a blanket over his shoulders and had his hat pulled low, and I could not make out his features. The Fox reluctantly resumed his paddling, but so long as the Iberville was in sight he looked back. The two pirogues passed from view. I remained motionless for some twenty minutes, waiting to see if they were playing a ruse; and, after making us believe they had gone, would be stealing back to surprise us. At last I was satisfied that Damoon at the most had caught only a suggestion of motion from the corner of his eye. Doubtless he decided it was some animal. I rose and returned to reproach mademoiselle for her indiscretion. What I saw held me tongue-tied. It was an entirely new phase of her. Rage flamed in her eyes like war-beacons. Her breath came fast and furious, and the ivory of her face was stained a vivid scarlet. She was glaring at me like a madwoman, and the small dirk was drawn back for a drive. "You canaille! This amazing creature blazed at me, as I stood there with my mouth open, like an expiring fish. "You dare lay a hand on me in

anger! Don't He! I read your eyes. You were angry and you dared lay a hand on me while so base!" I could only think of a panther's whelp, springing and clawing. She was such a tiny tornado that I must have smiled a trifle. Certainly there was something in my face that caused her to leap forward. Then I was ashamed of myself, and felt only pity for her. I dropped my arms to my side and awaited her pleasure. She pressed close, her gaze baleful and vengeful, meeting mine squarely. Just as I believed she was going to strike she staggered back with a wild little cry, dropped the weapon and sank on her knees and hid her face in her hands. It was horribly pathetic; and I wished Joe Labrador, or any other thick-headed voyageur could have been there to give me some of the kicks I felt I deserved. I scooped her up and stood her on her feet, replaced the dirk in the sheath outside the blouse, and patting her awkwardly on the shoulder said: "There, there, child. I am sorry."



"That Man is the Devil, or the Devil's Man! It is Because of Him I Wear This." I watched her as she walked away with small head bowed to see if she limped, and I rejoiced when she showed no signs of hurt from her rough tumble. And what a fine-spun, sensitive nature! With perhaps her life in peril she took exception to my mode of preserving it. Autocracy implies superiority. On what did she base her autocratic resentment of my style of making her duck from view of Damoon the Fox? This little forlorn sparrow from the streets of Paris—it all was completely beyond me. And yet the pain at having caused her grief was none the less poignant. Taking my time I also returned to the pirogue, and seated myself apart from her and lighted my pipe. "Why do we not proceed?" she asked without looking at me. "Damoon and his red butchers must be given time to draw ahead," I told her. "I think, Monsieur Brampton, you had best take me back to the Bayou St. Jenn, where I can make my way to la Nouvelle Orleans. If that be too much bother, hollow a log like this and I will make my own way. Or a raft." I was most careful to maintain my gravity as I listened to her absurd request. I took some time to think it over, apparently. Then I gently replied: "You are your own mistress. I only wish you to act wisely. If you really desire to go back of course I will take you. Do you care to tell me your reason for returning? Is it because you cannot trust yourself longer to my protection?" My question worked the last effect I could have desired. It reduced her to humility. Her transition from the tone of the grande dame afore with indignation to that of a girl humbly supplicant made me feel like a sany. She was kneeling before me and stretching up her small hands and, like a penitent child, begging me to overlook her behavior. "For God's sake, don't!" I cried in English, catching her wrists and pulling her to her feet. "But—I raised—raised a mortal weapon—against you," she sobbed. Luckily my impulse to ridicule the tiny dirk was checked in time to permit my expression of gravity to remain. "It was but your way of showing resentment," I said soothingly. "It was perfectly natural. One does not like to be mauled about unless one knows it's for one's own best good. Now that you know that, it is as if it never happened. You are nervous, Mademoiselle Dahlsgaard. You are not yourself. You have suffered much

mentally. Let us say no more about it. It is nothing after one has slept and rested. So, shall we fare north again? It is not wise to let our pursuers get too far ahead." Without a word she entered the pirogue and seated herself on the blankets. I placed my musket in the bow, ready for my hand, and paddled slowly around the last bend, my eyes impatient to search the upper reaches of the river. There was no sign of the two pirogues. "Monsieur Brampton," she softly said as I drove the pirogue against the bank to allow her to land while I dragged it through the shallows into the great river; "I can go no farther until I know the truth." Here was an enigma cropping out of this small bundle of puzzles. "Mademoiselle, I listen," I politely told her. She stood with one foot on the side of the canoe, waiting for me to speak before she would even step ashore. "I must know I'm forgiven—that your heart holds no resentment against me," she said. I resisted a temptation to dismiss the matter lightly, as that was sure to embroil us in further misunderstandings. It would have been more simple if she would remain on one plane, that of child, or woman. So I made my mind very serious as I stood there holding her hand, and earnestly declared: "There was never anything to forgive. But if you must have it so, then you are forgiven. I have never held resentment against you and never can. Now do you believe me?" The sudden radiance of her face astounded me. One would have thought I had granted her some rare boon. She bobbed her head in place of words and sprang ashore. I waded through the shallows, pretending not to observe her fight for self-control, and prolonged the task of dragging the log canoe through the ripples. At last I had the pirogue in deep water, and she, quite composed, took her place and I swung into the river. There was no sign of Damoon and his companions ahead. As the sun was now close to the western forest crown I began to fear they had gone into camp and that I might be approaching too close. We had been passing through the territory of the Bayougoules and had not seen an Indian. I suspected that the war threatened by the Natchez had sent the hunters back to their temples to make new medicine to the Opossum, their chief deity, before joining with the Choctaws as allies of the French. If the Choctaws came into the fight then their hereditary enemies, the fierce Chickasaws, would stand by the English; and Steur de Bienville would find the fighting not to his liking. I said nothing about Indians to the girl as I made for the high bank; and she, simple one, assumed it was natural for none of the aborigines to frequent the river. "Why do we go ashore?" she whispered over my shoulder, as if fearing the river would overhear us and betray our presence. "To camp for the night, mademoiselle. The darkness will rush quickly through this lane in the forest. Here we have high ground and good water." I got the canoe ashore and helped her out and packed the blankets and musket and smoked beef up the bluff. While she sat under a tall tree, with her hands over her shoulders, I gathered bark and made her a shelter with the opening toward the spot where I would build the fire. I knew of a spring back a bit from the bluff, and from this I procured a gourd of water. Then I gathered dry wood and started a small blaze and instructed her how to feed it so we would have a bed of coals for cooking our supper. Then, taking a look and line, I informed her she was perfectly safe and that I would soon return from trying for a fish in the river. I lighted the fire and descended to the river without having spoken a word. For twenty minutes I patiently sought my fish without success. In straightening up I was surprised to behold her slim form on a log behind me. "You here?" I exclaimed. "But I thought you were to remain and feed the fire?" "I did not care for the loneliness, monsieur," she calmly informed me. Her disregard of my wishes—in my mind I called it orders—annoyed me. However, I managed to smile and remind her: "We will have lost much time in making coals for broiling the fish."

Evidently the girl will get the fugitives into trouble, for they are undoubtedly pursued.

Community Building

Evil Influences at Work in Big Cities

A group of professors in the University of Chicago has made a study of the influences at work in American city life. These influences, of course, were found to be greatly different from those of country life or small-town life; and the manner of their operation is all the more significant in view of the rapid transition of America's population from rural to urban conditions. The general theory was advanced by these investigators that city life tends to develop and accentuate both the best and the worst in people. Hence, in many respects, the cities have become the chief centers of progress. The cities as a rule have better schools, better churches, better health conditions and more leaders in every field of activity than communities of limited population. That is the most encouraging fact about the growth of cities in this country. But another influence is at work. Its nature is indicated in the recent study. It is evident in what is termed the "mobility" of city life, the forces at work to break up the home and permanent human relationships. The centers of mobility, of bright lights, of varied and questionable attractions, of bad companionships, were found to be linked up closely with crime, "juvenile delinquency, boys' gangs, poverty, wife desertion, divorce and abandoned infants." Individual control is least effective where these disintegrating forces are strongest, and there develop areas of demoralization, promiscuity and vice. The good and the evil of human nature that are brought out strongly in centers of population, however, are brought into stronger contrast, in fact, into stronger conflict. It can hardly be believed that the result of this conflict will be the triumph of the evil—Chicago Post. Rented House Never Like Dream of Home We rent a house. It's but a transient place. We cannot plan to stay there very long. It's not just what we want in any case. We'll move again when robins bring their song. We rent a house, and plan while we are there. An altar for our household gods and comb. The papers for a bargain that is fair. We rent a house, and plan to build a home! We rent a house, and living there we dream. Of one small plot of land we'll call our own. A tree that's ours through which the stars will gleam. A lamp whose light shines out for us alone. A house we build—one that expresses true. Our very selves, clear to its farthest dome. The sweet fulfillment of a dream we know! We rent a house, but, oh, we build a home! —Detroit Free Press. Home Town Loyalty Speaking of faith in the old home town the Tifton (Ga.) Gazette says: "Where the home folks exhibit a faith that is well founded and sure that every newcomer feels it in the air and catches the spirit, too, the town goes forward; builds new houses and starts new industries, thereby increasing in wealth and population. Where the home folks are not sure about their community's future; have a doubt and speak of its future with a question mark in their tone, no matter how enthusiastic the newcomer may be, he soon loses this enthusiasm and gets into the old rut, too, or moves on to a place where the home folks do believe in their town." Home-Owning Thrift No more worthy movement has started than the "own your home" appeal. Nothing so makes for thrift and saving as to start paying for a home of one's own, and money saved in this way would be saved in no other manner and for no other purpose. Also, it has been found true that the man of family who owns his home is more contented, more satisfied with conditions generally than the family which must shift or move at the landlord's every whim. Garden Fence Important Substantially fenced gardens give the owners and their families assurance that their labor and expense incurred for seed will not be lost. The entire family will take a new and active interest in having the best possible garden where the plot is safe from chickens and stock and dog marauders.—Capper's Weekly. Many City Managers Records developed at the annual convention of the City Managers' association at Grand Rapids indicate steady growth in the number of cities adopting the city manager plan. In the United States and Canada are now 358 such cities. Use of Evergreens Planting of a number of small evergreens near the house will give a cheery appearance in winter. They are cheap.



