The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XLIV NO. 37 ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1927 5 CENTS A COPY

Antrim Will Observe Her Sesqui-Centennial August 12 to 14

THE GOODNOW-DERBY COMP'Y

Quality, Service and Satisfaction

Goods for Summer

Straw Hats, Khaki Pants, Light Caps

Summer Dress Shirts
Summer Trousers

Bathing Suits for
Ladies, Men and Children

Flit!
Good for Flies, Mosquitos, Ants and Roaches
Sold in Pints, Quarts and Gallons

Lot of New Dress Cloth

Congoleum Rugs
At Regular Prices

THE GOODNOW-DERBY COMP'Y

Odd Fellows Block

Plumbing and Heating

We Have a Lot of
Camp Chairs
Reasonable Prices.
You'll Need One or More

W. F. CLARK
ANTRIM, ... New Hampshire

The Deed to Your Home!

Private letters, stock certificates, insurance policies, your will, bonds, jewelry and other important possessions should be placed in a safe deposit box where they will be safe from fire, theft and prying eyes.

Relief from anxiety about the safety of these valuables is worth many times the small rental charge.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF
Peterborough, N. H.

ANTRIM SCORES A TWO TO ONE VICTORY

Over Goffstown in an Eleven Inning Game. "Matty's" Single Brings in the Much Needed Runs

By Norman F. Hildreth

On Saturday last, Antrim played the best game which ever has been witnessed on the Robert L. Shea Athletic Field. It was a nip and tuck battle all through and all the runs were earned. Goffstown seemed to have the best of things up to the last of the eleventh.

Al. Thornton started off the game in great shape; after two had fanned the air, Soucey singled but Al. struck out the next batter. After one out in Antrim's second Al. Thornton and Upton singled, but Fowle died on the strike out route and Edwards grounded out to Dow, ending the inning.

In the first of the third, Goffstown threatened to score. Dow reached first on an error, Sam. Fergerson flied out to Upton, Soucey then crashed a double to deep right sending Dow to third, then Denoncourt got his base on balls, filling the bases. Then the thrilling moment came, with one out, Whipple crashed a very hard ball which I thought would be a hit, but Upton was right there spearing the ball and touching third for an unassisted double play, which pulled Al. Thornton out of a deep hole.

Both teams from then on went out in order in almost every inning and Goffstown seemed to be finding Al. Thornton, but very snappy support pulled Antrim through. In the last four innings Goffstowns were slapping the ball fierce, most of the put-outs in these frames were made by the out fielders.

Then came the thrilling eleventh: Whipple, the first sticker, slapped a double to very deep center; Bergeron, the pitcher, slapped another to left scoring Whipple, with Goffstown's first and only run. All scoring stopped. Hall flied out to Fowle, Worden flied out to Hurlin and Smith ended the inning by popping out to Harlow. Then Antrim's last chance came; Hurlin was an easy out, Fergerson to Whipple, then Harlow flied out to Denoncourt, but then came the fireworks: Raleigh crashed a clean single to center, then Paige singled sending Raleigh to third, to make everything nice Paige stole second. The crowd was now getting excited and got a thrill. Cuddihy came to bat, the first ball went over as a strike, then came a ball and another strike, at about this stage everybody was about to leave, for Cuddihy had been easy meat, but not this time, the next ball pitched was met clean and hard on the nose and sailed out over second like a swift bullet scoring Raleigh and Paige, which put the game on ice for Antrim.

I think that every one will agree with me that this game was the best ever exhibited by the Antrim Base Ball Club. This game would not have gone into extra innings due only to air tight support by the fielders and the good pitching by Al. Thornton and Buck. Bergeron, the New England League tryout.

The features of the game were Upton's neat clutch of a line drive which resulted in a double play all by himself and Cuddiby's ripping and timely hit in the most critical pinch.

Antrim

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Harlow, 3b	5	0	0	1	1	0
Raleigh, 1b	4	1	1	8	0	1
Paige, 2b	5	1	1	1	1	0
Cuddihy, cf	5	0	1	3	0	0
A Thornton, p	4	0	2	1	4	1
Upton, ss	3	0	1	5	2	0
Fowle, lf	4	0	0	3	0	0
Edwards, c	4	0	0	9	0	0
Hurlin, rf	4	0	0	2	1	1
Totals	38	2	6	33	9	3

Goffstown

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Dow, 2b	5	0	1	3	6	0
Fergerson, 3b	5	0	1	2	5	1
Soucey, ss	5	0	2	3	6	0
Denoncourt, lf	4	0	2	2	0	0
Whipple, 1b	5	1	1	15	0	0
Bergeron, p	4	0	1	0	0	0
Hall, cf	5	0	1	3	0	0
Worden, c	4	0	1	4	1	0
Smith, rf	5	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	42	1	10	32	18	1

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Antrim	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Goffstown	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1

Two-base hits, Soucey, Fergerson, Whipple, Bergeron, Hall; Stolen bases, Paige, Whipple; Sacrifice, Upton; Double plays, Upton (unassisted). Al. Thornton to Paige to Raleigh; Left on bases, Antrim 5, Goffstown 13; Base on balls, off Al. Thornton 3, off Bergeron 1; struck out by Al. Thornton 6, by Bergeron 4. Umpires Sawyer and Gordon.

Antrim batting average for players in three or more games.

	ab	r	bh	2b	3b	g	pct.
A Thornton, p	43	5	15	1	0	11	.348
Paige, 2b p	47	6	15	2	0	11	.319
Cuddihy, cf	20	0	6	1	0	5	.300
J Thornton, ss	41	7	11	3	0	10	.263
Raleigh, 1b	44	7	11	0	0	11	.250
Harlow, 3b	45	5	10	0	1	11	.222
Fowle, lf	43	5	9	3	0	11	.209
Upton, cf ss	20	3	4	0	0	7	.200
Hurlin, rf	33	4	5	1	0	9	.152
Edwards, c	43	3	6	1	0	11	.139
T. Average	389	47	94	13	2		.241

Contoocook Valley League
Saturday's Results

Hillsboro 3	No. Weare 1
Antrim 2	Goffstown 1

Standing of the Clubs

	Won	Lost	Per Cent
Antrim	9	2	.818
Hillsboro	6	5	.555
Goffstown	4	7	.363
North Weare	3	8	.272

Games Next Saturday
Hillsboro at Antrim
Goffstown at North Weare

ANTRIM ALREADY FOR SESQUI-CENTENNIAL

The Grand Number on the Program, the Pageant, Will be Presented Twice. Other Attractions

This is the week when the grand Pageant "Men of Antrim," is to be presented in all its lovliness and beauty, on the pageant field, at extreme end of West street, under the direction of Miss Leila M. Church, of Rockville, Conn., who has written an historical pageant of most excellent merit, and is now preparing the cast of some 400 participants for its presentation. Those taking part and any who have chanced to watch the rehearsals are just carried away with the splendor and beauty of the thing.

The two performances will be given on Friday afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock, and Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock. Miss Church tells us she is pleased with the progress being made at the rehearsals.

Our people are most enthusiastic about this pageant, for it is something we have never had before, and we want everyone for miles and miles around to come here on the occasion of its presentation and enjoy it with us. It will be worth going a long distance to see. The additional fact that all attractions are free would seem to assure a large crowd.

In addition to the Antrim Band, music for the occasion will be furnished by the Greenfield, Mass., Military Band of twenty-five pieces. This band arrives in town in time for the Thursday evening full dress rehearsal and remains through the week.

The entire complete program is not yet made up in detail, but some of the things to happen are as follows:

Friday a.m. Sports
Afternoon. Pageant
Evening. Band Concert. Alumni of the A. H. S.

Saturday a.m. Schools reunion
Afternoon. Ball Game, Hillsboro vs. Antrim
Evening. Pageant

Sunday a.m. and p.m. Special religious services

The rehearsals for the Pageant are now practically at an end; this afternoon there is a full rehearsal on the

Continued on fifth page

At the Main St. Soda Shop
Where Candies of Quality are Sold

Specials this Week

$5.00 Split Bamboo Fishing Rods	$4.60
$3.00 All Steel Fishing Rods	$2.50
$2.75 All Steel Fishing Rods	$2.50
$2.50 All Steel Fishing Rods	[illegible]
$1.00 Four Piece Bamboo Fishing Rods	[illegible]
$1.75 Large Size Fishing Baskets	[illegible]
$2.50 Nickel Plated Genuine Thermos Bottles	[illegible]
$2.25 Lunch Boxes with Thermos Bottle	[illegible]
$0.75 Golf Balls	[illegible]
$3.75 Thermo Jug (One Gallon Size)	[illegible]
$1.50 Sterno Outfits	[illegible]
$3.00 Radium Dial Alarm Clocks	[illegible]
$2 50 Flashlights	[illegible]

At the MainSt. Soda Shop
W. E. BUTCHER, Prop., Antrim, N. H.

REMEMBER

We Shall Have an Enormous Stock of

Candies, Ice Cream
and Cold Drinks

For the Visitors and Citizens of Antrim

We Solicit Your Patronage.

For Sale--a Small Safe

M. E. DANIELS
Registered Druggist
ANTRIM, N. H.

Chevrolet! Chevrolet!

We are Agents for Chevrolets
in this Vicinity

All Kinds of Second-hand Cars

If in the Market for a Car,
Come in and See Us

Tires and Tubes

AT VERY REASONABLE PRICES

Prices—Balloons 29x4.40, from $8.55 to [illegible]
Cords 30x3 [illegible], $6.75 to $9.75

SEE US FIRST

West Street Garage
ANTRIM, N. H.

BRADFORD and NEWBURY FAIR

Bradford New Hampshire.

Agricultural and Live Stock Exhibits
Flower Show The Poultry Show
Boys' and Girls' Exhibits The Automobile Show
Band Concert, Stage Show Ball Games, Horse Races

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ALL AGES

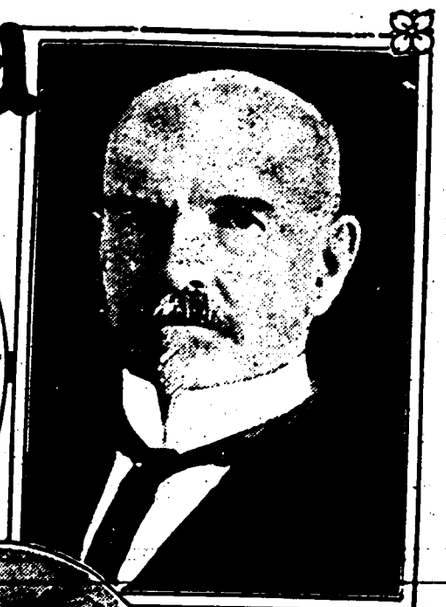
Wednesday and Thursday
August 31 and September 1, 1927

THE BIG FAIR! Plenty of Parking Space

A Forgotten Wild West Hero

CALIFORNIA JOE

RED CLOUD



DR. V. T. McGILLYCUDDY

MAN AFRAID OF HIS HORSES

CAPT. SWORD

CALAMITY JANE

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THIS is the story of a real Wild West hero, a man who faced death innumerable times on the plains and in the mountains of the Great West, who under the acid test of danger proved that he was "pure grit clean through" and who won the whole-hearted admiration of every man, white or red, with whom he ever came in contact. It's the story, too, of a forgotten Wild West hero because, unlike so many of our Wild West heroes—the long-haired, buckskin-clad Bills and Dicks and Sams whose careers were approximately 10 per cent experience and 90 per cent press agentry—he shunned publicity and was content to let his deeds speak for themselves. So he never became a dime novel hero, but the old-timers of the West, the men who know who were the really great and who were the pseudo-great, will tell you that there never was a braver man on the frontier nor few who played a more important role at a critical period in its history than Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, now a resident of Berkeley, Calif., and president of a public utilities company in San Francisco, but once an army surgeon with General Crook's expedition in the Sioux war of 1876 and later Indian agent for about the wildest bunch of red men that the government ever tried to keep penned up on a reservation.

Doctor McGillycuddy was born in Racine, Wis., in 1849, and at the age of sixteen began the study of medicine. After completing his course in four years he served as an interne in the United States Marine hospital in Detroit and later became assistant surgeon in several hospitals in that city. His early education had also included a course in topographical engineering and the year 1875 found him getting his first experience in the Wild West as chief topographer for a government expedition into the Black Hills of South Dakota. So among his other distinctions Doctor McGillycuddy can claim that of being one of the first, if not the very first, to make accurate maps of the region which is now so much in the public eye because President Coolidge chose it as the site for the "Summer White House."

The chief guide for this expedition was the renowned California Joe, General Custer's famous scout, and Doctor McGillycuddy has a rich fund of reminiscences of this noted frontier character. In fact, he knew nearly all of the early Black Hills notables, and he can tell interesting tales of Calamity Jane, of Capt. Jack Crawford, "the Poet Scout," and Frank Grouard, General Crook's favorite scout, of Buffalo Bill and his understudy, "Buffalo Chip" White.

After the Sioux campaign was over Doctor McGillycuddy was stationed at Camp Robinson, Neb., and there he made the acquaintance of Crazy Horse, one of the greatest war chiefs the Sioux had ever had. The army surgeon won the friendship of the Sioux leader by caring for his wife who was a sufferer from tuberculosis and won for himself the name of "Tashunka Witko Kola" (Crazy Horse's Friend) and "Waseduun Waukon" (White Miracle Man) by which he became known among the Sioux later.

In 1879 President Hayes appointed the young army surgeon agent for the Ogalala Sioux on what is now the Pine Ridge reservation. Despite the recommendation that the name "Tashunka Witko Kola" gave him, the new job was not an easy one. Here were several thousand Sioux, fresh from the warpath, still remembering their terrible triumph over Custer on the Little Big Horn, utterly irreconcilable to being penned up on a reservation—they who from years immemorial had been lords of a vast region over which they roamed as they willed. Their great war chief was Red Cloud, who, although he had taken no active part in the campaign of '76, was an implacable enemy of the whites who had repeatedly broken faith with him. Both the youth of McGillycuddy and his recent connection with the army were against him in his dealings with the Ogalalas and in the first general council Red Cloud made it plain that he would oppose every effort the new agent made to "lead his young men in the white man's road."

To this Doctor McGillycuddy replied that he admired Red Cloud for his loyalty to the old ideals, but that the white man had come to stay and if the red man expected to survive he must learn the white man's ways. He warned Red Cloud that if the older Indians resisted the agent's efforts to lead them in the white man's road, he would appeal to the young men. And appeal to the young men he did. The result was the organization of an Indian police force, the first of its kind ever used on an Indian reservation, authorized by a special act of congress. The leader of this force was a young warrior named Miwaukon Yuha (Man Who Carries a Sword), or Captain Sword and with this little group of 50 men, the young agent undertook to keep order on a reservation of 4,000 square miles.

Red Cloud continued to obstruct his work and finally in 1882 came the showdown. Doctor McGillycuddy deposed Red Cloud as chief. The Oglalas were in a turmoil. A plot to assassinate the agent was foiled by Captain Sword and his men, but affairs became so threatening that the War department began concentrating troops at the posts near by. If the Sioux jumped the reservation it meant another costly war in which many lives would be lost and much property destroyed. It was a time when a cool head was needed and that cool head sat on the shoulders of Doctor McGillycuddy. "We can handle the situation ourselves" was the word that the young doctor sent to Washington. "If troops are sent here, the Sioux will interpret it as a warlike gesture and trouble will be sure to follow." By "we" he meant himself and Captain Sword and those 50 Indian policemen! His faith was justified, for Sword's men soon had the situation in hand and there is no doubt in the minds of those who knew the situation at the time and the temper of the Sioux that a bloody war was averted.

Shortly before this time there occurred an incident which showed the aptness of that "pure grit clean through" characterization of Doctor McGillycuddy. At the time of the last great sun dance ever held among the Sioux some 2,000 of Chief Spotted Tail's Brule Sioux, always a turbulent and restless outfit, came up to Pine Ridge to visit their Oglala brethren. One day a band of 400 of them rode over to the agency and ten of them, heavily armed, filed into McGillycuddy's office. In the building at the time were Doctor McGillycuddy, a clerk, Louis Changro, his interpreter, three army officers, who had come to see the sun dance, and two visiting cattlemen. There were only eleven white persons on the reservation.

