

The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1927

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YOU SHOULD HAVE A FLOWER GARDEN

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

Installment No. 78
August and early September are the best times in the whole year for the transplanting of coniferous and broadleaf evergreens. It is the time also when the bulb orders should have assumed definite shape. The Daffodils should soon be in the ground. If not already there, the Tulips may be planted anytime before the ground freezes. Before the end of September in this climate, any setting or dividing of perennial plants should be finished. They need a few weeks to become anchored to the ground before it freezes.

There is a deal of satisfaction in collecting the worthwhile varieties of a single plant, and I want to call attention to the wealth of beautiful and spicily fragrant material in the family of hardy Pinks. One may prefer the fragrance of Lily-of-the-valley, of Violets or Roses, but it must be admitted that the hardy, clove-scented Pinks have a large claim to favor as perfumers, and no garden should be called complete without at least a few varieties. The uses to which they may be put are legion, and there are varieties for all sorts of places, as edgings to beds and borders, as groups in the border or rock garden or as masses crowning some old bank or wall. There are varieties, from Alpine plants two inches high to de-

lightful three foot Marguerites. Most of them are among the easiest to grow of any garden plants, and many, once established, will persist for years. They love a limestone soil, a sunny position and good drainage. They cannot stand wet feet, especially for the winter.

For those wishing to try them, I would advise Dianthus arenarius, flowers pale purple, fringed, good rock plant, six inches; Alpinus, a large-flowered dwarf in both white and rosy purple forms, grows two inches high; Dianthus fragrans, a white single pink, very fragrant; Dianthus deltoides, the Maiden Pink rosy purple; deltoides albus, white; deltoides brilliant, very bright red; Major Stearne's variety with large brown foliage, brilliant crimson flowers, all six inches high; and deltoides roseus, rose; Dianthus plumarius, clove-scented, in single, semi single and double, in variety of colors, height up to one foot. Of the latter, ambratus, the old double white, is wonderfully fragrant. Mrs. Sinkins, white, clove-scented and good for cutting, Miss Gladys Cranfield, pink, very fragrant, Ipswich crimson and Coronation, cream with a dark center. For dry banks, the rockery and old walls, try Dianthus caesus, the Cheddar Pink, bright pink flowers, grows six inches high.
Harold L. Brown.

PRIZE ESSAY ON U. S. CONSTITUTION

An Essay of Unusual Worth Written by an Eighth Grade Pupil
Fourteen Years of Age, of Winchendon, Mass.

Reprint from Winchendon Courier

The Committee of Award of the National essay contest on the federal constitution conducted by the National Republic, Washington national magazine, has decided that the best essay submitted by a student in this community was written by E. Lillian Deschenes, 8th grade, Poland school.

Thousands of essays were submitted in this contest by students in every state and in Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands. The prize of \$500 for the best essay written by a high school student was won by George W. Lighton, of the Louisville Male High school, Louisville, Ky. The prize of \$500 for the best essay submitted by a graded school student was won by Esther Smith of Mandan, N. Dak.

In awarding the prizes the Committee of Award commented upon the surprisingly high quality of the essays submitted, and the evidence they gave of thorough comprehension of the national Constitution. Following is the essay written by Lillian Deschenes:
Before the Declaration of Independence July 4, 1776, the thirteen colonies were subject to the King of Great Britain. From July 4, 1776, the United States of America were governed by a Continental Congress or General Congress until March 1, 1781, when the United States adopted the Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the states. The Confederacy had no President, no supreme court, and consisted of a single house of Congress, made up of delegates elected by the legislature of the States. Under this connection Congress continued to govern—so far as a body with no practical authority can be said to govern—until March 4, 1789, but on May 14, 1787, a convention of delegates from all the States except Rhode Island, met in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, to form a more perfect union. The whole number of delegates that eventually attended was fifty-five, but only thirty-nine signed the Constitution. The Articles of Confederation had been made by the states, but as the opening words of the new compact declare "We, the people," made the constitution.

George Washington presided over the convention and Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, James Madison, Rufus King, Roger Sherman, Alexander Hamilton, John Dickinson, Charles C. Pinckney, Charles Pinckney, J. Rutledge and Gouverneur Morris were among its distinguished members.

Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Franklin and Gouverneur Morris took the leading part in the great work of drafting the new Constitution and after its adoption by the convention Mad-

ison and Hamilton used their influence, with great effort, to urge the ratification by the States, especially by New York.

The Convention sat with closed doors, and maintained the utmost secrecy. After a stormy session of nearly four months, during which the convention several times threatened to break up in hopeless dispute, the Constitution was at last adopted. Madison seems to have been the delegate who did more than anyone else in drafting the plan of the instrument. On that account he is called the Father of the Constitution. On the other hand we appear to be indebted mainly to Gouverneur Morris for the clearness and precision of the style of the document.

While the members of the convention were signing the Constitution the venerable Dr. Franklin, then aged eighty-one, rose and said, I have often, in the course of the session, and the vicissitude of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at the sun (pointed on the wall back of the president's chair) without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting, but now at length I have the happiness to know it is rising, not setting.

The Constitution was then submitted to Congress of the Confederacy. That body after discussing it, sent it to the State legislatures; they in turn submitted it for final ratification, to the convention chosen by the people of several states. In 1788 eleven States had ratified it. Rhode Island and North Carolina declining then, though they gave their assent before the close of 1784, and on March 4, 1789, the new Constitution went into operation, although owing to delay, Washington was not inaugurated as first President until April 3, 1789.

Congress assembled on the first Monday in December; the first, or "long session" usually closes some time in the following summer; the second, or "short session," closes by law, at noon on March 4. Each Congress exists for two years.

Since the Constitution went into operation in 1789, it has been modified in several ways, mainly by amendments, by decisions and interpretations of the Supreme Court of the United States, by political usage especially respecting either the broad or strict construction of the Constitution.

When vacancies happen in the representation of any State the executive authority thereof shall issue writs of elections to fill such vacancies.

The House of Representatives shall choose their speaker and other officers and shall have the sole power of impeachment.

The Senate of the United States, by political usage especially respecting either the broad or strict construction of the Constitution shall have the power of impeachment.

Continued on eighth page

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Labor Day, 1927



WILLIAM B. GREEN—PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR



SAMUEL GOMPERS—'THE GRAND OLD MAN OF AMERICAN LABOR'



JAMES J. DAVIS—PRESENT SECRETARY OF LABOR



WILLIAM B. WILSON—FIRST SECRETARY OF LABOR

LABOR DAY this year has a special significance. If we accept the statement of John R. Commons and his associates in the book "The History of Labor in the United States" in which they say "We place the beginning of the American labor movement in the year 1827 at Philadelphia. In that year and place, American wage earners for the first time joined together as a class regardless of trade lines in a contest with employers."

The contest referred to was a strike of building trade workers for a ten-hour day and other improvements in their working conditions, a strike which ended successfully for the workers. So Labor Day this year may be regarded as the high spot in a centennial year for organized labor and for that reason has more than passing interest.

The day itself has a much sorer history, for it goes back only 45 years to the first. The idea of a Labor Day celebration was first suggested in 1882. It was first officially proclaimed by the American Federation of Labor in 1884, but it was not until 1894 that it was first made a legal holiday and that only in the District of Columbia and the territories. The first suggestion of a Labor Day holiday was made in New York City Central Labor Union in May, 1882. Its officers held that, although the country had other holidays symbolical of the military, civil and religious spirit, there was none which represented the spirit of the workman.

Accordingly it suggested the observance of the first Monday in September as a festival day with parades, picnics and speeches and staked such a celebration that year with great success. Two years later the American Federation of Labor officially recognized the suggestion by proclaiming the first Monday in September as Labor Day and urged all laborers to observe it. State legislatures were asked to make this day a legal holiday and eventually 22 of them did enact laws making it such.

Labor Day is also an appropriate time for reviewing some of the history of the labor movement in this country and for considering some of the forces which have contributed to the establishment of organized labor in its present important position in the social structure of this country. That these forces began to operate as far back as 1827 is shown in the brilliant essay with which Prof. Ralph Henry Gabriel of Yale University introduces Malcolm Keir's pictorial and verbal story of "The Epic of Industry" in the "Fountain of America" series which the Yale University Press is now bringing out. In this essay he tells of that historic movement when "in the Seventeenth century on the wooded banks of the James river a busy group of Englishmen unloaded from three small ships a quantity of axes and adzes, bows and firearms, including some small cannon. Soon after a red-skin, trained to hunt with bow and arrow, bore to the Indian village up the river the news of the coming of the whites. The axe of iron had come suddenly into contact with the axe of stone." He then traces and interprets the successive stages of industrialism in the United States down through 80 years to the present age which he summarizes as follows:

By the time the Twentieth century opened, industrialism had become a factor of first importance in American life. The passing of the frontier and the completion of the greater part of the national network of railroads freed capital for industrial development, and in America this capital was gathered into the greatest financial combinations the world has ever known. Large-scale production and the increasing of a depression of manufacturing steps under a single control, resulted in an efficiency which made possible American competition with foreign producers who paid lower wages to their laborers. Scientific investigation was accelerated as laboratories became a part of the equipment of many industrial establishments. Nature was harnessed in a systematic manner for every element and every source of energy that might be turned to the amelioration of human life. In the processes of industry, the iron man steadily replaced the human hand. The automatic machine, controlled by the giant corporation in the triumph of the age of industry. But all too frequently it reduces the worker to a mere automaton who spends the years of his life feeding a senseless monster.

Labor has prospered with industry, yet the wage earner has had many a difficult problem to solve. The growth of manufacturing put vast economic power into the hands of a successful few. Many of the iron dukes were predatory. The employee fought at times for better working conditions and for wages which measured his standard of living. For two centuries and a half most Americans had owned a farm or a business; a relatively small part of the population had worked for hire. Industrialism brought to America a growing group of men and women whose sole dependence was a job. A job was not like a piece of land or a stock of goods in a store; it might vanish when times grew hard and no one knew why it had gone. To protect himself against the vicissitudes of his economic position, the wage earner sought to organize. In the twenties and thirties he developed the spectacular Knights of Labor which, after claiming a membership of a million, fell suddenly into collapse. Other organizations have followed and have gained power far beyond that of the Knights

in the heyday of their greatness. Yet, in America labor organization is not in their growth behind those of England. Perhaps one of the reasons may be found in the character of the American wage-earning group.

The rapid exploitation of the natural resources within the United States brought about one of the world's important population movements. Millions of Europeans crossed the ocean to share in the opportunities which America lavishly offered. They built railroads, dug mines, and tended the machines in clattering factories. They brought with them prejudices and inherited national hatreds. Their first problem was to learn the ways of a new nation and to adjust themselves to a new environment. As a group, this polyglot mass did not possess common idealism and the workers that passed through the factory gate as the whistle blew spoke a multitude of languages. The organization of such a group presented at times insuperable difficulties. It has never been fully accomplished. Again and again the natural leaders of the wage earners have risen out of the group to become managers. Opportunity has not failed genuine ability. But organization has come, and has done in improving the lot of the laborer. Co-operation also between employer and employee has increased as the chaotic early years of industrialism have passed and as the customs and ideals of the new industrial civilization have taken shape. Meanwhile the United States, passing the middle point of the second century of its national history, has become the industrial colossus of the world.