The Best Recommendation

Bare-to-Hair

Is the number who are trying to imitate it. If Bare-to-Hair was not growing hair on bald heads there would be no imitators. If there is baldness or signs of it you can't afford to neglect to use Forst's Original Bare-to-Hair. Correspondence given personal attention. For sale by all Drug Stores and Barber Shops. W. H. FORST, Mfr. SCOTSDALE, PENNA.

HALE'S HONEY of HOREHOUND & TAR

At the first sneeze, banish every symptom of cold, cough, etc. with HALE'S. Relief in one—Breaks up cold promptly. 50 cents at all druggists. Agents Wanted. Great Opportunity. Big Profit. Every auto owner a prospect. Experience unnecessary. W. H. McANN, 117 Stark Street, Portsmouth, N. H. LADIES—EARN EXTRA MONEY addressing cards at home. Experience unnecessary; 2c stamp brings full particulars. INTERSTATE CO., 394 W. 53d St., Room 35, Chicago. AGENTS—Make and Sell Your Own Mds. My book containing 35 formulas and selling plans sent postpaid for 25c (no stamps) your money refunded if desired. H. J. WAUS, Box 2, 1107 First Ave., New York, N. Y. SEND FILM AND 10c FOR 4x6 ENLARGEMENT. 5x7, 10c. PURCELL, 117 E. 47th, New York City. WOULD YOU LIKE TO RECEIVE 100 letters a day, each containing a dime? Plan for 10c; strictly legitimate. C. & C. Sales Co., 554 Summer St., Long Branch, N. J. Rheum Ma Rae for Rheumatism Only. This wonderful Rheumatic Remedy helped thousands of people. Try it. 31 bottles, Carleton Drug Co., Carleton Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. Florida Land, 988 Acres Unimproved on paved highway and beautiful lakes in scenic highlands. Florida's best. Each for northern income. A. J. McCall, Hotel De Soto, Tampa, Fla.

Explained Brown—He works in the mint. Green—How can that be? Brown—He's not rich, but he makes more money than he can spend. Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp. On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your everyday toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.—Advertisement. A tyrant is one who has his heel on the necks of the people and won't let them uphold their necks.

A Raw, Sore Throat

Eases Quickly When You Apply a Little Musterole. Musterole won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Spread it on with your fingers. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain. Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. Brings quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds on the chest. Keep it handy for instant use. To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. Jars & Tubes. MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER Better than a mustard plaster. FOR OVER 200 YEARS

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

harlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions. GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL

correct internal troubles, circulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL. RED, ROUGH SKIN is ugly and annoying—make your skin soft, white, lovely, by using Resinol

RED, ROUGH SKIN is ugly and annoying—make your skin soft, white, lovely, by using Resinol

C. F. Butterfield

MARK-DOWN SALE!

FOR TEN DAYS BEGINNING APRIL 21

We Will Sell Our Sport Jackets, Beach Jackets, Gloves and Mittens, at a Discount of 20 Per Cent from the regular price

We also wish to call to your attention Our Special Price of 39¢ for Nice Chocolates

Always a full line of Foot-wear

GLASS

For the Dining Table

IS DECREED BY DAME FASHION AND EVERYWHERE VERY POPULAR

NONIK Tumblers. The new thing, patented edge on a thin tumbler that will not nick. If they nick bring them back and get new.

9 cents each, \$1.00 per dozen.
Bugled Sides \$1.20 and \$1.40 doz.

HEISEY DIAMOND H BRAND which means the highest grade. The same fine quality always in new shapes; the glass your mother used. Tumblers, Ice Tea, Sherberts, Punch Bowls, Punch Glasses, Sauce and Sauce Bowls, Finger Bowls, Vinegar, Salt and Pepper.

CUT GLASS STAPLE ARTICLES. Particularly Pitchers, Iced Teas, Tumblers, Grape Juice. Look Them Over at Your Pleasure—All on the Ground Floor.

TWO INTERESTING SPECIALS
For One Week or While Present Supply Lasts.

IMPORTED BLUE BAND BOWLS
Nest of 3, 69c Nest of 4, 99c
WHITE PORCELAIN ENAMEL WATER PAILS
10 Qt., 12 Qt., 99c 14 Qt. \$1.14

EMERSON & SON, Milford.

Pine Logs Wanted

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

American Box & Lumber Co.,
NASHUA, N. H.

AUCTION

Bills, Dance Posters, and Poster Printing of every kind and size at right prices at this office. We deliver them at short notice, clearly printed, free from errors, and deliver them express paid.

Notice of every Ball or Auction inserted in this paper free of charge, and many times the notice alone is worth more than the cost of the bills.

Mail or Telephone Orders receive our prompt attention Send your orders to

The Reporter Office,
ANTRIM, N. H.

The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year
Advertising Rates on Application
H. W. ELDREDGE, PUBLISHER
H. E. ELDREDGE, Assistant

Wednesday, April 21, 1926

Long Distance Telephone
Motions of Camera, Lectures, Entertainment, etc., which an advertiser has charged, or from which a payment is desired, must be paid for an advertisement by the advertiser.

Cards of Thanks are limited at 50c each.
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.
Ordinary poetry and lines of flowers charged for at advertising rates. They will be charged at this same rate out of payments at a wedding.

Foreign Advertising Representatives
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 kind should be accompanied by cash with order.

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

Miss Etta M. Miller, of Brookline, Mass., is a guest of Mrs. Charles F. Carter.

For Sale—Eight sheep, priced right for a quick sale. Lewis W. Simonds, Antrim. Adv.

Earl Worth, of Cambridge, Mass., spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. John Thornton.

Mrs. Leon Nay was called here from Somerville, Mass., to attend the funeral of her father, Alberto Cutter.

Squires Forsaith and daughter, Miss Frances Forsaith, are at their home here from Boston for a week's stay.

The Antrim Woman's Club will hold a food sale on Friday, April 30, beginning at 8 o'clock, at the store of Mrs. W. F. Clark. Adv.

Frank Cutter, of Cambridge, Mass., was with his father, Alberto Cutter, for a week previous to his death, which occurred on Friday last.

The Girl Scouts of Antrim will hold a meeting in the town hall on Monday evening, April 26, at 7.30 o'clock, to which the public is cordially invited.

Relatives and friends here are sorry to learn that Will E. Gibney, of Windsor, is ill with pneumonia, and Mrs. Gibney has the grip. They are reported as slightly improved at this writing.

The Sunday school boards of the Presbyterian and Methodist societies held their monthly meeting on Tuesday evening at the Methodist church. Supper was served to 15 and a business meeting was held afterwards.

Mrs. Robert W. Jameson and daughter, Miss Carrol Jameson, have returned from their trip abroad, arriving at their home, The Highlands, on Thursday last, after a most pleasant visit to many points of interest in the European countries.

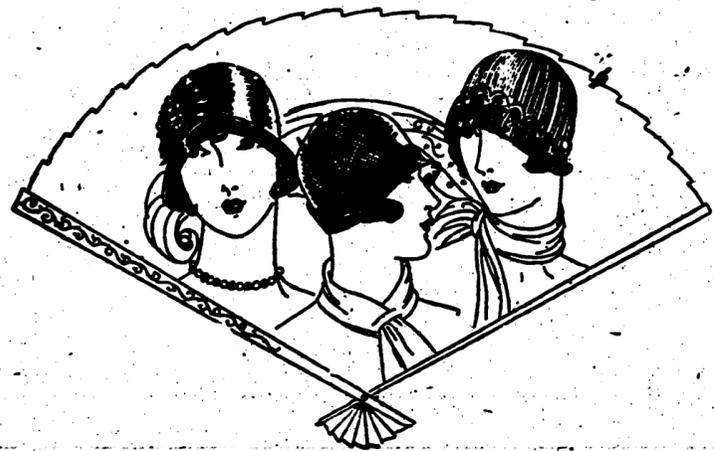
The 107th anniversary of Odd Fellowship will be observed by the local branches of the order on Sunday next by attending church at Hancock, on invitation of the pastor of that church, Rev. Ernest W. Eldredge, who is a member of the order. The hour of service is 10.45 a.m., and it is hoped by all that there will be a large attendance of the members at this service. All those who have no means of conveyance should speak to any member of the transportation committee. A. N. Nay, M. A. Poor, A. E. Thornton, who will see they are provided for.

For Sale

10 shares E. E. Gray Co. Preferred for \$90.00 for the lot. This is some stock I bought for a special purpose, but as it is not an investment I like, the stock is for sale. This is all of the stock I ever bought in the E. E. Gray Co. Robert W. Jameson, Adv. Antrim, N. H.

For Sale

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



CAPTIVATING!

That's the word to express the charm of the New Spring Hats!

Satin Hats Straw Hats Ribbon Hats
New Hats for Misses and Matrons
In Styles for General Wear

At the Residence of
MRS. H. W. ELDREDGE
Grove St., Near Methodist Church, ANTRIM
All the Latest in Millinery

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Antrim

Wednesday, April 21
All Star Cast in
Are Parents People?

Pathe Weekly

Pictures at 8.00

W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

Mrs. Frank S. Corlew was in Boston a portion of last week.

We think the season is very late around here, but one day last week we heard a man who had come from near Montpelier, Vt., say that there were more than three feet of snow there at that time.

The official visitor to Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge will be Mrs. Pearl MacKenzie, of Milford, warden of the Rebekah Assembly, and the date will be on the evening of May 12. The degree will be conferred on a class of candidates.

The Reporter asked if anyone could tell right off quick how many snow storms we have had since winter really began—in October we'll say. Yes, 34 different times it snowed, and the truth of this we can vouch for. But how many more we are to have is a problem!

Some one suggested to us during the past week that we should write a short news item, stating how much better the radio poles, sticks, etc., on tops or sides of residences would look if they were painted. We have here done what another party thinks is our duty.