After a silence of several minutes, the leader of the party, a tall, powerful young chief, said to Changro, "Tell him we want food." McGillycuddy's reply was that he knew the Brules were well provisioned before they left their reservation and that they would get no food from him. At that reply the young chief's eye glittered angrily. "Tell him we want food NOW!" he growled. A smile flickered across the young doctor's face. "Just tell him to go to h—l, Louis!" he said quietly. Instantly the Brule chief sprang across the room and, shaking his fist in the agent's face, he shouted hoarsely, "If you don't give us food now, I'll kill every white man on the reservation!"

The smile disappeared from McGillycuddy's face. His jaw snapped shut and without a word he sprang on the Indian, seized him by the throat and shook him until his rifle clattered to the floor. Then he rushed the Indian to the door, whirled him around and kicked—the worst insult that any white man ever gave an Indian. Ten feet from the door the Brule picked himself up from the dust and, wild with rage, led his followers on a mad gallop to the Brule camp. But the whites knew that they would be back and that nine white men would probably soon be fighting for their lives and the lives of Mrs. McGillycuddy and the post trader's wife against not only 2,000 Brules, but probably against several thousand Oglalas who would likely come swarming like a wolf pack to the kill.

One alarming fact was that at the appearance of the Brules Captain Sword and his men had disappeared! Soon the white men heard the drumming of pony hoofs on the dry prairie and a party of naked, war-bonneted warriors swept out of a little coulee and headed for the agency building. As the white men crouched down behind the flimsy barrier of the fence surrounding the agency and lined their guns on the approaching throng Changro suddenly shouted: "No shoot! Sword, he come!" It was Captain Sword and his policemen, clad in the battle dress of their ancestors, coming to the aid of their white chief and ready to die in his defense.

And then the Brules came back, 400 of them, a howling pack of savages pounding their ponies into a mad charge. In the face of this onrush McGillycuddy said quietly to his white companions and Sword's men, who had lined up beside him, "Don't fire until I give the word!" On and on came the Indians until it seemed that they would ride the little group of defenders into the earth. And then they stopped! The steady control of the iron-nerved agent broke through the heat of their madness and brought them to a sliding, dust-plowing halt 50 yards away. There they milled around uncertainly. At the psychological moment, McGillycuddy took the offensive. He turned to Changro. "Hop out there, Louis, and tell that old devil to chase himself back to camp, he said. "Tell him I'll give him just five minutes to get under way and, what's more, if he ever bats his eye at me again, I'll choke him to death just for luck." As Changro ran forward to deliver this message the agent sprang to the top of the fence, watch in hand, to show the Brules that he meant exactly what he said. For a moment they wavered. The chief, still hot for blood, insisted that they charge. But the cool nerve of this slender young doctor who had showed them so plainly that he could not be bluffed or frightened even in the face of overwhelming odds was too much for them. They rode back to their camp forthwith.

During the next few years the Oglalas prospered under McGillycuddy's rule. Then in 1885 politics, which has so often made a football of the Indian, got in its work and the agent was summoned to Washington for trial on trumped-up charges of insubordination and exceeding his authority. The trial was something of a farce, but the upshot was that he was relieved from duty. Not long afterward the ghost dance craze swept the Sioux and then, if ever, was the firm hand of McGillycuddy needed. But it was not there and as a result a majority of the Oglalas stampeded to the Bad Lands and the terrible story of the Battle of Wounded Knee was added to our Indian history.

The former Indian agent gave valuable service during those trying days as assistant adjutant general to the governor of South Dakota, but a short-sighted government policy prevented him from serving where his influence over the Sioux would have counted most. If he was ever rewarded by the government in the slightest measure for the incalculable worth of his services there is no record of it. Later he became dean and president of the South Dakota School of Mines at Rapid City, and as an educator became widely known. But except to a few historians the name of this man, but for whose efforts the settlement of a vast empire might have been delayed indefinitely, is comparatively unknown.

"A Forgotten Wild West Hero"? Not exactly! Talk to some of the old Oglalas today, as the writer did recently, and you will find that the name of McGillycuddy is magic among them still. "McGillycuddy Kola" (friend of McGillycuddy), I said to one of them. "Waste!" (good!) he exclaimed and that phrase was the open sesame for the subsequent interview with several of them. Through an interpreter, Jim Grass, an educated Sioux, I talked with Rock, Spider, Little Hawk, Brave Heart, Yellow Thunder, and Chase in the Morning, all of them old-timers who remember the days of the buffalo chase and the tribal wars. Rock, Spider and Chase in the Morning fought under Crazy Horse in the Custer battle and at the Battle of the Rosebud where the Oglala chieftain fought General Crook to a standstill.

After the wars were over Rock became one of McGillycuddy's Indian policemen on the Pine Ridge reservation and from him I learned much of those stirring times when the young agent was gambling with death as he tried to break down the reactionary influence of Red Cloud among the Oglalas. Rock and some of the old fellows questioned me eagerly about their friend Waseehun Waukon (Doctor McGillycuddy)—where he lived and what he was doing. They requested me to write to him and ask him to write to them. It was plain to see that after all these years they still love and honor the one Indian agent whom they learned to trust and respect.

"He was a brave and good man and the best friend we have ever had," Rock told me, and his face lighted up as he spoke of the old days when he was one of McGillycuddy's policemen. Then it saddened as he continued, "If he had been with us the great sadness (the ghost dance trouble and the Wounded Knee affair) would not have come to our people."

Forgotten? Not by the men who did not give their friendship lightly and when an old-time Sioux warrior utters the simple words, "He was a brave and good man," it's about as fine a tribute as could be paid to this real Wild West hero, Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, surgeon, soldier, Indian agent and friend of the red man.

LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

CULA WILKINS wiped the last lamp chimney until it gleamed like something better than just plain blown glass. In its crystal rotundity she saw reflected her round, elderly face, very round one way, much too long the other; it all depended on the way she held the chimney.

"I might say," Cula murmured to herself, "that the short way is how I look when I begin my daily tasks in the morning, and the long way is how I look at night when I'm ready for bed and dead tired from my day's work."

She placed the chimney on the freshly filled lamp and set it alongside seven other lamps on the shelf over the old-fashioned wooden kitchen sink. When Cula looked at the sink she sighed, and when she looked at the row of freshly filled and washed lamps she sighed again, which all goes to prove that Cula was not only tired but getting blue as well. To tell the truth, she was tired of washing lamps. She longed for electric lights, but most of all she wanted to have water brought from the big spring to the house. She stood looking down at the old sink and rusty pitcher pump that stood at the end of the sink. She wondered if she wasn't actually beginning to hate that old iron hand pump which had to be primed before it would give forth even a small stream of water. She turned her eyes, resolved to find something pleasant to look at and, alas, her eyes fell upon a big, heavy yellow bowl.

"Oh, that bowl!" Cula fairly moaned. "I have mixed everything I've cooked for thirty years—no, thirty years and two months exactly, in that bowl. Why, that's half a lifetime! I suppose if I could see all the barrels of flour and sugar I've stirred up in that old bowl!—and the lamps I've washed, and the water I've pumped from that pesky pitcher pump, why— Oh, well, I mustn't get to figuring or I'll be a fit subject for the asylum, and I was reading only yesterday that the majority of women who are 'put away' are small farmers' wives, just like me. Well, I don't wonder if they do go out of their heads, what with the drudgery and monotony. Surely, washing the same lamps and using the same mixing bowl for 300 months—that would be 10,800— Oh, there I go again! I'll say it's getting on my nerves. I sometimes wonder if Henry had to do the work in this house day after day if he wouldn't see the necessity of having a few conveniences. He has running water in the barn and he buys every new-fangled thing to help him get his work done quicker—easier I should say. Huh! Maybe I'm to blame for not asking for what is rightfully my share of the new-fangled things. Maybe I haven't kept up with the times. I'll ask him about electric lights this very day." And Cula, willing as usual to blame herself for any of Henry's shortcomings, felt almost light-hearted so sure was she that the electric lights would be forthcoming for the asking.

That noon Cula asked Henry. She waited until he had eaten a full meal of corned beef and apple dumpling.

"Henry," she said, "what's the matter with our having electric lights put in the house? Since Holsworth's have had 'em put in the wire goes right by our house."

Henry gave a cautious look. He glanced up at the shelf full of gleaming lamps and said with a grin:

"Lamps giving out?"

"No, that's one thing that'll never happen," Cula said. "But all the farmers up this brook but us have electric lights."

"Well, can't you let 'em?" Henry answered sourly. "We've got along so far with kerosene lamps and I don't see any use of making a change. I'm satisfied to do all the reading I do by a lamp, that is, what little reading I find time to do. If you didn't fool away so much time puttering round the house you'd get your reading done before dark. I don't see my way clear to spend any money foolishly just now, and anyway, I've been thinking of getting me a car—"

"Well," said Cula with more spirit than she had ever shown before, "I wouldn't give a cent for a car, but I would like the lights and the water from the spring piped into the kitchen—"

"There you go again!" Henry interrupted. "First it's lights and then it's water. Why, if I didn't curb your foolishness, woman, you'd have me in the poorhouse inside six months. Next thing you'll be wanting a hired girl—" And Henry left the house muttering to himself."

Cula sat a long time at the table with her chin resting in her cupped hand. She felt a strange sensation of warmth mounting to her head. She didn't realize that it was temper. She had been a good, saving, hard-working wife to Henry for over thirty years and she knew by Henry's frequent boastings to their neighbors that he was putting money away every day. They had no children to leave a cent to. Cula had never asked for anything that was not perfectly reasonable, and she felt she was not doing so now.

Finally, with a sigh, Cula arose from the table and reached for the milk pitcher and butter plate preparatory to taking them down into the cool cellar. That was another thing. Henry never felt the need of an ice house. The spring water which flowed constantly into the big trough in the barn was sufficiently cold to cool the cans of milk. He saw no necessity for a refrigerator, even though it would have saved his wife an endless number of steps. Cula made her way toward the cellar, but she felt suddenly old and shaken; her head ached and her eyes smarted with disappointed tears, so it was no wonder that she missed her footing on the dimly-lighted stairs and landed in a little crumpled heap at the bottom.

Cula broke no bones, but she was so badly shaken up that she had to remain in bed for several days, and while she lay racked with pain she thought long and earnestly about Henry, especially as he was showing himself to be both sympathetic and agreeable.

"Don't you worry about a thing, Cula," he urged. "I'll look after everything. I'd get a hired girl only I think it's going to be real fun puttering round the house. It'll be a nice, restful change for me and give me a chance to get rested before my fall work begins."

Get rested. Puttering around the house and getting rested! Now here was her chance to let Henry have a full lesson in what a woman's work really was like, especially when it was in a kitchen devoid of every convenience. She never winced when she heard a crash and suspected that the yellow mixing bowl had fallen from her husband's clumsy hands. She never mentioned the lamps, and all went well until the oil had burned out of every lamp and the chimneys to Henry's barn lanterns had become so blackened with smoke that he could scarcely find his way by their light to feed his stock. One of the things that made Henry's housework hard was that he used up all the water in the bucket and had to make frequent trips to the barn for water with which to prime the pump. Cula thought she would go wild listening to that rusty squeak-squawk as Henry wrestled with the old pump.

Cula was in bed ten days and her heart yearned over her big, clumsy husband. She noticed whenever he came to bring her a drink or a bite to eat that he had added a rag or bit of sticking plaster to some fresh burn or cut received in his attempts at housework. But he was game and said nothing.

One day Cula felt well enough to be helped to a place on the old couch in the sitting room, and by turning her head she could get a glimpse out into the kitchen. She had to press her hand tightly over her mouth to suppress a scream. Of all the dirty places in the world surely that kitchen was the dirtiest. It spoke mutely of the struggle Henry had had "puttering round," doing housework. Cula was ready to cry, sick and weak as she felt. She wondered if she would ever be able to get all that dirt cleaned out. She wondered if that long row of dirty lamps with their dark brown chimneys could ever be cleaned. Surely the old pump would exact toll of her; and that dirt meant hours of back-breaking work at the handle. She had just turned her face to the wall to indulge in a good cry when Henry came into the room.

"I guess, Cula," he said, shamefacedly, "you won't think I'm much of a housekeeper, but I've done my best. Old Mrs. Grant is coming tonight to stay and help with the work, and Monday the men are coming from town to wire the house and barn for electric lights. Tomorrow the plumbers will connect the water up in the kitchen and—"

But the tears that had been gathering began to spill over and run down Cula's cheeks. At the sight of them Henry fled.

"Plague it all," Cula heard him mumble as he fled. "I can't stand tears nohow. But, by cracky, that ain't all I'm going to do for her—no, not half, for my Cula's one woman in a thousand."

English Villages With Only One Inhabitant

The English village is very dear to the hearts of poets and painters and thousands of the communities are charming. A few, however, says the Washington Star, are more amusing than anything else, as, for instance, the one which consists entirely of old railway "carriages," as the English call them, even the chapel being composed of "four horse trucks." Another village, with a population of 1,100 and taxed at a valuation of $3,000, has neither school, church nor other public building, the only thing of the sort being a letter box on a pillar.

Villages with but a single inhabitant are not unknown, one of them being Skiddaw, in Cumberland. The single villager complains bitterly because he cannot vote, there being no overseer to prepare a voters' list and no church or other public building on which to publish one, as the law requires. The lonely taxpayer in a Northumberland village has declined to contribute money to maintain the roads on the ground that the one he has is quite sufficient for his needs. In the isle of Ely is a little parish with about a dozen inhabitants, which has no taxes, since there are no roads or public institutions of any kind and consequently no expenses.

Sometimes an English village will entirely disappear, having been built either on the edge of the crumbling cliff that make part of the coastline, or over an ancient mine. One of the latter class is in Shropshire and each year cottages tumble as the earth sinks.

The Green Cloak

By YORKE DAVIS

WNU Service.
Copyright, 1936

STORY FROM THE START

Dr. Ronald McAlister, famous in his special work,—applied psychology—employs his leisure time in the elucidation of crime mysteries. As the narrative opens he is interested with Assistant District Attorney Ashton in the murder, in the small town of Oak Ridge, of a recluse, Henry Morgan. The murdered man, his papers reveal, had been in New Zealand, where Doctor McAlister had lived in his youth. Will Harvey has testified he saw a woman wearing a green cloak in the Morgan home the night of the murder. Doctor Reinhardt, friend of McAlister, telephones he has a queer case in his hospital and invites McAlister to see the patient. Doctor Reinhardt's patient proves to be a young woman, who in unconsciousness mutters in a language Reinhart does not understand. McAlister sees a possible connection between the murdered New Zealander and the girl.

CHAPTER III—Continued

—4—

Evidently Doctor McAlister had no share in this idea, for he lost interest in the young man the moment he was satisfied his identification of him had been correct. When the train stopped at Oak Ridge and we followed William Harvey out of the car, the doctor did not cast a single glance after his retreating figure.

By rare good fortune we found an auto pulled up beside the station platform waiting for the train, a flapping, dilapidated, mud-stained, ramshackle affair, with a driver to match.

After a moment or two of canny bargaining on the doctor's part, we found ourselves jolting along over a frozen, rutty road toward our destination.

"There's the house," said the driver at last. "But you're pretty late for the funeral, if that's what you've come for. It must be about over by this time."

Neither of us had thought of the funeral, and the sight of a hearse and a single car, waiting there in the windswept road, gave us, with our errand, a rather disagreeable sense of incongruity. That feeling was heightened when, leaving our bags in the hall, we were shown by the undertaker into a large, dim front parlor.

Here we saw death in its most conventional form. A little group of people sitting in rows in little folding chairs, a minister reading the service, a quartette from the village choir ready to sing another hymn when he should have done.

When, at the end of the service, the customary opportunity was offered for a last look at the body which lay there in its black casket, my companion rose and, nodding to me to follow him, took his place in the little procession that was filing round the coffin.