How that organization of the laboring man came about and the various steps taken in its development is traced in the chapter on "Organized Labor in Industry" which contains this introduction to the main theme of the illustrated narrative in that chapter:

In 1926, out of our population of one hundred five millions, there were forty-one million wage earners. Whatever concerns labor is vital to the well-being of the nation. Industry has advanced from the small-scale local individual enterprise to the gigantic corporation whose business and plants are spread over the nation and even the globe, and various corporations have united in one way or another for economic or political purposes. In like manner labor has forsaken individual bargaining with an employer and has united into great organizations for group negotiations concerning wages, hours or working conditions with aggregations of employers. The hostler once might haggle with the village liverman, but the locomotive engineers have been forced to organize shops, bought his leathers and sold his finished product. With the coming of the first factories employees were gathered together under the same roof and worked for wages with the tools and materials of other men. Under the industrial conditions that prevailed before the Civil war, labor unions sprang up from time to time but none were able to maintain an existence over a period of years. The rapid growth of the nation that was still undeveloped gave opportunities of many kinds. Industry itself was growing and disintegrated employees might get better jobs in new enterprises. One might set up for himself a small commercial enterprise. The frontier always beckoned those who preferred being their own masters to working for hire. The able members of the labor group were always finding opportunities to improve their condition.

Following the Civil war the great labor organizations of the United States have developed. Many forces have operated to bring them about. Their influence has increased in the development of industry. They are an inevitable and an important

part of the new industrial order. At first these unions directed their attention to the betterment of the economic condition of the workers and this aim still remains foremost. But of later years some unions have been paying particular attention to gaining some kind of partnership in industry and may next reach out for a measure of political control.

The complete story of the rise of organized labor in the United States as given in this chapter, is an interesting one. It goes back somewhat farther than the beginning established by Commons and his associates, to the time soon after the Revolutionary war when the shoemakers and printers on several occasions organized to protest and strike against the abandonment of the apprentice system which brought a depression of wages. As a result they were haled into court on charges of conspiracy and these cases checked the growth of unionism in its inception. The year 1814 saw the first wage agreement entered into by the bricklayers of Cincinnati and this marked a definite trend in the labor movement.

Social reform was one of the first efforts of American labor and so in the thirties we have the romantic history of the Utopian New Harmony (Ind.) experiment with which are associated the names of Robert Dale Owen, "Fanny" Wright and her newspaper, the Free Enquirer; the Brook Farm experiment and Albert Brisbane and a similar community enterprise at Red Bank, N. J., all of which ended in failure. In the twenties the first of the agrarian reformers came to the fore with Thomas Skidmore as principal leader, and in the forties George Henry Evans proposed a scheme similar to Skidmore's.

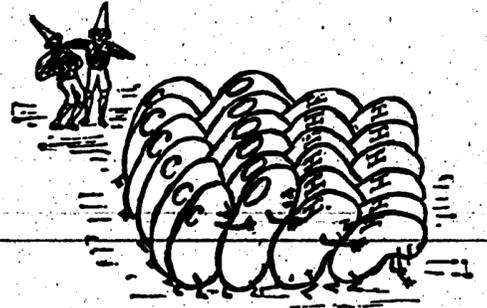
As early as 1828 labor entered politics when the first workingmen's party in this country was organized by mechanics in Philadelphia, but labor as a separate party has never been able to figure decisively in national elections. "After the nineties, organized labor did not officially enter politics as a separate party except in 1924," says Keir. "Instead, it has adopted the policy of 'Vote for friends, defeat our enemies.' This means that labor studies candidates and their political records and then, regardless of party, votes for the individuals who seem to lean most favorably toward labor's desires. This policy has brought organized labor rich reward in the form of desired legislation." Among the first of these was the creation of a separate Department of Labor in 1913 and the placing of a labor representative in the President's cabinet. The first secretary of labor was William B. Wilson, an ex-officer of the United Mine Workers' union, who became a member of President Wilson's cabinet. The present secretary of labor, James J. Davis, was once an iron worker in Pennsylvania and a steel worker in Indiana.

Labor's participation in the national councils and its commanding position in America today have been due to organization. One of the first attempts at this was the formation of the National Labor Union immediately after the Civil war. The first convention was held in 1869 and its principal effort was to bring about a shorter work-day program and to secure an eight-hour day for labor. By the time the second convention was held in 1877, it was apparent that this union was going to depend upon political power to attain its ends, and as a result it soon lost ground. Although the Knights of Labor, founded by Uriah Smith Stephens in Philadelphia in 1869, once rose to a membership of a million members, its power in the seventies and eighties soon began to wane and it gave way eventually to a young craft union, later famous as the American Federation of Labor. One of the founders of the organization is 1881 was Samuel Gompers, of whom it has been said, "Gompers gave the American labor movement a brain, a soul and a clenched fist. He must be ranked among the great executives of his time." It was during his presidency that labor rose to its greatness, the greatness which Labor Day celebrates.

YOURSELF and YOUR BODY

By WILFRED T. GRENFELL

THE BUILDING DEPARTMENT



THE STARCH TEAM C.6.0.6-H.12.

"AIR to keep good has got to be like something else, it has got to 'keep moving.' Once a lot of students were sealed up in a tight glass room. Their cigarettes went out, the men wilted and dozed; a fan inside started and set the air in motion, and immediately the students were as well as ever again. It was the same air, but it was moving about. There is no dangerous amount of carbon-dioxide gas from people, even in big meetings. Just 'keep the air moving.'"

"Here is another thing which is even more valuable to know. You realize that our bodies have lots of enemies. You might think that carbon-dioxide gas, which we have to throw out of us, was our enemy. So he is. But our body is wise enough to make him into our friend."

"How ever do they make him a friend?"

"Exactly like an alarm clock. When we are asleep, if we have got our head under the pillow like the little princess in the tower, we should turn blue and die. But long before that those ugly-looking carbon molecules would have rung up central in our brain office, and messages would have gone pouring in from every side, saying: 'We carbons are getting over-crowded. Something is wrong. Please breathe deeper and quicker.' And if the brain would not listen, they would stir up the muscles, and the muscles would 'get busy' and send that pillow flying—so, really, the enemy carbon have become our best friends."

"So it is with drafts. Too much of anything may be an enemy and destroy us. It is for want of a draft

world buzzing around the sun, and glues the stars in their places. Our food is like charges of dynamite, which tiny detonators inside us can force to shoot off its energy, all ready for us to use."

"Then don't we make our own strength, father?"

"Oh, no, our bodies do not create one bit of new matter, any more than an automobile does. We must put gasoline into the tank all ready made, or the car will not go. Our bodies are the same. They are mere machines, and we get out of them only what we put in. Fortunately for the world there is one thing in it that can create more dynamite out of waste, especially out of the waste of our bodies after we have thrown it away. You would never guess what it is. It is called the 'green-leaf' (Chlorophyll), and is the substance that makes any leaf green. That is why I take off my hat to all green plants. The world could not last any time without chlorophyll. That breaks up waste, and catches the energy of the sunshine, and sticks the particles together in new blocks, and then hands them to us as new, ready-made food cartridges. If it is a potato, or flour, or corn, or porridge cartridge, we call it starch. The storehouse cells keep these with the sugars. They are all labelled 'carbohydrates,' because there is carbon and water in them."

"A chemist recently said that the necessary ingredients to make a man out of are as follows:

"Items: Fat enough for seven bars of soap; iron enough for one medium-sized nail; sugar enough to fill a shaker; lime enough to whitewash one chickencoop; phosphorus enough to make two thousand and two hundred match tips, magnesium enough for one dose of 'salts'; potash enough to explode one toy cannon, and sulphur enough to rid one dog of fleas. Even at post-war prices you could buy the whole lot for 98 cents."

"It is easy to remember that the body uses the starches for fuel to burn up meats, proteins, and fats, or hydrocarbons."

"Of course every cartridge must have a cap to set it off and enable any one to make use of its energies. Just as a stick of dynamite must have a detonator. That is exactly what the supply cells do, they set off the cartridges which the plants make; or you can say that the cells are playing the great game of life, and the plants keep sending down the things to play with. Now we will label each player. H does not stand for Harvard, but for hydrogen; O not for Oxford, but for oxygen; C not for Columbia, but for carbon; N not for Newfoundland but for nitrogen. The plants arrange these players into regular teams. We start them marching down the real lane, and the cells set them free to play. The cells know exactly how to use each team, because they know how many there are of each kind of players in each group. Thus the Starch Team has 2 C's, 6 O's and 12 H's. That is the team, as you now know, which gives us energy the quickest. You will learn about the other teams some day. Each has the same kind of players. (See picture.)"

"There are a few special things which the supply cells must have to do their work. These things they cannot manufacture; and for them we have got to go back once more to our friends the plants. These things are to put life into the players—something like the lemons which people throw the football team at half-time—so we call them 'vitamins.'"

"The United Cell Company are a very remarkable crowd. They not only do all the upbuilding, but they get together and practically tell you and me what they want, and make us give it to them. When they about out, we know what they want, and we call it 'liking a thing.' As a rule they call up central about three times a day, for they have a wonderful habit of looking ahead, and they want to have supplies just where they can get them when they need them. Thus we call their about for H and O being thirsty, because two H's and one O make water. By the way, do you know that about three-fourths of our whole body is water? Sometimes they call out 'Sugar, please.'"

"Too much fat is a sort of poison. Never get fat."

"All the tiny particles in our food are stuck together by energy. Isn't that a strange kind of cement? But it is really the same that keeps our old



that we get so sleepy in a crowded room, where the doors and windows are shut.

"Remember this, too: 'Cold is the friend of our bodies.' The strong races come from the North, not the tropics. Germs cannot work properly in the cold."

"Here is a thing that the world needs to believe more than all I have told you. It and it only, can save the world from wars and murders."

"Why, what is that, father?"

"It is the one and only way to get rid of our enemies. There is an old story that to cure the cat that ate too many cockroaches, you must give it a dose of chopped-up beetle; or to cure a silly boy who is smoking cigarettes, give him a 'whacking big' cigar. What did we do to save our soldiers from dying of typhoid in the war? We vaccinated them. How did the world get rid of smallpox, which once killed millions of people? Vaccinated every one. How do we prevent colds nowadays? We vaccinate against them. Yes, we make the germs cure themselves. You only get rid of your enemies by making them your friends."

"What are our bodies built of, father, and who does the building?"

"They are built of clever little cells, which are doing the work of building and repairing all our life long."

"The cells have five chain wires to the central office. These are called the senses. One is for our tongue, others for our nose, eyes, ears, and touch machines."

"All the tiny particles in our food are stuck together by energy. Isn't that a strange kind of cement? But it is really the same that keeps our old

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The Green Cloak

By YORKE DAVIS

WNU Service, Copyright, 1928

STORY FROM THE START

Dr. Ronald McAllister, famous for his special work—applied psychology—was, this 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 McAllister 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 McAllister, telephones he has a queer case in his hospital and invites McAllister to see the patient. Doctor Reinhardt's patient proves to be a young woman, who in unconsciousness mutters in a language Reinhardt does not understand. McAllister sees a possible connection between the murdered New Zealander and the girl. A carefully hidden map is discovered. A girl enters the house in the darkness and escapes, leaving a green cloak behind. McAllister decides upon a psychological test of Harvey.

