

The Antrim Reporter

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VOLUME XLIII NO. 23

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1926

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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. 8

How many are acquainted with the beautiful African Daisy, *Arcottia grandis*? It forms much-branched bushes two to three feet high, with large showy flowers, pure white above and the reverse side of the petals pale lilac blue. It is easily grown from seed sown either in the house or in the open ground, and blooms from early July until frost. It delights in a sunny position, and makes a lasting cut flower.

Among other daisy-like flowers well worth a place in any garden, and fine for cutting, are the annual, *Chrysanthemums*. These grow about two feet high, bearing a profusion of flowers in white and shades of yellow. Another gem, easily grown, is the African Golden Daisy, *Dimorphotheca aurantiaca* in the catalogs, busy little plants, a foot high, bearing many glossy, golden-orange flowers—the greater part of the summer.

To many, the name Sunflower or *Heliopsis*, means the large coarse yellow flower on a stalk from six to ten feet high, but have you made acquaintance with the more delicate varieties, both double and single, the color ranging through yellow to a rich brownish red? Sown in a sunny spot, they soon come into bloom, and keep it up until cut down by frost. The variety *Heliopsis cucumifolia*, a foot high, Orion with petals twisted like a Cactus Dilla, Parkio, a dwarf, only twelve inches high, and the Red Hybrids are all good. They make fine annual beds, borders, or little temporary hedges.

Of all annuals, probably the easiest to grow might be the *Nasturtium*. What a wide variety of colors they have, all the way from creamy white and bright yellow, through the shades of red to vermilion and scarlet. What can we not do with them? The dwarf forms make beautiful beds and borders. The climbing sorts can be trained to screen low, unsightly objects, or used in window or porch boxes. The broad, bright green foliage is beautiful in itself and adds a peppery sprightliness to a dish of salad. A large bowl of the flowers and leaves is a welcome table decoration, and the plants bloom through a long season, till cut down by frost. The seed is inexpensive. Like most flowers, they look best in fairly large masses of one color.

HAROLD L. BROWN.

LETTER FROM ANTRIM MAN IN CALIFORNIA

Some Interesting Statements which will be Read by All and Enjoyed by Our Many Subscribers

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Dear Friends:

When one is away from home it is especially pleasant to meet old friends from N. H., and we have been fortunate recently while on a short trip to find at their delightful home in Redlands, Prof. and Mrs. Charles H. Abbott, who seem to be true lovers of California, and they certainly know how to extend western hospitality.

For a few days we stopped at Pasadena, and from there visited some of the interesting places in that vicinity.

We rode into Los Angeles on the electric car and found S. T. Beeching, who is the proprietor of Beeching's Transfer and who has 14 men and a fleet of 17 trucks of various sizes to handle his extensive business.

"Sam" dropped the affairs of trade at once and took us in his new Cleveland sedan to his home in a fast growing district, where we were received by Mrs. Beeching and were permitted to inspect their very attractive house and grounds. It is too long a story to tell of the different fruit trees and of the flowers in their back-yard, and now they are building a small fish pond for the gold fish to swim in out doors the year around.

They have three married daughters and seven grandchildren who live in that city or near-by places.

Mr. and Mrs. Beeching took us to see Charles Bevis, who is for the time manager of a garage and whose daughter of nineteen is taking a course in one of the best business colleges here, and during the day we learned that Vinal Goodwin is in the same college, but apparently the young people had not met nor did they know that their parents were acquainted in Antrim.

Horace Bevis is the proprietor of a garage where many of the business people park their cars during the day, and if any repairs are needed he can do the job in an up to date manner.

His wife came out to greet us as we rushed around the big city and we learned that she came from Troy, N. H., with Horace some years ago.

Unfortunately we could not find Mrs. Alice (Bevis) Richardson, although we went to her home, and then to where she was most likely to be found if not at home and that was to the church.

Time was passing, so after lunch we were taken to Santa Monica where we had a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Goodwin, who have not forgotten Antrim friends, and while we were there Ernest came home, but he is such a "young man" now that we hardly knew him.

If the day had been longer we could have located Mr. and Mrs. Arbuttle, but we had some miles to ride before night so hurried along.

The prices on some real estate in this section of the world have not advanced recently, yet it is a fact that the lot next to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin has sold for double what it would have a couple of years ago. (I must not talk real estate for someone may read this and tell me that I did not tell how fast it has risen since I heard the latest prices.)

On the way back to Pasadena we came through a portion of Hollywood but did not see any of the famous people who have helped make the town famous.

During the day and after "supper," as we say in Antrim, as we sat in the hotel parlor, "Sam" asked for many of the old friends and says that he remembers the advice Norman gave him the morning he left home.

He recalled the time when he drove the pair of horses to the station to meet my father when the people turned out to welcome him home from the convention which nominated him for Governor, and how the next day some of the other fellows on the farm caught "Sam" and tried to put a six foot cart tire around him to keep him from exploding.

Our number plate has been the cause of many people speaking to us, and yesterday I was driving over a narrow place where men were at work and I saw a man smile and shake hands with himself but I could not stop then.

R. C. GOODELL.

You Can Now Go and Come to Concord Direct

ing thirst upon them without any real reason for it—as viewed by many—a change is again an-

ing to adjust themselves to the unpleasant conditions which were be-

(Continued on fourth page)

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At the Main St. Soda Shop

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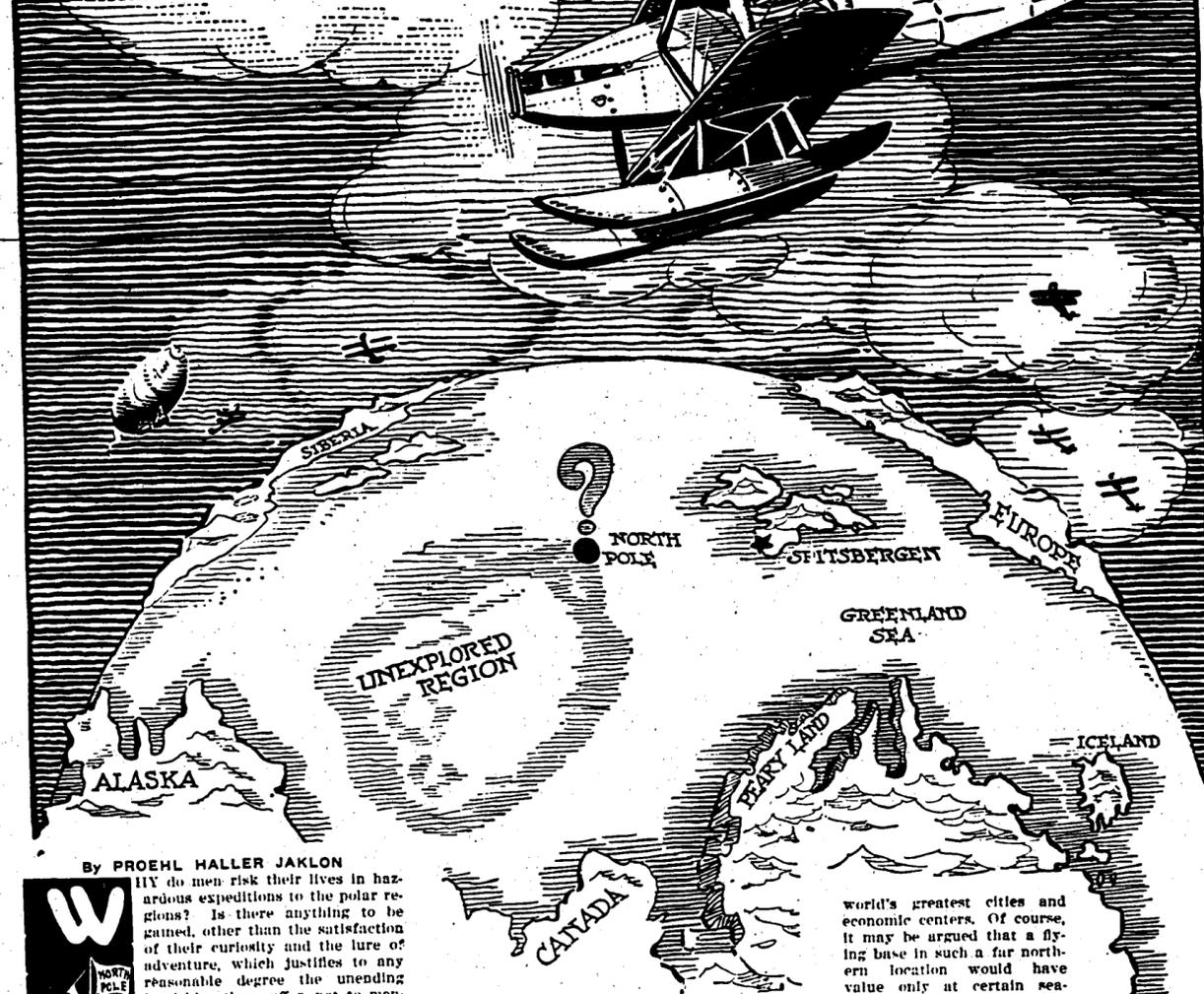
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Why Bother About the Poles?



By PROEHL HALLER JAKLON

WHY do men risk their lives in hazardous expeditions to the polar regions? Is there anything to be gained, other than the satisfaction of their curiosity and the lure of adventure, which justifies to any reasonable degree the unending hardships they suffer, not to mention the enormous costs involved and the long months of preparation and study necessary even before a start is made?

Most of us regard a polar dash as a spectacular stunt, full of thrills for the few who engage in it and anxiety and uneasiness for those who remain at home. What's the use of exploring and charting new territory whose area is more than a million square miles if this land is only to be found buried under tons of ice centuries old?

It is obvious, however, with three costly expeditions planned and one already in the field that there is some sound reason behind all this effort, something more important than the charting of that spot on the map which now is a blank marked "Unknown Area."

From John Tighman Rowland, fellow of the American Geographical Society, writing in the New York Herald-Tribune, comes some very logical reasons concerning the importance of polar exploration. He believes that we who live in North America have a vital interest in these great adventures. A hundred years from now he intimates, it is not unlikely that historians will view these expeditions in the same light that we now regard the epochal voyages of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries, when Columbus and Magellan, as well as many other daring navigators, discovered those more temperate parts of the earth, paved the way for colonization and thus changed the history of the world.

We must realize that the age we live in is an age of rapid transportation, both of persons and things, and ideas. Distances have been annihilated by man's ingenuity, and journeys which not so long ago were reckoned in days and weeks are now thought of in terms of hours and days. It took our forefathers thirty days to cross the Atlantic; we speed across it today in from five to seven days in luxurious ocean palaces, or hop across in an airplane in less than two days. The barriers between nations have been broken down, and man finds the world today a much smaller place than the world of yesterday.

Now Mr. Rowland asks us to glance for a moment at the above map, which, although not drawn accurately to scale, will serve our purpose. Do you notice how all the countries of the northern hemisphere are grouped around the Arctic ocean? There's Russia (Siberia) and Canada facing each other across the diameter of the Arctic ocean. Ordinarily we think of them as being widely separated. The tip of Alaska nearly touches Siberia. Norway and Sweden, by this route, find themselves not at all so distant from the Far East as they have hitherto supposed. It's really just a hop over that part of the horizon which lies under the pontoons of the larger airplane in the above picture. Thus, the Arctic ocean is truly a new Mediterranean, geologically as old as time; but strikingly new as a factor in the affairs of men. On this ocean Europe, Asia and America all have frontage, which, if the climate of the Arctic were reversed, would have been bordered long ago with thriving cities and shipping centers. Imagine this ocean free of ice so that it offered no obstacles to the passage of ships. Immediately new trade routes would be opened. Vessels, both freight and passenger, which now ply between European ports and those of Asia via the Suez and Panama canals or around the Cape of Good Hope, plowing through endless miles of the world's widest oceans, would take a new short-cut across the top of the world. Sailing northward between Greenland and Spitsbergen, they would steam quickly across some place not far from the pole and descend into the Behring strait. After holding their course southward for a few days they would reach the ports of Korea, China, and Japan. Enormous savings in fuel, time and distance would

be effected, not to mention the item of fuel economy.