The following item of news is taken from a Leominster, Mass., paper, concerning a former Antrim young man known to many of our people:

George G. Curtis, tenor in the Unitarian quartet, concluded his services there yesterday. Rev. Arthur B. Whitney in the church calendar, referred to Mr. Curtis' efficient work as follows: "Today we listen to Mr. Curtis for the last time as a regular member of our excellent quartette. We hope it may come about that Mr. Curtis may sing in our choir again. We assure him that his true, rich and most pleasing tenor voice, his fine, sincere interest and cooperation, his friendly presence, will be missed. Nor do we wish him to go without the assurance that he has been a source of inspiration in our hours of worship together, these five years past."

For Sale

Ben Home, accommodates about twenty hens.
Fair Buggy Shafts
Few Used Doors—odd sizes
Inquire of Mrs. H. W. Eldredge, Antrim, N. H.

F. K. Black & Son

Phone 23-2 ANTRIM, N. H.

Carpenters and Builders

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FURNACES and ARCOLA SYSTEMS

Plumbing and Stove Repairs

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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.

Greene's Buttermilk

First Feed for Baby Chicks

The Only Feed Containing

COD LIVER OIL

Saves Chickens' Lives



Prepared solely for baby chicks and is made from white corn steamed cooked, yellow corn germ meal, shredded codfish steam cooked, ground hull-ed oats steam cooked, dried buttermilk steam cooked, entire wheat. COD LIVERS steam cooked, ground flax seed, gluten meal steam cooked, dried blood steam cooked, shell lime and fine ground meat scraps steam cooked, Mixed in Proper Proportions.

Chas. F. Carter,

Agt., Antrim, N. H.

Terms Cash

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.

BYRON G. BUTTERFIELD
EMMA S. GOODELL,
ROSS E. ROBERTS,
Antrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

The Tax Collector will meet with the Selectmen.

Meetings 7 to 8
JOHN THORNTON,
HENRY B. PRATT
ARCHIE M. SWETT
Selectmen of Antrim.

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

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Bennington
at 8.00 o'clock

Saturday, April 24

Mary Astor in
Inticement

Pathé Weekly and Comedy

Bennington.

Miss E. M. Shedd visited in Peterboro Saturday.

Mr. Stowell was a Peterboro visitor one day last week.

The "silver tea" met with Mrs. George Griswold on Thursday last.

Mrs. George Griswold visited her parents, in Hancock, on Friday last.

Mrs. George Ross and Mrs. Guy Keyser were Keene visitors on Friday last.

It is fun to buy potatoes at the rate of \$1.00 a peck and then find they have been frozen.

Miss Frances Young is here with her relatives; her sister, Miss Evelyn, has returned to Somerville, Mass.

There is to be a supper and maple sugar party at the Congregational chapel on Thursday; supper at six.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Heath have both been under the doctor's care for some time, but are reported as getting better.

Wm. Gardon met with an injury to his hand one day last week while at his work in the mill. It is healing slowly.

Eli Cossette, who works for Mr. Seaver, met with a painful accident; he chopped off one of his fingers Monday morning.

It is said by one who has kept a record that we have had 48 snowstorms this winter and we do not feel sure that is all yet.

Miss Arlene Edwards is at her home here for a week, from school duties at Rochester. They have a plan there of eight weeks' teaching and one week's vacation.

The annual play given by the young people of St. Patrick's parish for the benefit of their society will not be given until the middle of May on account of the unfavorable weather. The committee think about the thirteenth, but no one can tell what the weather man has in store for us. Those taking part are working hard under Miss Mae Cashion's leadership.

The Whist Club has finished its series of games. Mrs. H. H. Ross scored the most points in the summing up of totals. The names of the players follow: Mrs. George Cady, Mrs. Arthur Bell, Mrs. Andrew Adam, Mrs. Earl Sheldon, Mrs. Guy Keyser, Mrs. M. L. Knight, Mrs. Claude Hudson, Mrs. H. H. Ross, Mrs. Maurice Newton, Mrs. George Ross, Mrs. Charlie Taylor, Mrs. Wm. Wallace. The following have acted as substitutes: Mrs. Ed. Newton, Mrs. Sargent, Mrs. Ruth French, Mrs. Blanche Bosley, Miss Frieda Edwards.

Grange Notes

Tuesday, April 13th, found the fulfillment of another Grange meeting; full of interest to its members and encouragement to its officers. The debate was on the question "Are the Prohibition Laws Enforced in this Community?" If not, what can the Grange do to bring about proper enforcement?" Brother George Spaulding and Brother Henry Wilson were on the affirmative side, Brother Moore King and Sister Taylor on the negative. It was a debate worth listening to and the participants' treatment of the subject showed much thought. There were also two readings given, one by Rachel Wilson and the other by Barbara Edwards; these were well done.

Mrs. Wilson gave a vocal solo which was appreciated as always. And then the farce! It surely was a farce. Any one with a week-old

The Home Paper

Written for the Antrim Reporter

In the evening by the lamplight,
When I come to sit me down,
'Tis then I like to read the paper
From my well-loved old home town!
Business prospects and improvements,
All the news is here indeed.
Who comes or goes, is ill or ailing,—
Here with interest I read!
Familiar names of folk and places
Bring pleasant pictures to my mind;
While among the editorials
Timely words I always find!
Blessings on both town and paper!
Long may they live and happy be!
Well may the one uplift the other
That both their high ideals may see!
Foster Spaulding.

Antrim Locals

Mrs. C. W. Prentiss is the guest of friends in Willimantic, Conn.

Lost—Mole-skin Rain Coat. Return to G. A. Hulett, Antrim. Adv.

Miss Rose Wilkinson is spending a week's vacation at her home here.

Guy A. Hulett has been awarded the contract for painting the new building just erected at Greggmore.

John D. Hutchinson is in Concord at a hospital, where he has had an operation for hernia. Reports say he is getting along comfortably.

Mrs. S. S. Sawyer has been confined to her home a few days with neuralgia in her face. Her daughter, Mrs. Acton, has returned from Florida and is to spend a few days this week with her mother.

The incoming and outgoing mails change time with Monday morning next, running earlier as the summer schedule goes into effect. The rural carriers will leave the postoffice an hour earlier than they now do.

Pastors Sent Here and There

The annual session of the New Hampshire Methodist Conference, held at Dover last week, has adjourned, and while some pastors are returned to their charges a few will go to other places to serve different churches. Among those who are known to many of our readers are the following:

E. A. Durham, Superintendent Southern District
William Thompson, Antrim
L. E. Alexander, Hillsboro
Miss Granger, Peterboro
William Weston, Milford
E. C. Brown, Salem
E. S. Collier, Grasmere

Resolutions of Respect

Whereas, the Supreme Master of the Universe, in his infinite wisdom, has called our sister, Ethel Merrill, from suffering into the Great Beyond, therefore

Resolved, that Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, No. 29, will miss her presence in the lodge room, and will hold in remembrance her cheerful disposition, and patient endurance of suffering, which so truly exemplified the principles of our order.

Resolved, that we extend our sympathy to the bereaved mother, husband and little son, in their sorrow, and that these resolutions be placed on the lodge records and printed in the local paper.

Emma Cooley
Bertha Perkins
Mable Parker
Committee on Resolutions

Card of Thanks

I wish to thank all friends for the beautiful flowers, candy and cards sent me while in the hospital.

Edna McGrath

For Sale

Cows, any kind. One or a carload. Will buy Cows if you want to sell.

Fred L. Proctor

A Philadelphia Baptist church, needing a pastor, advertised. Fifty applications were received. Which leads us to believe that there are some men looking for position as well as for work.

grooch would have laughed it away after seeing "The Census Taker"

After the meeting an April Fool party was held by the combined April and February birthdays. The games were full of fun, and it all ended with a delicious lunch. Could any one ask more in one Grange meeting?

Florence Newton, Lecturer

At the annual meeting of the Hillsboro County General Hospital Association and Training School for Nurses, at Grasmere, on Monday, Judge E. W. Wilson, of this town, was elected a trustee.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian-Methodist Church
Rev. Wm. Thompson, Pastor

There will be no service Thursday evening, on account of the meeting of the Presbytery.

Sunday morning worship with address, subject: "Looking Up." This service will be followed by the meeting of the bible school.

At six o'clock, the Y.P.S.C.E. will hold its service in the Methodist Episcopal church.

At seven o'clock, the union service will be held in the Methodist Episcopal church. Subject: The Power of Truth.

BAPTIST

Rev. E. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, April 22. Regular church prayer meeting 7.30 p.m. Topic, "Telling the Good News."

Sunday, April 25. Morning worship 10.45. The pastor will preach on "Stewardship and the Kingdom."

Bible school at twelve o'clock. Crusaders at four o'clock. Y.P.S.C.E. at 6 o'clock.

High School Notes

On Wednesday afternoon, April 14, Mrs. Emma Goodell, Mrs. Rose Roberts and Mrs. Byron Butterfield acted as judges to select ten members of the sophomore and freshman classes for the prize speaking contest. The following pupils were chosen:

Forrest Tenney
Rupert Wisell
Ester Perkins
Carrie Maxfield
Elizabeth Tibbals
Heleh Rokes
Carroll Johnson
Charles Cutter
Jessie Hills
Dorothy Maxfield

Musical selections will be given by Elizabeth Robinson, Frances Wheeler, Dorothy Pratt, Ester Perkins, and one junior and senior classes.

The contest will be held on the evening of April 23, in the town hall, at eight o'clock. Tickets 25c. Program in full appears elsewhere in this paper.

Alberto E. Cutter

The death of Alberto E. Cutter occurred at the home of Solomon White, in North Branch, on Friday last, aged 58 years. The 23d day of February he went to a hospital for treatment, returning to Antrim about the middle of March, since which time his health has been failing; his trouble being cancer.