CHAPTER V—Continued

With a feeling of excitement which I found it hard to conceal, I began reading those first twelve neutral words. His answers came with flash-like rapidity. He was a good subject and he had entered fully into the spirit of the test. To my ear the interval between my word and his was about half a second. When I saw the record afterward, I found that it averaged a little less than that—about four-tenths.

The word Pen brought the obvious association, Ink. Snow called up Shovel; and Song, Theater. The twelfth word, Sign, called up the curious association, Woodland, which was to prove of interest and significance to us before the day was out. But I had no time to think about it then.

Without varying the interval, without varying the tone of my voice, or raising my eyes from the list I held in my hand, I pronounced the thirteenth word, Louis.

The answer came like a flash, and it was Automobile. I glanced up as he said it, and caught a faint smile of reminiscence on his lips. Loops in his mind were things to be looped, and the circus billboards supplied the association with automobile. The next word Pipe, brought the simple association, Tobacco. To my mind his unhesitating utterance of that word was as good a demonstration of his innocence of the crime itself as a completely established alibi would have been.

But we were only at the beginning of our experiment. Neither the doctor nor I believed him guilty. We both believed that, hidden in some corner of that mind of his, was a piece of unsuspected knowledge which would give us the key with which to unlock the heart of the mystery.

Three or four numbers down the list came another word, Map, which might have drawn a significant reply. The instantaneous association which it brought up, however, was Europe. After that came a succession of words, straight inventories of articles to be found in various rooms in the Morgan house, but they all drew blank. Never once was there a moment's hesitation.

So far our test proved, clearly and exhaustively, that in his testimony at the inquest, our young man had meant to tell the truth. I was reminded of the doctor's words on the night of our return from the hospital, when he had warned me against falling into the error of thinking that the unlikely could not happen. His old theory of associative litigation, which had been made to look so fantastically improbable by our discovery of the cloak, was practically proven true in the very teeth of its improbability by this test of ours.

But who was the girl Harvey knew—the black-haired girl who wore a green cloak, with the collar cut high in the back? We were as far as ever from the answer to that question.

And so far as I could see none of his associates with the successive words in my list brought out anything of significance. Apparently we were drawing blank cover. At the same time, I was aware that something or other had made my chief extremely thoughtful. The way he was opening and shutting his hands and staring out of the window, the perplexed frown which kinked his brows, made it clear that there was only one link lacking in some chain of association of his own.

At last as I glanced at him in the half second interval between my word and Harvey's, I saw that he had got it; saw the sudden flare of excitement in his eyes and his two clenched

hands came down softly on the arms of his chair. The next moment the word Dance in my list brought the unexpected association Policeman from Harvey. At that the doctor rose and interrupted the test. "I think, Ebelpe," he said, "that those negatives of yours must be done. I'll go on and read this other list to Mr. Harvey."

The errand he had proposed to me was purely fictitious and the sheet of paper he held in his hand was blank; so I interpreted his interruption as intended for the mere purpose of giving him a chance to catch Harvey along some new line without causing him to suspect the reason for the change.

To give color to the excuse, I left the room for a few moments, but it will be easy to believe that I returned as soon as I plausibly could. I found Doctor McAllister pronouncing a succession of words rather more rapidly than I had read them from my list, and the young man's answer had quickened, too, so that to the ear they were almost instantaneous. The words were a list of the features of the human face. Ears was the first one I heard, and its association, instantly, Coral; probably a reference to earrings, I thought. Eyes produced the adjective Black. Lips, ludicrously enough, brought the involuntary admission, Kiss. And at that our subject went flaming red. His perturbation was made perfectly evident the next moment, when he waited four seconds after the word Hand, only to produce the rhymed association, Band. Nothing could have been clearer than that, being on his guard against making another involuntary admission, he had rejected whatever word had come first, and consciously and laboriously thought up another.

The next word Face, brought, as a rather quicker response, the adjective Nice. It did not occur to me at the time that this was a rhymed associa-



There Was a Scared Look in His Eyes, but, Besides That, He Was Evidently Extremely Angry.

tion also; that somebody he knew pronounced it "fice." But that the doctor's mind had jumped to this conclusion was made clear when, for his next word, he himself gave out the word English.

This got an answer, but not the kind of answer we were expecting. Our witness jumped to his feet, knocking over the little telephone before him, as he did so. There was a scared look in his eyes, but besides that, he was evidently extremely angry.

"Now look here," he said, "what business is it of yours whether I go around with Jane Perkins, or not? She's a respectable girl; she's a lady. What right have you got sticking your noses into my affairs?"

For myself, I was too much astonished by the result of the doctor's experiment to say anything. For that matter, my chief might as well have been silent for any effect his words had in calming the subject of our test. He wouldn't sit down. He wouldn't answer questions. He was through with us completely. This he made quite clear as he struggled into his overcoat and clapped on his hat.

"Well," said I when we were left alone. "I don't mind admitting that I'm rather behind the procession. We've discovered Jane Perkins, but who she is, or what she is, I don't know. And I certainly can't see what gave you the clue that led you up to her so directly."

Use of Green Foods Common in All Ages

Lettuce is one of the oldest vegetables known and was eaten fully 500 years before the Christian era. Aristotle praised it highly. Spinach was introduced into China from Persia about 100 B. C. but was new to Europe in the sixteenth century. Botanically, one of the most interesting products of the garden is the cabbage family. Kale, brussels sprouts, savoy cabbage, red cabbage, collards, kohlrabi, cauliflower and broccoli are all varieties of one species. Carrots were eaten by the ancients, but they were not very popular. Watercress, growing naturally in all north temperate regions, has been eaten as a salad since the Greek and Roman ascendancy and has been cultivated since the sixteenth century. Peas were used by ancient Egyptians and others, but were not common food in Europe until the eighteenth century.

"Do you remember his association with the word 'sign'? It was 'Woodland.'"

"Yes," said I. "It struck me as curious."

"It struck me as rather more than that," said the doctor, "because I had an echo of the same association myself, and I spent ten solid minutes trying to place it. I suppose my difficulty came from the fact that it took me so close to home."

"Woodland avenue you mean?" I questioned. That was the street The Meredith was on.

"Clearer than that," he said. "Do you remember our own corner and the street sign that marks it? It was pulled around diagonally and bent into a most disreputable angle as a Hal-lowsen prank two weeks ago. So the association was a perfectly natural one to anyone who, during the past two weeks, has been in the habit of frequenting our part of the town."

"But," said I, "how did you infer the existence of Jane Perkins from that?"

"Of course," that was only the starting point," he answered. "His whole train of associations made it evident that he had been 'going around,' as he said, with somebody. The place in the social scale occupied by that somebody was pretty well determined by the neighborhood of the street sign. It's quite the smartest part of town for blocks and blocks all around there, and it would be preposterous to assume that Will Harvey calls at the front door of any house thereabouts. The young ladies who use the front doors of the imposing residences in our neighborhood don't go to the sort of dances that would call up the association 'policeman' in any young man's mind. At any rate, it seemed a reasonable inference to me that our young friend had been carrying on a harmless flirtation with some housemaid. The scene of this affair was so far away from his own home, Jane Perkins was so utterly disassociated in his own mind from anything pertaining to the Oak Ridge mystery, that his naive description of the black hair and the green cloak of the woman whose silhouette he saw upon the shade becomes possible."

"Well," said I thoughtfully, after a little silence, "it's perfectly evident that we've done Harvey a service, although he isn't grateful for it just now. We've cleared him, to our own satisfaction at least. We've found an English housemaid named Jane Perkins. She is, no doubt, the girl of whom the profile on the shade reminded him. The next thing to do is to look her up, discover, if possible, whether she happens to possess a green cloak, with that particular kind of collar. It's likely enough, I suppose. There are probably hundreds of garments like that being worn in the city this season. In the department stores they make what they call 'specials' of those things, and sell them in hundred lots, all exactly alike."

The more I thought over the situation, the deeper my perplexity grew. The test upon Harvey had utterly destroyed my hope that we could get from him any clew to the identity of the strange, wild creature we had seen in the hospital. Instead, it had led us to a trick, snug, undoubtedly respectable English housemaid named Jane Perkins; and leading us to her. It left us face to face with a coincidence, or, rather, a series of coincidences almost incredible.

"Well," I resumed with a sigh, "there are lots of young women with black hair, and I suppose a good many of them wear green cloaks. But that a girl should have a profile like that of the extraordinary creature we saw in the hospital and later in Morgan's study—a profile like that and the same colored hair and the same sort of cloak, and still obviously a different person altogether, is rather disconcerting. Ashton at least would laugh at us if we told him we believed it."

"Yes," said the doctor, "Ashton would laugh. He laughs rather too easily, that young man."

Then, for the first time I looked long and searchingly into my old chief's face. His eyes were bright with excitement, his cheeks flushed and his big, restless hands beating out a triumphant tattoo upon the table top. He did not look like a man whose plans and theories had gone awry.

"There's something," I said curiously, "that I don't see yet."

"You will soon," he assured me. "Before another day is out, unless I'm mistaken. Have a little patience."

There came a sharp knock at the door just then, and as it swung open, we saw Ashton standing there.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BLONDS SCARCE, SO SAYS EXPERT

That's the Reason Gentlemen Prefer Them.

Chicago.—The reason why gentlemen prefer blonds is that there are more dark than light-haired women in the world.

For every golden-locked preference, Mrs. Ruth J. Maurer, beauty expert, says there are nine dusky-haired second choices.

"Gentlemen prefer blonds," observed Mrs. Maurer, whose experiences of the past twenty years have brought her into contact with 50,000 blonds, brunettes and red heads, "because they are hard to find. Dark-haired women, according to beauty statistics, outnumber them ten to one."

"Another reason why men like them better is that masculine eyes focus like moving picture lenses. Blonds 'take' better than brunettes. Light hair and eyes illuminate the human retina just as they do the silver screen."

"Blonds, though, aren't like blonds. They are blue blonds or pale pink blonds or strawberry, peach, ash, gold or red blonds. There are 18 distinct shades of hair among the people of the white race. There are also, 18 different colored eyes. There are 12 independent complexions."

A pale pink blond usually has a delicate strawberry complexion and China blue or moss-green eyes. A blue blond as a rule possesses an almond skin and occasionally dark hazel or light brown eyes. An ash blond is domb with chrome or light blue eyes.

"The scarcity of pure blonds accounts for the popularity of the peroxide bottle over the dye pot. Proportionately there are a greater number of bleached blonds than dyed-in-the-hair brunettes."

"The typical American girl is a brunette, a warm brunette, with peach skin and hazel or medium brown eyes."

Tired of Liver Diet?

Apricots Just as Good

Rochester, N. Y.—Anemics who have had to eat liver until they revolted at the word itself may obtain a little variety with apricots, peaches and prunes. Recently experiments at the University of Rochester medical school by Drs. C. H. Whipple and F. S. Robschelt-Robbins indicate that, although liver and kidney are by far the most potent food materials for the regeneration of the red blood corpuscles, certain other animal organs and several fruits are also effective, and hence can be used to vary the diet in anemia.