Short lines of communications would spring up also between Canada and Russia, Alaska and Norway, and northwestern Europe and Siberia. The Arctic ocean would be alive with ships, and those nations would realize that their Arctic coasts were by far the most important they possessed. This, Mr. Rowland says, would mean not only commercial but military readjustments on a huge scale, for in the future whoever controlled that ocean would hold the key to world trade.

Of course, nobody expects the climate of the Arctic to undergo this radical change, but there is the possibility, however, that within a relatively short time we shall produce ships of a kind that will recognize no such barrier as the Arctic offers, for the good reason that ice is no obstacle to a ship navigating the air.

We have the assurance of aviation experts that polar air routes are feasible and that such flights can be made if someone will explore the entire Arctic basin and find out in particular the nature of the great unexplored area. This done, we can expect the day when giant planes will fly from England to Japan in forty-eight hours. Such a trip would require a speed of not more than 100 miles an hour.

How can this unknown area be explored? Northward from Alaska, in the center of the Arctic ocean, lies a million square miles of territory, the nature of which we know nothing. The Arctic ice bars out ships, dog teams cannot cross it, for the distances are too great. Here and there the edges have been scratched by our adventurous explorers, who have been forced to admit that this mighty area defies penetration.

The one remaining way to conquer this region is through the air. Two years ago the chances against the airplane were heavy, but today with better steering instruments, improved planes and motors, and a better knowledge of Arctic conditions, the chances are strongly in favor of the air route. Conditions most favorable for the flight are found in the early spring. The day is twenty-four hours long. The ice snow underneath, instead of melted snow and open water, affords adequate landing fields, and in April and early May the Arctic air is less obscured with fog than at any other time of year.

What explorers want most to find in this unknown area is solid earth. If land is there and if it offers safe landing places for aircraft, its discovery will be an event of world-wide importance. It will permit the establishment of supply bases, lighthouses and radio stations to guide the pilots of future air liners. With fuel and food near at hand no airship ever would be more than a few hours from help in this polar desert, and the risk of such travel would be cut in half. Those who have visited the Arctic are inclined to believe that such land exists. They have watched the behavior of tides and currents in the polar basin, which would indicate the presence of land. They have seen migratory birds fly straight out to sea just before their nesting season and disappear over the far horizon.

Discovery of land there would have an important military significance. Station a fleet of speedy bombing planes upon the new land and they would command an international area. Alaska and northwestern Canada would be completely at their mercy and only upon these planes' supply of fuel would rest the security of Great Britain, central Europe, Scandinavia and Japan.

No other spot on the earth is equidistant from so many important points. Place one point of a pair of dividers on this unknown area and the other point somewhere on the fortieth parallel of latitude in the northern hemisphere. Using the first point as a center, you can describe a circle which for the most part will include the

world's greatest cities and economic centers. Of course, it may be argued that a flying base in such a far northern location would have value only at certain seasons, but it is also true that aggressor nations generally choose their own time to strike. It is not without the bounds of imagination to foresee the world threatened by some predatory power which had acquired the new land.

All nations in the last few years have begun to show increasing interest in their Arctic possessions. Canada has declared sovereignty over all lands between her northern coast and the pole, yet not a few of them were discovered by explorers sailing under the flag of the United States. This new principle of sovereignty ought to give the United States a title to all lands lying north of Alaska, but it cannot be relied upon to have this effect. Those who have studied the problem urge that the United States and Canada join forces in these matters. The right of a nation to the territory it discovers is not yet outlawed, and if new discoveries tend to disrupt world peace some definite policy, such as internationalization of the new land, must be agreed upon.

This year America will be represented in the dash to the pole. Commander Richard E. Byrd of the United States navy, on leave, who commanded the navy flyers in the Arctic last summer, has chosen Spitsbergen as a hopping-off place. From here he goes to the northernmost point of land in the world, a promontory in Greenland. After a base has been established at this place, he will return to Spitsbergen for additional fuel and supplies. He will then return to the Greenland base and fly to the pole, then either to Spitsbergen direct or via Greenland, as circumstances dictate.

This expedition has been financed by such men as John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Vincent Astor, Thomas F. Ryan, Richard Hoyt of New York, Edsel Ford and Congressman Frothingham of Massachusetts and several others. Explaining the details of the expedition in an article in the New York Times, Commander Byrd said:

"My plan is to do the flying in a series of legs of about 400 miles each. Careful calculation indicates that, with the three motors, the chances are about 500 to 1 against breakdown due solely to motor trouble on any single leg of the flight.

"On our flights on the MacMillan expedition last year we operated near water, because we could not safely land on the ground. It was August, and the snow had largely melted away. Flying in the spring, however, we will carry skis and will land and take off by skiing on the ground.

"The objective of our first flight will be the first landing field we can find on Peary land, the northernmost known land in the world. It is at the extreme north tip of Greenland, about 400 miles northwest of Spitsbergen. We will stop at the first spot on Peary land that promises good skiing for the plane.

"Here it is our intention to deposit 1,000 pounds of gasoline, food and supplies. Then we purpose to fly back to King's bay, load up and return to our Peary land air base. Our exploration of unknown areas in the Arctic begins with our flight from Spitsbergen to Peary land. Most of the region between the two places is unexplored.

"After our second flight to Peary land we will be ready to make the attempt to fly to and around the North pole. Our objects are to explore the unknown stretch of about 400 miles from Peary land to the pole and possibly to accomplish the sporting feat of reaching the pole from the air.

"From our projected base in Peary land it is approximately 400 miles to the pole. If we reach the vicinity of the pole, our instruments will enable us to determine, while in flight, our location within a margin of twenty miles. To make sure that we have reached and passed the pole, we will make a wide circle around it. This circle would be less than 100 miles in distance, but it would be a complete circumnavigation of the globe."

FILMY GOWNS FOR EVENING; SUMMER AFTERNOON GOWNS

THAT lively French fancy which always seems to be capering about and doing unexpected and interesting things, finds its best playground in the field of evening gowns. There is no such thing as a brief summary of the modes, for Paris apparently has determined to suit—and flatter—all types of figures and appeal to all kinds of taste. The authoritative couturiers have provided gowns made of every known filmy fabric and adorned in every conceivable way. But they have emphasized, by repetition, some important style points so that we may pick

across fashion's stage. It is the becomingness of afternoon dresses that places them first in our affections and everything conspires to help them to success in this regard. Beautiful colors, in supple or sheer fabrics, new skirt and neck lines and unending variety in sleeves, are all contributing their part toward making afternoon frocks that will prove flattering to their wearers. The trick is simply to make the right choice in all these matters—to select a becoming color, a graceful silhouette, the proper neckline. There is so much variety in de-



Two Models From Paris.

them out as smart and as characteristic of the new season. Should American women not relish the taste of some of these accented features, there are plenty of others which they will find to their liking.

First of all one may note the definition of body lines in bodices that seem to mold themselves to the natural figure, ending in rippling skirts—with the ripple achieved in many ways. Then there is the very low back décolletage—and the transparent yoke, all to be considered only by women who have good figures. But free for everyone are the rippling and the uneven hemlines, the flying scarf ends, the moderate oval and "Y" shaped necklines, the godets and set-on panels, circular skirts and shaped flounces

signs to choose from that there is no excuse for failure.

The factors that account for the daintiness of the new modes begin with the fabrics used—georgette, chiffon, taffeta and other silks, crepe de chine and similar crepes—and is furthered by the vogue for lingerie accessories and for laces used in combination with materials. Nothing is more popular than hangings of lace on georgette dresses, unless it is the combination of plain and printed materials, which is developed in many ways. A pretty combination of this kind is shown here in a model that is recommended for the slender woman's consideration. A crepe dress with straight bodice and skirt with shirred fullness, in apron fashion, across the



that make up the flattery evening modes.

Laces and filmy materials, plain or figured, satin and much taffeta silk, are the foundation of dresses that call upon beads, paillettes, brilliants and hand painting, as well as upon fabric trimmings, for adornment. Cheruit presents the graceful dance frock shown at the right of the two imports sketched. It is made of coral-colored silk muslin, with narrow platings edging the scalloped hemline and the short sleeves. A more elaborate gown, made of rose-colored satin, shown at the right, has a rich embroidery traced in gold and black outlined with flat gold galoon and fine platings in the skirt.

No report of the styles in evening frocks is nearly complete if it fails to mention the numerous models with fitted bodices and bouffant skirts made of silk and laces.

Enthusiasm for new modes in afternoon frocks mounts and mounts as the season advances and one dainty and pretty gown follows another

features daintiness. front, introduces printed silk in collar and bandings and in puffs for the sleeves at the wrist. Crepe, like the dress, makes the narrow girde and the prim bow at the neck. Circular or plaited skirts of plain material are joined to tunics in printed patterns and occasionally narrow lengthwise panels of the printed material are inserted in the plain skirt. Or the dress may be made of a printed fabric with long sleeves and deep border at the bottom of the skirt, introduced in a plain material.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Wife-Ship Woman

CHAPTER IX—Continued

I snatched up my musket from the pirogue and fired at the first man to break through the bushes. I shouted for Narbonne to take the girl along in his pirogue, and then called on Six Fingers to follow me. With a leap I struck the edge of the bank and went down on all fours. A Choctaw tripped on my head and pitched into the water. The darkness served to hamper the red men once I was among them. I discharged one pistol, the second missing fire, and pulled my ax. Somewhere in the background Damoan was shouting encouragement to the Indians, and I tried to get to him, knowing that once he was down his allies would lose heart.

During the first minute of the confusion only Damoan's high voice was to be heard. Then came mademoiselle's voice, crying:

"I wait for monsieur."

And I knew she had refused to put off with Narbonne and leave me. The next moment Narbonne was at my side, and I surmised that Six Fingers had refused to follow me.

"Hein! Good thrust!" cried Narbonne as he placed his back to mine and scored.

"Fall back and throw your axes!" yelled Damoan in Choctaw.

But as the Indians gave ground we pressed forward. I warned Narbonne to drop flat just in time to escape the axes which now whirled over our heads. After the first volley of axes we were up again, and what with the night and our constant shifting of position this mode of attack was not persisted in.

A brave fell against me, one arm still raised and holding a knife. I caught him as he would have slipped to the ground, and holding him before me rushed forward a few yards. Narbonne followed close behind me, his long sword playing on the flanks; and inside of sixty seconds we had advanced a score of feet from the bank and had good clearance room.

"Rush them with your knives!" fumed Damoan.

"Ho, you, Frenchman! Stand out and do your own fighting!" mocked Narbonne.

Back across the bayou Six Fingers was yelling.

"Don't shoot, mademoiselle! I go!"

I came near to braining him as he gained my side, a survivor, withered spider of a creature. One of his vile piratical oaths identified him before my ax could end his unsavory existence. He came in the nick of time, and if I have belittled him as a man, and if he was loath to risk his hide until compelled, I had to acknowledge his worth as a fighting machine: once he entered the fray, almost under my feet and hard to discern he darted his knife in and out and croaked horrible words. For a bit the Choctaws actually gave ground before our desperate onrush, and I began to fear Damoan would steal around the flanks and capture the girl. It was a relief to hear his voice and to know he was still behind his warriors.

A knife ripped my forearm, and I cracked the fellow's skull. Narbonne was shouting:

"Who wants any Mississippi? Ten thousand shares for eighteen thousand lives! Diamonds overnight, and a heavenly crown!"

He broke off, panting for breath and laughing hysterically.

It was time to rush back to the bayou, for we were surely done for if we advanced farther from the pirogues. Narbonne began coughing, and I knew he was wounded although he kept his feet. Six Fingers bore a stanza of an evil song, gave a screech and went down between my feet.

"Back to the canoes!" I cried to Narbonne. "Get the girl away if you can while I stand them off."