Deceased was son of Alberto O. and Ruby (Wyman) Cutter, and resided in town practically all his life. He leaves a widow, an invalid, who makes her home with her son, Frank, in Cambridge, Mass., a daughter, Mrs. Leon E. Nay, of Somerville, Mass., and a younger son, Clarence, who made his home with his father. The mother of deceased passed away about six months ago.

Funeral was held on Monday from the home of his aunt, Mrs. Jane Gibney, on Jameson avenue, Rev. R. H. Tibbals officiating. Interment was in Maplewood.

The Antrim Woman's Club

Met on Tuesday, April 13, in the town hall. Reports were given by the moving picture committee and the Better Homes Week committee. Mrs. Alice Tolman was elected general chairman of the committee in charge of the health conference to be held June 2. Mrs. Merna Young was elected delegate to the State Federation meeting in Laconia on May 4 and 5. The club voted to send five dollars to the scholarship fund.

Mrs. Ethel Jewett of Plymouth, gave a very interesting talk on her trip to England last summer, telling especially of her study of the drama at Oxford University. She showed many interesting pictures of the University and the city.

Tickets for the club luncheon, which will be on May 11, will be on sale at next meeting, April 27.

Miriam W. Roberts, Sec.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Herbert A. Eaton late of Bennington in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated April 16, 1926

Fred L. Eaton

Hancock Garage

WM. M. HANSON, Prop'r
Hancock, N. H.
Telephone Connection 42

Cylinder Reboring To fit any Overize Piston, \$2.00 per Cylinder; will furnish Piston and Rings for \$1.25 each per Cylinder.

Cylinder Block Main Bearings Rebabitted, Bored, Finished Beamed, and Crank Shaft Stted and run in with new main bearing caps for \$6.00.

Ford Engine and Transmission Completely Overhauled for \$20.00

Storage Batteries All Makes, Charged and Repaired. New Studebaker for \$15.00 Exide Battery for your Ford, Buick or

Ford Generator or Starter Completely Overhauled for \$3.00

We have the Best Equipment in this section to determine Generator and Starter Armature trouble, showing grounds, shorts, and open circuits; namely, a Generator and Starting Motor Test Stand complete with Growler and Torque Test. If you are having trouble of any kind give us a call. Generator Charging Rate Adjusted Free of Charge

We also do Oxy-Acetylene Welding and Brazing, and have the Best Equipment for the Repair of Leaky Radiators. There is no Radiator but what we can repair.

We are Now Doing Business in Our New Shop and would be glad to have you call and inspect our equipment, as we now have the Best Equipped Garage in Southern New Hampshire.

"A City Garage in a Country Town"

The Work of the A. B. H. M. Society

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in 1927. Preparations for this event have already begun. For fifty years the outstanding work of this society has been to the one end of bringing America to its best estate, socially and religiously. In the midst of grave fears expressed for the future of America this society seeks to bring an effective remedy for any threatened decadence in America's ideals, religious or otherwise. It deals with the problem of the body politic in a variety of ways. Its missionaries meet the immigrants at the ports to introduce them to America's Christian heart; they go into foreign homes to teach American ways and to carry the Bible on whose principles American prosperity is founded; they hold classes to teach English and the Bible to the foreign people; they open industrial schools for boys and girls, and week day Bible schools; and daily vacation Bible schools, and conduct Christian centers where the possibility of clean and happy living is illustrated.

The fiftieth birthday of this society is designated as its Golden Anniversary. The women of the Northern Baptist Convention as an expression of their love and loyalty are now gathering golden gifts to repair losses and strengthen existing work. These gifts are being gathered in terms of leaves, twigs, branches and boughs, and as a whole will represent an entire Golden Tree of Opportunity and the sum of \$500,000. This amount will be expended upon the fifteen Golden projects which seemed neediest among the many demanding attention.

Anyone wishing to contribute may send their gifts to Mrs. D. H. Goodell, Antrim, N. H.

Mrs. Daniel S. Jenks
Manchester, N. H., April, 1926

EAST ANTRIM

Mr. Ricker and son, of Massachusetts, spent the week-end at their summer home, the Baeder place.

Enid Cochrane has recovered from german measles.

Miss Dunton was obliged to close school for one day last week, having a case of the prevailing cold.

Mrs. A. L. Perry is caring for her sister, Mrs. Trask, who has been quite ill, threatened with pneumonia; she is somewhat improved at this writing.

A. D. White is not feeling quite up to his usual standard of health and has gone to a hospital for treatment.

Manchester papers contain the item of news interesting to our people here of the golden wedding being observed by a short motor trip of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clement, of that city, who were married in what is known as the Brown Tuttle house in this village April 22, 1876. Both Mr. and Mrs. Clement are former Antrim people, Mr. Clement being son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Dow Clement, and Mrs. Clement was Alma F. Shattuck of this village. All our people here extend congratulations.

W. R. C. Notes

Among those present at the Woman's Relief Corps Department Convention, held in Concord recently, were: Mrs. Carrie Clark, Mrs. Mina Faulkner, Mrs. Jennie Proctor, Mrs. Della Sides, Mrs. Viola Kidder, Mrs. Hattie McClure, Mrs. Anna Eaton Carter. The election to the office of Department Junior Vice President of Mabel H. Wilson, of East Jaffrey, was pleasing to her many friends in Antrim.

A. E. Carter

One reason why it is so hard to listen to public addresses is that nine out of every ten speakers get through with their subject long before they quit talking.—Bennington (Vt.) Banner.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate

To all persons interested in the guardianship of William G. Richardson of Antrim in said County, under the guardianship of Edith A. Richardson.

Whereas said guardian has filed in the Probate Office for said County her petition for license to sell the real estate of her said ward; said real estate being fully described in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Nashua in said County, on the 27th day of April next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said guardian 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 29th day of March A. D. 1926.

By order of the Court,
L. B. COPP, Register

About Advertising

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

Try the REPORTER.

ON THE ETHAN ALLEN TRAIL



For seven years this sturdy concrete pavement on the Ethan Allen Trail has carried New England motorists safely and constantly in all kinds of weather. The scene is in Chittenden County, Vermont, near the city of Burlington. Tracks of the Burlington-Essex interurban railway parallel the road at the right.

Automobile LIVERY!

Parties carried Day or Night.
Cars Rented to Responsible Drivers.
Our satisfied patrons our best advertisement

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

COAL WOOD FERTILIZER

James A. Elliott,
ANTRIM, N. H.
Tel. 58

Father John's Medicine
FOR COLDS and COUGHS
BUILDS STRENGTH
OVER 70 YEARS OF SUCCESS
NO DRUGS

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department supplied by the American Legion News Service)

MANY LINERS TO CARRY VETERANS

Embarkation details for the 1927 convention of the American Legion in Paris have been announced by the France convention travel committee of the Legion in the form of a map which has provoked wide comment among the thousands of Legionnaires who anticipate going to France in 1927.

The map tells at a glance how 30,000 veterans of the World war will be loaded aboard twenty-four liners at seven American ports in the greatest peace-time pilgrimage in the history of the world. It also shows exactly how much it will cost for a round trip ticket from the capitals of each of the forty-eight states to the different ports of embarkation assigned the states.

Prepared under the direction of the France convention travel committee, the map involved months of consultation with representatives of the seven steamship lines commissioned to transport the army of veterans back to France and with representatives of all the principal railroads in America.

It shows that from the port of New York the delegations of twenty states will embark for France, approximately 12,000 men, said to be a single passenger embarkation larger than ever before sailed out of New York harbor. These will be carried on the ships of five lines.

The states going out of New York represent a wide belt, stretching across the continent from California and Oregon to New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Montreal is the northernmost port indicated on the map for the embarkation of Legionnaires. From it will



Bowman Elder.

send the delegations of the seven northern states along the Canadian border from Washington to Michigan.

Boston will embark six New England states. From Hampton Roads will go Legionnaires from five middle southern states, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina, and the District of Columbia. Charleston, S. C., will be responsible for the embarkation of five southern states, from Arkansas on the west to South Carolina on the east, Florida is the only state which will have the distinction of its own exclusive embarkation port, Florida Legionnaires embarking from Jacksonville. The three southwestern states of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas will board liners for Europe at either Houston or Galveston, Texas, while one of the ships from Texas will call at New Orleans to pick up Louisiana Legionnaires.

In making the assignments, the committee in charge has made an effort to save Legionnaires as much time and money as possible, according to Bowman Elder, of Indianapolis, the chairman of the committee. In practically every case the port selected is the one most cheaply and quickly reached from the states assigned to it.

"This embarkation information is being announced so far in advance of the convention," Mr. Elder declared, "in order that it may assist Legionnaires who want to go to calculate exactly how much will be required for the trip and how much time will be necessary, so that they may provide both sufficient funds and sufficient vacation in 1927."

According to John I. Wicker, Jr., of Richmond, Va., more than 400 Legion savings clubs have been established in banks all over the country, receiving deposits at the rate of more than \$100,000 a week, through which Legionnaires of moderate means expect to save sufficient to make the trip in 1927. It has been estimated that the smallest amount for which the trip can be made is \$300, though the minimum steamship rate with accommodation and transportation in France has been calculated at about \$175.

When Peace Is Necessary

"You seem to be awfully sweet with Marvin, lately," remarked Lucille. "Yes," answered Lois, sighing. "If we quarrel he might ask for his ring back, and I can't get it out of pawn till Saturday."—The American Legion Weekly.

Arrives With Brood of Eleven



Photograph shows Mrs. Otto Zahler who arrived in New York with her brood of 11 children. She is en route to Ohio, where she will join her husband.

Plan Big Corn Crop for 1926

Farmers Reduce Acreage but Slightly—Drop in Spring Wheat

Washington.—Despite the corn surplus produced last year the farmers of the country apparently are preparing to plant almost as large an acreage to corn in 1926 as they harvested in 1925.

Department of Agriculture figures, based on a census recently conducted, disclose a decrease of only one-tenth of 1 per cent in the intended planting this spring as compared to the harvested acreage of last fall. Spring wheat acreage shows a decline of 1.8 per cent and oats and barley increases of 4.6 per cent and 5.7 per cent, respectively.