A long-debated question in medicine is whether iron must be in organic combination before it can be utilized by the body in regenerating the iron-containing hemoglobin, or whether a simple inorganic salt of iron, such as ferrous carbonate, will suffice. Apparently the form of iron and the quantity in which it occurs are not the deciding factors.

Beef kidney contains three times as much iron as does beef liver, but the latter is far more effective in blood regeneration. Raspberries contain more iron than do apricots and peaches, but are inert in blood regeneration. There is certain evidence that some unknown substance is supplied by the effective foods, and that it enables the body to utilize the iron.

Science Hunts Cause of Knocks in Motor

State College, Pa.—The secrets of the automobile engine in hiding the real causes of its "knock," may yield before the searching investigations of science, if coming developments in the study of these problems prove as successful as preliminary observations.

What happens in the cylinder of the engine can be shown by means of a spectroscopic, an instrument for making and measuring artificial rainbows, said Dr. Emma P. Carr of Mount Holyoke college before the institute of chemistry of the American Chemical society.

"The spectra, or rays, given by these artificial rainbows show the nature of the materials present in the cylinder of the engine," Miss Carr explained. "The spectra of detonation, explosion and combustion show decided differences in structure and give us some indication of the chemical changes taking place."

Czarist Admiral Now

"Man Without a Country"

Cleveland, Ohio.—Andrew Pukit, fifty-three years old, a former admiral in the czar's navy, found himself a "man without a country" when he faced immigration officials here on a charge of failing to report his entrance into the United States.

Pukit was arrested at the home of his daughter here, where he has lived for a year after entering the United States in 1923, when he was forced to flee from Russia because of his anti-bolshevik convictions. A graduate of the Imperial Navy academy, Pukit saw service in the Russo-Japanese, Chinese Boxer and World wars.

He took out his first citizenship papers in the United States a year ago, but his status is uncertain.

What's the Answer?

New York.—The United States Department of Labor has been called upon to rule whether all musicians are artists or some merely "laborers in the field of music."

BIRTHPLACE OF HYMN MARKED BY TABLET

History of "He Leadeth Me" Told by Author.

Philadelphia.—A bronze tablet has been placed by the United Gas Improvement company on its new building here as a permanent marker of the birthplace of the hymn "He Leadeth Me," and the historic fact that the First Baptist church once stood on the present site of the company's building. The tablet was erected on the Arch street side of the building. It bears date of June 1, 1928, erection having been delayed by the building of the new structure and the construction of the subway.

Information that paved the way for the erection of the tablet was given two years ago by the late Rev. Dr. John Gordon, a Baptist clergyman who pointed, to a brownstone dwelling at 1409 Arch street, adjoining the new building, and said: "That old dwelling has a remarkable history; a wonderful hymn, 'He Leadeth Me,' was written there. The Rev. Dr. Gilmore wrote it way back in the '60s. The hymn has been sung all over the world."

Words Set to Music.

Dr. Gilmore, in his own account of the writing of the hymn, said:

"As a young man I was supplying for a couple of Sundays the pulpit of the First Baptist church in Philadelphia. At the midweek service—on the twenty-sixth of March, 1861—I set out to give the people an exposition of the twenty-third Psalm, which I had given before on three or four occasions; but this time I did not get further than the words, 'He leadeth me.' Those words took hold of me as they had never done before. I saw in them a significance and beauty of which I had never dreamed."

"At the close of the meeting a few of us kept on talking about the thought I had emphasized; and then and there, on a blank page of the brief from which I had intended to speak, I pencilled the hymn, handed it to my wife and thought no more about it."

"It occurred to her months afterward to send the hymn to a paper published in Boston, where it was printed. It attracted the attention of William B. Bradbury, who slightly modified the refrain and set the hymn to the music which has done so much to promote its popularity."

Hears His Hymn Sung.

"I did not know until 1905 that my hymn had been set to music. I went to Rochester to preach as a candidate before the Second Baptist church. Going into their chapel on the day that I reached the city, I took up a hymnal to see if my hymn, 'He Leadeth Me,' I accepted it as an indication of divine guidance, and have no doubt I was right."

Joseph H. Gilmore was born in Boston, April 20, 1834, the son of Joseph Albee Gilmore, governor of New Hampshire from 1863 to 1865. He was educated at Phillips-Andover academy, Brown university, and Newton Theological seminary.

Professor Gilmore taught at Newton one year and then became pastor of the Baptist church at Fisherville, N. H. He was called to the Second Baptist church of Rochester in 1865 and occupied the pulpit for two years. He was then appointed to the chair of English language and literature at the University of Rochester. He retired in 1908 after more than 40 years of service.

3,000 More Varieties of Roses in 20 Years

London.—Horticulturists of England have much more to contend with in the way of selecting flowers than they had several years ago.

Statistics just issued show there are 3,000 more different kinds of roses than there were 20 years ago. In the same time the gladioli have risen from 2,000 varieties to 12,000. In 1907 there were only 1,500 sorts of dahlias, whereas there now are 8,000.

Research in poultry nutrition, prevention, extension of the industry and marketing of fowls were discussed in sessions held by various divisions of the congress.

Whole Family Has

Tails Like Beasts'

Sydney, Australia.—Reports of a family in which every member except the mother possesses a perfect tail, which, in the case of the father, can be wagged like a dog's, has excited the interests of medical men here.

The father, a ten-year-old son and two daughters, three and six, have tails. The grandparents of the children were normal, and the father and the children are normal except for the tails which grow from the bases of their spines.

"It is a case of atavism," one medical man said. "The tailed father and children who inherit the appendage are undoubtedly throwbacks. It is intermittent heredity. It is also harking back to a more or less remote ancestor, due to the reassertion or reawakening of ancestral contributions which have lain for several generations latent or unexpressed."

"Prettiest Coed" Scorns

Short Hair and Smoking

Jackson, Miss.—The prettiest girl at Millsaps college has never bobbed her hair or smoked a cigarette, and is far from the so-called "collegiate" type.

Finds "1882" Turtle

Wabash, Ind.—Mrs. William Lutz, living at Disko, in the northern part of the county, has proof that turtles live to be at least forty-five years old. She found a turtle in the back yard of her home on whose back was carved "A. F. Landis, 1882."

Giraffe Centenary

Paris.—Paris is celebrating a new centenary this year—that of the giraffe. Some interested zoologists discovered that it was just 100 years ago in 1827, that the first giraffe was seen at the Jardin des Plantes.

HERMIT HOPES TO LIVE 350 YEARS

Puts Faith in Water and Pine Lark Cakes.

New York.—An amazing secret of longevity is claimed to have been discovered by a Korean, regarded as a saint, named Skalkhan—amazing in its simplicity as well as in its anticipated results. For it consists in nothing but a diet of water and small cakes made of pine bark.

Upon such food Skalkhan is said to have subsisted for many years, according to reports from Tokio. He is now 60 years old and "still going strong," and expresses the utmost confidence in living for 200 years longer, thus rounding out three centuries and a half.

Such an age is, of course, much less than that credited to the antediluvian patriarchs. But it is precisely twice that attained by Abraham, it is pointed out, and, of course, vastly greater than that attained by any one since his time.

Skalkhan is a hermit, who lives on Korea's holy mountain, Kongusan. He recently went to Tokio to tell of his method of longevity to the members of the Japanese Peer club. He says that he found the secret inscribed in ancient books, which record that in this manner men have prolonged their lives to 500 years.

He sleeps only two hours a day, massages himself and performs other hygienic exercises according to the holy teachings of the Buddhists, and his food consists of a few of the pine bark cakes and one or two glasses of water daily.

As a result of this regimen he said he feels younger and stronger at sixty than he did at thirty years.

Suit Over 4 Cents Drags

On 6 Years in France

Paris.—An 83-centime lawsuit has been going on nearly six years in France and the end is not yet in sight. This sum is about 3% cents.

Millions of francs have been spent, courts have been occupied for weeks at a time and the best lawyers have argued on both sides.

Marcel Boyer, a well-known "chansonnier," conducting a sort of literary cabaret in the Latin quarter, started the judicial row by refusing to pay a disputed extra tax on two tickets he gave to an old war comrade. Boyer, seeing the soldier at his box office, promptly passed him in, handing 4 francs to the cashier as the government tax on reduced-price tickets.

The government inspector demanded 83 centimes more because, he said, Boyer did not go through the formality of buying the low-priced tickets from the box office.

Decisions of all sorts have been handed down, some courts holding one way and some another, but always leaving unsettled some technicality that caused new trials. These re-hearings then went to other jurisdictions. The case has traveled pretty well over central France since it started November 27, 1921.

Sixteen Skeletons Found

Under Berlin Elevated

Berlin.—From midnight to dawn 16 skeletons of men, thought to have been murdered secretly in the revolution of 1918, were unearthed in the foundations of Berlin's elevated line. The burial ground was between the former military hospital and barracks, the scene of some of the cruellest battles of the revolution. The papers report that skulls were cracked by the butt ends of guns, which strengthens the theory that the bones are those of victims of the revolution, though a group of experts assert that the skeletons are a century old.

Russian Claims to Have

One Million Dependents

Moscow.—Income tax time in soviet Russia awoke an echo of the past when a workingman, presenting himself for tax assessment, was asked to fill out a blank indicating, for purposes of tax deduction, the individuals who had been dependent on his earnings.

"A wife, a mother-in-law, and one million British miners," he wrote into the card. The claim in full was not allowed.

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C. F. Butterfield

THE ANTRIM
**EDUCATOR
SHOE**



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!

WINDOW SHADES

SHADES that run up and down smoothly, that stop where you want them to stop and start when you want them to start.
SHADES that cover your window space and do not permit peering in from the outside.
SHADES that fit with the color of the house.
SHADES that are in Every Way Satisfactory.
We take the measures, tell you exactly what the cost will be, then fit into place neatly. You make the selection and pay the bill—we do the rest.

BLANKETS

Big enough to tuck in sides and ends, combining light weight with warmth, and both with attractive appearance.

GREY BLANKETS of quality . . . \$2.00 to \$5.75 pair
PLAID BLANKETS, white or grey ground \$4.50 to \$7. pr.
INDIAN PATTERNS, beauties for top blankets \$5.00 to \$10.00 each

ARMY BLANKETS—ALL WOOL

64x87, 4 lb. weight . . . \$5.50
Just the thing for extra warmth on the bed, for auto robes, couch covers, camp blankets.

If you cannot call, write or telephone 154-3.

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Hillsboro Guaranty Savings Bank

Incorporated 1889
HILLSBORO, N. H.

Resources over \$1,350,000.00

Safe Deposit Boxes for rent, \$2 per year

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

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ANTRIM, N. H.

The Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year
Advertising Rates on Application
H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
H. B. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANT
Wednesday, Aug. 31, 1927

Long Distance Telephone
Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc. in which an admission fee is charged or from which revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the state.
Ladies of Thanks are invited at 50c each.
Resolutions or orders of thanks \$1.00.
Obituary notices and lists of names charged for as advertisements; also will be charged at this same rate for notices of a wedding.

Foreign Advertising Representative
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION
Entered at the Post-office at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

Antrim Locals

Miss Mabelle Richardson is visiting her parents in Peterboro.