It was our one opportunity to retreat without being thrust through the back; for either the Choctaws were for the moment dismayed at their lack of success, or else they had sensed Narbonne's madness, and were now drawing off and ignoring Damoan's frantic exhortations to continue the attack.

I scooped up Six Fingers under my arm and minded his weight no more than if he had been a child. Narbonne, still coughing, gave ground and kept at my side.

"Faster!" I urged, as I heard the Indians rallying for a rush.

To my alarm he began wasting his breath by crying:

"Who takes some of Monsieur L'as Mississippi? Who takes golden Mississippi, indored by Monsieur le Regent? From the Banque Royale to the Indian company and thence back to the banque. Va au diable! We will let out some of your selfishness!"

And to my horror he turned and ran back through the darkness to meet the charging enemy, coughing and calling out mad words.

I was now at the bayou, and the girl was screaming in terror. Six Fingers was limp, yet breathing. To go after my poor friend was out of the question, as it was only a matter of seconds before I too should be renewing the fighting. Whether he intended it or not there was great virtue in Narbonne's madness, for the Choctaws yelled loudly when he struck their line, and doubtless they believed the three of us were on them again. He held up their advance for a bit before they could get the truth straight in

By Hugh Pendexter

Author of "Kings of the Missouri," "Peg Gravel," "A Virginia Scout," etc.

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their minds. A faint voice behind me called:

"Qui est là?"

"Brampton. Get into the canoe."

"Grace a Dieu!" he choked.

I too thanked God to have the mad fellow back. I knew he must be seriously, possibly mortally wounded, by the way he staggered and bumped against me. With Six Fingers in my arms I could not lend him assistance.

But what was amazing was the fact that the howling of the Choctaws did not come nearer, nor did Damoan cease his shouting although it was impossible to decipher what he said because of the din. And what were the devils yowling about?

From directly ahead of me came mademoiselle's voice, surprisingly steady for one who had been so busily screaming; and she was demanding:

"Who is it?"

"Brampton. We are all here. Into the pirogue! Can you manage a paddle till we get out of this hell?" I asked Narbonne.

The half-smothered voice answered in the affirmative. I dropped Six Fingers into a canoe and scooped a hatful of water on his head. I turned to join mademoiselle in my pirogue, still wondering why the Choctaws should remain aloof and keep up their hideous yelling, and a splash told me my friend had fallen into the water. I caught him by the shoulder and pulled him to the side of my pirogue and received the surprise of my life to find his arms were tightly drawn behind his back and bound with a thong.

I was no believer in fairy stories, but how could he enter a fight, be trussed up and then escape without his captors giving pursuit? It was beyond my comprehension unless I explained it by magic. As I frantically worked over the rawhide cords mademoiselle attempted to aid me, and she cried:

"God help us! His mouth!"

I finished with his hands and felt of his face and found new cause for astonishment. A cord, like a gag, ran from his mouth to the back of his head, cutting the corners of his mouth, and making speech very difficult.

"Had me gagged, tied," he faintly mumbled. "Got rid of gag. Couldn't slip the cord. Don't you know me?"

"Know you?" I began, sadly shaken at the poor fellow's experience. And I commenced lifting him into the pirogue, for until now he had been standing up to his waist in water. Then from the bush, back where the savages were still yowling, came Narbonne's mad voice shouting:

"Ten thousand shares! Twenty thousand lives! Who wants any Mississippi? Immortality!"

I had my man by the throat as he came over the side of the pirogue, and my ax was over his head, as I gritted:

"Who in the fiend's name are you?"

"Joe Labrador, old friend! Don't you know me?" he gasped. Then the Choctaws raised their scalp-ery, and there was no more sound of fighting.

CHAPTER X

Lifting the Peace Pipe.

We were unmolested in our escape from the cut-off, and although forced to land by another barrier of drift the carry was short, and in the bright sunshine we continued our journey. Damoan, so long as he did not intercept us in the cut-off, would be compelled to return to his pirogues and lose much time in completing the loop. The girl slept much of the morning, and Labrador and I stuck to the paddles till late in the afternoon, when we were forced to give up.

Aided by the Canadian I soon had the pirogues cunningly concealed and had chosen a retired hollow where we could rest and eat. Labrador caught some fish while I examined Six Fingers' wound—a clout over the head which would soon mend. I had had no time for an explanation from Labrador until now.

"Damoan the Fox came to la Nouvelle Orleans in the night," he began. "He had an order from Sieur de Bien-ville for all to aid him in his search for the White Indian. Damoan selected me to go with him and his Choctaws. The Fox took pirogues and started up the river, leaving orders for more Choctaws to follow him when they arrived from Biloxi. When we passed the Iheriville I saw my friend drop in the bush.

"The Indians were busy with their paddling and watching the bank ahead and saw nothing. Damoan thought he saw something, but was not sure. I lied to him and said there was nothing. Afterward he grew suspicious and sent back a canoe. We camped on the big loop, waiting for more Choctaws to come up. Something held them back, for they had not come up when the fight began. Damoan is a devil. He reads men's minds, as a red tracker reads a trail. Without warning, just before the fight at the bayou began, he had me seized, my hands tied and a gag put in my mouth. Then came the arrows and the war-cry of the Natchez. Monsieur knows about

the fight. Damoan kept close beside me till toward the end. Then the mad Frenchman charged the Indians. Damoan then had to leave me, for his Indians were saying the madman was led by his manito; and they would have run away from him if not for the Fox. I got rid of the gag but not the cord. I ran away and found monsieur. That is all."

"Poor Monsieur Narbonne!" softly cried mademoiselle. "He was a gallant Frenchman."

"He went down gloriously, mademoiselle," said Labrador.

Narbonne's death affected me strongly. He had made my fight his fight. I could not bring myself to use the friendship of another Frenchman in furthering my schemes; and to Labrador I said:

"Friend Joe, I am an English spy."

"Eh bien! Damoan the Fox is not. I prefer you to him. You'll not hurt France, monsieur. And perhaps I have spied a bit on the English. Who knows? We are even, and our friendship stands. There is but one thing to remember; you are doing mademoiselle a service. I must slip."

Six Fingers was suddenly silent. Narbonne's death deprived him of his chance to visit golden Acumibus. His trend of thought was revealed in his shriveled face as he slowly turned his gaze on the girl. I remembered his talk about a choice between two gold mines. One was Acumibus. But how could mademoiselle be connected with the second? Friendless and without money how could she attract the cupid of this old scoundrel?

That night I divided the watch with Labrador, and with the first light had fish cooked and my companions awakened to eat and take to the pirogues. From the shore we could see a long stretch of the lonely waters, and no canoes were in sight.

We worked our fastest until midday, when we paused while Labrador slipped ashore and shot a deer. Then on we went for two weary hours when we landed again and cooked a generous quantity of the meat. I was pleased to see that mademoiselle ate the steak with a relish.

To relieve her of Six Fingers' presence I ordered him to take his ration out on a point of rock and keep watch over the lower river. Labrador was the most care-free of the four of us, and essayed his best to lighten the girl's sad mood. Her thoughts were with Narbonne, however, and the sacrifice he had made for her sake. Once I sought to divert her thoughts by asking why she feared Six Fingers.

She scornfully answered:

"That scum of the earth! Let him beware, or I'll have him whipped."

This was high language.

"Then you do not fear him?" I urged.

"Bah! I only fear for what he—"

She came to a stop and eyed me suspiciously. I believed she had started to say she feared him only for what he knew. She recovered her composure and signified her readiness to continue the journey.

Late that afternoon we landed again, and Labrador climbed a tree. He had startling news. Three pirogues, well filled, were far down the river. We both were satisfied that Damoan had received reinforcements. We had planned to pass through the portage of the Cross, thus avoiding the immense loop of the Three channels, but as night was near and the enemy in sight, and inasmuch as we could not hope to keep ahead of the fresh paddlers Damoan always could supply, we went ashore.

Six Fingers rebelled against leaving the river, but Labrador saved me from using him severely by glibly telling stories about the riches apt to be found among the Indians. Among other lies he solemnly declared the Humas hung golden circlets around their ankles and wrists. Six Fingers made no objections after hearing these absurdities. There was a venomous lustre in his eyes as the Canadian elaborated on his first description of the brass ornaments worn by the savages. We concealed the pirogues most skillfully, and I found a well-trodden Indian trail that led inland and would leave no trace of our passing.

To make good our isolation from any prowling Choctaws we passed that night in the thick woods, the deer meat brought along by Labrador doing us for food. Early in the morning I went a short distance from our camp and killed two wild turkeys with a long stick. I had them dressed and on broiling by the time mademoiselle in her tiny bark house came out and went to a nearby stream to bathe.

She came back with a new expression illuminating her face, something of fresh hope, of a faith in the morrow; the result of getting away from the river, perhaps. When I stole a glance at her piquant face I could only think of the Jessamine and the opening magnolia buds back home.

"Labrador," I said, "suppose you scout about us and see if you find any Choctaw signs. We will wait here. Six Fingers, go to the brook and look for a gourd left there by the Indians, and bring me some water."

Six Fingers went willingly enough, his belief in gold to be found in running streams making the errand most welcome. Labrador was loath to depart, but mademoiselle gave him a smile to carry with him, and he plunged into the thicket. Now we two were alone and grew restrained in our manner, almost as if wishing at least Labrador was back with us.

For three years I had followed the river with but few glimpses of white women except as I saw them in Canada or on the gulf. And many of these, especially those on the gulf, were without sex in my eyes, so desperate had been Beau Law's company to secure colonists. Before me sat mademoiselle, cross-legged like an Indian squaw, yet ravishingly enticing in her appeal. Her demure youth held the threat of coquetry, once spontaneous fires were kindled in her heart. Notwithstanding all this, what I proposed saying was in no way meant to take any advantage of her position, but was prompted by an impulse to shield her after she reached Virginia.

"Without any preamble I said:

"Mademoiselle, when you reach the English settlements questions will be asked you. You cannot avoid them. You can scarcely escape answering them. Do you care to tell me just what you propose doing?"

"I will work," she muttered, staring down at the ground and digging her slim fingers into the forest-mold.

"Work is honorable, but in some English colonies slaves do the work, or indentured servants. Work is honorable for a wife, however."

"I am not a wife," she softly said.

"You shall be, if you care to say the word," I promptly declared. "Nay, do not be alarmed. I shall never bring this matter up again. I make you this offer to relieve your mind of any anxiety. As my wife you will not be questioned, nor will you have to labor with slaves and indentured servants."

Up came her head, her gaze laughingly returning mine. In a low even voice she coldly informed me:

"When I found my faith at the brook, I also found some of my pride. Monsieur has made a great mistake."

"I am afraid I have," I muttered, dazed by the unexpected outcome of what cool reason would tell me was an unwise honor.

But what the devil had pride to do with it? In a rush of memory I saw her standing wan and friendless on the sands of Ship Island; I remembered her misrepresentation of how she came to sail for Louisiana. I recalled my conviction that soft hands and poverty were a poor dowry for a girl to bring to one not assured as to her history. And I had actually offered her marriage under the spell of the morning and because of a vagrant impulse to complete her belief in her medicine—her faith.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Human Ruminants Not Unknown to History

The first case of a human ruminant reported in a scientific journal was that of Robert Gill, a cobbler of Dorsetshire, whose death was reported in the British Annual Register under date of October 1, 1767.

In ancient times and in the Middle Ages men who chewed the cud were apparently very far from rare, but modern science would be prone to dismiss such tales were they not supported by evidence of more recent time. Roger Gill died after suffering "great tortures" due to the loss of his strangle faculty.

Gill usually began his second chewing a quarter or half an hour, sometimes later, after dinner, when every morsel came up successively sweeter and sweeter to the taste. The chewing continued about an hour or more, and sometimes would leave him for a little while, "in which case he would be sick at his stomach." Many other and later instances might be cited of men who have been "brother to the ox" in the possession of this faculty.—Chicago Journal.