As a result of the findings of its experts, the Agriculture department declares that with average yields there seems "little chance for change in the corn situation," but at the same time it warns farmers not to increase their live stock without considering the probable effect on the market.

Department Gives Warning. A jump of 19.6 per cent in intended plantings of sweet potatoes leads the department to warn against a crop of that commodity too large to market at satisfactory prices.

The intended acreage of white potatoes shows an increase of 4.3 per cent over the acreage harvested in 1925; flax, an increase of four-tenths of 1 per cent; grain sorghum, a decrease of 1.7 per cent; tobacco, a decrease of 8 per cent; rice, an increase of 1.4 per cent, and tame hay, an in-

crease of seven-tenths of 1 per cent.

"The intended acreage of corn, with average yields, would allow little chance for change in the corn situation," says the department's statement. "Increases in live stock should not be made without considering the probable effect on the market."

See Wheat Most Profitable.

"With average yields, hard spring wheat would probably be a more profitable cash crop to grow than any other small grain in the principal hard spring wheat region, even with a slight increase in acreage."

"An oat crop equal to that of last year would probably result in continued unsatisfactory conditions in the market. A barley crop as large as intended would probably allow no improvement in the market unless a short European crop should increase export demand."

"While the outlook for flax is not quite so favorable as for wheat, farmers operating where flax ordinarily supplements wheat on low-priced land will probably find no alternative more desirable than flax."

"The slight increase in potato acreage for the country as a whole seems reasonably safe, but there are marked differences in plans in different sections and overproduction should be guarded against in some localities, particularly in the West. It is highly improbable that an increased crop of sweet potatoes as large as intentions indicate could be marketed at satisfactory prices."

Tobacco Production Reduced. "Increases in acreage of certain types of tobacco such as burley and Maryland export types, with average

yields may result in excessive supplies. Decreases are indicated by growers of cigar types and dark types which would bring the total production of all tobacco slightly below 1925.

"The outlook for 1926 indicates that the slight changes contemplated by farmers in acreage are in accord with the prospect that there is little likelihood of a material increase in demand for farm products in either the domestic or foreign markets."

Commenting on the feed crops situation in the North Central states, the department says live stock numbers in those states have decreased each year since 1923, but no corresponding decrease in crop acreage has taken place or is indicated for this year, which makes the adjustment between grain and live stock production a serious problem in this region.

Hogs to Slightly Increase.

"Present indications are that the supply of live stock in this region will be no larger next year than it is this," the department continues, "and that the demand for feed grains to feed will be no greater. Hog numbers may be expected to increase somewhat this year because of the present favorable feeding situation, but in view of the reduction in horses and cattle it is doubtful if the increase in the former will more than offset the decrease in the latter. The serious situation facing the farmers of this region is that the potential production of feeds and of live stock to consume them under the present conditions of production is too large for all the production to find a remunerative market."

The principal problem confronting each farmer in this region is to strive for a good balance between his live stock and feed crops, bearing in mind that any large increase in live stock numbers for the country as a whole would probably result in lower prices.

Use of Hay, Pasture Urged.

"A general movement toward a greater dependence on pasture and hay as feed for live stock would tend to lower the expense of the farmers and at the same time bring about a better balance between feed production and feed requirements."

The carry-over of the 1925 corn crop next fall undoubtedly will be above the five-year average, especially in the corn-belt states. While commercial uses for corn may be slightly larger than last year, the large Argentine crop being harvested this year will tend to reduce foreign demand for American corn. Since information available does not indicate that feed requirements will be much, if any, greater next season than this, if the intended acreage is planted and the average yield obtained, no great change from the present corn situation is expected. The position of the farmer who depends on the sale of corn for any considerable part of his cash income would probably not be greatly improved during the 1926 crop year unless yields generally were much less than usual. If corn and hogs are to be on a satisfactory basis in the North Central states the production of corn must be adjusted to that supply of hogs which will maintain a satisfactory market."

X-Ray Diggers

Capetown, South Africa.—Native diggers in the diamond fields are now being X-rayed to prevent them from concealing diamonds by swallowing them.

ANCIENT VIKING KINGS WERE CREMATED IN KILNS

Recent Excavations in Swedish Mounds Shed Light on Unique Funeral Services.

Uppsala, Sweden.—Proof that the Viking kings of Sweden were cremated inside of firmly constructed kilns and not on top of ordinary pyres has been unearthed here by Prof. Sune Lindquist during his excavations in one of the famous funeral mounds located near this university city known as the Swedish "Cradle of Culture." Long before Stockholm became the capital, Uppsala was the seat of the Swedish kings and when they died their bodies were solemnly burned as a special homage.

Through observation of the materials uncovered inside a hitherto unopened mound, the archeologist has come to the conclusion that for a king's funeral some 1,500 years ago an elaborate and solid structure of

wood was erected on the traditional site and inside this building the royal remains and certain weapons and ornaments were placed to accompany him on the journey to Valhalla.

The successive layers of gravel, burnt clay and ashes prove that the funeral kiln was constructed on a pile of loose stones which admitted air from below, and then logs were fitted together to form a small dome with an opening at the top. Then after the king's body had been placed inside, the walls were coated with a thick layer of clay, making them airtight. When therefore a torch was applied at the base, a strong draft helped to start the conflagration that consumed both logs and contents.

After the combustion of the inner frame the clay coating also collapsed and the entire remains were then covered up with sand and gravel. In this way the mounds grew in height with

each royal funeral and today some of them are as high as 30 feet.

This interpretation of the cremation method which has its counterpart in certain Roman customs, is strikingly confirmed both by passages in the Icelandic sagas and Anglo-Saxon, epic about Beowulf. One of the incidents in the Icelandic literature for instance tells of a Swedish king named Frey, who had ruled his people in peace for many years and when he died, he was secretly put inside of a pyre, built with a door and three openings and fearing failure of crops and war, as soon as his spirit departed for Valhalla, his subjects kept him there for three years before they applied the torch.

Reno's Record

Reno.—Latest divorce statistics: Four hundred ninety-one wives and three hundred and fifteen husbands obtained decrees here last year.

Whaddye Mean? "Learn?"

New York.—Cooks at New York university will learn to fight. They have organized a boxing class.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(At 1224, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Success is the result of good management, just as failure is the natural outcome of ignorance, carelessness and idleness."

A FEW SANDWICHES

For the afternoon tea there is no daily so welcome as a tasty sandwich. They may be prepared and ready hours before serving.



The following hot sandwich is one quickly prepared and very attractive: Five o'clock Tea Sandwich.—Work a cream cheese with a wooden spoon until smooth enough to spread. Season with salt and pepper. Spread thin salted crackers with the cheese then cover with marshmallows cut into halves to fit the crackers. Cover with another cracker and place in moderate oven until the cheese and marshmallows melt. Serve hot.

California Sandwiches.—Cut sandwich bread into one-fourth inch slices. Spread three slices thinly with mayonnaise (on both sides); spread two slices on but one side. Put mild green peppers through the meat chopper twice, put mild red peppers through the meat chopper twice, keep separate. Squeeze dry in a cloth to remove moisture, season with grated onion and moisten with mayonnaise. Put between slices of bread. There should be two layers of green pepper and one of red. Trim off the crusts and fold in a napkin; place under a weight. After several hours cut into one-fourth inch slices for serving.

Jewish Cheese Sandwiches.—Mix one-fourth of a cupful of sweet butter with one large-sized cream cheese, add one teaspoonful of chopped capers, one shallot chopped fine, one-half teaspoonful of caraway seed and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly and pack solidly into a small brick mold. Let stand in the refrigerator overnight to ripen. Remove from the mold, cut into thin slices and put between buttered rye bread spread thinly with French mustard. Press edges together, trim and serve with coffee.

Green Sandwiches.—Chop green pepper, Bermuda onion and a sprig or two of parsley, mix all together in proportions to suit the taste, adding mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing. The vegetables will need to be squeezed from their juices, then add the salad dressing. Serve on buttered white bread.

Appetizing Appetizers

Hors d'oeuvres are tidbits to stimulate the appetite, rather than hearty dishes which will satisfy. They may be either hot or cold, but there should be no question as to their daintiness.

Appetizer should blend with the rest of the meal. The following is a hot one:

Tomato Savory.—Select six medium-sized firm tomatoes and cut one shaped piece from the stem end. Mix one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of sugar and sprinkle the tomatoes. Bake in a moderate oven until the tomatoes are soft but unbroken. Remove to individual serving dishes and keep hot. Heat one-half cupful of heavy cream mixed with the juice from the baking pan. Thicken slightly with one-half teaspoonful of flour blended with the same amount of butter. Pour the sauce hot over the tomatoes and serve hot with crisp crackers.

Rhubarb and Raisin Jelly.—Cook three dozen large raisins in boiling water to cover until tender. Add more water if needed. Cook until tender two cupfuls of diced rhubarb cut into small bits, with one cupful of sugar; shake the pan to keep the pieces unbroken. Soften two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in half a cupful of cold water, then add the raisins and the hot liquid to the gelatin, add the rhubarb and turn into a mold. When cold and firm, serve unmolded with whipped cream. There should be a scant quart of the ingredients, counting all the liquids used.

Sardine Canaps.—For six portions heat twelve medium sized sardines in one cupful of tomato catsup to which has been added one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Butter six strips of toast, each large enough to hold two sardines. When the sardines are heated through, remove from the sauce, roll in fine buttered crumbs, and place in pairs on each piece of toast. Pour a little of the sauce over each portion and garnish with watercress.

Chicken and Corn Pudding.—Take two cupfuls of cold cooked chicken, one cupful of sweet milk or chicken stock, one pint of sweet corn, two eggs, salt and pepper and one teaspoonful of sugar. Cut the chicken into small bits, season with parsley, onion, salt and pepper. Mix the corn and milk, add the beaten eggs and place the chicken in the bottom of the pan; pour over the corn mixture and bake in a moderate oven until a delicate brown. Serve at once with white sauce.