I could not do it; that act, somehow, seemed to put the crowning touch upon our intrusion.

"Oh, I know how you felt about it," said my chief when the service was over, the people gone and we were left alone in the old house—alone, that is, with the addition of Mallory. "I'm glad I haven't to go through it again, though I'm glad I did, even at some violence to what they call our better instincts. I wouldn't have missed my look into that face for a good deal."

"You didn't recognize" I cried. "He isn't anyone you knew, long ago, out there in New Zealand?"

"Not individually," said the doctor with a smile at my sudden excitement, at the sudden recession of those "better instincts" of mine. "Not individually, though that I might have was well within the possibilities. But he belongs to a type that I knew all too well. Did it ever occur to you to wonder why it is that full gray beards and spectacles are always regarded as infallible indications of benevolent respectability? But there's a scar beneath that gray beard that was not come by in any peaceful occupation; and even without it, the whole construction of the skull and jaw, the facial angle, the shape of the ears, all proclaim him a rough customer—the sort of man who might well have a past that he was vainly trying to escape from. No, upon the whole, I am glad that Ashton left us free to work out this problem without holding us responsible to him for our results."

Our conversation was interrupted there by the appearance of Mallory at the doctor's elbow. It was rather amusing to watch his face as he read the note from Ashton that the doctor handed him. It was easy to see, from his suppressed smile of contemptuous amusement, that the district attorney had represented us as a couple of harmless cranks who might safely be permitted to amuse themselves upon the scene of crime as they chose.

"All right," he said, folding up the note and thrusting it into his pocket. "Make yourselves at home. Do you plan to spend the night here?"

"Two or three nights, perhaps," said the doctor. "We want to do a little looking about."

"Well," said Mallory, with jocular sarcasm, "if you find the secret of the old man's past, or meet up with that mysterious woman that one of the witnesses testified about at the inquest, why, let me know."

"You mean to spend the night here yourself, don't you?" I asked.

"Well, part of it, perhaps. I've got some looking about to do. But you needn't mind me. I've got a key and can let myself in at any time."

An hour later, after a bountiful but vilely cooked meal at a little restaurant near the railway station, we returned to the house and began our investigation in earnest.

The first room, of course, to attract our attention was the room where the murder took place, the study on the third floor. Across one end of the room ran a rude set of homemade shelves occupied, perhaps, by two or three hundred nondescript volumes. A very large, much-littered desk stood in the middle of the larger part of the room, while in the alcove was a high deal table of the sort used by draughtsmen. A stool stood before it, and a swivel chair in front of the desk.

In one of the numerous corners of the room was an immense hamper, which seemed to have served the purpose of a waste-paper basket. The detectives had evidently examined the

I Was Holding One of Them Out in My Hands and Poring Over It.

contents of it in their search for a clue to the murdered man's identity, but had not thought the contents worth preserving. There was a litter of small scraps about it, and that was all. A rusty oil stove completed the tale of the furniture.

And then there were his maps. They were curiously disposed for a man who made a habit of geography. They lay about the floor in great rolls. The one or two I looked at, after my preliminary glance about the apartment, were of recent date and bore the stamp of the British board of trade.

I was holding one of them out in my hands and poring over it, wondering rather idly, what possible interest this group of tiny coral reefs could have had for a man who lived as Henry Morgan had lived, here in this village of Oak Ridge, when a sharp exclamation from Doctor McAlister drew my attention away from it.

He was standing close beside a big green-shaded lamp and bending over something which he had just taken from the top drawer of the desk. I shivered a little when I saw what it was, saw that it was a violin string.

The expression of the doctor's face, as he turned toward me, betrayed both indignation and excitement. "The prosecution of crime still goes on the basis that telling the truth is an easy thing to do; that a man does tell the truth, unless he means to lie. The man who came up here and found the body of Henry Morgan testified that he had been strangled by a noose. They thought it was true, because strangulation by a noose is the only kind they ever heard of. But look at this."

He held it out to me, and, my repugnance forgotten, I took it in hand. Instead of one knot, the string contained two, one near the end, the other about fifteen inches away. They were tied just alike, and were knots of the fixed-loop variety, very like a bowline.

"If there were only a knot at the end," said the doctor, "the rest of the string could have been drawn through it to form a noose; but, of course, with this second knot of equal size that becomes impossible. The man was strangled, not by a noose at all, but by a tourniquet—a little stick—a lead pencil perhaps—run through the two loops and twisted.

"Look here!" he cried the next moment, with rising excitement. "Here's the rest of the instrument."

He held out for my inspection a long straight-stemmed briar pipe, and I was able to see, just at the base of the bowl, a shiny, circular indentation. The ghastly clearness of the demonstration of the murderer's method sickened me a little, and I dropped the pipe rather quickly.

My chief was pacing up and down the room, talking to himself. "I never believed in that noose—not really believed in it."

"You are undoubtedly right about it," said I, "but is the discovery important? Does it make any real difference?"

"That depends on the point of view," said he. "To the late Henry Morgan, I suppose it made no difference at all. To an ethnologist, it makes all the difference in the world. The Caucasian uses the noose. With him it has been the instrument of execution, of murder and of suicide from time immemorial. But there are other races that never heard of it. The aborigines in my part of the world never did. With them it was always this." He caught up the string as he spoke, and jerked it taut in both hands. "It's the instrument of ceremonial murder. They used to send widows out of the world this way, until the British government put a stop to that etiquette."

Then, and only then, did I realize the importance of the discovery. "And the girl at the hospital?" I questioned. "Would those two loops be familiar to her?"

He nodded gravely. "I'll tell you this," said he, "I'm glad I'm under no obligation to report to Ashton until I'm ready."

Then he did a characteristic thing. He put the thing back in the drawer where he had found it, closed the drawer, straightened up, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, and said, in obviously good faith: "Come, let's begin."

Rather to my surprise, the doctor made straight for the waste-paper basket, growled a little at the "fools" who had emptied it, and patiently gathered together the few scraps that were left, some clinging in the interstices of the basket, some littered about the floor outside.

As I bent over to help him, he held out an irregular bit of thick white paper for my inspection. "He was a queer geographer, sure enough," was his comment. "He tore up his maps. This is part of one. There's a fact which might well have struck previous investigators as curious, but apparently did not. If he tore them up, it was because he was through with them. And if he could get through with them so that he could be sure he wouldn't want them any more, it was because they were meant to serve him some single, definite purpose. When they had so served it, or had failed to serve it, then he destroyed them to get them out of the way. That's logical, isn't it?"

"Absolutely, so far as I can see."

Presently he carried another scrap over to the draughting table, scrutinized its bare surface rather minutely, and then offered this second morsel of paper for my inspection.

"Well, that's one thing he did with his maps. He pinned them down on this table of his with thumb-tacks."

He pulled open a little drawer in the table, took out first some pencils, rulers and compasses, and finally a rectangular contrivance made of wooden rods, with flexible joints at the corners.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked. For a wonder I did, and he did not. That was a situation which arose but rarely.

"It's a pantograph," said I. "It's used for copying on an enlarged or reduced scale. You can set the scale to anything you like."

"That's what it means, then," said the doctor, turning away from the table, with a nod of satisfaction. "He spread his maps out here, and when they weren't on a large enough scale to suit him, he drew them up bigger, and then tore them up. No, that won't do. There's some intervening process. He needed those charts on a larger scale than he could get, and he enlarged them until they suited that unknown purpose of his. But of that purpose itself, we've found no trace. We may never find a trace, but if he's left a clew to it anywhere, I think we may hope to find it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Kindness to Animals Trait of Portuguese

The Portuguese are the only Latin nation that is kind to animals. For hundreds of years noble Arabian steeds were raised here and the Portuguese rider sits well in the saddle by second nature.

The donkeys here are smaller than in other Latin countries, and the largest beast of burden is the ox. In Portugal this creature is a strong, red, well-cared for animal, with wide-spreading horns. The streets are full of yokes of oxen pulling carts with solid wheels bound fast to their axles. Since the axle is ungreased, a frightful squeaking announces the approach of these wagons, which can be heard a mile away.

Oxen are particularly common in northern Portugal, where the yokes themselves are made of beautifully carved hardwood decorated with many colors. The wheels of these wagons, bearing tremendous burdens, clatter on the streets of Oporto.

I have never seen a driver maltreat his animals. In the country the cowherds guide their flocks with enormous bamboo staffs.—Roda Roda in Uhu, Berlin (Living Age).

South as Political Unit

The expression "Solid South" was first used by Col. John S. Mosby in a letter to the New York Herald advocating the election of Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876, according to Liberty.

Children of civilized races have probably always had rickets, says a child specialist.

What's the Answer?

Questions No. 9

1—Who is the champion open golf player?

2—What is an electric eel?

3—Why do we smile when we are pleased?

4—For what queen was Virginia named?

5—How many Presidents of the United States came from Virginia and who were they?

6—What composer wrote the largest number of melodious and enduringly popular American songs?

7—Which continent has but one active volcano?

8—What was the real name of Pierre Loti?

9—Who said: "You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all the people all of the time"?

10—Which is our largest national forest?

11—What famous novel was written about a whale, and by whom?

12—Which is the largest salt water lake in the world?

13—Who is the national woman tennis champion?

14—What is an electron?

15—What is the ratio of workers to population in the United States?

16—How much did the United States pay Panama for the Canal zone?

17—What famous American explorer was once imprisoned in Mexico?

18—What was Shakespeare's professional work other than poet and playwright?

19—Who said: "The public be d—d!"?

20—What proportion of the words in the present English language are derived from Norman French?

Answers No. 8

1—Manush of Detroit.

2—Gen. Henry Lawton.

3—John C. Calhoun, 1832.

4—Fourteen parts gold, ten parts alloy.

5—When Adam ate the forbidden fruit a piece is said to have lodged in his throat, where the bulge appears.

6—"Ralph Roister Doister," written by Nicholas Udall, probably between 1534 and 1541.

7—The Scandinavian.

8—At the University of Oxford; in 1602.

9—Gen. U. S. Grant.

10—United States Steel corporation, Standard Oil of New Jersey and American Telephone and Telegraph company.

11—George Burns of Cleveland.

12—Cork is the outer bark of a species of oak which grows in southern Europe and northern Africa.

13—In South America, where "cow trees" yield a fluid which resembles in appearance and quality the milk of the cow.

14—Delaware.

15—1893.

16—"The Last Supper." "Mona Lisa."

17—The Urals.

18—Washington Irving.

19—Admiral David G. Farragut.

20—The northeastern states and some parts of the West.

Human Speech Calls for Little Energy

Speech requires a small amount of energy, according to telephone engineers, who explain that if a million persons were to talk steadily, and the energy of their voices were to be converted into heat, they would have to talk for an hour and a half to produce sufficient heat to make a cupful of tea.

One acoustic expert has divided the English speech into 36 letter sounds, and he found that the vowels carry most of the energy. It is estimated that at the upper and lower limits of hearing it takes a million times as much energy to make sound audible as in the range of 1,000 to 5,000 cycles, where the ear is most sensitive.

On the radio the sounds "th," "f," "s" and "v" are the most difficult to hear correctly. This is attributed chiefly to their very weak energy.—Scientific American.

The First Doll's House

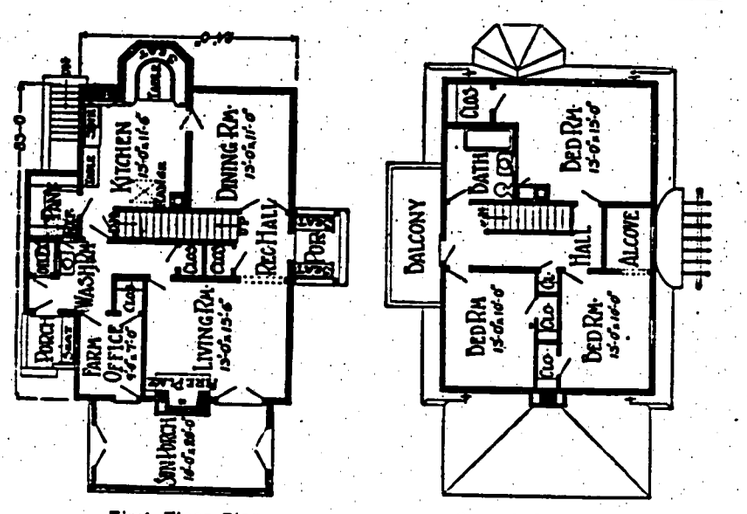
What may prove to be the earliest British doll's house has been discovered in an old country house in Chelmsford. It is a two storied house about five feet high, built of solid oak, and contains four large rooms, attics and a balcony on top. The legs on which the house is mounted and the paneling and the mirrors, are, it is said of definite Queen Anne design and workmanship.

Luminous House Numbers

A luminous number which can be seen from a distance at night has been put up on the town hall at Budapest, writes the correspondent of the London Observer, and the authorities are considering the advisability of putting luminous numbers on all houses in the city, and luminous plaques at the street corners on which the street names may be easily read after dark.

It is claimed that Budapest is the first city to consider this method of obviating this difficulty.

Attractive Dutch Colonial Has Unusual and Desirable Features



First Floor Plan. Second Floor Plan.

By W. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to practical home building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as editor, author and manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only inclose two-cent stamp for reply.

It is not often that one runs across a house plan which combines so many unusual and desirable features as are to be found in the plan reproduced here. As will be seen from the indication of a "farm office" on the plan, this house was originally designed as a farm house, but it will be found equally satisfactory in town or city, for the professional man who requires an office, for the family which has no such need. Only a slight modification will be required to adapt it to any family.

Its stucco exterior, in Dutch colonial style, presents a most attractive appearance, simple but well balanced with a charming entrance, the latter greatly enhanced by effective vines and shrubbery. The interior, too, follows the colonial idea with a central reception and stair hall on the first floor. Dining room and living room are at the front of the house on either side of this hall, and back of them a kitchen and office.

One of the novel and attractive features is found in connection with the kitchen, a breakfast nook, set into a bay, with a curved seat and center table. Off the kitchen there is also a large pantry where the refrigerator is placed and which will be found most convenient for the storage of supplies. Between the kitchen and office there is a washroom with toilet adjacent to the rear entrance.

As has been suggested the office is suitable either for a farm office or for the professional man. Again it may be used as a library or study where the school-going members of the family may retire to prepare their lessons undisturbed. But if no such room is needed this space can just as well be made a part of the living room. It is only necessary to omit the partition wall.

Above stairs there are three bedrooms, one with a large alcove, and a bathroom. Each of the bedrooms is a corner room with plenty of light and good cross ventilation. Each, too, is provided with an ample closet and there is another closet for the storage of linens in the upstairs hall. A basement of the same dimensions as the house provides space for heating plant, laundry and storage.

Selection and Care of Woodwork Is Important

One of the major problems in the attainment and maintenance of an attractive home is the selection and care of doors and woodwork. Due to ignorance on these questions, the old-fashioned housewife was often heard to complain: "I can't do anything with my doors. They get all scuffed up and streaky and its just too much expense to be always having them repainted."

Modern builders are educating the home-owning public along these important lines, with the result that money and inconvenience are being conserved. Assuming that wood of good quality has been used in the construction of the doors, the question next in importance is the matter of finishing. This subject can best be understood by considering it under the following heads: woods, temperatures, surfaces, stains, filling and finishing coats.

The woods used for interior woodwork are divided into two classes, close-grained woods, which do not require paste filler, and open-grained woods which do require paste filler. To apply varnish satisfactorily, the temperature of the room in which it is used should be about 70 degrees Fahrenheit, as cold interferes with the working qualities of varnish. It is very important that the wood be free from dampness or the varnish will not dry satisfactorily.

Stains are designated according to the liquid vehicle in which the colors are mixed, as spirit stains, pigment oil stains and water stains. Close-grained woods do not require paste filler, due to the fact that they have no open cellular tissue to fill. Open-grained woods, after being properly surfaced and stained, where a stain finish is desired, should be properly filled with the paste filler and allowed at least 24 hours to dry. If examination shows that the surface is perfectly smooth, the final coat of varnish may be applied.