Historic London Church

The Church of St. Michael, one of Wren's churches, which has just been reopened after extensive renovations, is one of the most historic churches in London. It is built on the site of that erected by Dick Whittington, and in which he was buried, but the original was so entirely wiped out in the great fire that no trace of Sir Richard Whittington's grave now remains. The renovation scheme included the painting of the walls and ceiling, and the moving of the heavy altar railing forward to form a choir screen. The representations of Moses and Aaron found in all Wren's churches are in this case exquisite statues which formerly stood on pedestals beside the altar. They have now been accommodated in niches in the walls some feet above their original location.

Poetry Restored

Let poetry once more be restored to her ancient truth and purity; let her be inspired from heaven, and, in return, her incense ascend thither; let her exchange her low, venal, trifling subjects for such as are fair, useful, and magnificent; and let her execute these so as at once to please, instruct, surprise and astonish; and then, of necessity, the most inveterate ignorance and prejudice shall be struck dumb, and poets yet become the delight and wonder of mankind.—James Thomson.



Methought I saw a robin's wing Among the budding trees: What need of chilly lingering Mid winter rebuffs, When life is at the edge of spring? —Florence Converse.

GOOD EVERYDAY FOODS

An attractive salad is always a most welcome addition to a dinner or luncheon.



Sweetbread and Cucumber Salad.—Prepare the sweetbreads by parboiling and removing all the inedible portion, then drop into cold water to make firm again; add a tablespoonful of vinegar to the water. After standing an hour, drain and cut into cubes half the amount of cucumbers, mix all together with a highly seasoned mayonnaise which has been mixed with half its bulk in whipped cream. When well blended, heap lightly into nests of tender lettuce. Serve with toasted wafers.

Celery Jelly Salad.—Put two cupsfuls of strained tomatoes, a tablespoonful of grated onion, a bay leaf and a pinch of celery seed into a saucepan; bring to the boiling point and set aside for fifteen minutes to keep hot. Add half a package of gelatin which has been soaked in half a cupful of cold water, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and the juice of half a lemon. Stand over boiling water until the gelatin is dissolved; strain, stir in a quantity of finely cut tender celery and set on ice to set, stirring occasionally until it begins to thicken. Mold in small cups and chill. Serve on beds of lettuce and mask with a rich mayonnaise.

Apple Lemon Pie.—Take two cupsfuls of chopped apple, one cupful of sugar, the juice and rind of a lemon, one egg well beaten, half cupful of water, and the same of cracker crumbs. Bake in a two-crust pie in a moderate oven.

Peas, Pickles, Peanuts Salad.—Take an equal quantity of peas and peanuts with enough chopped sour pickle to add zest. Serve on slices of orange, garnished with parsley. Serve with a highly seasoned boiled dressing.

Tapoca Pears.—Cook tapoca and bake with canned pears, adding grated lemon rind and butter. A little lemon juice added to the sauce which may be made from the pear juice will add to the flavor.

Mock Duck.—Take pork tenderloins and split them lengthwise. Make a dressing as for turkey. Put dressing in the meat, sew it up, season, lard with strips of salt pork, add a little hot water and bake for forty-five minutes.

Luncheon Desserts.

For the noon meal, when dinner is served at night, the dessert should be a very light one.

A dish of fruit a small cake or cookie, a gelatin pudding are all desirable desserts for a light meal.

Jelly Fluff.—Take half a glass of jelly and the

white of one egg; beat until stiff and the mixture will stand up alone. Heap in short cups and top with a little egg white mixed with sugar or a bit of whipped cream.

Another nice fluff which is well liked is prepared as follows: Grate a medium-sized apple and mix with sugar to taste, add an egg white and whip until stiff. This may be served with a thin custard sauce, ice cold, or the fluff heated over small cup cakes.

Emergency Desserts.—Steam any leftover cake and serve with marshmallow sauce. Mix one cupful of brown sugar with three tablespoonfuls of flour, add one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water and cook until smooth, add a generous grating of nutmeg and two tablespoonfuls of butter with a dash of lemon juice and rind. Just before serving have the sauce boiling hot and add a few marshmallows cut into quarters.

Caramel Cornstarch Pudding.—Brown one-half cupful of sugar until it forms a strip in the pan, then add a pint of boiling milk; stir until the caramel is dissolved—this will take time. Add two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with a little cold milk and cook until the starch is thoroughly cooked. Pour into sherbet glasses and garnish with a spoonful of whipped cream topped with a piece of preserved ginger for each glass.

Chicken Loaf.—Cook a fowl in water until the meat falls from the bones. Strain, put the broth into a saucepan and reduce to three cupfuls by boiling. Add one-half package of gelatin. Separate the meat from the bones and shred fine. Put the chicken into a well-rinsed mold, season the broth and pour over it. Set away to harden and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise dressing. A good imitation for a hurry-up dish is canned chicken with chicken broth or canned soup used instead of the fresh fowl.

Snowballs.—Spread cooked rice an inch thick over squares of coarse muslin wet in cold water. In the center of each place a canned peach or apricot, or pear. Tie carefully and steam ten minutes. Serve with a sauce prepared by thickening the fruit juice from the can, adding a little butter to make it richer.

Helene Maxwell

"BAYER ASPIRIN" PROVED SAFE

Take without Fear as Told in "Bayer" Package



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

Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drugists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

Itching Skin Troubles Yield Instantly to FREEDOL

Clean and Easy to Use. (Prescription of Skin Specialist.) Its soothing, cooling, healing properties stop itching and burning instantly of Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Itching Scalp, etc. Booklet sent free. Large bottle mailed on receipt of one dollar. C. A. Brown & Company, Agents, 1086 Old South Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Effective Bookbinding

Covering books with colorful bindings not only gives an added note of interest to the bookshelf but protects the books. Books can easily be bound with wall paper, cretonne, chintz and pieces of old brocaded silks. It is always advisable to either varnish or shellac the material used, to give it a nice as well as lasting finish.

Sure Relief



6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25c and 75c Pkgs. Sold Everywhere

CUTS and SCRATCHES

Stop the smarting and hasten the healing by prompt application of

Resinol

1000 lbs. Hardwood Ashes. Best lawn and garden fertilizer for earth, etc. 40¢ per 100 lbs. Free circular. G. Stevens, Peterborough, Ont.

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STARS of the PHOTOPLAY

Contains 250 art portraits of the leading moving picture stars, with a short biography of each. Printed in rotogravure, with beautiful deep blue border covers, 5 by 11 inches in size. Here's the book you have been looking for. \$1.50 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. FRANK L. MILES, Springfield, Mass.

A Paradox

"It may seem paradoxical," said the librarian at an East side branch library, "but I find that the people who have the deepest appreciation of literature almost invariably are those who keep their library books beyond the allotted time. It isn't that they do not read the books but rather that they read them quickly, and perhaps buy others or borrow others, forgetting the books which should have been returned to the library."—Detroit News.

Eggs covered with boiling water and allowed to stand for five minutes are more digestible than those allowed to boil for three minutes.

Ends pain in one minute CORNS

One minute—that's how quick Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end the pain of corns. They do it safely. You risk no infection from amateur cutting, no danger from "drops" (acid). Zino-pads remove the cause—preventing or rubbing off corns. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. Get a box today at your drug-gist's or shoe dealer's—25c.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads Put one on—the pain is gone

C. F. Butterfield

New Lot Fishing Tackle
Just In
Base Ball Goods of all kinds
Special Bargain
100 Paper Napkins for 10c.

Always a full line of Foot-wear

Wax Your Own
Wood Floors or Linoleum

ELECTRIC FLOOR POLISHER RENTED FOR
\$2.00 PER DAY

ONE ROOM OR THE WHOLE HOUSE
You do it all yourself with ease. No waiting for the other fellow. Apply the wax either liquid or paste to a clean surface with a long handled spreader, you do not bend a knee or lame your back. Polish with the Electric Polisher you rent from us, which you will find easier to operate than an electric carpet cleaner—you just guide it over the surface. All done in a few minutes of time. Electric Polisher takes same current as an ordinary electric light and attaches to any lamp socket.

Make Your Date Now. Then You Will Not Be Disappointed.
JOHNSON'S FLOOR WAX in convenient packages.
WAX SPREADERS, just what you want.
MOPS AND MOP WRINGERS.
EVERYTHING FOR CLEANING THE FLOOR.
If you cannot call write.

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 Bail 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. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER

H. B. ELDRIDGE, Assistant

Wednesday, May 5, 1926

Long Distance Telephone

Notions of Concrete, Lenses, Engravings, etc., to which an addition fee is charged, or from which a return is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the advertiser.

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c each.

Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.

Obituary poetry and lines of flowers charged for at advertising rates; also will be charged at this same rate for all 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 here-with 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.

Spring has arrived!

La Touraine Coffee 50c 15. Heath's Store. Adv.

Tenement to rent—Inquire at Reporter office. Adv.

Chester A. Bates is spending a two weeks' vacation with his sister in Maine.

Born at Peterboro hospital, April 25, a son to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hurlin.

Fred C. Thompson is building a two car garage at the rear of his residence on Jameson avenue.

Mrs. Hattie McClure has returned to her home here, after having spent several months in Concord.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newhall and child, of East Pepperell, Mass., were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Paige.

Mrs. George E. Hastings, who has been quite ill and under the care of a nurse, is improving constantly but slowly.

The Whatsoever Class will hold a Food Sale on Saturday, May 8, at 3 o'clock, in the vestry of the Baptist church. Adv.

Mrs. W. E. Cram and son, Donald, and daughter, Mildred, were in Manchester on Sunday, making the trip by auto.

Mrs. C. E. Robertson and Miss Dorothy Robertson have been in Penacook this week, called by the death of a relative.

Mrs. Emma S. Goodell attended in Worcester, Mass., last week, the meeting of the New England District of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Societies.

Will Prescott was called to East Jaffrey on Tuesday of this week, owing to the serious illness of his brother, who has been out of health for some time.

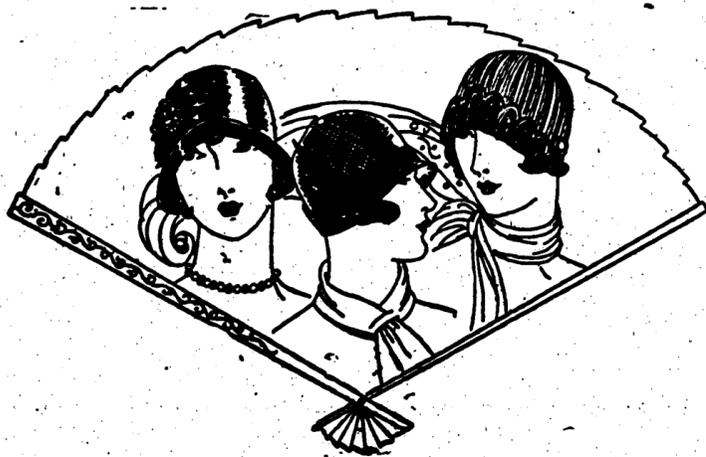
Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson recently visited with her father, at her old home in Goffstown, and with her son, in Franklin, who is improving from his recent illness.

Raymond E. Davis is employed at the electric power station at the Branch, taking the place of Curtis Pecker, who resumes his work as railway engineer.

Newspaper reports state that Berleigh W. Fletcher, of Nashua, known to many of our people, has been appointed chief of police of the town of Milford. With Mrs. Fletcher he will remove to Milford to reside.

The ladies' aid society of the Methodist church will hold their regular meeting on Wednesday, May 5, at their church parlors. A supper of vegetable salad, bake beans and pastry will be served at 5.30 o'clock, at the usual price, followed by a social hour.

The exhibition of their work given by the local Girl Scouts, at a public meeting in the town hall, last week Monday evening, was a most successful affair, and the goodly number in attendance witnessed some nice work along this line. These girls are receiving splendid training under the leadership of Mrs. Ross Roberts and Mrs. Henry Pratt.