Variety is more essential with a person who is ill than those able to eat all kinds of food, as those who are ill have poor appetites and tire very quickly of sameness in food.

Nellie Maxwell



Alabastine instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Pound for pound Alabastine covers more wall surface than any substitute.

So easy to apply you can do a satisfactory job yourself. Ask your dealer for color card or write Miss Ruby Brandon, the Alabastine Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Alabastine—a powder in white and tints. Packed in 5-pound packages, ready for use by mixing with cold or warm water. Full directions on every package. Apply with an ordinary wall brush. Suitable for all interior surfaces—plaster, wall board, brick, cement, or canvas. Will not rub off when properly applied.

all colors for all rooms

Quick safe relief CORNS

In one minute your misery from corns is ended. That's what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do each by removing the cause—pressure or rubbing of shoes. You risk no infection from amateur cutting, no danger from "drops" (acid). Zino-pads are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, heal- ing. Get a box at your druggist's or shoe dealer's today—35c.

For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

Make this Vacation See Count EUROPE Round Trip \$170 up In Tourist Third Cabin

15,000 carried last year—the best possible testimonial to the quality of food and service. Tourist Third Cabin tickets sold only to college students, teachers, professional and business men and women and similar tourists.

World-famous ships to choose from, including the Majestic, world's largest steamer. Sailings from New York, Boston and Montreal.

Fill out attached coupon today.

WHITE STAR LINES

INTERNATIONAL PASSENGER LINE, RED STAR LINE, HOLLAND-AMERICAN LINE, PENNY LINE, 84 State St., Boston, Mass.

Chemistry Most Popular

A list of the doctorates (advanced degrees for research) conferred by American colleges in 1925 reveals the interesting fact that chemistry is far in the lead, with a total of 234 doctorates granted. Zoology is next, with 71. At the bottom of the list are meteorology, with 0, paleontology, with 1, and anthropology, with 2. Physics, thought by many to be chemistry's closest rival, in reality claimed only 56 devotees.

Sure Relief



BELL'S BEANS FOR INDIGESTION

25¢ and 75¢ PKGS. Sold Everywhere

Clear The Pores Of Impurities With Cuticura Soap

Radio's Latest Development

POLY CLARO PLUG

Clearance and Harmonious Loud-Speaker Reception

Improves tone quality of every loud speaker, increases volume, eliminates hum and hiss, prevents static, and makes music more enjoyable.

\$1.50

Footpad

Polymet Mfg. Corp.

Diamond "G" Brand MALT SYRUP

HOPPED MALT FOR QUALITY

Absolutely the best syrup that money can buy. Send in your order today.

Eastern Malt Products Co.

Boschee's Syrup

Relieving Coughs for 59 Years

Carry a bottle in your car and always keep it in the house. 30c and 90c at all druggists.

SAMBRIDGE STEEL PLOWS

of Le Roy Plow Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Itching Skin Troubles Yield FREEDOM

Instantly to Liquid

The Olivia Sage School of Practical Nursing

offers one year's course in special bedside nursing to limited number of women.

French Use Planes

The number of passengers carried by French airplanes in 1924 was more than 10,000, and the quantity of merchandise carried about 2,500,000 pounds, the latest figures show.

"BAYER ASPIRIN" PROVED SAFE

Take without Fear as Told in "Bayer" Package

BAYER

Does not affect the Heart

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

Colds, Headache, Neuritis, Lumbago, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain, Pain

Shake into your Shoes

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for tired, swollen, smarting, itching feet.

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 18-1925.

REXFORTH CIRCULATING LIBRARY

By DON MARK LEMON

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

HE HANDED the beggar a half-dollar, for the pathetic old fellow had made a moving appeal, and was about to return to his pocket the other coins in his hand, when one of them slipped through his fingers and started to roll down the sidewalk.

He heard a laugh at his amusing predicament, but did not look up, as his blood was aroused, and he was bound that the coin should not escape down some hole or cranny.

At about three-fourths its length, the courtyard lifted a bit, retarding the speed of the coin, which finally swerved in its track and rocked along the flagstone, to reel at last like a very drunken Louis into a doorway, where it lay in the corner, half-propped against the footboard.

Baxter stooped and picked up the coin, and as he arose to a standing posture, a small, neat brass sign met his eye. It was set into the door before which the coin had come to a standstill, and it read:

THE REXFORTH CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

The courtyard or narrow street down which the golden Louis had led him was wholly new to Baxter, and as he looked about he saw a couple of ladies across the way smiling at his late predicament.

He would step into Rexforth's and recover his serenity. He opened the door and found himself in a large, well-lighted room, fitted up more like a ladies' parlor than a library. Where were the books? He could not see any, and the patrons—all ladies, it would seem—that came and went while he gazed around nonplussed did not bring nor take away any object that could have been mistaken for a book.

"Very well," he said, and left the building. By following downwards for a short distance the narrow but well-paved courtyard, then turning to the right along a similar courtyard, thence to the left and again to the right, he emerged upon a busy, familiar street, where a number of carriages were waiting, no doubt for patrons of The Rexforth Circulating Library.

That afternoon a parcel bearing the stamp Rexforth was delivered at Baxter's clubroom. It was of mammoth dimensions for a book, and he began to fear that the librarian had blundered and sent him, instead of a modest octavo by Mark Twain, a folio Shakespeare. If not the ponderous Johnson's dictionary itself. So he nervously undid the wrapping, and there lay before him in a neat paper box a lady's handsome skirt, with some manner of fluffy pink trimmings or flounces, he didn't know which.

He poked gingerly at the dainty garment. "Huckleberry Finn!" he ejaculated. Then a great, big truth leaped up in Baxter's mind, like the grimacing face of a jack-in-the-box, and hastily removing the manilla cover and opening the catalogue he had received at the library, he turned to H. Bracketed with the title of Huckleberry Finn was the description of a lady's fancy ball skirt.

His eye ran over some other book titles, with the things in ladies' dress-wear bracketed against them. Then he sat down weakly. The Rexforth Circulating Library was a woman's dress-renting establishment, where ladies, by paying a certain monthly sum, could "draw" stylish dresses for temporary wear.

Family Troubles Have Their Humorous Side

One-half of the world does not know what the troubles of the other half are. An English Journalist has been collecting a few of them from the court, into which some of the minor ones dribble. On the stand in a court at Enfield the poor, abused wife testified:

"I am afraid I insulted the policeman who brought the summons. It was dark, and I mistook him for my husband."

Another wife testified to her woes in the court at Enfield:

"Disposition Helps a Lot"

"If you are dull and have a good disposition," says an educator, "you get along better than if you are bright and have a rotten disposition." There is a bit of wisdom that should be driven into the mind of every boy and girl. Youngsters often imagine that the mind is everything, and mental ability and education are all they need. Sometimes they learn late in life, to their sorrow, that temperament and character count more, not merely in personal satisfaction but in material success.

Analyze the business and professional men you know, and see if this isn't true—whether agreeableness isn't more important than brightness? The two combined, of course, make the big successes.

Dickens

David Copperfield is to my mind still the greatest novel of English life ever written. I lived in the spirit of David Copperfield and it was because of my adoration of Charles Dickens that I resolved at an early age to become a journalist.

Honor Fenimore Cooper

James Fenimore Cooper, America's first representative novelist, is accorded a new and lasting honor by Yale university. In the nature of a Cooper library. Among other memorabilia will be the manuscript of "Leatherstocking Tales," and three diaries of the author. "The Spy," "Pioneers" and "The Pilot," all were written before Cooper was thirty-five years old, and they constitute a trilogy well-desert to give him lasting fame.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE BACKWARD SPRING

Now Mistress Springtime had been very busy making big preparations. She had come along to the northern parts of the country, bringing with her many dresses of pale green and hats and trimmings and decorations of blossoms and spring flowers.

She had unpacked a little at a time so as not to get too tired unpacking. Besides she had so much in her springtime trunks and she knew how everyone would want to see her costumes a little slowly.

Of course, in time, she became a bit excited over all the "Ahs" and "Ohs" that greeted her and she showed people more and more of her glories.

This time she became so interested in all the first places where she had stopped that she neglected for a long, long time a number of other places. In fact she had been a little late about arriving in a number of spots.

People said: "It is a backward spring." And do you know that made Mistress Springtime feel a little shy?

Yes, she felt that the people, even though they would want to see her arrive, would make her feel slightly uncomfortable.

Just as a shy person feels even more shy before those who are always saying: "Now don't be shy, my dear; we're all going to be good friends," so did Mistress Springtime feel when she heard them call her backward.

She felt it would be cold where they were and that the chill in the air and their cold voices when they said that spring was backward would be more than she could endure until there really was warmer weather.

So she kept putting it off and people said again and again: "Spring is backward."

Well, at last she knew she must visit these people for if she didn't summer would come right along and there really would be no spring at all. She didn't want it that way.

So she started to visit these places. But it still did seem chilly. She felt backward since they had said so.

She found herself hiding her face behind her green cloak and pulling down her hat of buds so that the buds felt shy, too, and did not feel like opening into flowers, as they usually do, you know, right on her hat.

MIDDLE AGE BRINGS NEW INTERESTS

For Women in Good Health



MRS. HARVEY TUCKER, 408 WALKER STREET, SHELBURNE, IND.

With her children grown up, the middle-aged woman finds time to do the things she never had time to do before—read the new books, see the new plays, enjoy her grandchildren, take an active part in church and civic affairs. Far from being pushed aside by the younger set, she finds a full, rich life of her own. That is, if her health is good.

learned through their own experience the merit of this dependable medicine are enthusiastic in recommending it to their friends and neighbors.

"I had been in bad condition for three months. I could not do my work. One day I read what your medicine had done and just had a feeling that it would help me, so I sent and got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had only taken half a bottle when I got up and started to do my work. It gave me an appetite, and helped me wonderfully. I can not praise this medicine highly enough. I surely will advise all women and girls to take it, and they don't have to use rouge to look healthy. My two daughters are taking it now and are also using the Sassafras Wash. I am willing to have you use this testimonial and I will answer letters from women asking about the medicine."—Mrs. HARVEY TUCKER, 408 Walker St., Shelburne, Indiana.