To Let—Three rooms, furnished for housekeeping. Apply to Mrs. Day's Lunch. Adv.

Antrim's next scheduled game with Hillsboro is Sept. 5, Labor Day, when two games will be played.

Read C. L. Chickering's adv. in this issue relative to special September prices on his line of goods.

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

Dr. James S. Shaw and wife, of Franklin, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dunlay, of Summer street.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Thornton are to occupy the cottage house on Main street owned by the Methodist society.

For Sale—Sweet Corn, in any quantity; special rates in lots for canning. Fred L. Proctor, Antrim. Adv.

Mrs. Ray, Hodges and Miss Doris Ellinwood are spending a season with relatives and friends in Boston and vicinity.

I have for sale a lot of good Hard Wood, four-foot and stove length, ready for delivery. Fred L. Proctor, Antrim. Adv.

Miss Elizabeth Robinson has returned to her home here from Lake George, New York, where she has spent several weeks.

Mrs. H. A. Warren, during her stay with relatives in the vicinity of Boston, has been quite ill, and not able yet to return home.

Will C. Hills is still confined to his home on Main street by illness; his many friends hope to soon see him out again enjoying the best of health.

You will want to look over the Hillsboro Community Building during Friday at its public opening. Read about it in display adv. in this paper today.

Rev. and Mrs. G. B. VanBuskirk are spending a brief season with Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hunt. Rev. VanBuskirk was a former pastor of the Methodist church in this place.

The ladies of the W. R. C. will hold a lawn party and food sale on the Presbyterian church lawn on Friday, Sept. 2, at 3 o'clock p. m., with sale of the usual articles. A cordial welcome is extended to everyone.

Mr. Howard Sargent and son, of Lawrence, Mass., Mrs. Marion Desrozier, of New York City, and Mrs. Stella Dickey, of Franklin, this state, have been spending the week in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Clark.

Mrs. Caleb Marston, of Loudon, is visiting with relatives in this place for a season. Mr. Marston will accompany Lieut. R. S. Fogg, of Concord, as pilot, on the biplane "Miss New Hampshire," in the National Air Derby race from New York City to Spokane, Washington, Sept. 19.

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

The Antrim Grange will hold a Grange fair at their hall on Saturday, Sept. 3, at 6 o'clock p. m., with the usual attractions, to close with an entertainment of an interesting character. Particulars are contained in posters. A special feature will be a cafeteria supper.

Moving Pictures!

MAJESTIC THEATRE
Town Hall, Antrim

Wednesday, August 31
Renee Adoree in
BLARNEY

Saturday, September 3
It's The Old Army Game
with W. C. Fields

SPECIAL! Labor Day
ACROSS THE PACIFIC
with Monte Blue

Pathe Weekly Pictures at 8.00

W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

FOR RENT—Six Room tenement Apply to Reporter office. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Wilson spent a few days last week with friends in Danielson, Conn.

Miss Ethel Muszey recently entertained her brother, Roscoe Lane, of Providence, R. I., for a few days.

A number of our people went to Hancock on Thursday to attend the exercises of Old Home Day in that place.

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

The Antrim Grange will hold a Fair and entertainment at their hall on Saturday, Sept. 3, at 6 p. m., with the usual exhibits and a pleasing program.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Warren and Miss Lillian Armstrong spent several days last week with relatives and friends in Boston and vicinity and at the North Shore.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Thompson were in Chicester on Thursday and on their return Mrs. Augusta Bullard accompanied them after a few weeks' visit with relatives.

The annual picnic of the Baptist Sunday school was held at Lake Massasecum on Thursday last. A large number attended and a perfectly lovely day was enjoyed.

Camp Greggmore gave an evening of operettas recently which was greatly enjoyed by many who attended. The annual banquet was held on Sunday evening, August 28th.

Earl G. Boutelle, East Jaffrey and Antrim, was taken into custody on Tuesday last by Officer Nylander for operating a car while under the influence of liquor. He was taken before Judge Perry of Hillsboro, who meted out to him a fine of \$100 and costs and a suspended sentence.

The trustees of the James A. Tuttle library have been given a nice water-color painting in calendar form, by Rev. William Wood, representing the Brown-Bigelow Co. Mr. Wood is a summer resident at White Birch Point and has a large spot in his affections for our town.

One of the things about the Souvenir Programs of Antrim's Sesqui-Centennial that has not been mentioned is the design on the cover. This was a special cut made from an original drawing by Cranston D. Eldredge. The design was the result of a combination of three early American tavern signs, they being quite in keeping with a booklet of this kind. Mr. Eldredge is a native of Antrim although now a resident of Winchendon, Mass., and president of the Courier Press, Inc.

Injured in Accident

T. J. Bishop, of Lexington, Mass., a native and formerly a resident of Antrim, met with a painful accident quite recently, and is still in the Addison Gilbert hospital, Gloucester, Mass., as the result of injuries received in an auto accident. His many friends regret to hear of his misfortune and extend best wishes for a speedy and permanent recovery.

COAL WOOD FERTILIZER

James A. Elliott,
ANTRIM, N. H.

Tel. 53

For Sale

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

Everyone is Invited to Attend the
Open House

—OF THE—

Hillsboro Community Building

—ON—

FRIDAY AFTERNOON and EVENING

September 2, 1927

From 1 to 10 p. m.

Come and Inspect One of the Most Beautiful Buildings in New England

All Are Welcome!

September

is the month for returning vacationers and campers. Vacations over, children going back to school and the grown-ups to work, correct time is essential.

We have a fine line of all the well known makes of clocks—Arsonis, New Haven, Waterbury and Sessions, in prices to suit all pocket books. Mantel style from \$12.00 to \$22.00

A special small, jewelled movement Banjo clock. Reproduction of the old Willard Banjo clocks, . . . \$19.00

Special Reduction Sale

For the month of September only, we are offering attractive reductions on our stock of fine American, Waltham and Elgin and high grade Swiss Watches. Parents take advantage of this opportunity to send your children to school with the correct time.

No more tardiness with our watches.

We carry Fountain Pens and Pencils for the children returning to school.

Now is a good time to have your Watch overhauled

Prices Right Work Guaranteed

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HILLSBORO, N. H.

AUCTION

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

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

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

The Reporter Office,
ANTRIM, N. H.

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.

H. B. Currier
Mortician

Hillsboro and Antrim, N. H.

Telephone connection

Moving Pictures!
DREAMLAND THEATRE
 Town Hall, Bennington
 at 8.00 o'clock.

Thursday, September 1
Sensation Seekers
 with Billy Dove

Saturday, September 3
The Great K & A Robbery
 with Tom Mix

Bennington.

Bennington Congregational Church
 Howard E. May, Pastor
 Sunday services notices.
 Morning services 10.45 a. m.

Sunday School 12 m.
 Sunday evening services Sept. 4,
 when the stereoscopic views of Ben
 Hur will be shown for two Sunday
 evenings: 1st part Sept. 4, 2d part
 Sept. 11. These views come from
 Oberlin College, Ohio, and are said
 to be very beautiful.

Mrs. Earl Sheldon is visiting with
 friends in Connecticut.

Mrs. Hartley of Lowell, Mass., is
 visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Seaver.

Mrs. Ada Russell, of Warren,
 is visiting her cousin, Mrs. H. H. Ross.

On Friday, at 6.30, there will be
 a supper at the Congregational church
 chapel.

Judge Wilson and family have been
 visitors at the Weirs the past week
 or more.

Sam Newton, who is in failing
 health, has been taken to the hospital
 at Gramere.

Miss Margaret Wilson, of Tilton,
 is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
 Thomas Wilson.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society
 meets at the chapel on Thursday after
 noon, at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. E. R. Keiser, of Milford,
 visited the past week with her sister-
 in-law, Mrs. Fred Bartlett.

Miss Sarah Cosman and young lady
 friend are visiting Mrs. Gertrude
 Ross, coming from Lynn, Mass.

The Sunday School board and teach-
 ers were invited to a tea at the
 parsonage on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Lura Keyser and Mrs. Ger-
 trude Ross visited Mrs. Duncklee and
 Mrs. Miller, in Dublin, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Holzman and party of
 friends, from Long Island, N. Y.,
 were here a few days last of the week.

Miss Effie Braid only remained at
 the hospital in Nashua for three days,
 but will return every few days for
 treatment.

The Emily Whitmore house has
 been remodeled and improved, and it
 is said will be occupied by the chauff-
 eur of the Pierce farm.

The schools have been thoroughly
 renovated for the fall term; the
 Grammar building having a new coat
 of paint on the outside as well as in.

Mr. and Mrs. Hadley, of Pennys-
 vania, and Mrs. Frank Whitney, of
 Rochester, this state, have joined rela-
 tives at the Nathan Whitney homestead.

Rev. Bernard Copping started last
 week for Rochester, N. Y., to visit a
 daughter and family; then in Sept.
 going on to Montana, where he has
 a son located, and expects he may re-
 main for the winter.

Mr. Holland, of Antrim, has rented
 the little house on the corner by the
 town hall, owned by the G. O. Joslin
 estate, and is making improvements.
 His son, who is employed by A. R.
 Sheldon, lives with him.

Tall Pines Camp, Lake George, was
 obliged to postpone its pageant,
 scheduled for Saturday afternoon,
 to Monday afternoon, Aug. 29, on ac-
 count of the rain. This is the first
 time we remember a like circumstance,
 during all the years this camp has
 given a public entertainment.

The following are on the committee
 for the Peterborough hospital drive:
 Mr. and Mrs. Howard R. May, Mr.
 and Mrs. More C. King, Mr. and Mrs.
 Kilder, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lindsey.
 Every Greek family subscribed the
 full amount asked for the five years
 and paid in the money. It seems as
 though almost any one can subscribe
 on the very liberal terms offered, ten
 cents a week means the \$5.00 for one
 year, and it surely is a worthy cause.

EAST ANTRIM

Rev. Charles Chapin made several
 calls in the neighborhood.

Several from here attended the
 reunion at Franctown Academy.

Melissa Cochran and family and

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of
 the Different Churches

Presbyterian-Methodist Churches
 Rev. William Weston, of Milford,
 will occupy the pulpit at the Meth-
 olist church on Sunday morning next,
 at 10.45 o'clock.
 Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

BAPTIST

Rev. E. H. Tibbals, Pastor
 Sunday, September 4. Morning
 worship at 10.45; preaching by the
 pastor.
 Sunday school at 12 o'clock.
 Union services at 7 o'clock, with
 sermon by the pastor of this church.

Resolutions of Respect

Passed by Bennington Grange, No.
 207, P. of H.

Whereas, the Divine Master of the
 Universe, in His infinite wisdom, has
 removed from among us one of our
 worthy fellow laborers, Cyrus H.
 Philbrick, and

Whereas, the long and intimate re-
 lation held with him in our Grange,
 makes it eminently befitting that we
 record our appreciation of him;
 therefore be it

Resolved, that the sudden removal
 of our brother from among us leaves
 a vacancy that will be felt by all the
 members and friends of our Grange,
 and will be a sad loss to the home
 and community.

Resolved, that with deep sympathy
 we express our hope that so great a
 loss to us all may be overruled for
 good by Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, that a copy of these
 resolutions be spread upon the records
 of our Grange, a copy be printed in
 the Antrim Reporter, and a copy be
 sent to the bereaved family.