Doors are high-grade goods and should be treated accordingly. They should be stored in clean, dry places. They should not be delivered to buildings under construction until the buildings have thoroughly dried out. When delivered they should be finished immediately. Exterior doors which are subject to very much exposure should be made with veneers three-sixteenths to three-eighths inch thick; they should be finished with at least two coats of varnish and the top and bottom edges well filled with oil paint. In sash doors the glass should be bedded in putty and a coat or two of shellac applied around the opening before the glass tops are set.

Paint Is Protection for Metals in Home

The home of today is made up of so many intricate mechanical parts that, in an abstract conception of it, it resembles nothing so much as a very complicated machine. A house is no longer four walls, with a few doors and windows, but a collection of devices for simplifying and lightening the responsibilities of modern life. Time was, for instance, when windows were windows when the ashes were lugged out the cellar door and when the garbage was deposited in a refuse can by the back door, but ingenuity has evolved many devices which simplify the entire business of living.

Many modern homes, for instance, have metal coal shutes leading into the coal bin, or a metal receiver for garbage set in the floor and emptied from the outside, or a little compartment in the foundations, called a package receiver, into which delivery men put bundles.

These highly specialized devices need very little care. Being made of iron or steel they are subject only to rust, which, for all its power, can be offset by the simple process of painting, and keeping painted, all the little iron or steel parts of the house.

The andirons or grate in the fireplace, for instance, should be painted, the heavy door of the ash pit, the steel window frames—even the meter box, which is part of nearly every cellar equipment—should be protected against rust.

Pattern Designs Expensive

The modern wall paper manufacturer pays the bill. His expenditure amounts to many thousands of dollars on each pattern put at your disposal. At an unbelievably small cost you can secure an infinite variety of beautiful backgrounds for your home.

C. F. Butterfield

Years Later?

Keeping that child healthy is a job.

It may take years to show up foot troubles starting now.

A good, energetic, able pair of feet *years later* is Educator's promise to your child. Let us fit him today!

The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

Subscription Price, $2.00 per year

Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDREDGE, PUBLISHER

H. B. ELDREDGE, Assistant

Wednesday, Aug. 10, 1927

Long Distance Telephone

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

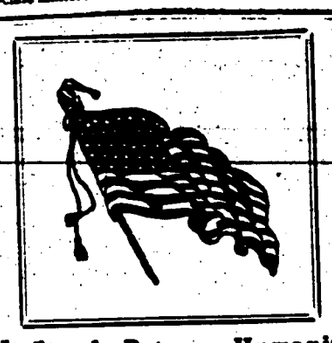
Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.

Resolutions of ordinary length $1.00.

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

National Advertising Representative
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

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



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

Antrim Locals

Miss Clementine Maso is spending a season with Mr. and Mrs. James A. Elliott.

For Sale—A few Choice Fowls or Chickens dressed or alive. W. L. Mulhall, Antrim. Adv. 2t

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Nay, of Boston, are spending the week with his brother, Charles P. Nay.

Mrs. Harold MacBrine and children, of Boston, are spending a season with her father, Charles P. Nay.

Nice Modern Tenement to rent, at my home residence. Apply to F. L. Proctor, Antrim. Adv.

The public buildings and residences already trimmed and decorated for the celebration, certainly look nice, and the street is in holiday attire.

Mrs. Henry Gilmore, who has recently visited with her relatives in the family of Freeman Clark, has returned to her home in Deering.

Mrs. George P. Craig, Miss Dora L. Craig, Clark A. Craig, and Maurice A. Poor, spent Sunday with Miss Gladys P. Craig, at Camp Billings, South Fairlee, Vt.

The James A. Tuttle Library will not be open for the receipt or delivery of books on Saturday of this week, although it will be open to the general public and to all visitors.

That's a nice display of finished products of the Goodell Company in the show window of the Goodnow-Derby Co.'s store. It certainly attracts the attention of all presersby.

On Monday evening, August 15th, the Woman's Relief Corps will put on a special motion picture "Rookies" at the town hall. This is a n ce picture and everybody will want to see it. Buy tickets early. Adv.

AGAIN we are ready to entertain you at Lake Massassecum, Bradford, New Hampshire, with dancing, swimming, canoeing, beginning Saturday, June the 18th. Dancing Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Excellent music. Adv.

Mrs. George W. Nylander has returned from Keene, where she has been employed for a short time as a special nurse at the Elliot Community hospital. Mas er Robert Nylander was a patient there on Thursday last, when he underwent an operation for the removal of tonsils.

Special Pageant Notes

The road to Meeting House Hill past Grange Hall will be practically a one way road Sunday afternoon All who walk to the top of the hill are advised to take the road directly opposite the Ira P. Hutchinson farm home. This is a nice approach for pedestrians.

Arrangements have been made with E. D. Putnam to be the official photographer of the Sesqui, and he has all the privileges of such a position.

All who may need transportation from the village to either of the Pageant performances or the Sunday service on the Hill, will leave their names with Archie D. Perkins not later than Thursday night, and their needs will be attended to.

A Card

I wish to extend my sincere thanks to my friends and neighbors for the many kindnesses shown me during my recent illness.

Amos A. Martin
Bennington

Everybody is Invited to the

Sesqui-Centennial CELEBRATION !

Antrim, N. H.,

Celebrates Its 150th Anniversary on

Friday, Saturday and Sunday,

August 12, 13 and 14, 1927

Music will be Furnished by

The Greenfield, Mass., Military Band
And The ANTRIM BAND

Pageant of History---"Men of Antrim"

Friday at 3.30 p.m., and Saturday, at 8.00 p.m.

FRIDAY—A.M. Sports, P.M. Pageant, Evening, Band Concert, Alumni
SATURDAY—A.M. Schools Reunion, P.M. Ball Game, Evening, Pageant
SUNDAY—A.M. and P.M. Special Religious Services

Entirely New Stock

FANCY GLASS

Colored and Decorated Gift Pieces from Czecho Slovakia. One only of a kind, no duplicates, newest importation and very attractive ..... $1.50 to $3.50

Colored Vases—Practical sizes and shapes, combinations of colors, fitted for Sweet Peas or Gladiolas or between ..... 25c to $1.50

Iced Tea Sets—Covered Pitcher, 6 deep Tumblers, Green or Rose in color, practical and ornamental ... $3.25

Sterling Silver Overlay on Colored Glass—Just the thing for gift purposes, and they are beauties $1.25 to $5.00

Crackled Glass—Fancy pieces colored and crackled; particular values in Console Sets ..... $2.50 to $4.50

A CITY ASSORTMENT AT MUCH LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

There's a Reason Why People from Neighboring Cities Come to Milford to Buy Goods From Us.

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY ONLY—END TABLES $1.98
Well built, strong and serviceable. Walnut or Mahogany finish. Quantity is limited. No mail or telephone orders received.

EMERSON & SON, Milford.

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.

Pure White Lead

$13.50 PER HUNDRED

Guy A. Hulett

ANTRIM, N. H.

Moving Pictures!

MAJESTIC THEATRE
Town Hall, Antrim

Wednesday, August 10
SEAHORSES
with Jack Holt

Saturday, August 13
NO PICTURES

Pathe Weekly Pictures at 8.00

W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

For Sale.--Hand-knit Bed Spread, color white. Inquire of Mrs. L. E. Rockwell, High street, Antrim, N. H. adv.

Have you seen the Skee-ball Games at Lake Massasecum? A game for everyone! Only five cents. adv.

Mrs. A. N. Harriman and children, of New Bedford, Mass., are guests of her mother, Mrs. Matilda Barrett.

Had you noticed, or have you been too busy with the Pageant rehearsals, that the length of day has decreased more than an hour? Also, we learn from the almanac that dog days are with us and will remain for nearly another month longer.

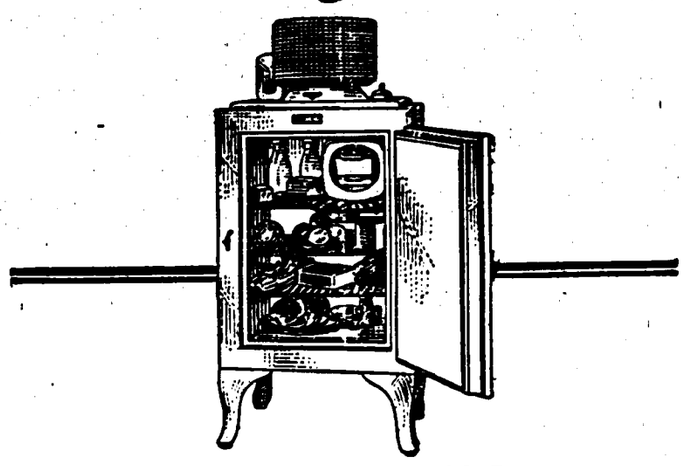
It was some surprise to one of our neighbors in the adjoining town of Bennington, when on a recent evening in driving through the covered bridge coming towards Antrim, he should come suddenly on to a family of five skunks. They were leisurely winding their way through the bridge and no one cared to molest them nor make them afraid. With as little ceremony as possible our neighbor passed them by on the other side.

Concert Program

The following program will be rendered by the Greenfield Military Band on Friday evening, on the band stand, Concord St.:

1 March, St. Julian — Royce
2 Slavonic Rhapsody — Friedman
3 Cornet Solo, Valse Caprice — Laird
Mr. Frank A. Laird
4 Gems of American Melody — Victor Herbert
5 Song — Selected
Miss Caroline Kosebiel
6 Reminiscences of Scotland — Godfrey
7 Baritone Solo "The Lost Chord" — Sullivan
Mr. P. C. Roberts
8 Birthday Serenade — Lincke
9 Grand Sacred Selection "Providence" — Tobani
10 March and Cortege from "The Queen of Sheba" — Gounod

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator



Universal Household Size
Price $275
F. O. B. Manchester, N. H.

Our hermetically sealed casing, mounted on top of the cabinet, holds all the moving parts of the new simplified General Electric Refrigerator. It needs no oiling. It has no fans, belts, drains, or pipes that can get out of order. It is unusually quiet and economical, General Electric quality has been built into it.

Corlew & Wilson
Antrim, N. H.
Telephones:—29, 91-2, 91-3
Dealers for Antrim, Bennington, Greenfield, Lyndeboro, Hancock, Peterboro, Dublin, Hillsboro, Henniker, Deering

H. B. Currier

Mortician

Hillsboro and Antrim, N. H.
Telephone connection

CHAS. S. ABBOTT
FIRE INSURANCE

Reliable Agencies

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

Antrim, N. H.

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.

For Sale

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

COAL WOOD FERTILIZER

James A. Elliott,
ANTRIM, N. H.
Tel. 53

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

HENRY B. PRATT
ARCHIE M. SWETT
JOHN THORNTON,
Selectmen of Antrim.

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.

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

Moving Pictures!

DREAMLAND THEATRE
Town Hall, Bennington
at 8.00 o'clock

Thursday, August 11
Bessie Love in
GOING CROOKED

Saturday, August 13
NO PICTURES

Bennington.

Miss Gladys Hart, of Lynn, Mass., visited her parents here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young, of Boston, were at the Royal Knight homestead the past week.

George Cady has pneumonia at the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, Concord. Troubles never come singly they say.

Walter Burnham and daughter, Pearl, are here from Vermont, visiting Mrs. Burnham at the Burnham house.

Mrs. Abbie Diemond is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, in Lynn, Mass., for a week. They were here on Saturday and she returned with them.

Roland Taylor and Junior Lindsey were at the Peterboro hospital recently for minor operations; they are fast getting over their troubles—tonsils, etc.

Mrs. J. J. Griswold went to Elmira, N. Y., on Tuesday last. Her son, Will, came Monday night and they started back on Tuesday a.m., making the 350 mile trip in twelve hours.

The nurse, who has been caring for Mr. Martin, went home this past week, as he is getting better; a cousin, from New Boston, is there for awhile, Miss Florence Kidder.

Fred Odell, of Walden, N. Y., has been with his relatives here; he has been suffering with ivy poison which vine he handled in cleaning up his sister's garden at Holyoke, Mass.

Charles H. Smith was taken to the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, Concord, Tuesday, but did not have to stay long, as it was thought an operation was not necessary. He is about, but not very strong.

Rev. Mr. Copping, of Baltimore, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. King. Mr. Copping will preach at the Congregational church a week from next Sunday, August 21st.. He was formerly settled here for three years.

Herbert Flagg and wife, of Macnary, Texas, have been with his parents here, on the Hancock road, for three weeks. It takes about four and a half days each way for the trip. Mr. Flagg has charge of a section on the railroad there.

Bennington, N. H.
Aug. 9, 1927

As a faithful, energetic, efficient and progressive citizen of this town, I should suggest that the writer of last week's article regarding handling of daily papers, assume full responsibility for the distribution of the various newspapers. I am certain that such a move would result in a regular delivery of said papers, as the proficient writer would undoubtedly journey to Antrim, Boston, or what else [illegible], in order that she or he may prove herself or himself to be a most worthy and devoted friend of the community.

This would be accomplished, no doubt, in spite of the fact that the daily remuneration derived from the sale of such would just about nourish a lonely female insect of the genus Culex for one full week.

This artcile is not meant to be ironical in the least, but merely an antidote against the poisonous infusion of envy.

A. R. S.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian–Methodist Churches

The Union service of the Sesqui-Centennial, for Sunday morning, will be held in this church at 10.45, sermon to be preached by Rev. Raymond Calkins, D.D., of Cambridge, Mass., great-grandson of Dr. James Whiton, D.D., a former pastor of this church.

BAPTIST
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

The usual mid-week meeting is omitted this week.

Sunday, August 14. All services in this church will be omitted that our people may join in the Sesqui-Centennial Sunday observance.

Died from Injuries

Stepping directly in front of an electric car at Main and Kinsley streets, in Nashua, on Saturday last, Edward H. French, deaf and dumb, of Revere, Mass., received injuries from which he died at a hospital a block away to which he was taken. A daughter resides in Arlington, Mass. The operator of the car told the police that the man stepped on the tracks so quickly he had no time to put on the brakes, though the car was moving slowly.

Mr. French was a brother to Malcolm S. French, of Antrim, and had frequently visited here.

A. H. S. Alumni Reunion

After the band concert on Friday evening, August 12, a reunion of the Antrim High School Alumni will be held in the town hall. It is hoped that all Alumni with their families and guests will attend and participate in the good time. The reunion will be in the form of a pop concert and a variety program of entertainment will be presented, including music by the Dearborn orchestra.

One feature of the evening that Alumni will hail with delight will be some good old fashioned promenading.

After the entertainment a business meeting of the A. H. S. Alumni Association will be held.

Alumni are urged to broadcast this notice, and if any former High school teachers are in town at the time to be sure that they receive an invitation.

Refreshments will be offered for sale by Class of '28, A. H. S.

The committee having in charge the pop concert on Friday evening, under management and direction of A.H.S. Alumni Association, wish to make it plain that the attendance at this affair will not be restricted to the Alumni, but like all other features of the celebration, the concert will be free and open to the public.

MICKIE SAYS—

Regarding Antrim's Sesqui-Centennial

Continued from first page

Pageant Field, and at the same place on Thursday evening will take place the dress rehearsal. All the cast has instructions regarding these preliminaries, and they will await with interest such final instructions as Miss Church feels they need, for every participant is very anxious to do his or her best to make this special feature the grand success it ought to be.

Sesqui-Centennial Athletic Events

All who are interested in sports will meet at the town hall on Friday a. m., at 8.30 o'clock. At 9 o'clock a parade will be formed of the contestants and rooters, headed by the Antrim Band, and will march to the Athletic Field on West street, where the following sports program will be carried out:

Standing Broad Jump
Running Broad Jump
Running High Jump
100 yd. Dash, for males
Pipe race, for males 20 or over
Relay Race, for males
100 yd. Dash, for females
Relay Race, for females
Sack Race, for boys

Prizes will be awarded to each winner and all entries must be booked one event in advance. See Alwin Young. There will be plenty of music and lots of fun.