WOMEN'S NEW SPRING HATS!

Style's Crowning Triumph
\$3 to \$10

In the Gayest of Spring Colors—with trimmings that because of their very simplicity are irresistible.

At the Residence of

MRS. H. W. ELDRIDGE

Grove St., Near Methodist Church, ANTRIM

All the Latest in Millinery

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Antrim

Wednesday, May 5

Bebe Daniels in
Crowded Hour

Pathe Weekly

Pictures at 8.00

W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

L. E. Parker was a Marlboro visitor a portion of last week.

H. W. Eldredge was a business visitor to Keene on Saturday last.

Eggs for hatching, from the best strain of Barred Rocks that can be found. \$1.50 per setting. Craig Farm, Antrim, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Putnam, daughter, Ella, and son, Lester, returned to their home here on Thursday last, from their winter's sojourn in Southern Pines, North Carolina.

To Concord Direct

Continued from first page
ular schedule or nearly that. We shall not have to go to Manchester first before visiting the Capital city or return by the way of the Queen city,—if we don't want to.

People who come to Concord from Peterboro, Henniker, and the Keene vicinity, will not have to be routed through Manchester as was at first announced by the Boston & Maine railroad. The matter was agreeably adjusted last Thursday between officials of the railroad and the Public Service Commission. Trains will be run as formerly until further notice.

It will be remembered that the Boston & Maine railroad planned to run a morning train from Peterboro to Concord, change being made in Manchester from the first train to another train running from Boston to Concord. Business men in Concord did not take favorably to the idea and protested, claiming that the round about way would cause many people to stop and carry on business in Manchester rather than in Concord. The Public Service Commission took up the matter with the railroad with the result that the Manchester routing will not be put into effect.

For Sale

Hen House, accommodates about twenty hens.

Pair Buggy Shafts
Few Used Doors—odd sizes
Inquire of Mrs. H. W. Eldredge
Antrim, N. H.

For Sale

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

F. K. Black & Son

Phone 23-2 ANTRIM, N. H.

Carpenters and Builders

Steam & Hot Water Heating

FURNACES and ARCOLA SYSTEMS

Plumbing and Stove Repairs

General Trucking

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.

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

H. B. Carrier 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 H. ROBERTS,
Antrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

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

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

TOWN HALL, Bennington, N. H.
THURSDAY, MAY 13

The Two Act Drama

"Above the Clouds!"

Will be Presented by Local Talent, for the Benefit of
 St. Patrick's Church

The Finn Sisters, of Nashua,
 and Mr. Buckley, of Wilton,

Will furnish Vaudeville between the Acts.

There will be a Sale of Fancy Work and Food
 in the Afternoon

The Grab Bag will be a Special Attraction for the Children

Dance after the Entertainment, Music by
 the Jelly Six

AN IMPORTANT NOTICE!

As has already been announced in this paper, the Men's Civic Club will hold Ladies' Night Friday evening, May 14. The committee has been fortunate in securing as the speaker on this occasion, Hon. Huntley N. Spaulding, of Rochester, chairman of State Board of Education. The subject of his informal talk will be "The Progress of Education in New Hampshire." Those who have the opportunity will be glad to hear Mr. Spaulding on this very important topic, for no one in the state knows more concerning the subject than one who is closely connected with it.

Other details concerning this meeting will be given in a later issue.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of
 the Different Churches

Presbyterian-Methodist Churches
 Rev. Wm. Thompson, Pastor
 Wednesday afternoon, Ladies' Aid
 at M. E. church.
 Thursday, week night service.
 Sunday, 10.45. Morning worship.
 12 m., Bible school. 6 p.m.
 Y.P.S.C.E. meeting at M. E. church.
 7 p.m., Union service at M. E. church.

BAPTIST

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
 Thursday, May 6. Regular mid-week meeting at 7.30 p.m. Topic, "Following Christ."
 Sunday, May 9. Morning worship at 10.45. The pastor will preach on "The Divine Refuge."
 Bible school at twelve o'clock.
 Crusaders at four o'clock.
 Y.P.S.C.E. at 8 o'clock.

Wednesday, May 12. The monthly Workers' Conference will be addressed by Rev. Albert H. Gage, D.D., of Brattleboro, Vt.

Annual Meeting of Cemetery Association

The Annual Meeting of the Maplewood Cemetery Association will be held at the Selectmen's room Monday, May 10, at 7.30 p.m.

Helen Burnham, Sec'y.

The Antrim Woman's Club

Met in the town hall on Tuesday afternoon, April 27. The committee for the club luncheon reported that the luncheon would be on May 11 in the vestry of the Presbyterian church at 10 o'clock. The tickets are in the hands of Mrs. Nichols and are priced at 75 cents.

The program for the afternoon began with a piano solo by Mrs. Muzzey. An explanation of the significance of Better Homes Week followed. Mrs. Isaac Hill then gave an interesting talk on "The Scholarship Fund." This is a fund established to assist worthy girls in attending the state normal schools. Their only obligation is that they will teach for two years in the one room schools of the state. This was followed by another piano solo by Mrs. Muzzey, after which refreshments were served.

A set of health posters from the State Board of Health was displayed and later these were put up in the various stores for exhibition during Child Health Week.

Miriam W. Roberts, Sec.

The Antrim Reporter, 52 weekly visits, for \$2.00 in advance.

Grammar School Notes

The eighth grade is preparing for graduation. The parts have been assigned as follows: Valedictory, Kathleen Shea; Salutatory, Evelyn Powers; Class History, Helen McGrath; Class Prophecy, Paul Cody. The two remaining members of the class, Florence Piper and Clara King, are to have essays. Class officers elected: Pres., Evelyn Powers; Vice Pres., Florence Piper; Sec'y, Helen McGrath; Treas., Kathleen Shea.

Old Mr. Carter Helped by Simple Mixture

"After taking Adlerika I feel better than for years. At my age (63) it is ideal—so different from other medicines." (signed) W. W. Carter. Adlerika is a simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., which removes GAS in ten minutes and often brings surprising relief to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Brings out old waste-matter you never thought was in your system. Excellent for chronic constipation.

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

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Executor of the Will of Fanny I. Brooks late of Antrim, 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 24, 1926.

BARTLETT L. BROOKS.

"A City Garage in a Country Town"

HANCOCK GARAGE

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

The Hancock Garage announces the arrival of much New Equipment for the Repair and Re-manufacture of Automobiles, included in the same are Crank Case Jigs, Connection Rod Aligning Jigs, Main Bearing Reamers, Connection Rod Bearing Reamers, Cylinder Grinders, in fact all Tools and Equipment needed for the Repair of Automobiles. We also stock a Large Assortment of Automobile Parts.

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

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

Ford Engine and Transmission Completely Overhauled for \$20.00

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 have trouble of any kind call on us Generator Charging Rate Adjusted Free of Charge We also do Oxy-Acetylene Welding and Brazing.

Storage Batteries All Makes, Charged and Repaired. Authorized Exide battery service station. A new Exide Battery for your Ford \$15.00. Buick or Studebaker \$16.00. We furnish you a Battery while we charge or repair yours, at 25¢ per day.

If you are thinking of trading for a New Car or want a Good Second Hand Car, See Us First

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 New Hampshire.

"A City Garage in a Country Town"

SAFE AND SURE ROAD FOR TRAFFIC



Motor buses, as well as automobiles, are assured safe, swift and sure transportation in all kinds of weather, over the concrete-paved Lakeville Road in Plymouth County, Massachusetts. New England states, like the rest of the country, are building more and more concrete roads like this every year.

Accommodating Captain

A good story has been related by the passengers of a big ocean liner. It seems that the gigantic boat stopped at a small Southern port on a winter cruise, occasioning the most appalling amount of excitement among the natives. The captain of the little tender which came to take the passengers off almost burst with importance. He brought his boat alongside most pompously, shouting orders in Italian, and doing everything wrong. Three times he tried to make connection with the liner's gangway, and three times failed. The first time the liner's captain smiled; the second time he looked serious, and the third time his face became contorted with fury. "Stand by," he bawled through the megaphone, "and I'll bring my ship alongside."—The New Yorker.

Ancient Name for Sea

The name "Erythraean Sea" originally was given by the ancients to the entire expanse of sea between Arabia and Africa on the west and India on the east, including the Red sea and the Persian gulf. During the rule of the Ptolemies, the name "Erythraean Sea" was confined by some geographers to the gulf between the straits of Babel-Mandeb and the Indian ocean; but it was far more generally used as identical with the Mare Rubrum or Red sea. Even as late as the Christian era, the expression "Erythraean Sea" was used in its original sense.—Kansas City Star.

By Any Other Name

A collector of antiques was taking a valuable Queen Anne mirror to his home by train. "You can't take that into the carriage with you, sir," said an official. "It must go in the guard's van." "But it is very valuable, and may get smashed. Can't you let me take it in?" asked the collector. "I'm afraid not," came the inexorable reply, "unless, of course, you take a dog ticket for it." So the mirror duly traveled as a dog.

Variation in Heart Beats

The average rate of heart beat in an adult man is about 72 a minute and is somewhat faster in women. It varies, however, so that in some individuals it may be 40 to 100 a minute. Shortly before and after birth it averages from 120 to 140. During extreme age its frequency is increased. It is influenced by many conditions of bodily health and environment, such as sleep, position, temperature, meals and emotions. Exercise may increase it to 200 or more.

REPORTER RAMBLINGS

Touching the Topics That Are More or Less Timely

Have you been trout fishing through the ice this Spring?

Most of our April showers instead of bringing Mayflowers have brought little else than rain.

Spring is never really "in our midst" until we have had our share of forest fires.

It will take a pretty keen "old timer" to remember a spring that can beat this one.

New potatoes from the south at \$3 a peck is to be expected with last year's "spuds" at such fabulous prices.

And now England is facing a general coal strike. U. S. coal will certainly burn as well in England as that Welsh coal burned in our country last winter.

Are you saving your pennies to buy the new Philadelphia-Sesqui-centennial - Exposition - Liberty-Bell-Stamp? And are you going to call for them by their full name whenever you purchase?

Maine has a state law against daylight saving, yet certain cities and towns in the pine tree state purpose to do so on their timepieces just the same. Maine also has a prohibition law.

Fire Commissioner Bazeley says that smoking flappers and their escorts, by throwing away burning matches and cigarette stubs, started one hundred fires on Patriots' Day. Better start a volunteer flapper fire department to offset this new hazard.

As We Thought

The Reporter has so stated before and when we saw the following clipping agreeing with our ideas exactly, we decided to give it space in our columns:

It is a grave question whether compulsory automobile liability insurance, either with private companies or at the hands of the state, would reduce automobile accidents. It would seem that the natural result would be for careless people to become more careless, with resulting increase in accidents. Inasmuch as accident prevention is the end sought, rather than the writing of insurance, it has been suggested that our law-making bodies take a leaf from the old Swiss laws, and that the person responsible for the accident should be assessed some fine—a punitive example. In other words, if the law provided that 20 per cent of the credit, with a maximum of \$100 for personal damages and \$50 for property damages should be paid by the owner of the car which caused the accident in case it was insured, there would probably result an immediate decrease in accidents. But simply requiring wholesale insurance, either by private companies or the state, would not reduce accidents.

May Breakfast

A May breakfast was given at the home of H. W. Eldredge on Saturday morning last, to his Sunday school class. Nine were seated at the table and a pleasant hour was passed.

For Sale

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

Fred L. Proctor

All Encampment members will remember the Grand Encampment session at Antrim town hall on Wednesday, May 12.

Moving Pictures!

Town Hall, Bennington
 at 8.00 o'clock

Saturday, May 8

Milton Sills in
 I Want My Man

Tuesday, May 12

All Star Cast in
 A Little Girl in a Big City

Pathe Weekly and Comedy

Bennington.

Mrs. Josie Odell, of Holyoke, Mass., is visiting at H. W. Wilson's

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Boyle, a daughter, on Monday, April 26.