Isabella Gerrard
 Frank A. Taylor
 Grace A. Taylor
 Committee on Resolutions

Card of Thanks

During the recent illness and death
 of our beloved husband and father,
 George L. Cady, our many friends
 extended to us their fullest expression
 of loving thoughtfulness and sympathy.
 We wish to express our appreciation
 and thankfulness to those who have
 done so much for us, and also for the
 beautiful floral tributes.

Mrs. George L. Cady
 Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hudson
 Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Byles and
 children.

Lester Davies, a former resident
 of Antrim, is spending a portion of
 his vacation in town visiting with
 friends.

Mrs. Wheeler were recent Franklin
 visitors.

Mrs. Harriet Collins, of Lexington,
 Mass., spent the past week with
 Mrs. Traak.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Tuttle and
 Miss Harriet Collins took a trip to
 the White Mountains last week.

Aren't we glad we had a pageant,
 and more glad that we had Miss
 Church. Surely she is a wonder; no
 regrets now we hope!

George H. Wilkins, of Greenfield,
 Mass., returned to his home last
 Thursday; he came for the celebration
 and remained for the reunion at
 Franctown Academy. He formerly
 lived at Clinton and is a cousin of
 Mrs. W. D. Wheeler.

A pleasant evening was spent at
 the home of Mrs. V. J. Swett, the
 occasion being the birthdays of Mrs.
 Swett, Dr. Peters, and one of the
 boys who has been boarding there for
 a season. The guests were entertain-
 ed by the boys who gave recitations,
 and all did justice to the lunch pro-
 vided by Mrs. Swett, consisting of
 ice cream, cake and cookies.

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 trans-
 act School District business and to
 hear all parties.

ROSS H. ROBERTS,
 BYRON G. BUTTERFIELD
 EMMA S. GOODELL,
 Agrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

The Selectmen will meet at their
 Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tues-
 day evening of each week, to trans-
 act 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.

MICKIE SAYS—

OH! T'Y WUZ A CITY MAN
 WHO WENT OUT INTO TH' COW
 PASTURE AFT' SAT ON A STOOL,
 WAITING FOR TH' COWS TO
 BACK UP AND GET ALLIKED—
 TH' BOSS BEZ TH' MERCHANT
 WHO DOESN'T ADVERTISE
 REMINDS HIM OF TH' CITY
 MAN



**Modern Type of Girl
 as One Man Sees Her**

The modern girl is more alluring
 than any feminine type of history—
 and serious-minded, reasoning young
 men are avoiding matrimony more
 than ever before.

That's the conclusion of a young
 business man, eligible, earning \$6,000
 a year, who, writing in Smart Set
 Magazine, points to three types of
 girls as his reasons for dodging the
 marriage bond.

First of them, he says, is the one
 "who believes that a girl has the same
 right to freedom in her sex life as a
 man. Not only believes it but says so
 —and does so, for all I know. Maybe
 she will make some man a mighty
 good wife—but not me."

No. 2 is the girl, usually a petted
 only daughter, restless and with the
 idea that "money is just made to be
 spent. As a wife she'd be a wonder-
 ful sweetheart, but we'd both be in
 the poorhouse inside of a year or
 two."

And third is the intellectual girl who
 insists upon showing it. "She has
 ideas and beliefs about everything
 from Bolshevism to birth control. As
 a wife she'd have her clubs to go to,
 her political meetings, her papers on
 various subjects to prepare. I'm
 afraid we wouldn't be happy together."

**One European People
 Was Napoleon's Dream**

In all the six years of his captivity,
 he does not seem, even once, to have
 sung the praises of General Bonaparte.
 If he is summing up what he achieved,
 he says:

"My fame does not rest upon my 40
 victorious battles, nor does it lie in the
 fact that I bent the monarchs to my
 will. Waterloo will wipe out the mem-
 ory of so many victories; the last act
 makes one forget the first. What will
 never pass away is my book of laws,
 minutes of my council of state, my cor-
 respondence with my ministers.
 Through its simplicity my code of laws
 had more effect than any civil codes
 before it; the schools I have kept up,
 my methods of instruction, are creat-
 ing a new generation; crime decreased
 during my rule, whereas in England
 crime has become more prevalent.
 I wanted to found a European
 system, a European code of laws, a
 European court of appeal; there would
 have been but one people throughout
 Europe."—From Emil Ludwig's "Nap-
 oleon."

Old Criticism of Dance

The dance craze was the object of
 almost as much criticism a century
 ago as it is today. This was shown
 by a book, yellowed with age, which
 was found recently in the walls of an
 old mansion demolished in Medford,
 Mass. Under the heading, "Dancing,"
 the author, in 1831, wrote: "Nothing
 shows the national character, or
 thoughtlessness and gaiety, more
 plainly than a strong and general pro-
 pensity for dancing. A passion for
 this amusement affects persons in
 every grade of life. It might be sup-
 posed that those only would be dis-
 posed to engage in it whose spirits are
 continually elastic and buoyant, under
 the cheering smiles of prosperity and
 ease. But this is not the fact. The
 thoughtless and gay will often do it
 in order to suppress those moivings
 of conscience which would lead them to
 a life of religion."

Trade Mark Protection

The courts have said that a person
 entering a field of endeavor already
 occupied by another should, in the
 selection of a trade name or trade
 mark, keep far enough away to avoid
 all possible confusion. Whether there
 is an infringement of a trade mark
 does not depend upon the use of iden-
 tical words, nor on the question as to
 whether they are so similar that a
 person looking at one would be de-
 ceived into the belief that it was the
 other. The courts incline to hold that
 infringement occurs if one adopts a
 trade name or a trade mark so like
 another in form, spelling or sound that
 a person with a not very definite or
 clear recollection as to the real trade
 mark is likely to become confused or
 misled.

"A City Garage in a Country Town"
HANCOCK GARAGE

W. H. 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: Rebering Machine, Connection Rod Straightener, Port Reamers, Electric Valve Facer and Cylinder Block Valve Expansion Reamers, Rebabbitting of Bearings, Lathe and Machine Work of All Kinds; also Oxy-acetylene Welding and Carbon Burning.

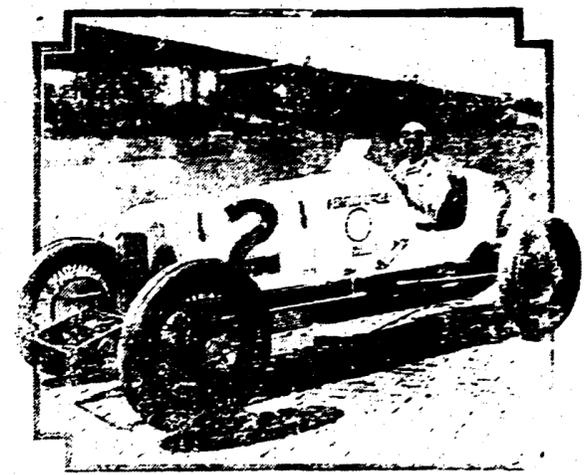
Our Satisfied Customers are our best Advertisement. Ask Your Neighbor About Us.

Satisfaction Guaranteed
ONCE — ALWAYS

"A City Garage in a Country Town"

**FRANK LOCKHART, AMERICAN AUTO ACE,
 FINDS ALL SPEEDWAYS ALIKE TO HIM**

Youthful Driver Feels at Home on Dirt, Concrete and Brick Tracks as He Establishes New Marks—Travels 171.02 Miles an Hour.



MUD or dust, concrete or boards, rain or shine—these make no difference to young Frank Lockhart, of Los Angeles, who today at 24 is the fastest automobile driver in the United States, if not in the world.

Few motorists, even of the harden-
 ed professional racers, have had the
 varied experience of Lockhart, who
 has driven an almost every kind of
 track.

His best record—and he set it after
 more than a year's racing—was set on a
 dry lake bed at Aztec, near Los Angeles,
 California, in April when he whirled
 over the 3.3-mile track at an average
 speed of 171.02 miles an hour—
 a figure comparable to that of Major
 H. O. D. Segrave, the Briton, who
 drove his "Mystery Sunbeam" at
 167.79 miles an hour at Daytona
 Beach, Florida. Major Segrave holds
 a British record, of course, and
 Lockhart the American.

Previous to Lockhart's feat, the
 fastest American record was established
 by the intrepid Tommy Milton, who
 a few years before he retired whizzed
 along at 156.4 miles an hour at Day-
 tona Beach.

What makes Lockhart's figures more
 remarkable than even Major Segrave's
 is the fact that the American used a
 car with a displacement of only 91.5
 cubic inches, as compared with the
 displacement in the Englishman's ma-
 chine of 1200 cubic inches.

Rain likewise holds no terrors for
 Lockhart for racing fans recall that
 he won the Decoration Day race on
 the Indianapolis Speedway last year
 in a driving rainstorm. So sudden was
 the deluge and so dangerous did the
 track become that the Speedway offi-
 cials immediately cut the usual 50
 miles down to 40 miles.

Lockhart, driving without relief
 shot his tiny car around the brick
 track 160 times at an average speed
 of 91.63 miles an hour and finished
 five miles ahead of his nearest rival,
 Harry Hartz, also of Los Angeles.

Then he followed up that victory by
 running first on the September 16th,
 at the Altona Speedway, with a speed
 of 117 miles an hour. He interspersed
 these two notable winnings by cap-
 turing the Charlotte, N. C., race on Au-
 gust 23, with an average speed of
 120.24 miles per hour, faster than
 either of the other two races.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
 HILLSBOROUGH SS.

Superior Court, August 15, 1927

In the matter of a libel for discon-
 tinuance of real estate and other relief,
 which is now pending in the superi-
 or court for said county of Hillsborough,
 the original of which is on file in said
 court and may be examined by inter-
 ested parties, the title of the case
 being as follows: Myron H. Alcott
 Dorothy Gertrude Alcott

It appearing that the residence
 the libelee is unknown, it is ordered
 that the libellant give notice to the
 libelee to appear at the superior court
 next to be holden at Nashua, in said
 county of Hillsborough, on the 22nd
 day of September, 1927, to
 and there to show cause, if any there
 be, why the prayers of said libel
 should not be granted by causing
 true and attested copy of this citation
 and order of notice to be published
 The Antrim Reporter, a newspaper
 printed at Antrim in said county
 Hillsborough, it being a newspaper
 published at or nearest the last known
 place of residence of the libelee in this
 state, three weeks successively, at
 least publication to be at least four
 days prior to the return day.

It is further ordered that the libel-
 lant shall send by registered mail, with
 receipt for a return receipt, a copy
 of the libel and order attested by him
 within seven days after filing of this
 libel at the last known post-
 office, and to the relative or friend
 as stated in the libel.

Attest: Thos. D. Luce, Clerk
 Ralph G. Smith Esq.,
 Atty. for Libellant

The foregoing is a true copy
 citation and order for publication.

Attest: Thos. D. Luce, Clerk

**Automobile
 LIVERY!**

Parties carried Day or Night
 Cars Rented in Best of Equip-
 ment

Our satisfied patrons our best
 advertisement

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

**About
 Advertising**

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

Try the REPORTER.