Let start the three days' celebration with a boom.

C. W. PRENTISS,
Chairman Sports Committee.

The Schools

Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, cars will be in waiting at the High school building to take all who wish to visit scenes of former school days.

At twelve o'clock, a basket lunch, to be eaten in the High school building, on the grounds, or at the William E. Cram Grove.

At one o'clock, the feature of the day's celebration—a parade—to include, it is hoped, every person present who has ever attended school in Antrim. The parade will be formed in groups under banners beginning with 1860 and ending with 1930, arranged by decades thus: The 1860–1870 group will include all who attended school during these years. The next group, 1870–1880, all who attended during 1870 and 1880, and continue to 1930, thus including the school children of today.

Kindly notice that if you ever attended school in Antrim, have ever taught in Antrim, or served on a school board, that the parade includes you.

The line of march will be up West street to Jameson avenue, through the avenue to Summer, down Summer to Main, up Main to Concord, down Concord to the Concord street entrance to High school grounds.

Upon return to High school, a short program will be given, consisting of music and speeches by former Antrim school boys and girls. At the close of the program, a social hour and real get together, to continue as long as the last "school girl or boy" wishes to stay or has a story to tell.

It is the desire of the committee to make this the biggest, jolliest and best school reunion ever held in Antrim! Will you help?

Pageant Notes

Since the first rehearsal of the several groups of the Pageant, there has never been so many really family parties in this town in the same length of time. Everybody has entered into the spirit of the occasion and had a perfectly lovely time.

A registration book will be in the James A. Tuttle Library during the Sesqui for use of everybody who calls. Let every person register, so that a complete list may be had and kept for future reference.

When Deacon James Aiken, in the person of Ralph H. Tibbals, comes upon the grassy stage, it will be a fitting reminder of one of Antrim's notable events. For on August 12, 1767, just 160 years come Friday, James Aiken brought his wife and four children to the cabin he had built "at the foot of the hill in South Village."

Camp chairs will probably be admitted on the Pageant Field in certain sections, and those desiring to use them will do well to find out from the committee in charge in which sections they are allowed.

"A City Garage in a Country Town"

HANCOCK GARAGE

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

Hudson - Essex Sales and Service

Also the Special Tools for the Service of Buick, Studebaker, Chevrolet, Overland and Ford.

We have installed the latest Equipment for the Regrinding of Cylinders and are prepared to give you Prompt and Efficient Service by having the best Mechanics in this section, Combined with the best Equipped Garage, means 100% Repair Work.

Among our Equipment we list the following: Reboring Machine, Connection Rod Straightener, Port Reamers, Flectric Valve Facer and Cylinder Block Valve Expansion Reamers, Rebabbitting of Bearings, Lathe and Machine Work of All Kinds; also Oxc-acetylene Welding and Carbon Burning.

Our Satisfied Customers are our best Advertisement. Ask Your Neighbor About Us.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

ONCE ——— ALWAYS

"A City Garage in a Country Town"

SOUVENIR PROGRAMME

Now On Sale!

ANTRIM

Sesqui - Centennial

The Souvenir Program is issued in booklet form. It contains 76 pages bound in a beautiful cover. 40 illustrations. Program of each day's events. Complete story of the Pageant, "MEN OF ANTRIM." Historical sketch of the town. Many interesting features.

To best understand and enjoy the Pageant (which will be free to the public and given Friday afternoon, Aug. 12, and Saturday evening, August 13) it is essential to have a Program.

ANTRIM REPORTER — C. F. BUTTERFIELD
GOODNOW & DERBY
S. E. LANE SPECIALTY SHOP — WEST ST. GARAGE

Buy Your Copy of Program NOW
Price Fifteen Cents Each

YOU SHOULD HAVE A FLOWER GARDEN

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

Installment No. 70

The flower gardener never rests with the present. The time beyond, when this or that favorite will brighten the garden and gladden the heart is always in mind. The time is eagerly awaited when some choice or rare seed shall grow and offer him its wondrous bloom. Not many kinds may now be sown for this season's bloom, but some for next season should be planted now without more delay. Among them are the Pansies, Forget-me-nots, Delphiniums, and English Daisies.

Pansies and Forget-me-nots both may be transplanted to the Tulip beds, if the Tulips are planted by October first, or the job may be done in early spring if the Tulips are planted late. They make an excellent ground cover for the bulbs. English Daisies may also be used for the same purpose. Care should be used to see that the beds are arranged so that surface water does not stand upon the beds.

The American Bluebell, Mertensia virginica, may be used with beautiful effect among those Tulips with which it will harmonize. It is time to order the fall bulbs. Try to obtain a few, if not more than half a dozen. Nothing takes their place in spring.

The litle Siberian Squill, Scilla sibiraca, of the loveliest blue, growing only a few inches high, comes soon after the snow is gone. It will grace a sheltered nook, does not mind a thin soil, and will increase year by year, till its little sheets of color come to be one of the most gratifying beauties of early spring.

The Delphiniums may yet be planted. Even though the plants are quite small, by winter, with a little protection, they will live, and will bloom next year. Delphiniums need good feeding. After blooming, unless seed is wanted, the old flower heads should be removed and extra feed given, when a second crop of bloom may be expected, but do not ask too much unless you give occasional feed, and plenty of cultivation. Vigorous plants should stand at least three feet apart, will grow seven feet tall, and in most instances will require staking.

HAROLD L. BROWN.

LOST SAVINGS BANK BOOK

Notice is hereby given that Hillsboro Guaranty Savings [illegible] of Hillsboro, N. H., has sued to Wilfred H. Cody, of [illegible]nington, N. H., its book of de[illegible] No. 9078, and that such book [illegible] been lost or destroyed, and [illegible] Bank has been requested to issue [illegible] duplicate thereof.

WILFRED H. CODY.
Dated July 20, 1927.

SICK WOMAN SOON RECOVERS

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"A neighbor advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which she said had helped her so much. So I bought a few bottles and tried it out. It sure helped me wonderfully. I felt much better. My work was no longer a dread to me. If I hear of any one who is troubled the way I was, I will gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to them and I will answer any letters in regard to the same."—Mrs. Bertha Meachan, 1134 N. Penn. Ave., Lansing, Mich.

"I had been sickly ever since I was fifteen years old. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I got so I could do all my housework and I am in good health."—Mrs. Marie K. Williams, Ketchikan, Alaska.

From Michigan to Alaska, from Maine to Oregon and from Connecticut to California letters are continually being written by grateful women recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The Compound is made from roots and herbs and for more than fifty years has been helping to restore run-down, over-worked women to health.

Are you on the Sunlit Road to Better Health?

BUSINESS PLACES FOR SALE
Located in progressive New England district, all personally investigated by our own appraisers, and guaranteed by the owners.

CONFECTIONERY—NUT SHOP
Finest location and best equipped in Springfield; 14 tables; candy making equipment in basement; doing large nut bus.; sales $25,000 yr.; profits $6,000 annually; rent $100 mo.; price $11,500. File M1502.

GROCERY AND MEATS
In live Mass. city near Boston; sales $500 wk.; est. 20 yrs.; good lease; rent $50 mo.; price $5,400. File M1508.

RADIO STORE
Springfield; good clientele est.; doing $1,000 mo. with rent only $40; real proposition at $5,000. File M2103.

MEAT MARKET—GROCERY
Springfield, completely equipped; sales $500 wk.; est. 7 yrs.; same owner, will sell cheap. $1,800. File M1507.

MFG. JEWELER BUSINESS
Near Boston; make compacts, cig. cases, etc.; up-to-date tools and dies; sales $75,000 yr.; low rent; $8,000 is good price for this old established business. File M1504.

GARAGE—PROPERTY
on main road to Boston; completely equipped; 1-3½ ton truck and 1 wrecking truck; 2 gas pumps; r. e. consists of 5 rm. house and 12 acres land; sales $10,000 annually; r. e. and us. priced at $12,500. File M1501.

DRUG STORE
Finest in large R. I. town; est. 9 yrs.; same owner; up-to-date fixtures; rent $125 monthly; does $25,000 yearly; for quick sale $16,500. File M1502.

GROCERY—MEATS
Located on main street Pawtucket, R. I.; est. 5 yrs.; same owner; good lease; sales $1,000 weekly; will sell for $4,500. File M1503.

THE APPLE-COLE COMPANY
BOSTON OFFICE - 314 Providence Bldg.
Executive Offices
1001 Transportation Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

100 MAJESTIC DARWIN TULIPS 10 various colors, postpaid $2.75. Catalog mailed FREE. Buy direct from Holland's best growers. HOLLAND BULB CO., 428 W. 25th St., New York City.

Opportunity to Earn $50 Per Week Spare time; permanent, pleasant work for men with Chevrolet cars in every town. Write Mr. Allen, 221 Tulsa Trust Bldg., Tulsa, Okla.

MAKE BIG MONEY Working for a Big Manufacturer. Send References. We will appoint you our agent. THE CONTINENTAL PRODUCTS CO., Lucfid, O.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME, HAVE AN honest money making business of your own; get started right. Write now for free particulars. Buckeye Service, Columbus, Ohio.

SCOTCH GRAIN LEATHER KEY CASE, books for six keys, glove snap fastener, send 25c. Brockton Key Case Co., 804 Pleasant St., Brockton, Mass.

SOUND REFRESHING SLEEP That's what Nature demands to make you well and keep you so. It's when you sleep that your body cells are recharged—your strength and vigor renewed and hard work made easy to do. NODD is safe nonhabit forming sleep producer which contains no opiates or drugs. Liberal size box 50c. Midwest Laboratories, Dept. B, 1758 E. 100th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

$10 Daily Cash Commission Selling guaranteed bed-spreads, window draperies and table damask. Write today for free sample outfit. Carolina Mills Company, Gaffney, S. C.

BEAT THE BEES, MAKE YOUR OWN honey. Finest table syrup. Preferred by many to real honey. Formula 50c coin. H. S. DIVINE, Bloomington, Calif.

Freckles Disfigure the most beautiful face; remove them with Dr. C. H. Berry Co.'s Freckle Ointment, $1.25 and 65c at your dealer or by mail prepaid. Beauty Booklet Free. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 275 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
Since 1846 Has Healed Wounds and Sores on Man and Beast
Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

American Patents

Lest anyone think Americans have gone the limit with inventions, the United States is still issuing about 25,000 patents a year.

Woes of a Bank Teller

Banking, as understood by some women, is a mysterious process, according to one bank teller. The other day a woman handed in her bank book filled with scratched pages and illegible scrawls.

"How did this happen?" he asked.

"Why," she explained sweetly, "the last time my account was balanced it didn't come out right, so I just changed it in the little red book."

Another announced indignantly: "I'm going to take my money out of this bank at once. They are so disagreeable, they have just told me my account is overdrawn."

A New Way to Make Jellies

Without Staining Fingers—Without Long Hours of Boiling—Without Depending Upon Berries or Fruit Being in Season.

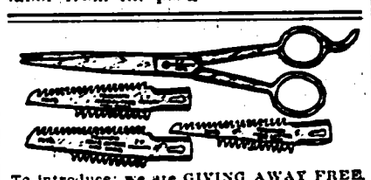
One of the most interesting and yet one of the simplest new products in the food field is called minute jelly. It is pure fruit or berry juice already boiled down and concentrated. To this concentrated juice, fruit pectin in the right amount has been added. The pectin is that part of fruit which makes jelly "jell." It is as pure and wholesome as the fruit juice.

To make the jelly take the little bottle of concentrated juice, pour in a sauce pan, add water and sugar according to directions on the bottle and boil a few minutes. Then pour into jelly glasses and when it has become cold you have the most delicious pure fruit jelly you ever tasted.

A few bottles kept on hand, selected according to your taste for jellies, and you can make up a few glasses just as you want it. One small bottle makes two glasses of jelly. If you wish to try two bottles send us twenty-five cents and we will give you your choice of grape, mint, pineapple, orange, raspberry, strawberry or blackberry. Or four bottles—all different—for fifty cents. Address Department WU, General Packing Corp., Cranford, New Jersey.—Adv.

To Build Home for Post

Waite Phillips, Tulsa (Okla.) oil man, is being hailed as the fairy godfather of Joe Carson post of the American Legion following the making public of his name as the doner of $11,000 to build a home for the post in Legion park there. The building is being erected partially with volunteer labor from the post.



To introduce; we are GIVING AWAY FREE, one pair finest steel barber shears and case, with our patented Hair Cutting quick-change gauges, enabling anyone to cut their own or others hair any length without notching. Newest invention, for every home. Set complete $2.50 prepaid. Terms to agents.
C. V. PRODUCTS CORP.
359-B Pearl Street - - - New York.

E. M. H. GAS EQUALIZERS
Give a uniform mixture in each cylinder. Improves your motor 50 per cent. More power, quicker pickup. Less gasoline, heat and carbon. Eliminates motor vibration. Write for circular. Give name, year and model of car. Manufactured by WM. J. KELLY, 63 Lane St., Lowell, Mass.

1—How dry I am!
2—Have another drink?
DUTCH PORCELAIN DECANTER Qt. Size
It plays, above tunes if you lift it, from Table
Other Handsome Musical Novelties. Catalog Free.
MERMOD & CO.
16 E. 23rd St., N. Y.
Oh Boy!

Portraits Given to Post

Portraits of two Elizabethtown men who were killed in action in France have been presented to Elizabeth Post No. 139 of the American Legion by their mothers. The two men, Joseph P. Barnes and Joseph A. Ryan, were buried by the post in a double military funeral when their bodies were returned from France.

The giant star Betelgeuse is 50,000,000 times as large as our sun, but only 50 times as heavy.

Ma Buzz went to the country, Hooray!

FLIT spray clears your home of flies and mosquitoes. It also kills bed bugs, roaches, ants, and their eggs. Fatal to insects but harmless to mankind. Will not stain. Get Flit today.

FLIT
DESTROYS
Flies Mosquitoes Moths
Ants Bed Bugs Roaches
"The yellow can with the black band"

The KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1927, by Western Newspaper Union.)

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That some one was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

SUMMER DISHES

As the summer season is with us we need to find foods that are appropriate to the season and serve our meals with as little waste energy as possible. Juicy fruits, leafy vegetables, cooling dishes and ices of various kinds are always welcome during the warm days.

Veal Croquettes.—Put a pint of veal through a salt and a generous sprinkling of pepper meat grinder, add a tablespoonful of rika, a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of finely minced onion, three tablespoonfuls of flour and three-fourths of a cupful of veal stock or milk. Cook together five minutes, add two well-beaten eggs, stir until well mixed; mix with the veal. Shape, allowing a tablespoonful of the mixture for each croquette. Dip in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with a white or a tomato sauce.

Lemon Sherbet.—Take the juice of three lemons, two cupfuls of sugar and one quart of milk. Mix and freeze as usual.

Cherry Pudding.—Mix together the following ingredients: One and one-third cupfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the yolk of an egg and the white beaten stiff and folded in. Pour this batter over a quart of pitted cherries and steam one hour. To make the sauce add sugar to the juice of the cherries, with a tablespoonful each of butter and flour and cook well together. A bit of nutmeg may be added.

Vegetable Dish.—Cook together young onions, new carrots and green peas in as little water as possible, adding small cubes of fried salt pork, a half cupful to a pint of vegetables. When the vegetables are cooked add seasoning with enough milk to serve as a sauce with the vegetables.

Picnic Lunches.

During the picnic season we are looking for foods easy to carry and prepare for serving, which will be otherwise popular.

When one is planning for a trip of several days and wishes to take food for the entire trip, nut bread will be found a good one, as it keeps moist for several days.

Nut Bread.—Take one cupful of sugar, one egg, three-fourths cupful of walnut meats, two and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix the dry ingredients, beat the egg, add one cupful of milk, mix and beat well and add the nuts. Let stand twenty minutes before putting into the oven. Bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

For a doughnut that keeps moist the following will be a good one to use:

Potato Doughnuts.—Cream three tablespoonfuls of butter, add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, the yolks of three eggs and one white, one cupful of freshly mashed potato, one-fourth of a cupful of milk, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt and flavor with grated nutmeg. Cream the butter, add the sugar, then the eggs, stir in the potato which has been lightened with the egg white, beaten stiff, add milk and the flour gradually. Chill on ice before rolling out and less flour will be needed. The less flour used the more moist will keep the doughnuts.