Mr. McLoughlin was confined at home the most of last week with a severe grip cold.

The latest arrivals from Florida are Mr. and Mrs. Albert Flemming and F. C. Starrett.

A young man, Mr. Ashford, was badly injured at the paper mill one day last week; his arm was caught in the winder and badly lacerated.

The Auxiliary held a food sale at S. of V. hall on Friday afternoon; it was in charge of Mrs. Guy Keyser and Mrs. Gertrude Ross. \$17.60 was added to the treasury.

There was a silver tea held at Mrs. George Ross' on Wednesday last. The

BEST FOR COLDS



BUILDS YOU UP

Over 70 Years of Success

second quilt is nearly finished. These quilts are to be disposed of by the Sons of Union Veterans Auxiliary and for their benefit a little later.

The defeated Blues, Barbara Edwards, captain, in the Sunday School attendance contest, entertained the Reds with a May Day party on Saturday afternoon, at the Congregational chapel rooms. Games were played and refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

Mrs. Lucy, widow of the late Michael M. George, passed away at her home near Lake George, not far from the village, on Monday morning of this week, at the advanced age of 84 years, after a long illness, due largely to her age. She had been cared for in her declining years by her son, Henry, with whom she made her home. One other son, Edward, of Antrim, survives her, as do two daughters, Mrs. Smith, of Nashua, and Mrs. Holt, of Frankestown, besides other more distant relatives. Funeral was held today Wednesday, at 1.30 o'clock, at the Congregational church.

GEORGE OTIS JOSLIN

George O. Joslin died suddenly at his home here soon after six p.m., on Saturday, May 1st. Although he had been in failing health for some time he hoped to be able to get about again with the coming of balmy spring weather.

George Otis Joslin was born in Greenfield, this state, July 10 1856. He came to Bennington April 1, 1891, starting in the grocery business in the old hotel building July 11, 1892. He married Emma Burnham, of Frankestown, continuing in the hotel store five years in all, when he moved into the brick store where he has been located for 30 years. This has been one of the leading general stores of the county, handling groceries, meat, dry goods, hay, grain, men's clothing, etc., with a livery and automobile service connected. His genial and kindly temperament earned him many friends. No one was ever refused a favor; he was always ready to loan his money or his stock in trade. Mr. Joslin served the town as Selectman one term, as Representative two terms, and as Postmaster for four years under the last Cleveland administration. In politics he was a loyal democrat.

He is survived by his wife, five nephews and two nieces; two nephews, George and Harry Joslin, living with him here.

The funeral was held Tuesday at the Congregational church at two o'clock, Rev. J. P. Dickerman, the pastor, officiating. Interment in Greenfield cemetery

MRS. BASSETT ALWAYS TIRED

Now in Good Health by Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lansing, Michigan.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound whenever I needed it. When I first used it I was so bad I could hardly walk across the room without crying. I was tired all the time. I think my trouble was coming on me for six months before I realized it. I read of your wonderful medicine in the paper, and my husband bought me a bottle, and after the first dose I felt better. I kept on taking it until I was well and strong. I take it at times when I feel tired and it helps me. I will always have a good word for your medicine and tell anyone what good it has done me. I recommended it to my neighbor for her girl, who is sixteen years old, and it was just what she needed. She is feeling fine now, and goes to school every day."—Mrs. E. F. Bassett, 216 South Bayford Avenue, Lansing, Michigan. Do not continue to feel all run-down and half sick when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is sold by druggists everywhere. It is a root and herb medicine and has been used by women for over fifty years.

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.



The Best Recommendation FOR 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.

Handiest thing in the house

FOR FIRST AID Every day on the farm brings a new need for "Vaseline" Jelly. A pure, safe remedy for burns, cuts, rashes and minor skin troubles. Take internally for coughs and colds.

Cheesebrough Mfg. Company State St., Canton, Ohio

Vaseline

ASK FOR ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR TIRED, ACHING FEET

Cuticura Loveliness A Clear Healthy Skin

HALE'S HONEY of FOREHOUND & TAR

Community Building

Make Beauty Keynote of Outside of House

A proper choice of varieties of trees to be set out and the appropriate location of each tree should constitute the first job after the laying of the house foundations and the outlining of the paths and driveways. It is the opinion of a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Just how many trees you will decide to plant will naturally depend upon the size of your home grounds. If your acre or acres or "lot" will permit you should include a tree or so for shade, large ones such as the Norway maple, buttonwood, oak, or horse chestnut, a few evergreens such as Koster's blue spruce, Austrian pine or a hemlock for their winter beauty and summer coolness, and a few fruit trees for the sake of their spring blossoming as well as their welcome fruit. Several ornamental trees, if well placed, will add much to your place both in charm and elegance. There are a number, such as Tea's weeping mulberry, the catalpa bungei or the tulip tree, any one of which will give a touch of style to the whole garden. The Kilmarnock weeping willow is still another "ornamental" which is exceedingly graceful and beautiful and hardy as well.

No place appears to be quite complete unless it can boast of at least a few shrubs for every season of the year. There should be a few evergreens to cheer us with their glossy leaves or red berries, and to relieve the barren gray of winter time. The forsythia, that gayest harbinger of early spring, should find some nook in every garden.

Point of Importance Is Town's Entrance

A little town may not know what to do to make itself attractive, a matter that has grown highly important to all those on a main automobile highway. Several thousand people or more or less critical and cultured taste are going to pass through it every day and their opinion of it will be spread to the ends of the nation. It is the sage comment made by F. H. Collier in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Already a number of villages have begun to consider the question of portals—some kind of a distinguished entrance where the highway departs from the country and joins the "main street." A town in Ohio has set a large fountain at this point and surrounded it with lawns and trees. Another has "zoned" that portion of the village and will allow no sheds or coal bins there.

The least that any village can do is to lay out flower beds and keep them fresh. A plain lawn, jeweled with red geraniums, is better than weeds or tin cans, scattered with the profusion so often shown by the tasteless and the careless. Residents of any community can be stirred up to beautification if earnestly besought. People who are restive under rural monotony may here find something to occupy their idle hours.

Consider Transportation

The general location of the home may depend largely on the part of the city in which the members of the family are most likely to be employed. It should be either within walking distance of the probable place of work or in reach of good transportation. The mere promise that a trolley or bus line will be provided is not enough. Ability to reach shopping centers is important for the housewife.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Fire Prevention Easy

Careful watching of fire and heat in any capacity in which it is used, ordinary precautions with matches, cigarettes and inflammables, and the repairing of defective mechanical additions to building construction and comfort would virtually rout the fire demon from his abode, according to the past year's report of the chief of a large city's fire department.

Industrial Experts

An approved list of industrial experts to advise cities and towns on ways and means of obtaining the type of industries suitable to their location has been started by the National Association of Real Estate Boards at the suggestion of the industrial property division of that body.

Shortsighted Cities

More than 300 of the 1,500 cities in the United States having populations in excess of 5,000 are without building codes or ordinances that effectively regulate new building construction. Many of these cities have populations exceeding 40,000, some reach 80,000.

Public Playgrounds

Public playgrounds and parks for the children and grown-ups are essential public necessities and should be provided with as little delay as possible.—Huntsville Daily Times.

The Right Way

"While you are banking," says the Albany Herald, "don't forget to bank on your town."

THE FIFTY-DOLLAR BILL

By WILSON C. MISSMER

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

HER trip had been planned hurriedly and her packing had been done in haste and confusion, and when she entered the pullman and the porter had found her berth for her, she was all in a flutter. It had been one of those last minute trips to New York to do some shopping, decided because her husband had made her a present of a fifty-dollar bill which, with the money she had already laid aside, was sufficient for her to make the journey now instead of later as she had intended. The matter of the money which her husband had given her was merely one of the odd little surprises he was generally lavishing upon her, and she had stuck the bill with a pin into the cushion and decided then and there not to postpone her trip any longer, and had begun packing immediately.

Settled at last, the hurry and excitement of the last hour seemed to fade to a mere nothing, and changed from a bit of annoyance to a rather pleasant memory. Reminiscently she remembered the scenes in her mind. She remembered how flustered she had been, how she had ordered the maid literally to throw a few clothes into her traveling bag, how she had taken a much hurried leave of her husband. She could remember distinctly having at the last minute snatched up the fifty-dollar bill from the cushion and thrusting it loose into her handbag. And now after all the confusion and excitement and worry, here she was safe aboard the train, and apparently none the worse for the rush.

There were not many people in the car. Two middle-aged gentlemen sat three or four seats in front of her, heatedly discussing some topic which she could not overhear. Opposite was a rather young woman, oddly dressed, whose eyes seemed to wander restlessly through the car. Behind, a mother and two small children were conversing tirelessly, the mother endeavoring to answer patiently the questions of a very talkative son.

When the train started Mrs. Rockwell purchased a magazine and passed an hour or two in its perusal. The beeping thirsty she started down the aisle for the water cooler, and it was while drinking a glass of water that she remembered having left the handbag in the seat and she realized that this was a most careless thing to do as it contained all her money. Hurrying back she saw with some relief that the bag was still there, and, sitting down, Mrs. Rockwell, obeying some strange sudden impulse opened the bag and looked in. The fifty-dollar bill was not there!

She sat up rigid and stiff, gazing straight ahead of her. She had been robbed in that marvellously short time! She could scarcely believe her senses. She searched the side compartments of the bag, found her other money which she had packed away carefully but there was no sign of the fifty-dollar bill. She did not know what to do. She glanced about her cautiously and found the eyes of the oddly-dressed woman upon her; when Mrs. Rockwell looked at her she immediately glanced away.

Mrs. Rockwell was not a woman of very decided character, and was rather easily excited. She lacked the acumen which enables one to act quickly, and she lost much time sitting rather dazedly gazing ahead of her. She was at a loss what to do. There was nothing particularly suspicious in the attitude of these near her, yet the only person who could possibly have had the time and the chance to look into her handbag was the woman across the aisle. But Mrs. Rockwell did not relish the task of accusing her openly, and had just decided to call the conductor and explain the circumstances to him, when the lady across the aisle arose and went to the water cooler for a drink, leaving a black handbag behind in her seat. Acting on a strange swift impulse Mrs. Rockwell took a long chance. Glancing through the car she saw that the woman with the two children was very busily engaged with them and that the men ahead were at the height of their argument. So she noiselessly slipped across the aisle, picked up the handbag, snapped it open and there, thrust in hurriedly amongst a confusion of other things lay her fifty-dollar bill. Mrs. Rockwell took it, returned to her seat, and calmly deposited it in her own bag before the lady returned.

The success of her impulsive plan did not surprise her so much as did the extreme boldness of the other woman. She had heard and read of the hundred and one little robberies that occur aboard trains, but she had always believed them with rather a shade of doubt. That an ordinarily good-looking young woman, whose wearing apparel, to say the worst of it, was of rather an odd selection, should be so daring as to actually try to commit robbery in the space of time required for one to pass down the aisle and take a drink of water was indeed astounding. She could readily appreciate that it was merely because the time was so limited that the woman did not ransack the whole bag and strip it of its money contents.

When the woman returned to her seat, she rather carelessly pushed her

bag to one side and picked up a book which she had with her and began to read, leaving Mrs. Rockwell to wonder what kind of a criminal she was.

As she studied her, Mrs. Rockwell thought the woman had a hard face. There was nothing about it by which one could judge her age. The lack of the faintest trace of wrinkles might lead one to think she was young, but the lips were too thin and the eyes gazed about too calmly and too carelessly for a person of inferior age. Her easy manner, too, gave one the suspicion that she had seen lots of the world, and that it would take a great deal to throw her off her guard. Yet there was something about the face that attracted Mrs. Rockwell, and she found herself at times almost pitying the poor creature, and even going so far as to advance to herself the theory that possibly she was a victim of kleptomania.