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

TWO WOMEN FOUND HELP

Their Sickness Banished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mrs. Nina Matteson, Box 206, Oxford, N. Y., writes: "If it had not been for your medicine, I could not have done my work as it should have been done. Mother told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I had read in different papers what it had done for different women. She wanted me to try it, so my husband got me one bottle at first; then I took two others. Now I am feeling quite strong again."



Mrs. Ernest Tangway, of Adams, Mass., says she was ill for four years and could not sleep nights or go out on the street. She read about the Vegetable Compound and decided to try it. After taking eight bottles she was able to do all her work and go anywhere and is quite herself again.

This dependable Vegetable Compound is a household word in thousands of homes. The fourth generation is now learning the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For more than half a century, this reliable medicine has been used by women with very satisfactory results. If the Vegetable Compound has helped other women, why shouldn't it help you?

Your Constipation Can Be Relieved

Take it in hand today! Clean out your bowels with this pure-quality herb laxative used for over seventy-six years.

Dr. True's Elixir

You know the symptoms of chronic constipation: sour stomach, belching, offensive breath, heavy, dull eyes, constant headaches, and general out-of-sorts, grouchy feeling. Let Dr. True's Elixir bring you proper, quick relief.

The True Family Laxative

Family size \$1.20; other sizes 60c & 40c.

To Patrol Forests

William Finlayson, minister of lands and forests for the province of Ontario, reports that his department has purchased and is bringing from England, four seaplane "moths" for use in connection with forest patrol work in northern Ontario, and for detection and fire-fighting work in the northern forests. These planes have a wing spread of 30 feet, compared with a wing spread of 86 feet of some of the airplanes now in use by the department. They have a speed of from 80 to 90 miles an hour.

Long Trip Ahead

Mrs. Dubb—Oh, John! I can't stop the car! I've lost control of it!
Dubb—Then I guess it's a good thing I told that filling-station man back there to put in five gallons instead of ten!

It is likely the best novels are only written about half for the money they will bring.

THE NEW FAST WAY TO MAKE MONEY

Give the Average Man a chance for the first time! Not drama, but Dollars! Solid cash every day. No trick schemes, no strings to it. Quickly understood. No experience necessary. No limit to immediate cash profits and future income. Multiple cash returns steadily. Your friends join you quickly. Won't interfere with present work. The discovery of co-operative selling. The money is there. Ample financial investments at once. Write: **DEFENSE HOLDING CORPORATION**, Dept. 7, 527 Fifth Ave., New York City

HOSIERY AGENTS

Wanted everywhere. Wholesale prices. Good profits. Fine sellers. Make money selling our hosiery. Agents: **EDWARD LEBRON, EVERETT, MASSACHUSETTS.**

1800 Ladies in Use Famous **WILMA LEE** Hosiery FREE. Write today. Stamp appreciated. **HESSE, Cleander St., Lakeland, Fla.**

Business Places for Sale

Located in progressive New England district, all personally investigated by our own agents and guaranteed by the owners.

AUTOMOBILE AGENCY—GARAGE Homebased agency in live N. E. city; only one in city; sales \$25,000; profit \$8,000; steel brick bldg. 42x120; does good repair work; real purchase at \$25,000. File M-1584.

WHEAT DEALER in live N. E. city; est. 8 yrs. own; in heart of wholesale district, very good income; sales \$100,000; profit \$15,000; 1500 sq. ft. net profit \$15,000; 3 delivery trucks; wonderful reputation; great opportunity; buy this business at \$25,000. File M-1513.

GARAGE—REAL ESTATE progressive Mass. city; garage capacity 20 cars; only garage in city; bldg. brick, 1915; 1 truck, all other equipment; garage now sub-rented. Good buy at \$2,000. File M-1588.

THE AUTO-COLE COMPANY, 318 Franklin Bldg., Boston, Mass.

SALONWOMEN—sell our line beautiful undergarments; full or part time; liberal commissions. **Redfern Undergarment Co.**, 1178 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR selling new line of shirts, shirts, shirts, all knives and tools quickly. Demonstrating Sample Free. **PREMIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY**, Dept. 417, Detroit, Michigan.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM Removes dandruff, restores color and shine to hair. Sold at all drug stores.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Sold at all drug stores. **Illco Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.**

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

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



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

Shorthand Mall Course, practical, thorough, intensive, write for leaflet. **Gregg shorthand School, 15 Linden St., Framingham, Mass.**

Sizing Her Up

"What do you think of that new redheaded girl?" asked Yvonne of the rapid fire restaurant.

"I judge she knows twice as much as she ought to, and not half as much as she should," responded Heloise, the head waitress.

In the Ring

"I tell you when those two got together it was a circus."

"Which two?"

"Barnum and Bailey."

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.

What's the Answer?

Questions No. 12

1—What crew won the Harvard-Yale two-mile rowing race in 1926?

2—What states were originally colonized by the Spanish?

3—What army surgeon became secretary of war; in whose cabinet?

4—How does the beach get its sand?

5—How deep is the deepest part of the ocean?

6—What was the origin in the theater of the Astor place riot, which resulted in the death of 28 people; in what city and what year did it occur?

7—Where is the group of islands which is the unsubmerged portion of a mountain system?

8—What great American novelist became a permanent resident of England?

9—Who said, when he heard of the battle of Bunker Hill: "The liberties of the country are safe!"

10—Are common stocks of corporations ever redeemed?

11—What novelist is considered the founder of the American school of realism?

12—Who was the leading pitcher in the American league in 1926?

13—What are "fighting fish"?

14—What was the "Flying Dutchman"?

15—Who patented the first revolver, and when?

16—When was the Panama canal opened?

17—What genius of the Renaissance was painter, sculptor, architect, scientist, engineer, mechanic and musician?

18—Where are situated the thousands of small lakes formed by the Laurentian glacier?

19—Who said: "Let me die in my old American uniform, in which I fought my battles. God forgive me for ever having put on any other?"

20—What are the three leading sources of national income of the United States?

Answers No. 11

1—Capt. Robert Gray, 1792.

2—Three; Harrison, Taylor; Harding.

3—Plants.

4—The ability or capacity to perform work.

5—Great Heart cleared the bar at 8 feet 1/2 inch.

6—Antonin Dvorak, in his "New World" symphony.

7—The Nile.

8—"Endymion" by John Keats.

9—John Sherman.

10—In America, yes; in England, no.

11—Major Pitcairn, before the battle of Lexington.

12—The United States.

13—The average human heart weighs nine and one-half ounces.

14—An instrument for detecting the presence of an electric current or measuring its strength.

15—New York, New Jersey.

16—Three; Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley.

17—Stravinsky.

18—Hudson bay.

19—"The Faery Queen."

20—The five-day week.

Nonshrinkable Wool

Supplied by Ovisbos

The musk-ox—scientifically, the ovisbos—is one of the interesting animals of the Arctic region. It is something like a cow and something like a sheep, but is not a cross, though the name, ovisbos, means a sheep-cow. It seems to be a relic of an animal that lived in the Stone age, when the hairy rhinoceros and the mammoth were common, writes the travel editor of the Pathfinder Magazine. It feeds on grass, moss and the shoots of trees. Not only is its meat very good to eat and the hide good for leather, but the wool from its coat is softer than cashmere and it has the advantage over all other wool that it will not shrink. One can smell the ovisbos when it is still a quarter of a mile away, and this gives it its popular name of musk-ox. But the musk smell does not taint the meat if the butchering is carefully done.

Stopped Traffic for Duck

Traffic on a busy main road near Bourne, England, was held up for ten minutes while a duck laid an egg. A policeman had halted automobiles when the duck started to waddle across the road. Halfway over she sat down. After she had laid the egg, she continued her journey. The egg was salvaged and the procession of halted cars proceeded.

Milk Without Cream

A cow that possessed "a perfectly adjusted separator" has been reported by a correspondent to the Sydney Bulletin. "She gave a lot of milk and her calves were the fattest and biggest in the herd, but for household purposes her milk was useless," according to the correspondent. "The milk could be run through a separator without a drop of cream appearing either in the dish or in the interior of the machine. By no method of milking could she be enticed to give any cream."

STILL FEATURING SNAKESKIN; CLOTH DRESSES FOR GIRLS

IT WOULD seem as if the fashionable world had become snake-charmed. At the beginning of this year the women looked askance at carrying a bag or wearing shoes or gloves made of snakeskin; gradually they yielded and so the mode has continued to weave its fascination, which has not yet been broken. When early in the spring, snakeskin apparel appeared, it did not seem to



Smart Modes for Midseason.

bespeak other than a flash of the sensational—a mere passing fancy. However, midseason and fall styles disclose the fact that serpents reincarnated into coats and hats and such smart details as handbags, belts and shoes are still moving about on the stage of fashion.

Indeed so popular have snakeskin effects become that some of the newest silks for blouse and scarf, for coat linings and dress trimmings are printed in snakeskin patterns—which proves again that "imitation is the sincerest flattery."

Now comes along a new tribute to the fashionable serpent—the snakeskin raincoat made of rubberized fabric imitating reptile effect.

As a trimming snakeskin is really wonderfully attractive. Some of autumn's smartest jersey dresses in two-piece styling are detailed with pockets of snakeskin with narrow bands inserted at wristline and on the collar, also finishing the ends of a scarf tie.

Included in recent showings of early fall accessories one finds many snakeskin bags, both genuine and imitation, both of cobra and watersnake variety.

One sees also snakeskin patterns on felt hats, done by handpainting on beige and string-colored felt grounds.

The snakeskin coats in the picture bear the seal of Paris approval.

that of which the dress is made is inflated, so to speak, with clever seamings.

A close study of the frock in the picture will reveal an interesting inset styling. This little dress is of chestnut colored wool rep with insets of a lighter brown ingeniously seamed into the body of the garment.

These inset constructions present vast possibilities for intriguing design. For instance, a navy blue jersey frock has inserted strips of French blue, so seamed as to radiate from a point at one side, like spokes of a cart wheel.

Another simple interpretation of the inset treatment is that of making a deep yoke of a light tone with a darker portion sewed below, the hemline displaying a third-degree coloring.

Dresses for children not only employ insets of one color, but of many. Ingenious seamings is given to squares, triangles and other conventional motifs of various shades until a gay and modernistic patterning is the result.

Unbroken lines from neck to hem is the most approved styling this season. In the soft crepes and gingham this is accomplished by means of smocking, shirring, tucking and plaiting, which allows the fullness to fall from the shoulder. Not only is the peasant-type frock heavily smocked, but this same form of handwork is very popular throughout all juvenile styling.

Cunning Little Dress



Cunning Little Dress.

The envelope bag under the arm of the figure to the left is snakeskin trimmed.

After vacation, then what? Outfitting the little folks for school answers the query. Considering that children are so decidedly in the foreground of fashion these days, it becomes imperative that their frocks be well styled, not only for "dreamy" occasions but for school wear and play-time hours as well.

Short, shorter, shortest: that's what

Stylists are using for children's day time autumn frocks such woolsens as jersey, kasha, wool crepe, serge, rex and velveteen.

For coats, suede cloth, broadcloth and velveteen are choice for dressy types, with novelty checks and plaids for sports cloaks. The new coats are featuring chin collars, some of them fur-bound, others adding scarflike the made of self-fabric.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY, 68, 157, by Western Newspaper Union.