Lunch Cake.—Take one-third of a cupful of softened butter, add one and one-third cupfuls of brown sugar, two beaten eggs, one-half cupful of milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half cupful of raisins and one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour. Put all together and beat three minutes. Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven.

Beef Fricadelles.—Take two cupfuls of cold cooked beef minced fine, season with salt, pepper, sage and thyme, lemon juice and grated rind and a tablespoonful of grated onion. Add one-half cupful of bread crumbs or cold cooked rice and one egg well beaten. Add water if needed, form into flat cakes and fry in hot butter.

Frizzled Beef With Eggs.—Cut into strips a few slices of dried beef, fry in a little butter and two or three eggs and a few tablespoonfuls of milk; stir until cooked and serve with buttered toast for breakfast. Bacon served in the same way is especially good.

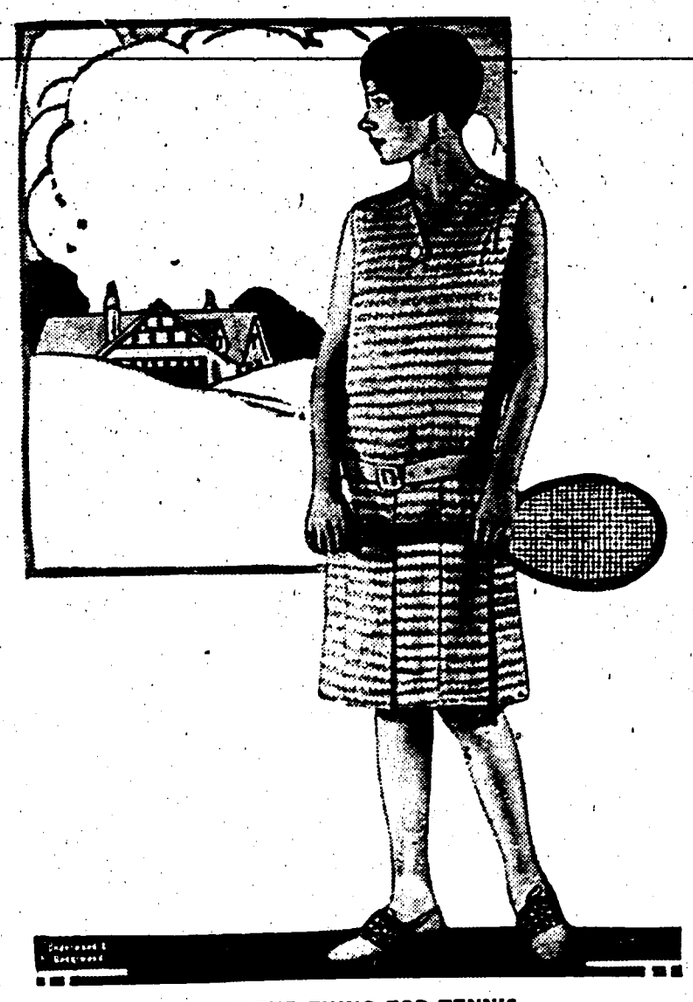
Nellie Maxwell

SLEEVELESS FROCK IN FAVOR; MILLINERY FOR MIDSUMMER

TO BE sleeved or to be sleeveless, "that is the question," and at present the sleeveless have totaled a majority. It is not all a matter of taste and preference either, for with the thermometer at top notch, the sleeveless dress just has to be, in order to insure comfort.

When it comes to playing favorite with the tennis enthusiast the sleeveless "gains the day." The picture shows a costume typical of the prevailing sports-frock mode. It is of handsome white washable Chinese silk damask—stylish and correct in every detail to its very hemline.

The fact that it is all white with just a touch of bright red in the belt is significant—and oh, yes! almost forgot to state that the white kid shoes are red-heeled. The vogue for enlivening white with red is confirmed throughout sports modes.



JUST THE THING FOR TENNIS

One way of supplying the color note to the otherwise all-white costume is to wear a very gay jacket over a sleeveless white crepe or white satin dress. Sometimes the coatee is white, too, but lavishly embroidered in flashy reds and blues and greens. A coat of alluring charm comes styled of white leather, contrasted by a bright red lining.

A white flannel jacket suit with a red velvet belt, a lapel red velvet flower, and red bone buttons used for fastening interprets the white-with-a-touch-of-color mode to the point of fascination.

There is also a strong liking expressed for yellow with white. Yellow sweaters with white plaited skirts frequent the style stage. Often a white crepe de chine dress boasts a narrow hemline border with cuffs, collar and belt of yellow.

Sports coats which carry color, and which are intended to accompany the all-white dress include stunning novelties such as those of quilted green shantung, a pin-tucked lavender flannel, also coolie coats galore.

Extreme simplicity distinguishes the now-so-fashionable broad-of-brim hat. Furthermore, the advent of these wide brims, some of which are enormous, has brought straw into prominence. It is very certain that women of fashion are eagerly turning to these large milans, ballibuntis and crin transparencies, as a relief from the little felts and fabric hats which have for so long a time held sway in the realm of millinery.

As to large black milan shapes, they are too numerous to count, but aside from these there is no lack of diversification in the picturesque huge-brim chapeaux which are playing so conspicuous a part in fashion's midsummer program.

Two views of an entrancing transparent hair hat are given at the top of this picture. Not only is the use of ribbon pronounced, but a few exclusive French shapes hint at a return to favor of the upturned brim.

The vogue of navy blue extends to milady's hat this season, and many of the handsomest wide brim numbers are in this color, thus complementing the frock with which they are worn. Smartly attired women are wearing navy blue milans such as the one pictured to the left in this group. Navy blue polka dot ribbon effectively bands the crown, terminating in a conventional bow. There is also a semi-facing of the polka dot. Very likely she who is so fortunate as to acquire the original of this modish chapeau, will buy navy kidskin shoes and handbag to complete the color ensemble, according to latest style dictates.

SOME MIDSUMMER HATS

The final hat in this group is a quality-kind black ballibunti. It has aristocracy written into its every detail. Notice the soft satin ribbon loops emerging from the side-back crown line. Many French milliners are working with broad satin ribbons introducing them on their latest models.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

(©, 1927, by Western Newspaper Union.)

THE AMERICAN LEGION

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

SMASH RECORDS IN TROPHIES CONTEST

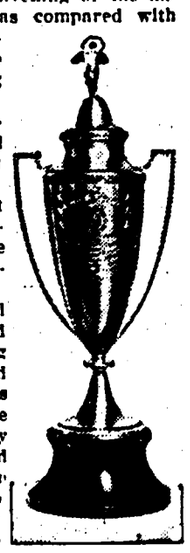
The 1927 race for three of the coveted trophies awarded for membership work in the American Legion will long be remembered as the most earnestly contested in Legion history. Early in the year various departments, not only the states, but the department of Canada and the department of Italy, especially, made efforts to keep ahead of their membership records of 1926, and as the time approaches for the national convention in Paris, France, in September, the lead over the preceding year totals more than 50,000.

H. MacNider Trophy.

The three membership trophies for which the departments fight throughout the entire Legion year are the Hanford MacNider, the John G. Emery and the Franklin D'Olier cups. The donors are past national commanders of the Legion, MacNider now being assistant secretary of war.

The MacNider trophy is awarded annually to that department attaining the highest percentage of membership over its preceding year's membership.

The Emery trophy is awarded each year to that department having the highest percentage of membership 30 days before the convening of the national convention as compared with the average membership for the four preceding years.



J. G. Emery Trophy.

The D'Olier trophy is awarded annually to that department attaining the highest percentage of eligible ex-service men in said department.

These national contests inspired many others during the spring and summer months and never before were so many unique bets and campaigns put on between posts and within local post between teams. Typical of hundreds of other similar affairs was a drive of the Exeter (Calif.) Legion post No. 94, and as in other instances, the public enjoyed the campaign as much as the Legionnaires.

At the climax of the campaign the fifteen losing members of the Exeter post paid a penalty agreed upon by dressing as girls and holding a street parade. The "he-flappers" also were compelled to wait on the others at a banquet held in the middle of the main street, which was lined with spectators.

"Miss" Jack Schmitt, an aviator in the World war and Tulare county council commander, was an up-to-the-minute modern debutante. The crowd declared he used the feminine toilet articles as though he had years of experience, or else had a good teacher.

F. D'Olier Trophy.

Homer Strong, butcher, at a given signal just before the parade started, rolled up in a "straight eight" limousine. A chauffeur and two footmen were in attendance. One footman opened the door and the other led out a small, white poodle, much bedecked with ribbons. Then out stepped "Senorita" Strong, in the laces and silks of a wealthy Castillian lady.

Each of the others represented some female character: one a Waikiki beach belle, another a washerwoman and another a "Black Beauty." The spirit of hilarity, often seen in the training and rest camps of the World war, was rampant, and the relatives and friends of the former service men helped make the evening a success with their comments and applause.

Aided Flood Victims

Having been aided a few months before to the extent of $500 during the Florida hurricane, the Lindley de Garmo post No. 70, of Coconut Grove, Fla., contributed the same amount for the relief of flood victims in the Mississippi valley. The Post has 87 members.

Money for Hospital

Officials of the Doernbecher hospital at Portland, Ore., recently received $20,000 from the American Legion, department of Oregon, used towards the maintenance of hospital for veterans.

"BAYER ASPIRIN" PROVED SAFE

Take without Fear as Told in "Bayer" Package

BAYER

Does not affect the Heart

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

Colds	Headache
Neuritis	Lumbago
Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

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

Headache Relieved

Safely—Promptly

MANY wonder how one powder can relieve a headache so quickly. No habit-forming drugs. Packed in envelopes to fit your pocket. Four doses for 10c — at all druggists.

GARFIELD Headache Powders

CORNS

Ends pain at once!

In one *minute* pain from corns is ended. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this *safely* by removing the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, healing. At all drug and shoe stores. Cost but a trifle.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

HAY-FEVER AND SUMMER ASTHMA

ALLEVIATE YOUR ATTACK

Just take two small RAZ-MAH capsules and experience the immediate relief that you have always hoped for. RAZ-MAH will not harm the heart or other organs, and contains no habit forming drugs. Many hundreds of people now use and endorse RAZ-MAH. Prove it in your own case. For The Generous Free Trial write Raz-Mah Co., 220 W. Congress St., Detroit, Mich. or ask your druggist for the $1 box. Relief guaranteed or your money refunded.

—RAZ-MAH is in a Red Box with an Orange Band—

BEST for the Complexion

The beauty of Glenn's is the beauty it brings to the complexion—soft, smooth, clear white skin, free of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap Rohland's Styptic Cotton 25c

Contains 33⅓% Pure Sulphur. At Druggists.

GARDEN HOSE

8c A FOOT

With brass couplings; guaranteed. Mail orders filled. S. BORNSTEIN, 112 Beverly St., Near North Station, Boston, Mass.

Reverse Process

Hattie—Did you say that your friend married a man to reform him?

Helen—Nothing so old-fashioned. I said she married a reformer to make a man of him.

BABIES CRY FOR "CASTORIA"

Prepared Especially for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 30 years as a pleasant, harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups. Contains no narcotics. Proven directions are on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

The genuine bears signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

EXTINCTION OF EIDER DUCK BLOCKED BY LAW

Staging a Comeback Under Canadian Protection.

Washington.—Eider ducks, in the shadow of extinction, are doing a comeback, thanks to the protection of the Canadian government, according to the American Nature association. This is the duck that plucks down from her breast to keep her young warm.

Arthur Newton Pack, associate editor of Nature Magazine, informed Vincent Massey, Canadian minister, he had received a telegram fom Howard H. Cleaves of the association at Wolfbay, Que., reporting on his investigation. The telegram from Cleaves says:

"Eider ducks numerous along Canadian Labrador coast due to excellent protection by the government. I have seen more than 2,000 breeding birds in ten days' cruising. Hundreds of them in each of four sanctuaries cited to date. From one hilltop I saw 75. Nesting birds flew up on all sides.

Icebergs Don't Bother Them.

Despite lingering snow banks and passing icebergs, some eiders have hatched. This fine bird is making wonderful recovery from shadow of extinction and with good weather there will be a large increase this year."

"This is certainly good news," Pack wrote to Minister Massey, "and on behalf of the thousands of members of the American Nature association I want to thank the Canadian government.

"Eider ducks on the great breeding grounds in Labrador were nearing extinction because of constant collection of eggs and killing of adult birds for their feathers and down. Before 1870 vessels were fitted out in New England for this purpose.

"When there were young in the nests the old birds were molting their flight quills and unable to fly. Men surrounded, drove them together and killed them with clubs, leaving the helpless young to perish. All this for feathers alone, for the birds had no food value.

Import Eiderdown.

"For a number of years this went on until the birds were so reduced as to make feather hunting unprofitable. During this time and ever since eggers, fishermen and settlers have destroyed both birds and eggs until the vast eider nurseries are a mere memory and we are importing our eiderdown from the more humane people of the Old world.

"In Norway and Iceland, where these birds are protected, they become almost as tame as domesticated fowls, nesting places are made in the turf or among stones and some of them even nest on the sod roofs of houses.

Actor, Telepathist, Reads Court's Mind

New York.—With absolutely nothing up his sleeve and no confederates in the house, Joseph Dunninger, a vaudeville mind reader, told Magistrate Mancery in Traffic court that the magistrate was going to sentence him to pay $5 or spend two days in jail for parking on West Forty-seventh street during the theater hour.

He was right.

The magistrate, not above conducting a scientific experiment to liven the tedium of the Traffic court, decided that he would give his public a demonstration as to whether a mind reader is or isn't.

"You are thinking, 'Don't park your car near theaters in the rush hour,'" the telepathic parker told the magistrate.

"What is the sentence I am about to give you?" he inquired, as if he were asking Dunninger what is the number of the gentleman's gold watch and is the little lady going to marry the young man she is keeping company with. Will you concentrate, please?"

"Five dollars or two days in jail," quoth the mind reader mournfully.

British Service Men Make Cloth for Frocks

London.—Disabled former service men are engaged in decorating fine cloth for rest gowns, day frocks and evening gowns.

Princess Mary has bought three dress lengths of the decorated cloth known as "painted fabric."

One is of the soft blue inlet with lavender panels, having a hyacinth and lavender crocus border painted up from the hem of the skirt. Another dress length is in rose pink with a medieval painted design. Princess Mary also bought an apricot-colored shawl with the same type of work.

Turkish Dogs Spend Summer on Boats

Scutari, Turkey.—In Turkish villages along the Bosporus a dog's life is that of a sailor.

When a village becomes "overhounded" with street dogs the village fathers, loath to kill, as the Koran dictates kindness to animals, charter a ferry boat and ship a load of dog derelicts across the straits to some village on the opposite shore. The villagers on the other side ferry them back, adding a quota of their own.

The original exporters retaliate, and thus a game of battledore and shuttlecock wages yearly between Europe and Asia.

SHADOWY HAND DISTURBS TOWN

Appears on Wall Near Picture of Dead Man.

Aosta, Italy.—Priests and spiritualists, using respectively exorcisms and mediums, are seeking to probe the mystery of a shadowy hand, which for some weeks now has been disturbing the family peace of a modest workman, Giuseppe Della Villa, who lives here with his wife and four children.

Some months ago, a brother of Della Villa, who lived in the house, died, and a few weeks ago, the family hung up a photographic enlargement of the deceased in the room in which he slept.

The first signs of the psychic phenomenon were noted by Della Villa and his wife one night about ten o'clock. The clearly defined shadow of a hand appeared on the wall close to the photograph, and the fingers opened and closed as if trying to grasp something.

The neighbors were called in, and the phenomenon was repeated in the presence of half a dozen people. The dead hand was shadowed on the wall near the photograph on several other occasions, always at night time, and the parish priest was called in to pronounce an exorcism.