The gravity of the act she herself had committed, or the possible consequences of it should she be apprehended, did not once occur to Mrs. Rockwell. She was one of those women who move upon impulse and never stop to anticipate possible results, and it never occurred to her that if she had been caught in the act of going through the other's handbag her own story of having first been robbed would not have been credited by the conductor, and the other woman had only to tell a simple little lie to put Mrs. Rockwell in a very compromising position. However, she had not been detected; she had made a really lucky move, had recovered her fifty-dollar bill, and was inwardly congratulating herself that she had done a clever thing. And the rest of her journey was divided between patting herself on the back and watching the movements of this woman across the aisle.

In New York the money went fast enough, but even with what she had saved it was quite inadequate to complete the list she had made out. However, when one runs short of funds there is nothing to do but to return home or go somewhere where the funds can be replaced, and Mrs. Rockwell returned home.

She telegraphed her husband, and he met her at the train. There was an odd little expression on his face when he kissed her, and a certain reserve in his voice when he asked what kind of a time she had had, both of which impressed Mrs. Rockwell as peculiar.

"And about your shopping," he said suddenly. "You didn't do much, did you?"

"Indeed I did," Mrs. Rockwell replied. "You did!" her husband exclaimed rather wonderingly. "Why, what?"

"Why, on the money I had saved, but principally on the fifty dollars you gave me, dear."

Rockwell stared aghast at her. "The fifty dollars I gave you. Why, my dear, don't you know that you forgot that fifty dollars and left the bill pinned to your pin-cushion, where I found it the morning after you had gone?"

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Easy to Draw Crowd of Dwellers in City

The man in immaculate tweeds stood outside the shop. He gazed up into the sky at a point midway between a church spire and a neighboring factory chimney.

A passing errand boy noticed the rapt inteness of the man's gaze. He, too, stood and gazed up between the church spire and the factory chimney.

Three men also stopped, saw the intent gaze of the man in gray and the errand boy, and their heads snickered back for examination of the sky between the church spire and the factory chimney.

Half an hour later, when the three policemen sent to move the crowd away, also gazed up, motionless and with open mouths, a tailor emerged from the shop and retrieved the man in gray from the midst of the crowd. Carrying him indoors, he was relieved to find the wax model was undamaged, unscratched.

Honey Used for Food From Earliest Times

Honey was probably the first pure sweet known to mankind. The cradle of the race was in southwestern Asia where bees in a state of nature have always been numerous, and where honey from prehistoric times has been a common article of diet; the description of the Land of Promise given in miraculous manner to Moses was that it was a good land and large, "a land flowing with milk and honey." Modern travelers in Palestine agree that the description still holds good especially with respect to the honey, bees being abundant even in the remote parts of the wilderness, where they deposit their honey in the crevices of the rocks or in hollow trees. In some parts of northern Arabia the hills are so well stocked with bees that no sooner are hives placed than they are occupied.

Of Course! Of Course!

Singular, isn't it, how the obvious escapes us sometimes. We wrote the other day about a fish that washes its young, and an exchange wondering how on earth the little ones get dried. "Why, on a fish line, probably," answers a correspondent, and this no doubt is the real solution of the problem.—Boston Transcript.

Toofus' Philosophy

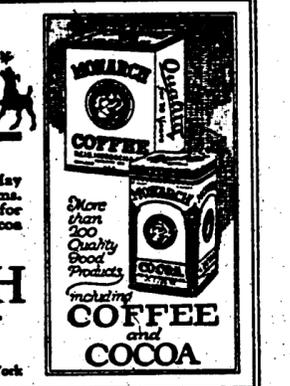
"What is your idea about life, Toofus?" ask post trader in moralizing mood. "What are we here for, hey?" "Growth, I think," says Toofus. "No matter how small a potato you are at the start, you can grow."



Spring Is Here
Spring is here—birds—butterflies—May flowers—growing buds and blossoms. And an ever-growing preference for Monarch Coffee and Monarch Cocoa—high in quality, low in cost.

MONARCH Quality for 70 Years

REID, MURDOCH & CO. Chicago • Boston • Pittsburgh • New York



Magellan First to Sail Around World

Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese, is credited with being the first man to sail around the world, although he was killed in the Philippine islands before the voyage was completed. He set out August 10, 1519, in the service of Spain, commanding five ships carrying 237 men. His purpose was to reach the Spice Islands by sailing to the westward. November 28, 1520, he discovered the strait that now bears his name and sailed through into the Pacific ocean, across which he sailed 12,000 miles without finding inhabited land. After Magellan's death in the Philippines, April 17, 1521, his lieutenant, Sebastian del Cano, took command and continued the voyage. He reached San Lucar, near Seville, the starting point, with only one ship, the Vittoria, September 7, 1522. The journey had been accomplished in a trifle more than three years' time.—Kansas City Star.

A Lady of Distinction

Is recognized by the delicate, fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Advertisement.

Michigan Is Fourth

The latest federal statistics show that Michigan is fourth among all states in the number of hunter's licenses sold, being exceeded by Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio. Close to 5,000,000 hunting and fishing licenses were issued in the United States, of which number Michigan accounted for 282,323.

A man is always willing to listen to words of wisdom—providing he is speaking them himself.

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Initiators are a slavish herd and fools.—La Montaine.

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Nearly

"Has he ever been on a government job before?" "Very nearly." "What do you mean very nearly?" "Well, you see, there wasn't quite enough evidence to convict him."—Observer.

Firmness and Obstinacy

What is firmness of purpose with some people is mere obstinacy in the other fellow. The former is as apt, however, to misjudge themselves as they are the other fellow. That there are a lot of human mules in this world, experience fully proves.—Grit.

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Coming to Earth

It is acknowledged by aviators that the most difficult part of a trip begins when one is nearing one's destination. In landing a machine certain rules have to be observed. The pilot must first circle once round the aerodrome; then he must shoot off a green light which, in effect, asks, "Is it safe to me to land?" If a similar green light is sent up from the aerodrome, he may land; if, however, a red one is shown, it means that there are other machines on the ground, or for some other reason it is not safe to come down. He must then circle round until a green signal is given him. On the grounds of the Croydon (Eng.) air port there are gas flares that mark the boundaries of the landing spaces. These flares shine intermittently and one fuel supply keeps them burning day and night for six months. In addition the ground is swept at night by several powerful searchlights.

Can't Hurry Slow Thinker

Bright people must learn to be tolerant and patient with slower people, says the American Magazine. Failure to recognize this often gets a foreman into trouble with his men. Naturally, the foreman is likely to be brighter than those under him. And if he can't be tolerant with their slowness he is in for trouble. Trying to hurry naturally slow people is a foolish process. It hurts and irritates. The duller a man is mentally, the less capacity he has to hurry. He can't hurry. You will never make a foreman or executive unless you are able to learn when your men are going at their best natural speed. If you push them beyond their limit—not your limit, but theirs—there is going to be a break.

"Magi" Buried at Cologne

The name "City of the Three Kings" is sometimes given to the city of Cologne, Germany, because it is the reputed burial place of the "Three Kings," "Magi" or "Wise Men," who came to Bethlehem to offer gifts to the infant Jesus. According to the legend, their bones were brought from Milan to Cologne by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1162, and given to the archbishop of Cologne. The skulls of these "Magi," crowned with diamonds, with their names (Balthazar, Gaspar and Melchior) inscribed in rubies, are shown to visitors to the cathedral.

Reasonable Deduction

A well-known criminal lawyer who has a remarkable memory was accosted on the street one day by a man who, he remembered, had a long prison record. The man produced what he termed a rare type of parrot, but the lawyer immediately recognized it as nothing more than a painted sparrow. "This bird flew into my room," he began. "What species do you think it is?" The lawyer after pretending to examine the sparrow, replied, "No, I can't tell you exactly what breed it is, but judging from the company it keeps, I should say it is a jail-bird."

Diogenes and Alexander

The interview between Diogenes and Alexander the Great is supposed to have occurred at Corinth. The monarch asked the cynic philosopher whether there was anything he could do for him. Diogenes replied that the only favor he had to ask of the prince was that he would not stand between him and the sun. In reply Alexander exclaimed: "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes!"

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Mysteries Found in

Dead Letter Office

No place in the world, perhaps, holds as many unsolved mysteries in as many odd forms as does Uncle Sam's dead letter office in Washington, says Popular Science Monthly. Not only is this mail morgue the final resting place for letters and parcels that go astray because of faulty addresses, but it is also the repository for contraband goods, such as firearms, alcohol and narcotics, as well as deadly bombs and infernal machines. There an ordinary package has been found to conceal enough dynamite to wreck a building. There, too, innocent-looking parcels have given up everything from a live snake or a poisonous tarantula to a flock of geese. More than 60,000 carelessly addressed letters arrive every day in this government morgue, which received 21,000,000 letters and 803,000 parcels last year. In this number are 100,000 letters which have been mailed in entirely blank envelopes, many containing large sums of money. The cash found in misdirected mail amounts to about \$55,000 annually.

Scarcity of Material

Makes "Briars" Costly

It is said that French soil no longer yields the precious briar bush. Spain has but little, Italy has about run dry, and that it is in Corsica that the finest specimens are found. It is the root of the shrub that matters. In North Africa the light and sandy soil renders the texture of the woody root rather porous, and this "briar" is used for cheaper grades of pipe. In Corsica the roots have a tough fight to gain hold in the rocky soil. A Corsican briar root may weigh 15 or 25 pounds when it is brought rough to the factory, but when cut down this will give no more than a dozen blocks for use. From these emerge, perhaps, two really tip-top, flawless "best English briars." And as such a pipe beauty can be fashioned only from root which is in the region of a hundred years' growth, it is not to be wondered that a perfect briar pipe is costly.—Manchester Guardian.

Point of View of Sexes

Three great women, George Eliot, Emily Browning and George Sand, said the principal genius of woman lies in the depth of her affection. A woman is no more superior to a man than a man is to a woman, says the lecturer, Miss Sims. What is strong in man is weak in woman and vice versa, but in Miss Sims's opinion civilization had and was undergoing three phases. The first, before feminism came in, was the age of chivalry when men treated women as spiritual beings and desired to shield and protect them. The second was an appreciation of woman and her desire for equality. The third would be the chivalry of woman toward man in an attempt to understand his point of view. . . . Perhaps that will have to be the way of it. Man hasn't been able to get hers.—Capper's Weekly.

Muffling Oars

Oars are muffled by wrapping something around them where they come in contact with the orlocks. This is to deaden the noise. When Paul Revere started on his famous midnight ride to Lexington a petticoat was used to muffle the oars of the boat in which he crossed the Charles river. It is referred to in the following unique sentence in "The Battle of April 19, 1775," written by Frank Coburn: "Fear that the noise of the oars in the orlocks might alarm the sentry, Revere dispatched one of his companions for something to muffle them with, who soon returned with a petticoat, yet warm from the body of a fair daughter of liberty."—Pathfinder Magazine.

Link Faith With Charity

Shut not thy purse strings always against pained distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children" in whose name he implores thy assistance have a veritable existence. Bake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth, to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he is not that he pretendeth, give, and under a personate father of a family think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor.—Charles Lamb.

Accepting Apology

A lively discussion between two men led to a row when one told the other he lied. The offended one rushed forward and they clinched. The other man exclaimed: "I reiterate that you're a liar!" To the astonishment of those around, the aggrieved man let go his hold. "Oh, well," he said, "I accept the apology. If a man says he reiterates that's all a gentleman can ask." He did not understand why the bystanders laughed, but the fight was off.—Boston Transcript.

Parasitic Joy

"At the moment when there is so much talk and action in the direction of afforestation," writes a correspondent of the London Times, "may I call attention to the awful destruction of many hundreds of thousands of trees caused by that terrible scourge, the parasitic, pernicious weed, ivy? As I drive through the country, I regret to say that it is the exception to see a tree which is not having its life's vigor sucked from it and its ultimate asphyxiation and strangulation brought about by this scourge."

Daphne Peels Potatoes

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright.)