"I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the little books you give away and began to take the medicine. After the first few bottles I began to feel better and could eat better and had fewer headaches. At any time I don't feel good I take the Vegetable Compound again, as I always keep a bottle on hand. You may use this letter for every word is true. I will answer any letters sent to me."—Mrs. JENNIE BOLLEMAN, 516 Smith St., West Hoboken, N. J.

SCHWEGELER'S THOR-O-BRED "BABY CHICKS"

"LIVE AND LAY"

They live because they are bred from healthy, free range breeders that have thrived and gained in vigor for generations. They are because they are bred from selected and tested high egg power stock. Leghorns, Rocks, R. I. Reds, Anconas, Minorcas, Orpingtons, Wyandottes, 12 and up. 100% live delivery guaranteed. Postpaid. Member International Chick Assn. Write today for FREE Chick Book. SCHWEGELER'S HATCHERY, 218 Northrup, BUFFALO, N. Y.

All Use Electric Light

In 64 cities and towns of this country every house has electric light. Salt Lake City, Utah, is the largest city reporting its homes to be 100 per cent electrified.

Odd "Settlement"

In settlement for a large order of engineering material Soviet authorities of Russia sent a shipment of 3,000,000 eggs, the contract calling for payment "in kind."

After Flu and Colds Tanlac Brings Back Health

After a bout with the flu, when your knees are wobbly and your feet like lead, when your back is weak and your head swimming, tone up your system with Tanlac. Note how you pick right up from the first few doses.

fighting trim. If flu has left you just "half-alive," don't delay in taking Tanlac. So long as your system is weak and run-down it cannot resist fatigue; it cannot throw off the attack of any germ or illness you may be exposed to. Tone up your whole body; enjoy the vigor of natural health and let Tanlac rid your system of all after-flu impurities. Then you'll feel fit, and be fit; natural vitality and resistance will be yours again.

Depends

"What a dear little boy! What do you call him?" "It depends on what he does."—St. Paul News.

Mother Is a Live Wire

"If he proposes, shall I consider him, mother?" "No—take him."

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 *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

MONARCH

With spring come birds — buntings — growing buds and blossoms — And an ever growing preference for Monarch Coffee and Cocoa. High in quality — low in cost.

Reid, Murdoch & Co. Chicago Boston Philadelphia New York

Coffee & Cocoa Quality for 70 years

MICKIE SAYS—

WHEN WE BUY A SHIRT, WE DON'T RUN ALL OVER TOWN GETTING "BIDS" FROM ALL THE STORES—NO, WE GO INTO ONE OF OUR RELIABLE SHOPS, SELECT WHAT WE WANT AND PAY WHAT THEY ASK. PRINTED JOBS AT THE SHOP ARE BILLED AT FAIR PRICES—WE ARE NOT HIGH PRICED, NEITHER DO WE DO WORK AT STATIONARY PRICES.



CHARLES SCHWAB

ACCOMMODATION!

To and From Antrim Railroad Station.

Trains leave Antrim Depot as follows:

Going South	Trains leave for
7:02 a. m.	Elmwood and Boston
10:34 a. m.	Peterboro
1:45 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
3:30 p. m.	Copert
6:47 p. m.	Hillsboro
Sunday Trains	
South 6:27 a. m.	For Elmwood
6:40 a. m.	and Boston
North 11:42 a. m.	Concord, Boston
4:49 p. m.	Hillsboro

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

John R. Putney Estate

Undertaker

First Class, Experienced Director and Embalmer, For Every Case.
Lady Assistant.

Full Line Funeral Supplies.
Flowers Furnished for All Occasions.
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
New England Telephone, 182, at East Corner, Corner High and Pleasant Sts., Antrim, N. H.

C. H. DUTTON,

AUCTIONEER.

Hancock, N. H.

Property advertised and sold on reasonable terms.

ENGRAVED CARDS

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

Buy Your Bond

AND BE SECURE

Why Run The Hazard

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

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

H. W. ELDREDGE Agent, Antrim.

State of New Hampshire

By His Excellency, the Governor

A PROCLAMATION For Fast Day

In order that we might take thought of things spiritual and more wisely order things temporal, it is our custom to set aside a day of prayer and fasting. And as in the beginning, we were a rural people, we name, Thursday, the 22nd day of April, as Fast Day, for to the tillers of the soil spring time marks out nature's New Year.

And so I ask you as we take thought once more together to remember that within the life of a child we were engaged in a great war, that the Christian nations of the earth were prepared to meet war and that we sacrificed more life and destroyed more property than pagan people had accomplished in the history of the world. We believe that we supported a brave army, a just cause, and that God's blessing carried us to victory. Many of us hoped and still pray that it was a war to end war, that the battlefield is not our ultimate goal, that beyond is a higher purpose, a peace "that passeth man's understanding." We do not shrink from service, we are prepared to meet life's battles, but we ask that the sacrifice made shall be placed on God's altar, that it shall hasten the coming of His Kingdom. And so may we this day ask for special gifts of wisdom and understanding, of counsel and strength in order that we may "do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations," remembering that hope, not cynicism, faith not skepticism, charity, not hate, will lead men to follow the command of the Galleian "That we love our neighbors as ourselves."

Wife and Husband Both Ill With Gas

"For years I had gas on the stomach. The first dose of Adierika helped. I now sleep well and all gas is gone. It also helped my husband" (signed) Mrs. B. Brinkley. ONE spoonful Adierika removes GAS and often brings astonishing relief to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Brings out old, waste matter you never thought was in your system. This excellent intestinal evacuant is wonderful for constipation. Antrim Pharmacy.

When In Need of

FIRE INSURANCE

Liability or Auto Insurance

Call on

W. C. Hills,

Antrim, N. H.

EZRA R. DUTTON, Greenfield

Auctioneer

Property of all kinds advertised and sold on easy terms
Phone, Greenfield 12-6

J. D. HUTCHINSON,

Civil Engineer,

Land Surveying, Levels, etc.
ANTRIM, N. H.

Given at the Council Chamber in Concord, this sixteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and fiftieth.

JOHN G. WINANT,
Governor.

By His Excellency, the Governor with the advice of the Council,
Hobart Pillsbury,
Secretary of State.

The State Assessors

Will some one please tell us how members of the state board of assessors can fix property values in cities and towns in a more equitable manner than the local boards? What does an "expert" on property in New York, Boston or Worcester know about values in Keene or Merrimack? An industry in Merrimack answers their figures with an order to tear the building down and quit.—The Portsmouth Herald.

This may work out all right somewhere but we don't know the place. Here is a pretty good one to put along side of the Merrimack case above referred to.

Experts came from another part of the state to assess property in a town not a hundred miles from Antrim, and after being taken over town considerably among the outlying farms desired to see some more valuable property such as lake shore and summer cottage propositions. They were shown quite a bit of this kind of property and here was where the imported assessors had hoped to shine. After seeing everything and making all kinds of figures, getting heads together, comparing and averaging, etc., the local assessors were told just what figures to place upon this property. Imagine if you can the surprise to all concerned when it was learned that these several parcels totaled a less amount than had already been placed upon the property by the local assessors. Going further to prove that outside parties know less about local values than the town's own assessors. Also proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that the business of the town is lodged too much with commissioners with state authority taking matters away from the town officers.

Unselfish Idealism Behind Local Newspapers

The local newspaper in the United States is each year getting on a firmer foundation and becoming more and more useful to its home community.

It is the home newspaper which boosts the town, year in and year out, which takes the lead in every enterprise which has for its purpose the upbuilding of the community.

We frequently hear it said that the old-time independent spirit of the newspaper is gone, that its editorial policy is subservient to the business office. Yet this is not true. There is more unselfish idealism in the average local newspaper than in any other business enterprise. It frequently speaks out in the way which it believes will be for the good of the nation and of the community, regardless of what the consequences may be from a business standpoint.

The local newspaper is the principal booster for the community, and it does its boosting often without hope of material reward. Unfortunate is the community which neither appreciates nor supports its local newspaper.—Wisconsin State Journal.

Ancient Eastern City Stands for Desolation

With the annexation of Transjordan of the Hedjaz districts of Maan and Akaba, one of the strangest cities in existence comes under British mandate. This is the wonderful pink city of Petra.

In ancient times this flourishing center of eastern splendor stood near the point of intersection of the great caravan routes from Palmyra, Gass, Egypt and the Persian gulf, four days' journey from the Mediterranean and five from the Red sea. Now it is miles from nowhere and can only be reached on horseback with a strong armed escort.

The city is entered down a dark and narrow gorge, in places only ten feet wide, which is nothing more than a great split in the huge sandstone rocks. It is like wandering along some mysterious passage to Aladdin's cave, until the pass suddenly ends in a mass of temples, tombs and theaters of exquisite architecture.

There, right out in the "hiss" and in the widest aspect of nature, is a treasure house of the most delicate masterpieces of Greece and Rome. Perfect columns with Corinthian capitals, support the richly carved roofs. Facades and doorways of exquisite design stand desolate in the wilderness. The architecture of kings is used to provide shelter for a few wandering Bedouins.

But the most astonishing thing of all is that these tombs and temples were actually hewn out of the solid rock, which has the most peculiar deep pink coloring. Instead of being built up like ordinary buildings, they were hewn downwards from the ground level. Almost completely surrounding the city are rose-colored mountain walls, divided into groups by great gapping cracks and lined with rock-cut tombs in the form of towers.—E. W. Polson Newman, in the London Mail.