This seems to have produced no effect on the shadowy hand, which continued to show up every other night about bedtime.

Some local spiritualists then interested themselves, and brought a medium to the house. According to the medium, the hand is a spirit manifestation from the dead brother, who is trying to convey a message to the family. What this message is, the medium does not pretend to know.

Plan to Strengthen Plane Wings Found

Washington.—Patient work at the bureau of standards is gradually evolving a solution for the problem of aluminum corrosion which may greatly increase the utility of aircraft.

Airplane wings constructed of "doped" cloth stretched over wooden frames are fragile things. To the layman it has long seemed that the strength and durability of the wings would be greater if the frames were made of steel or some aluminum alloy.

The possibilities of metal wings, however, have been greatly restricted by the disposition of the complex alloys to corrode and ruin the expensive fabrics even more rapidly than the conditions of operation have worn out the cloth and wooden structures.

The bureau workers, aided by industrial laboratory experts and equipment, have been seeking a solution of the metal difficulties for some time.

They have determined that, if duraluminum, one of the aluminum alloys of sufficient lightness and strength for plane wings, is coated with pure aluminum by a metal spray process, it can stand even salt water exposure for a year without deterioration.

Some experts are hopeful that by adding a corrosion resistant to the material through special treatment of the alloy during preparation it will be possible to produce all-metal aircraft that will be fireproof and durable.

Exhume Shakespeare for Science, Demand

London. — The body of William Shakespeare may at last be unearthed in the interest of science. For 300 years his grave has been protected by the awe-inspiring verse which says:

Good Frend for Jesvs Sake Forebeare
To Digg the Dvst Enclosed Heare,
Blest be ye Man yt Spares Thes Stones,
And Cyrst be he yt Moves my Bones.

But now a movement is on foot to ask for a "reverent and scientific official examination" of the poet's grave and a measurement of his skull.

A British scientific journal, the Antiquarian, calls attention to the fact that while the remains of Ben Jonson, Milton and Cromwell were subjected to indignities, on the other hand, a number of famous men's bones have been disinterred in a manner which made the ceremony a tribute to their greatness.

New Problem

Washington.—A new problem for officials in cities with a colored-lighting system for traffic control has developed—color blindness of automobile drivers.

California Once Was Porpoise Playground

New York.—Porpoises, little brothers of the whales, once swam in the shallow seas that are now dry land in California. A newly discovered fossil, reported by Dr. William K. Gregory and Dr. Remington Kellogg of the American Museum of Natural History, links California of a hundred thousand years ago with South America of today, for the bones dug up by a San Diego naturalist, Charles K. Sternberg, closely resemble those of a small group of living porpoises that are now known to be found only in certain rivers of the southern part of South America. The teeth of the newly discovered fossils are shaped like little battle axes.

TRAVELS TO EUROPE AND BACK ON NICKEL

Boy, Fourteen, Well Satisfied With Trip Abroad.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Herbert Avram, fourteen-year-old adventurer, who got to Paris on a nickel and a lot of self-reliance, although Colonel Lingbergh needed an airplane and some letters of introduction for the same trip, returned the other day on the La Savoie, the ship on which he stowed away in a stateroom.

Herbert returned as a third-class passenger. But even then he had the run of the ship, as he was the only one in that class, and had the privileges of cabin passengers. The French line had decided to treat him as a third-class tourist and had billed his father for $175, half fare for the round trip.

Despite the bill, Morris Avram, an inventor of Manhattan, was not at the pier to greet his globe-trotting offspring. At this Herbert was visibly downcast. Herbert admitted that he expected a licking. A friend of the family, Alexander O'Hara, took him home in a taxicab.

Mum Regarding Trip.

Herbert would not discuss the trip. On the eastward passage the boy was a general favorite with the passengers, who raised a purse for him, but he has refused to let any glamor be built up around him. To most questions he answered, "Bunk," although he was not asked about the skyline or American women. He denied that he went to see Lindbergh, saying he went "just for the trip."

He did have one regret. He was sorry he had not taken his five-year old brother along.

"My father expected me to take care of him at home," he said. "If I had taken him along things might have worked out smoother."

Would Not Have Him Jailed.

Edme Vasco, purser of the La Savoie, said the French line did not like to turn over boys of Herbert's age to the police. The usual passport requirements were waived and he was placed in the custody of his two sisters, Marguerite and Violet, students in Paris, who cared for him until the ship was ready to make the return voyage.

And he came back with more clothes than he left, his sisters having outfitted him with a bathrobe, pajamas and two fresh shirts, which he carried in a small black bag. Whether or not he still had his nickel could not be learned.

To Applaud or Not to Applaud Stirs Musicians

London.—To be applauded or not to be applauded. That is the question which is agitating London's music world today.

There are two hostile camps. One holds that a real masterpiece, such as an opera or a brilliant pianoforte solo by Paderewski, should be received with a solemn hush. And the other thinks that approval should be "signified in the usual manner."

So far the loud applauders seem to be victorious, if the opinions of such as Sir Thomas Beecham, the conductor, and Sir Landon Ronald, the composer and conductor, can be taken.

"I wish people were more demonstrative," said Beecham. "Nowadays, as a rule, we applaud either in the wrong place or not at all. Concert audiences sometimes choose the worst possible moment for their applause—before the piece has ended, for instance. As long as the applause is in the right place, the more of it the better."

"It's all nonsense," said Ronald, "artists love applause. That's a thing that troubles an artist when he is making a record for the phonograph. He sings into a trumpet—he puts his heart and soul into it—and at the end there is just dead silence. It seems almost unnatural."

One Auto in U. S. for Every Five Citizens

Washington.—The United States has one automobile in operation for each five of its citizens, the automobile division of the Department of Commerce announces, basing its figures on a recent survey.

Statistics for the world as a whole showed 27,670,267 machines in operation at the beginning of the year, or one for each sixty-six of the population.

In Canada and Hawaii there is one machine to each eleven of population while New Zealand has one to twelve. Australia and Denmark one to seventeen. Great Britain one to forty-three. Argentine one to forty-five, and France one to forty-six.

It was estimated that 95 per cent of all the automobiles operating in the world are of American origin, though a considerable proportion of them were assembled in foreign branches of American factories.

Seek Beetle Parasites for Planters in Hawaii

Honolulu, T. H.—F. C. Hadden of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' association is now on his way to Formosa to collect parasites to control the Japanese beetle. The beetle, which is an epidemic to southern China, is kept in check in Formosa by natural enemies. It is hoped that introduction of the Formosan parasite into Hawaii will help control the pest here.

"Are you coming to my party, Frank? We'll have Monarch Cocoa and Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter sandwiches." "Am I coming? I'll be the first one there!"

EVERY genuine Monarch package bears the Lion Head, the oldest trademark in the United States covering a complete line of the world's finest food products—Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Catsup, Pickles, Peanut Butter, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, and other superior table specialties.

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
Established 1853
Chicago Pittsburgh Boston New York Jacksonville Tampa Los Angeles

Monarch is the only nationally advertised brand of QUALITY Food Products sold exclusively through the men who own and operate their own stores.

MONARCH
Quality for 70 Years

Centenarian Last Man of Grand Army Post

Washington post, G. A. R., of South Boston passed out of existence, when its last surviving member, John Connors, died at his home at the age of one hundred one. A native of Ireland, he joined the navy before the outbreak of the Civil war, fought in the battle of Mobile bay, and remained in the service for many years.

It is not extraordinary that a Grand Army post should come to an end through the death of all its members. There were many that have been so terminated, and in most of them the membership has been reduced to a handful. The Civil war ended 62 years ago, and that means an approximate age of eighty for even the youngest of the surviving veterans. But John Connors was close to forty years old at the end of the war, old enough to have been the father of some of the boys in blue. Even among his South Boston comrades there must have been some who were young enough to be his sons. Yet it was his fortune to outlive them all. To him fell the unexpected distinction of being the Last Man.—Providence Journal.

Out to Win Freak Wager

A man walking on his hands from Dublin to Belfast, 100 miles, on a wager caused such a sensation that police were called out to regulate traffic. The man saves wear and tear on his hands by the use of special sandals. He is accompanied by a goat harnessed to a little cart, which carries a camping outfit.

It isn't your position but your disposition that makes you happy or unhappy.

Business Combines Old

The origin of corporations has been attributed to the Romans, but they are said to have existed in Greece in 704 B. C., in Phoenicia 900 B. C., and in Babylonia 2200 B. C.

Visit the West this Summer

Spend your vacation this year seeing America's wonders in the glorious West—Puget Sound, Rainier National Park, Yellowstone Park through the famous Gallatin Gateway, the Pacific Northwest, California.

To see the most, go at least one way on the "Olympian"—the famous transcontinental train between Chicago and Seattle-Tacoma over the *electrified* Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.

Low round-trip fares are now in effect. Return limit October 31. Stop-over privileges and free side trips.

Write, phone or call on our nearest Travel Bureau for full details and help in planning your trip

F. D. Dodge
General Agent
C. M. & St. P. Ry.
552 Old South Bldg.
Phone Liberty 5236
Boston, Mass.

The MILWAUKEE Road

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 32–1927.

One Grateful Mother's Tribute to

The True Family Laxative

"I have used Dr. True's Elixir for my two children with wonderful results. My oldest boy was on the verge of convulsions when I was advised to give a large dose of your Elixir by a friend. I was convinced the next morning that it possesses the merits it deserves—its results are so dependable." Mrs. Maude I. Merrill, Circuit St., Melrose (Mass.).

Successfully used for over 76 years

Family size, $1.20; other sizes 60c; 40c.

Dr. True's Elixir

Any sufferer from constipation, man, woman or child can be quickly benefited by this pure-quality herb laxative.

When It Happened

"Why, I didn't know your brother-in-law wanted to get married?" said an acquaintance.

"He didn't," replied Farmer Fumblegate, "until the widder Soonover wanted him to want to."—Kansas City Star.

When opportunity knocks it doesn't use a hammer.

Nature Faker

Popular Science Monthly—"A certain South American insect has a white light at its head and a red light at its tail."

Well! Well! The little thing must imagine itself an automobile.—Boston Transcript.

Are you always sure your vote has done good?

The Last Survivor

Flyosan has killed all his millions of friends and relatives

NO WONDER he's blue. He knows he's next.

Flyosan has killed every single fly and mosquito in thousands of homes this summer. Flyosan is the modern best way of fighting flying pests. It kills them by the wholesale—not one at a time.

Flyosan is the original liquid insect spray (non-poisonous). Use Flyosan itself, not one of its imitations. Flyosan not only kills all the flies and mosquitoes in your home but also rids it of the millions of deadly, disease-bearing germs which each one carries.

"Swatting" only *scatters* these germs into the air which you and your family breathe.

Here is the right insecticide for each insect:

FLYOSAN, *Liquid Spray*—kills flies and mosquitoes.
PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD—exterminates ants.
PETERMAN'S DISCOVERY, *Liquid*—exterminates bed-bugs.
PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD—exterminates that cockroach army.
PETERMAN'S MOTH FOOD—protects against moths.

You *must* have a specific insecticide for each insect. No single insecticide will exterminate them all. We have had nearly 50 years' experience. We *know* that is true.

Peterman's has the right insecticide for each insect. On sale wherever drugs are sold.

Peterman's 200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Coal and Ice

Now taking orders for Coal of all kinds.

Also dealers in Ice.

HOLLIS ICE CO.
COAL AND ICE
Antrim, New Hampshire

Carl H. Muzzey
AUCTIONEER
ANTRIM, N. H.
Prices Right. Drop me a postal card
Telephone 90 13

Junius T. Hanchett
Attorney at Law
Antrim Center, N. H.

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

EZRA R. DUTTON, Greenfield
Auctioneer
Property of all kinds advertised and sold on easy terms
Phone, Greenfield 12-6

John R Putney Estate
Undertaker
First Class, Experienced Director and Embalmer.
For Every Case
Late Assistant
Full Line Funeral Supplies
Flowers Furnished for All Occasions
Calls day or night promptly attended
New England Telephone 10-2, at Residence, Concord Street and Pleasant Sts., Antrim, N. H

DANCE!
AT SOUTH STODDARD
Every Saturday
EVENING
Nick's Pavilion

Help Us Make This the Best Hall in New England.

When In Need of
FIRE INSURANCE
Liability or
Auto Insurance
Call on
W. C. Hills,
Antrim, N. H.

Fred C. Eaton
HANCOCK, N. H.
Representing Henry W. Savage, Inc., realtors 10 State St., Boston
Established 1840
Tel. Hancock, N. H. 33

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Executor of the Will of Emma E. Shoults 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 July 20, 1927.

FRED SHOULTS

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Executor of the Will of Minnie E. Lawrence 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.

HUGH M. GRAHAM.

Dated July 20, 1927.

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

Antrim Locals

Tasker's (Hillsboro) markdown sale ends Saturday night. Don't delay!

Mrs. Lena Hansil has been entertaining Mrs. Louis Fluri for the past week or two.

The family of Philip Clark joined him last week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Clark, Main street.

Miss Mary Kendall, of Clinton, Mass., is spending a season in town, at the Baker house, and is visiting her friend, Mrs. E. E. George, while here.

Miss Pauline Whitney is at her home here for the remainder of her vacation. She has been attending summer school at the University of New Hampshire, at Durham.

The Goodell Company is repainting their factory buildings and the color has been changed to gray. Spraying the paint on was a novelty to quite a few hereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Diamond A. Maxwell, of Henniker, were in town on Saturday last, receiving congratulations on their recent marriage, which took place in their home town the day before.

Mrs. H. W. Eldredge was in Boston on Saturday to meet her sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry W. Snow, of St. Augustine, Florida, who is now her guest at the former's home on Grove stret. This is Mrs. Snow's first visit to Antrim.

The Sesqui-Centennial Souvenir Program

The Antrim Sesqui-Centennial Souvenir Program booklets went on sale first of the week and many are the complimentary remarks heard about them.

The booklet contains 76 pages, printed in brown ink, bound in a hand some brown cover, which bears an attractive Colonial design. There are 40 illustrations, many of them taken at the time of Antrim's Centennial celebration of 50 years ago. Among the interesting group pictures is one of the Ephraim Weston Post, G.A.R., taken 20 years or more ago. Another was taken at the time of Nathan W. C. Jameson's 82nd birthday party. The old stage coach owned by John N. P. Woodbury, the old Woodbury Store, the first Post Office, are only a few of the many pictures contained in this historical souvenir.

Many Antrim people are buying half a dozen or more of the Programs and will send them away to out of town friends. Envelopes in which these can be sent are on sale at The Reporter office at 5c each.

The booklets are on sale in Antrim at The Reporter Office, Charles F. Butterfield's Store, the Goodnow-Derby Store, Sadie E. Lane's Specialty Shop, and the West Street Garage.

Only a limited edition of the Souvenir Program booklets have been printed. It is wise to get your copies NOW as no more can be obtained after the issue is sold. The price is 15c each. This small sum does not pay one-half the actual cost of each book. This price is made possible by the generous advertising patronage of public-spirited citizens, merchants and business firms in Antrim and nearby communities.

H. Burr Eldredge.

AUCTION SALE

By Ezra R. Dutton & Son, Auctioneers, Greenfield, N. H.

George E. Wilson, having sold his home place, will sell at public auction at the place situated in Mill Village, Francestown, about ½ mile from post-office, on Saturday, August 13, at 12 o'clock noon, a lot of household goods, farming tools, some antiques, good Ford touring car, and a lot of other articles. Read auction bills.

Dispute Over Book of Job

The authorship and date of the Book of Job are controversial matters, a great many students of Scripture being of the opinion that the book dates back to the patriarchial age, making Job contemporary with Abraham, possibly being Jonah the Eloimite, alluded to in Genesis, tenth chapter, twenty-ninth verse. Others ascribe the book to Moses, and still others to Solomon. It is said that the animals mentioned in the book would be better known in the Assyrian mountains than in the plains of Palestine, while the leviathan or crocodile was a native of Egypt. The spirit of the book, however, undoubtedly is that of the Hebrew race, combining faith, endurance and tenacity of purpose, which are characteristics of the race today.—Washington Star.