"I SHALL certainly have a fit," Daphne Bronson had announced to her father as she stood before him in the big timbered living room in their mountain home. "I mean it—I shall have a perfect fit," and she stamped her foot and shook her crooked curls at him. But the obstinate father—who looked absurdly young and decidedly good-natured under the circumstances—told her that he wouldn't change his mind.

Perhaps Daphne was justified in feeling as angry as she did. Perhaps her father was behaving in a brutal, uncivilized way, as she said. As a matter of fact he refused point-blank to give Daphne enough money to buy a railroad ticket back to the city, and saw to it that none of her friends who were returning by motor should give her a lift. It was a matter of twelve hours by rail. And Daphne had only a few dollars in her purse and never had possessed such a thing as a bank account. Mr. Bronson knew, of course, why Daphne wanted to go back to the city. She wanted to see George Fisher—a young man whom she had promised to marry—and whom Mr. Bronson regarded with complete and almost violent dislike. Mr. Bronson might have told Daphne a few things about her dear George that would have cured Daphne of her infatuation for young Fisher quite promptly.

So Daphne kept her promise and proceeded to "have fits"—which process consisted of going one day to the hotel in the mountains and without announcing or trying specially to hide her identity asking the chef for work. She could work for several hours every morning or every afternoon she told him and she accepted a position as a sort of extra vegetable peeler.

For a while at least no one did suspect that the pretty young girl who came every morning to the kitchen entrance—clad in a neat but inexpensive gingham frock—was the daughter of Mr. Bronson, who owned one of the finest of all the mountain homes about there, and was one of the richest and most distinguished of all the city folk who frequented the mountains. The cook and his associates doubtless took her for a native girl who wanted to earn a little pin money and didn't draw the line at peeling potatoes and onions in the hotel kitchen.

It was in the pantry one day where Daphne had gone with a bowl of sliced cucumbers that she almost ran into Tom Crainer—carrying a pile of dishes from the dining room.

They narrowly missed letting dishes and cucumbers fall crashing and slipping to the floor. Matters must be explained, but that had to be postponed. So Daphne arranged to meet Tom that evening after dinner, after his duties as waiter were over. She would be walking down the lane that passed by the kitchen side of the hotel. "Daphne, Daphne," said Tom eagerly when he joined the girl in the dusk there by the kitchen lane.

And as Daphne explained that she was peeling vegetables because she wanted to get some money that her hard-hearted father would not give her, she really did not notice that Tom was holding her discolored little hand very tenderly in his.

"And how does it happen that you are working as a waiter?" asked Daphne eagerly. "Why, Tom, your father's got all kinds of money—more money than mine, I guess."

"Yes," agreed Tom, "but my father's pretty obstinate, though I admire him for it. I'm twenty-one, but he won't give me any money till I leave college next spring—and well, Daphne— and here the girl felt a curious thrill as Tom drew her closer to his side and she felt his strong hand trembling against hers. "Daphne, I love you. I told my father and asked him to give me enough to spend a month or so up here in the mountains so I could see you—and try to make you care for me. And—well, father said that if I cared enough for the girl, I'd manage without his help. And if I didn't care that much for the girl, why then I was better off not to be wasting my summer vacation playing around with her. And you see, Daphne, I cared so much that I got the only available job in all these parts."

A week later Mr. Bronson called his daughter to him. He said he had heard that she was working in the hotel kitchen.

"I admire your pluck, my girl," he said, "though it has put your father in a rather contemptible light. You've set your heart on seeing this young man. Well, Daphne, here's the money. You may go if you want, but Daphne—promise not to—not to marry him until you find out more about him." "Him—him—you mean George?" asked Daphne. "Oh, daddy, I don't believe it's going to be George. You see Tom Crainer—son of an old friend of yours—is working over at the hotel, too—and, well, if you've no objections to Tom, I think we'll be engaged."

And Mr. Bronson came as near weeping for joy as he ever had done in his not very long life.

Both Get Winded

Dix—Do you often have to catch your morning train?
Wix—It's about even. Sometimes I'm standing at the station when a train puffs up and at other times it is standing at the station when I puff up.

Belief in Mesmerism

Once Was Widespread

Ever since prehistoric days there have been medical quacks. One of the strangest was Anton Mesmer. In Paris he found prodigious vogue, especially among women. To enter his house was an impressive experience. He had assistants who were claimed to be able to transfer magnetism from their finger tips to patients. If a female patient were in a hysterical state, Mesmer himself, in his robe of silk embroidered with gold, and with his ivory wand, would stroke her eyebrows or her spine and calm her. The queen of France commended Mesmerism and a pension of 20,000 francs was offered Mesmer if he could prove that he had made any discovery in medicine and would communicate it to the king's physicians.

Mesmer objected to the latter part of the offer and left Paris. Two royal commissions were then appointed, one of which Benjamin Franklin was a member. After five months of experiment a report unfavorable to Mesmer was returned, after which Mesmer retired to the country, with a fortune amounting to 240,000 francs. He died in 1815, at the age of eighty-one.—Dearborn Independent.

Dwelling of Today

Compared With Past

Consider the present-day, well-appointed house. It has an entrance hall, living or drawing-room, kitchen and pantry and service departments, bedrooms and bathrooms with endless sanitary adjuncts and aids to comfort. Go back a hundred years and you find the house has no bathroom. Go back two hundred years and apparently no change has been made.

Go back three hundred years to the time of Elizabeth and James I, and the house has only some primary divisions of hall, living-room, kitchen and bedroom, although the hall is large and well lighted. Go back a generation beyond Elizabeth and the hall is larger but less cheerful because the windows are smaller. Go back still further, say to the Twelfth century, and hardly any windows are visible in the outside walls, there are no bedrooms and living-rooms and the house consists of nothing but a kitchen and a large barnlike hall. This is the house reduced to the ultimate essentials.—New York Herald-Tribune.

In the Forkless Days

Forks were not introduced into England till 1695, and it is a notable fact that whilst we get Knifesmiths and Spooner amongst our occupational surnames, we find no Forker or Forksmith. Even the "Carver" had to use his fingers. In the Boke of Kerynges we find it set down, "Set never o' fische, flesche, beast, ne fowl, more than two fingers and a thombe." The guest was lucky if he got a plate. Usually he was supplied with a round of bread known as a trencher upon which the meat was placed. It will be easy to understand why this was followed by the necessary services of the "ewer" with a basin of cleansing water and the "napkin" who proffered the towel or napkin.—Manchester Guardian.

The Mystery of Life

The first duty of every man is to acquire as much common sense as possible as soon as possible. If we know the simple rules governing life and that its conditions are fixed and unchanging, we need not greatly care for "the deeper significance of it all." How did the world originate? I do not know; but I know its rules, and that they will certainly endure as long as I am interested in the subject. . . . Literary men write about the dark woods in terms of mystery, but practical men have charted the woods and are able to tell the meaning of the darkness and the moaning.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Pharaohs Played Checkers

They were playing checkers in Egypt in 1000 B. C. and there is a question whether some of those old games are not going on yet. Archeologists find checkers was the favorite game of Queen Hatshepsut. They have even found several of her draughtmen and fragments of the board on which she played. Egyptian inscriptions show the game was popular in the times of the earlier Pharaohs. . . . As the centuries go by men dress differently and customs change, but man himself is pretty much the same kind of fellow.—Capper's Weekly.

Times Have Changed

The chairman of a campaign committee was approached by an important politician who had previously bolted the party. The man said that he had seen the error of his ways and expressed a desire to be taken back and given a job at campaign headquarters.

"I am sorry that I shall have to disappoint you, Mr. Blank," the chairman replied. "Glad to see you back, of course, but in these days the wine prodigal brings along his own cask."

Secret Service

"What's this?" asked the boss as his stenog laid a box on his desk.
"Why, they're the envelopes you told me to get while I was in the department store," replied his stenog.
"Great Scott!" exclaimed the boss. "I meant for you to get them in the stationery department."
"Oh, gipped the stenog. 'I thought your wife had asked you to make a purchase and you were too bashful to go yourself."

Sue and Her Sun Bath

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

SUE stepped into the torrid air of the big green house that nurtured the tropical plants of the park, with the air of one who performs an act that could be held as suspicious. In other words, Sue sneaked in.

She found a spot where the sun beat mercilessly down from its great blue dome of mid-July, and sat down on her small camp stool. She then fumbled in a bag for a tidy package of sandwiches and a sketch book and pencil. She managed the lunch quite naturally but the sketch book and pencil seemed unfamiliar tools in her slender hands.

In removing her blue and gold hat, Sue released a mass of curls that a baby might envy so soft and silky they were.

Sue began idly sketching a tropical tree. She selected it because there were clumps of fruit hanging about and very large leaves. It looked fairly easy to draw.

The only other occupant of the grilling hothouse was a young man who had crept into the coolest fern corner he could find and was mopping his brow and longing for the refreshing sensation of an iced shower bath. He was sketching, however, some details of tropical plants with the fineness and the gifted touch of an artist.

Sue had crept in so quietly that Pen, as he was called in artistic circles, did not know of her arrival. It was a disagreeable, hacking little cough, reaching his ears from time to time that told him that another soul was sharing his enforced roasting in the tropical plant house.

Then he peered from among the ferns and saw what he supposed to be a child of fifteen or so. Sue didn't look a day older. Sue was, however, fully twenty-one.

Had Pen realized that Sue had reached that advanced age he would not have approached her so carelessly to have a chat.

Sue looked up with great blue eyes as he stood beside her, and would have hidden her sketch had he permitted it. "I'd like to see it," said Pen much as if he were talking to a very young child.

Sue smiled her more or less wistful smile which made Pen think of the Greuze girl with the lamb. "It's not very good," she said, and handed him the drawing.

Sue had never spoken a truer word. Pen bit his lip in an effort not to smile outright.

"I think you have made the figs a bit too big—"

"They happen to be bananas," explained Sue with dignity and turned her back completely on Pen.

And poor Pen felt keenly the fact that he had hurt the child beyond forgiveness. He was essentially kind by nature and knew not what to do. He cast a hopeless glance at the edge of a pinky cheek and slightly heaving shoulders and patted the same shoulders very gently.

She turned on him then and instead of anger her eyes were full of laughter. The nasty little cough, however, came between smiles.

"I know I don't know the first thing about sketching," she told him shyly, "but in order to get in this sunny hothouse, I had to get a permit to sketch."

"But why sit in this boiling sun, child? Aren't you afraid of sunstroke or heart ache or something like that?" "In the first place," said Sue, "you may as well be put straight as to my age. I am twenty-one!"

"What? Great Scott! You look like a child! You must think me frightfully rude."

"Well—I don't think it was exactly polite to take my good bananas for figs." She looked swiftly at her watch. "Oh, I must hurry. I have to be back at the office."

Pen, dimly conscious of the stirring of something deep within him, realized that the hothouse was going to be utterly impossible after Sue left.

"Are you coming again?" he questioned swiftly.

"I have to come every noon hour," said Sue. "The doctor told me I must get away into the sunshine and bake this cough out of my system. But since that is quite impossible I am doing the best I can." She looked so wistfully up at Pen, that big man though he was, he positively quaked in his boots. He had a most awful desire to pick Sue up bodily and carry her off to the sunshine of California and to health.

However, if she intended coming each noon hour there would be time to work up gradually to this pirate business. "It's a fine idea, sunning yourself here," Pen told Sue. "I must be here, too, to get the details for a big frieze I'm working on for Mrs. Goldwyn's dining room. I suppose," he looked straight into Sue's blue eyes, "I—hope you won't mind my speaking to you tomorrow?"

Sue looked up at Pen's nice honest eyes and smiled.

"I think my art really does need some helpful criticism," she admitted and Pen knew that the hottest hothouse in the world was going to be a place of refreshing loveliness when Sue was in it, and Sue knew that her sun baths were going to prove very happy.

Lets Georgiana Do It

Mrs. A.—I make it a rule never to ask another to do what I would not do myself.

Mrs. B.—But, my dear, surely you don't go to the door yourself and tell your caller you are not at home.