Few Women in Pulpits

The church in general is very conservative in regard to admitting women to its highest offices and while pastors are in practically every case men, women predominate among religious workers employed to assist which deny women the right to them. There are about 30 sects officiate; among the largest of these are the Protestant Episcopal, all Presbyterian bodies except the Cumberland, and the Reformed Church in America. In approximately 40 sects women are received into the pulpit; among them are the Unitarians, Universalists, Congregationalists, Friends, Christian Scientists, the Christian church, Shakers, Church of the Nazarene, the United Evangelical church, and the Methodist Protestant church. The Methodist Episcopal church grants women license to preach and now ordains them to the ministry, although they will not hold regular charges and are not admitted to membership in conferences.

Beaten

The French foreign minister, M. Briand, tells an excellent story of how a friend with a somewhat vitriolic wit scored over a political opponent.

The opponent was criticizing in the chamber of deputies a bill brought in by Briand's friend.

"When," he declared, "I first read the text of the ridiculous and impossible measure I thought I was becoming mad."

"Becoming!" interjected the wit.

"Becoming indeed! How fond the honorable member is of adding unnecessary words."

Should Be Ashamed

A sailor on leave was strolling in the country when he saw for the first time in his life two men working on a cross-cut saw. He stood for about a quarter of an hour watching the two men, one of whom was very tall, while the other was short. At last he made a sudden spring and dealt the taller man a blow in the face.

"What—what's this?" stammered the big man.

"You big coward!" cried the sailor "I've been watching you for the last quarter of an hour trying to take that saw from the little fellow!"

To Hold Perfume

Exotic animals, of clear but colored glass, are used today as perfume containers on the smart dressing table. Pawns, cows, dogs, even the inconspicuous pig, are to be had in emerald, ruby and violet glass.

Not Yet

He—Oh, do hurry up, Angela! Haven't you done your hair by this time?

Angela (from within)—Done it? I haven't found it yet.

Must Be Cultivated

With power is not a thing one can suddenly decree oneself to possess. It must be built up imperceptibly and laboriously out of a succession of small efforts to meet definite objects.—Exchange.

Doesn't Help Much

It's poor consolation to the man who is hard up to know that the well-dressed man is compelled to keep a little behind the fashions.

Ice Presents Exploration

The east coast of Greenland has always been inaccessible most of the year on account of a barrier of ice along the shore.

Bobbie, Her Fairy Lad

By EUDORA R. RICHARDSON

(Copyright.)

PAGE BACOT had returned to the lakeside resort to find the little lad with whom she had fallen desperately in love the summer before. That Page was twenty-five and Bobbie—as she had heard the nurse call him—was six did not lessen the intensity of the girl's unrequited love or make it any easier for Page to make the necessary advances. Page was hopelessly shy about children.

Page had first seen Bobbie at the summer kindergarten, and at once she had lost her heart. His eyes were so big and round and dreamy; his dear little face was always so seriously intent upon what he was doing; his hundreds of curls were so adorably enticing! Though Page had followed Bobbie all along the edge of the lake where he and his nurse built castles in the sand, she had never spoken a word to him. Still Page had learned a great deal about Bobbie—that he had no mother, that the colored woman who amused him had no sympathy with the dream life he lived, that he had invented a Fairy Lady who supplied the great need of his heart. So the summer ended without Page's ever having talked to Bobbie. Quite lonely, she returned home and contented herself with the writing of stories in which Bobbie was the hero.

Now again at Lakeside, Page found Bobby. She was shocked to realize that he was a year older, that part of his curls had been shingled, and that his face was not so baby-round. With a little catch in her throat, she cut the pages in the magazine in which her last story about Bobby was published. "Her Fairy Lad" she had called it. It was about Bobby and herself.

That afternoon Page again took a book to the edge of the lake. As she watched the purplish afterglow that lined the bordering hillsides, a sense of infinite peace filled her soul. Suddenly she saw coming from the cottage where Bobbie lived not only Bobbie but a man who was perhaps Bobbie's father. Strangely Page had never connected anyone with Bobbie but the old black nurse. To her genuine terror the two came so near her that she could almost touch them and then sat on a bench within range of her hearing.

"I'm going to read you a story to-night," the man began, "instead of telling one."

As Page listened, she seemed to experience all the human emotions. This man was reading "Her Fairy Lad"—the story she had written about Bobbie.

"I like that story," Bobbie announced at last. "That was my fairy lady playing with the little boy."

Then Page rose and walked away rapidly, rather ashamed that she had intruded upon the intimate little conference.

After that Bobbie's father was always with Bobbie, and Page was even slier than she had been when the lad was guarded only by the nurse. He was evidently spending his vacation with his son. Page was very lonely. One night as she sat on a bench quite far from Bobbie's cottage, Page began wondering what it was that made her stand aloof from people, why she could never learn to bring people close to her when she needed them so. She did not know that someone had approached until she saw Bobbie's father at her side.

"Miss Bacot," he said, "I'm taking the only way to meet you that seems possible. I like your stories."

Page smiled. After all, there could be nothing very wrong in talking to Bobbie's father.

"Where's Bobbie?" she asked.

"Having his fairy lady tell him good night I suppose. You understand children because you love them, don't you?"

Page nodded. "Did you know when you were reading my story the other night that I was writing about Bobbie?" she asked.

"I tried to read it so that you would know that I understood. I think Bobbie knew, too."

"Mayn't we go in and tell Bobbie good night? It's a dreadful thing to be little and lonely."

"Not so bad as to be big and lonely," the man added.

"No, not so bad," Page added.

Robert Sinclair led the girl to his cottage and up to the room where Bobbie lay in his little bed almost asleep. The boy opened his eyes drowsily.

"Daddy and my Fairy Lady," he whispered. "It isn't make-believe this time, is it?"

"No, and it isn't a dream," Page answered, as she kissed the flushed little cheek. "It was the first time she had ever kissed a little child. 'Go to sleep, Bobbie, I'm coming again.'"

Page gathered the little boy close to her, and Bobbie's arms encircled her neck. Then as the child slipped back to the pillow, Page smoothed the cover about him and patted the folds in place. There were tears in her eyes, but behind the tears a happiness born not of dreams alone.

When she looked around the room, Robert Sinclair had gone. The boy's father, she realized, a great wonder filling her soul, had wanted her to have that first moment alone with Bobbie. Softly Page stole from the room. At the head of the steps she paused. On the landing below Robert Sinclair was waiting for her. Then, glancing once more into the nursery, she went down to him.

Among Those Present

By RUBY DOUGLAS

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HE HAD been on "that proverbial, if somewhat exaggerated, just up and down the world, looking for her. And now, idly scanning the list of guests at a party given in honor of a famous film star, he found her name—Dawn Morrow. It must be she; there could be but one Dawn Morrow.

He recalled, now, as vividly as if it had been yesterday, his first glimpse of her. She must have been about fourteen and she had come out on the putting green to give her father a message that had been telephoned to the club from his office. He, Donald Harper, had been her father's carriage.

After that he often caddied for her. She was learning golf that summer and it had been his last season on the links—he thought boys over seven or eight wouldn't do better than caddie to help out with their approaching college expenses were not much good. And thus, Dawn Morrow had passed out of his life. She did not even know his name. She always called him "Caddie."

Now, having taken his bar examinations and having been taken into a large law office to serve his apprenticeship at his profession, he still wondered where the lovely little girl was and never until today had he seen or heard of her. And now, it was only in a list of "Among Those Present" at a big party.

He continued to search for her on the street, in the theater. He scanned newspapers and magazines for her name.

One day it occurred to him to hunt up a friend who he knew was a member of the golf club at which he had first seen Dawn. It was just possible, he conjectured, that her father was still a member and that he had continued his game of golf.

It did not take him long to get in touch with Elliott Gordon and get himself invited to the Country club on a Saturday afternoon in October when anyone who played golf would be sure to be out. He did not explain to his friend his reason for wanting to be his guest but merely said that he had once caddied out on that course and had a fancy to have a go at the game, now, as a full-fledged player.

Out on the links, every hole and every hazard of which he knew like a map, he felt a thrill of enthusiasm for life that he had not experienced for years. He had studied pretty hard at college, majored in law his senior year and worked to pay expenses during the summers. Now, to play, to feel himself firmly planted on the road to success in his chosen profession and—to have the hope that just across any bunker he might see the face of the girl he had held in his vision for so long—this was joy indeed!

His game was nothing to brag about and his friend twitted him not a little.

But there was a tang in the air that made even the poorest golfer enjoy his game and the two finished the eighteen holes just as a great red sunset was being staged over the western hills adjoining the club.

"Nothing beats a royally red sunset in the country," remarked Elliott.

"Nothing but a glorious Dawn," murmured Donald, lost in the vision of a girl's face.

"Speaking of Dawn—do you know Dawn Morrow, the artist?" asked Elliott. "Don't look now—she's over at that corner table."

Donald nearly cramped his muscles to keep from turning at once to gaze upon the girl. "Is she alone?" he asked, stupidly, for want of poise in which to seek an intelligent question.

"No—she's with her dad, John Morrow. Great old golfer, that boy," remarked Elliott, smiling.

Donald had half turned so that he might behold the face he so longed to see. How lovely she was! How more than lovely she had grown!

"Hello, Gordon, how's the game?" called out Mr. Morrow as he caught sight of Elliott.

"Come over," said Elliott to his friend, as he stepped forward to greet the Morrrows.

"I've often caddied for you, Mr. Morrow," Donald found himself saying.

"Oh—I thought I knew you—Caddie," laughed Dawn, giving him her warm little hand and beaming on him as if he had been a long-lost relative.

The use of the old name made Donald's heart beat even more furiously, and while the two golfers discussed their game, he and Dawn became acquainted again—this time as man and woman.

It is not necessary for anyone to have to say that the two were lost in each other, that they went over the years they had been separated only to find that they had had a mutual longing for a renewal of what they now admitted was their first romance.

"I'm afraid I shall always call you my Caddie," Dawn told him that night after they had all dined.

On the way back to town that night Elliott talked to a man who was soaring high, as if in a dream.

"Snap out of it, Doc, old man," he said. "I sort of felt there was something doing today when we came out here together. And there was."

"Aitch—mech," murmured Donald, unable to think of anything but that his day had begun.

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