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

Antrim Golf Course, Inc.

Is the name of the new golf course being incorporated under the laws of the State of New Hampshire, for the purpose of financing and building a 9 hole Public Golf Course, on the old Miller Farm, now known as Contoocook Manor, on Concord Street, Antrim. The capital stock will be $15,000, 6% preferred, 1500 shares par value $10 each and 300 shares of common stock with no par value.

The officers of the corporation will be Frank S. Corlew, of Brookline, Mass., and Antrim, president and general manager, Hiram B. Currier, of Hillsboro, treasurer, Ralph G. Smith, Esq., of Hillsboro, secretary; Mr. Smith will also act as attorney for the corporation.

Charles Burgess, the professional at the Woodland Golf Club, in Auburndale, Mass., will supervise the construction of the course; he has already surveyed the land and staked out the course of 9 holes, approximately 2900 yards.

Public Golf Courses are very popular throughout the country, as there are no initiation fees, club dues, or assessments to pay. The general public will be catered to, and one can play the course by paying the green fee charged. This will bring a great many city people to the towns and will prove of great value to Antrim, Hillsboro, Henniker, Deering, Francestown, Greenfield, Bennington, Hancock, and other nearby towns. Merchants hotels, boarding houses, real estate owners and dealers, also public spirited citizens, will all benefit by a golf course in this locality.

It is earnestly hoped that everyone in Antrim and the nearby towns will subscribe for as many shares as they can, as there is nothing that could come to this locality that would boost it as much as a golf course. Blue prints and other information may be obtained from Frank S. Corlew, Antrim, Hiram B. Currier and Ralph G. Smith, Hillsboro.

"Know Thyself"

When we obey the command, "Know thyself," it does not mean merely that we shall learn our intelligence quotient, our lung capacity, our muscular strength. It means also that we shall know the origin and meaning of our powers and impulses. The injunction has, therefore, a historic as well as a present bearing and value. As in the case of fear we learn that impulses which may now be hindrances or actually destructive were once vitally important: We recognize their true place, utilize their value if they have any, or else banish them from our lives. As in one sense perfect love casteth out fear, so in another sense perfect knowledge puts fear into its true place and makes man no longer its servant but its master.—Providence Journal.

Music in Surgery

Music has been employed successfully in an eastern hospital while operating on persons under a local anesthetic. Special headphones are worn by the patient, music being relayed from a phonograph in a distant room, so that it cannot disturb the surgeon or other attendants, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. It has been found that the tunes ease the patient's mind, divert his attention from the operation and thus make it easier for the doctors. Although the local anesthetic eliminates pain, in many cases difficulty is experienced while operating on persons under such conditions because they remain conscious and nervous.

Insult to Injury

An elderly man was cycling down the street when a dog rushed out from one of the doors and, getting under his wheel, threw him to the ground in a sitting position. The dog, in playful mood, rushed round him, seeming to enjoy it.

A boy stood gazing at the two for a minute, and then inquired, in a quiet voice: "Did you fall?"

"Well, I should think I did," said the man, rising and rearranging his clothing.

"Ah," responded the youth, as he walked away, "I thought you couldn't have sat down to play with the dog."

Uniforms for Women

How can humanity revel when it is plagued with doubts about its dress? That is one reason why women should insist on a uniform evening dress. This uniform need not be worn always, but it should be obligatory on formal occasions. Men may be painfully perplexed as to the choice between "tails" and dinner jacket when no hint has been given, but they should realize that women are always in this position of wondering whether they have suited the dress to the occasion. A uniform is the solvent of such distress.—London Saturday Review.

Compromising Connections

"Mother, if I should die, would I go to heaven?"

"Yes, dear, I think so."

"If you should die, would you go to heaven?"

"Why, my dear, I hope so."

"Well, I hope so to. It would be awful for me up there to be pointed out as the little girl whose mother was in hell."

Conspiracy and Compromise

By H. IRVING KING

(Copyright.)

"MRS. RANDOLPH TORRYMAN and Miss Torryman sailed on the Gigantic yesterday for a three months' tour of rural England." That was what the papers said. As a matter of fact, neither Mrs. Torryman nor her daughter, Marcia, had sailed anywhere. Mrs. Torryman had had her social secretary give out that item of "society news" so that she might get a little well-earned rest. She was not as young as she used to be and the last social season had been a little too much for her. She wanted to get somewhere where she could dine at six and read herself to sleep at nine.

In order to do this she absolutely had to do the vanishing act. For she was a very great lady in the social world; one of those who, if they speak to you three times at a dinner party, establish your social future beyond all doubt. More than all Mrs. Torryman was anxious to remove Marcia from the sphere of influence of Capt. Griswold Ives, an army officer, well enough in his way but without money. She had other plans. So she took a small house in the rather remote small town of Glendale and whisked Marcia away there.

Glendale had its own society which never thought of connecting the rather dowdily dressed widow who had taken the "Stevenson place" with the great society leader they had read about in the papers.

For the first three weeks nobody called. Then Mrs. Ralph Sillinger, whose husband ran the town's "department store," was seized with a fit of curiosity and dropped in on the newcomers. She was very condescending and patronizing and decided to ask the newcomers to tea.

She did, and then the trouble began. Mrs. Torryman declined the invitation on account of "ill health," but Marcia accepted. All the women who attended Mrs. Sillinger's tea were delighted to get a new arrival "in their midst" to patronize and took full advantage of the opportunity.

All very well. But Mrs. Sillinger had a son, a young man of twenty-six or seven, heir apparent of the department store and the greatest "catch" in Glendale. And Robert, the son, dropped in on his mother's tea party and saw Marcia. Robert was an overseas man; Marcia saw his Legion button and took to him at once. They managed to get into a corner together and had a brief but earnest conversation. He asked permission to call and it was granted.

The news of the "infatuation" of Robert Sillinger for the stranger-girl went straight as an arrow to the ears of Cora Sanford; and the young man found an indignant and angry girl waiting for him when he called on her the following night. When Cora had finished what she had to say, Robert said, "Now just let me talk a minute." His talk went back to the fighting fields of France; to a front line trench and two comrades in arms waiting for the zero hour to go over the top; and confiding messages to each other to be delivered in case one of them "went west" and the other survived.

When he had finished Cora said, "Oh Bobbie—how foolish I was to doubt you. Can I help?"

"Perhaps," replied Robert, "but for a while you and I had better pretend to be rather on the outs."

Robert went to call on Marcia—and he kept on calling. Mrs. Torryman was indifferent at first; then puzzled, and then indignant. That her daughter should seriously consider marrying Robert Sillinger was unthinkable. What did it mean?

At last Mrs. Torryman said tearfully, "I almost wish I had let you marry Griswold Ives."

"Well, you wouldn't," said Marcia, "and now you see!"

Mrs. Torryman was really crying now.

"Oh, please don't, mother," said Marcia soothingly. "I'll tell you what I'll do. We'll compromise. I will dismiss Robert Sillinger this very night if you will cease to oppose my marriage with Captain Ives."

"I suppose I must submit—you ungrateful child!" returned Mrs. Torryman.

You see Griswold Ives and Robert Sillinger had been "buddies" over in France, and after the war Ives had gone into the regular service and become a captain. Robert had been told all about Marcia—been told in dugouts and trenches; had seen her picture, which Griswold always carried with him. And Griswold had written to Marcia all about his "buddy," Robert. So, when they met at Mrs. Sillinger's tea, and Marcia told Robert how matters stood, they just naturally hatched up their little conspiracy.

Mrs. Torryman returned with her daughter to town hurriedly; and Robert and Cora were married soon after. Marcia disposed of, Mrs. Torryman cheerfully resigned the sceptre of society to younger hands; and, Captain Ives' uncle dying and leaving him a fortune, not only became reconciled to her daughter's marriage but became persuaded that she had brought it about herself.

The colors that an individual likes and dislikes are usually determined by chance associations in his early childhood.

No One Immune From Pangs of "Mal-de-Mer"

Doctors Cury and Bohec have an interesting article on seasickness in Esculape (a medical journal). Oddly enough, very few of the ancient writers seems to have concerned themselves with the affliction; neither Plato nor Aristotle makes an allusion to it. On the other hand, the ocean was considered a sovereign panacea for all sorts of ills.

Plutarch, however, mentions seasickness, which he attributes to fear, and it is sufficiently evident that our remote forefathers were not immune. In this connection it may be recalled that, according to Seneca, Cicero, prince of orators, fleeing the wrath of Antony and his wife, Flava, whom he had attacked in his "Philippics," took refuge on board a ship and decided, when the vessel had put to sea, that he would rather surrender to the executioner than endure the torments of seasickness. He was put ashore and assassinated near Formiae.—From Le Matin, Paris. (Translated for the Kansas City Star).

Odd Maze of Words Applied to Costume

Near the close of the Eighteenth century, in France, some mysterious, semi-poetical name was bestowed on every kind of dress fabric, trimming and cut. The following description of the costume of a famous actress-courtesan is an example:

"She was attired in a robe of stifled sighs, adorned with superfluous regrets, the point edged with perfect candor, trimmed with indiscreet complaints. She wore ribbons of marked attentions, and shoes of the color of the queen's hair (Marie Antoinette's) embroidered with diamonds in treacherous stripes. Above her curls of elevated sentiments was a head-dress of certain conquest, trimmed with fickle feathers, while over her shoulders fell an Absalom tress of momentary agitation."

All that reads like gibberish today yet it was perfectly understood by the great ladies of 1709.—Detroit News.

Wanted All the Goodies

Teddy was about to enter his tenth year. His mother told him he might invite his little friends to a birthday party, and she made the necessary preparations. On the important evening they were waiting for the guests. Suddenly the youngster said, "Mother, don't you think it's time to eat the ice cream and cake now?"

"Certainly not, dear," she replied "We must wait until your little friends are here."

"Well, I'll tell you the truth, mother," Teddy began. "I just thought that for once in my life I'd like to have all the ice cream and cake I wanted, so I guess we'd better begin now, 'cause I didn't invite anybody."—Boston Transcript.

Rockets Travel Far

Many different types of rockets are made. The distance to which they will range and the height to which they will ascend depend upon the type. An ordinary sky-rocket, such as used on the Fourth of July, will probably not ascend more than 500 feet if fired from a vertical position and will probably not range farther than 1,000 yards if held elevated at an angle of 30 degrees. The highest developed rocket is probably the tracer shell used in artillery. In this the projectile carries a supply of illuminating tracer composition in its base, and the tracer shell has nearly the range of the ordinary projectile, in some types upward of 20,000 yards.

Where Man Is Vain

Among the Kavirondo negroes of Central Africa a man wears as many coils of iron as his arms and legs will hold, and keeps them brightly burnished with oil or fat.

Metal is so fascinating to the men of this tribe that telegraph wires are sometimes torn down to be made into armlets or anklets, or to be twisted in imitation of European travelers.

On festive occasions the numerous coils of iron are specially polished for the occasion. Then the Kavirondo man adds a string of empty cartridges, a piece of chain mail, anklets of bells and any odd scraps of metal he can find.

Wished They Hadn't

As she tripped blithely across the roadway the celebrated actress noticed an old friend, a playwright, who was heavily bandaged, coming toward her.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "My dear, have you been in an accident?"

Her friend regarded her a moment.

"No," he answered; "but you remember that play of mine which came on the other night?"

The other nodded.

"Well, they called for the author at the end and, unfortunately, I didn't realize how much they wanted him."

Hunting Up Father

Gloves, swallow-tail coats and chaperons have practically disappeared from the list of necessities at modern social functions, remarks the Woman's Home Companion, but the host is still extant—"while his wife receives, he mingles with guests, making introductions." If he isn't visible, the best place to look for him is in the attic, or down cellar, or in the garage underneath the car. Or you may catch him going around the corner, headed for the club.

The Live Gold Mines

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

(Copyright.)

MISS SEDLEY shook her head so violently that each of the seven plumes on her new picture hat stood at a different angle. The effect was grotesque, little as she dreamed it—instead her thought was how wonderfully fetching it must appear in village eyes. Certainly it could not be copied by home milliners who aforetime, had tried her soul.

Worst among these offenders was Marge Benton. Marge, a school teacher, was vocation-bound to be the pattern of primness to her pupils. Instead she inclined them by precept and example to trail after styles they could not possibly hope to approach—thereby, said Miss Sedley to her mates, they made themselves ridiculous caricatures of their betters.

In virtue of her fortune she had elected herself social leader of Lindentown—and so far she had got away with it. Almost in the cradle she had developed a crush upon all her belongings, and, especially, her figure—it was so statuesque. A fine tailor, given carte blanche, might have made the epithet descriptive. At the hands of a passionate mail-order catalogue addict the result can be pictured only by a fluent imagination.

This fall the catalogues had, according to Jess Tyree, the village oracle, "Done thar d—dest, jest when they oughter not." There was, you see, a drive on—for a trifle of a million endowment for X Y Z university, which had a Lindentowner for president. Bright and early Monday, Greatness, of Men and Causes, would flood the town. A bishop, freshly widowered, headed the list, two senators supported him, flanked by congressmen, and judges galore.

Hence the flutterings of the dove cotes. Lindentown was, to put it mildly, shy at least a dozen eligibles. Now for years there had been speculation as to how, when, where, and whether Sarah Sedley would find a man she'd think worth her taking. Not so young now, Sarah—twenty-six, maybe more. What wonder Lindentown all but unanimously elected the coming bishop her predestined mate!

Lindentown made holiday gaily—put on its best looks, clothes, mood. The Great in procession passed up and down and athwart its limits, smiling, saluting, swapping merry banter with the natives. Sarah Sedley had elected to meet them at the train.

And Marge was to sing on the great occasion—not alone but leading an Elves' chorus of ten small green-clad girls she had been training in strict privacy for a month. Billy Durant had made that possible—his big empty house had given fine exercise space. After listening once or twice he had smiled, nodded, and said off-handedly to Marge: "We'll have a float all leaves and flowers and things—surprise the crowd with it just as the bishop finishes—after they're done some one shall say these golden voices are samples of our native ores—wanting to work the mine is why we need capital—"

At earliest dawn of the great day Lindentown began to stir and thrill. Things went like clockwork. The parade formed and filed magically, and got under way without a single hitch. Sarah Sedley, in the forefront, had never felt finer—nor looked worse. She thought the bishop impressed.

He was—but not exactly as she would have chosen him to be. Maybe she took his breath, else maybe the cat got his tongue. He spoke something flurriedly less than twenty minutes instead of the hour everybody had come to hear. Then in waltzed a string band specially ordered by Billy Durant—and to its last sweet strains there rolled majestically in front of the stand what seemed a magic miniature forest, with elves perched here and there, showing now a head, now a dimpled hand, now the dancing flicker of a small lovely foot and leg. Then as a hidden somebody drew a long lovely chord from a fine old fiddle, music such as Lindentown had never before heard, Marge, ambushed in thick greenery, sang her very best—high golden notes that accented the young chanting. Not long drawn out—twelve minutes at the most. Then came Ned Woodruff to take the crowd by storm—in the midst of which the bishop held up a silencing hand as he rode to say: "A wholly new experience, my friends! Who before us has listened to elfin music, led by the voice of an angel?"

After that things had to go with a rush—there was hardly a bit of use for Organized Enthusiasm—money came galumphing, popping, pouring in on every hand. Everybody caught the spirit of giving—a giving that did not hurt.

Marge stood palpitant—pulled into the limelight against her will. Sarah Sedley had called out with a high trill, "A thousand more right here! Anybody want to top it?"

"I do!" from Durant, turning to face the bishop as he spoke. "Will ten thousand extra tempt you to marry me right off the reel? Been waiting a long time to have a bishop handy—"

"With all my heart!" cried the bishop; "the bride—where is she?"

"Also waiting—I picked her out the day she was born," Durant said superbly. "But I dared not tell her so until all things were ready—"

"Ah!" said the bishop with his most benevolent intonation; "I understand. Let the good work go forward."