Know Your Sweetheart by His Handwriting

By EDNA PURDY WALSH

Editor, Character Building Magazine.

(Copyright.)

Are Loops Inflated?



Large loops either above or below the line, large in proportion to the rest of the writing tell of a personality that has a habit of seeing everything in a big way—even though the thing might be very little. Imagination is pronounced in these writers and they are often inclined to exaggerate.

These writers are emotional and love to let their imagination run rampant. The lower loops have to do with the desire for amusement and satisfaction on the earth plane.

Large loops above the line show lofty sentiments, high ambitions and aims. One who makes these loops, even though their bars are made to the left, showing indecision, still has hope and it is so strongly rooted that such a writer can weather real storms of worry.

When loops are well-rounded, we may expect to find a tolerant person who is not too set in his ways to be changed. "Good mixers" always write the rounded loop.

When loops are small or pinched, you may expect to meet those whose views are not broad and whose ideas are limited. They depend on others for originality.

Modesty

for one you please start

they meet

Modest or bold? Which is best? A little of each and neither too extreme. When modesty is pronounced we find a self-conscious sort, somewhat timid. Is your intended life partner too modest? Look at his writing and if so prompt him for self-assertion in life.

Small writing with small low capitals indicates modesty on the part of the writer. Light, fine t bars made to the left of the upright also bespeak the writer who is unaware of his real ability and who never comes forward to take the chance until the fellow who takes a chance has beaten him to the mark.

Simplicity in the style of writing, a lacking of flourishes show the easy going, honest and modest person who is always hesitant to take full credit for his work. As the modest person is never very dramatic and frequently never emphatic he makes the long heavy terminal to his words. There is nothing superfluous, either in words or lines in the writing of the modest man or woman. In fact, they never seem to get up enough self-assertion to underscore their name.

Neatness is always evident in their writing. Usually it is level and well on the horizontal line. This unassuming type is inclined to make the letters m and n like u's.

Does He Think Ahead?

Date that check

Has he the quality of vision? Can he see through the things of today and focus his eye on tomorrow or the "rainy day"?

When small letter d turns back to the left, the writer is capable of going along at a conservative, careful pace, but nevertheless going along. As he goes steadily but calmly along he visualizes the future and plans for the following day as he has planned for the present.

Words that are connected from the t bars—from one t to another—show the urge to plan for the future.

Short, firm t bars are made by this type of writer.

Margins are generally narrow in the writing of one who has an eye open for the morrow. Words are written fairly close. Capitals are large but writing is not sprawling or thrown on the page. This is a sign of impulsiveness.

The letter a is closed and writing appears to be firm and the product of one with judgment and reason. Lower loops are made with three corners sometimes.

Note.—Do not make final judgment until other signs in writing are studied.

Much Admired

She was fashionably dressed and ornamented. After examining her carefully the doctor finally said, "Madam, you have acute tonsillitis." The patient blushed and admitted, "Yes, so many have admired it, but what I came to see you about, doctor, was why my throat hurts so badly."—Cap-pers Weekly.

Forget Them Awfully

Troubles are like infants; they only grow bigger by nursing.—The Outlook.



Uncle Buzz is bored by visitors

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



Regular Shampoo with a soda of Cuticura Soap and hot water, preceded by light applications of Cuticura Ointment, are most effective. They do much to cleanse the scalp of dandruff, astringent, stimulate circulation and promote the healthy condition necessary to a luxuriant growth of hair.

IN THE MEMORY GARDEN

(By D. J. Walsh)

MRS. FULLER rose slowly from the flower-bed over which she had been bending and stood rubbing the dry earth from her fingers while she looked across the street where teachers and pupils were leaving the high school building at the close of the afternoon session. The young people came along the brick walk in twos and threes, chattering and laughing. Now and then one strolled across the campus reading from an open book or dropped down to rest a few moments on one of the many stone seats to enjoy the shade of the large elm trees.

Mrs. Fuller's attention seemed fixed on a young man who was walking alone.

"Something wrong," she murmured. "Something wrong."

"What's the matter, mother?" inquired her husband teasingly from his seat on the porch. "Didn't that last slip you stuck down live?"

"Oh, the plants are doing well enough. It's the folks that worry me." She gave her hands a final brush to clear them of the last particles of each and seated herself in a low rocker near her husband.

"It's Mr. Cross and Miss Lane. You know how devoted they were last spring? I haven't seen them together this fall and the schoolgirls tell me they hardly speak to each other. It just makes me sick."

"There, there, mother, you can't settle young people's differences. Let them alone. They'll make it up."

"I don't know. Sometimes little quarrels are never made up. I only wish I could bring them together somehow. They care for each other. I know. I've watched them many times. She hasn't been over here to see us this fall. I imagine she would feel more unhappy if she came, now that they have quarreled."

"Neither has he been here. I used to enjoy that young fellow. He never seemed to think it a waste of time to play a game of croquet with an old codger like me."

"There she comes now. I'm going to hullo her."

"Be careful, mother. Be careful." Mrs. Fuller descended the steps and waved energetically to a good-looking young woman who was crossing the street.

"Come over," she called. "I haven't had a visit with you this fall and I miss you dreadfully."

Miss Lane's smile drove a sad expression from her face as she took Mrs. Fuller's hands in her own.

"I've missed you, too, but you know first days are busy ones. Tonight I felt so tired I thought I would go home and rest, but now that I am here I think a visit will help me more than a nap. How's the memory garden? Won't you tell me about it?"

"It isn't very full this year. I dug all these shrubs out and moved them. They were growing so large they were crowding out the later plantings."

"Usually the new memories crowd out the old," commented Miss Lane almost bitterly. They had approached a round bed filled with many different varieties of flowers planned in a way that could never be in any stretch of imagination called artistic, but the earth was free from weeds and freshly cultivated.

"All these shrubs along the side fence were started here. I brought that bridal wreath from my sister's home in Ohio five years ago. The flowering quince my brother sent me from Iowa, and so on all along the fence, but here are my newest memories. See these sweet violets? My niece sent them to me from Alabama. Pa and I are going to move them to a cold frame and I'll sell bunches in the spring and give the money to missions."

"I'll be a steady customer," said Miss Lane as she searched among the dark green leaves for a stray blossom.

"These geraniums Mrs. Thomas gave me for winter bloomers. They are all ready to lift into pots. Mrs. Bronson brought me the lemon verbena from her daughter's over at the county seat. The periwinkle was given me by an old lady who never had anything else in her garden. All these glads will blossom next year."

"What is this vine?" and Miss Lane lifted a runner heavy with thick rich leaves.

"Myrtle from my mother's grave. I'm cultivating it because I want some planted on Pa's and my graves when we are gone. Isn't this portulaca pretty? A park policeman gathered the seed and gave it to me when I was in the city last summer."

For several moments Miss Lane's eyes had been fixed on a rose with a dark red blossom crowning its short growth. She seemed to only half hear what was being said as Mrs. Fuller rambled on about the subject nearest her heart.

"Some old ladies crochet, some piece quilts, some embroider or make hooked rugs, but I have my flowers and I love this spot here most of all," and she began stirring the earth with her finger as she watched her guests out of the corner of her eye.

"The rose?" Miss Lane asked. "Where did you get it? Each plant seems to have a story and it revives a pleasant memory for me. Certainly it has now."

A sly little smile crossed the old lady's face. "I'm not surprised that it looks friendly to you. Don't you remember you called on me when I was ill last Valentine's day and you had a box of roses? You gave me one with a pretty little speech about good friends. I rooted it, and here it is."

Miss Lane stared at the rose while the tears stood in her eyes. She well remembered how happy she had been that day with her box of red roses. The card had said, "My love is like a red, red rose," and the handwriting was so familiar that no name was necessary. And now it was all over. Just a rather foolish quarrel at first, but time had widened the breach until it seemed reconciliation was impossible. There was just one small consolation. He seemed as unhappy as she herself was, so he must have cured, too. As she thought all this over a tear rolled down and dropped off her cheek. Mrs. Fuller, pretending not to see, stood up briskly.

"Come in. I made fresh rolls today and we'll have supper. A cup of tea will rest you."

Miss Lane surreptitiously dabbed her eyes and silently followed, while Mr. Fuller smiled behind his evening paper. "It takes mother to manage flowers and girls," he thought.

After the meal they washed and put away the old-fashioned china, then went to the porch, where Mr. Fuller had presided them. Miss Lane's face grew scarlet as she saw him standing by the memory garden talking to a young man who listened with respectful attention.

"Just been telling Mr. Cross about these flowers, mother. Isn't that the rose that Miss Lane gave you?"

"Yes. Don't you like roses, Mr. Cross?" and she told the story again. Mr. Cross made some appropriate remark while Miss Lane, who had collected her books from the step where she had left them, murmured that she must go.

"I'm afraid it's a little too dark for us to have that game tonight, Mr. Fuller. I'll come back earlier some evening. May I accompany you, Miss Lane?" he inquired with his most professional air.

Whatever her answer was no one ever knew, she least of all, but he interpreted it to his own satisfaction and they disappeared in the twilight while the old couple smiled at each other like two happy kittens with canary feathers on their whiskers. The next afternoon Mrs. Fuller, digging in her precious garden, saw a smiling young couple approaching her across the lawn.

"We've come to tell you and Mr. Fuller that we are to be married next spring," said the girl.

"And it was your memory garden that brought us to our senses," added the man. "And next spring we want to start one ourselves from the bridal bouquet, but we want a slip from the red rose to plant in the middle."

"I'll root it for you," said Mrs. Fuller. "Now you and pa go along and have a game and Miss Lane and I will get supper. I lifted the red rose today for a winter bloomer and we'll set it in the middle of the table."

Old Railroad Engines Preserved in Museum

The famous No. 1 express locomotive of the old Great Northern railway, which recently was transferred to a museum, at York, has been watched over as carefully since it "retired" from service as any race-horse. This engine, built in 1869, has more than 1,000,000 miles to its credit—an achievement seldom equaled. In appearance, too, it is probably superior to the locomotives that now do duty on the great main lines—its outlines are much more elegant. Both at the White city in 1910 and at the railway centenary celebration at Darlington two years ago, when it emerged from retirement, No. 1 attracted much attention and it is one of the most popular exhibits in its new home. Practically every historic locomotive or other piece of machinery is carefully preserved, either in a public or private museum after its working days are done. Stephenson's "Rocket" and the famous "Puffing Billy" are in the South Kensington museum.—London Answers.

Comet Not Reliable

The periodic time of Halley's comet is 76.8 years and in April, 1910, it made the perihelion passage for the twenty-ninth time. While Halley's comet is a very large one, its latest appearance was somewhat disappointing, especially to the general public, who had been led to expect that it would rival the sun in brightness. One of the reasons for the disappointment was that the earth was not very near the comet when it was at its perihelion, where it was brightest and had the longest tail. On May 5 the length of the comet's tail was 37,000,000 miles. On May 18 the comet passed between the earth and the sun and was entirely invisible when projected on the sun's disk.

Colossal Nerve

The cheekiest person I ever saw was a man who borrowed some money from the bank, having Mr. Jones, a man who lived in a nearby town, to indorse his note. When the note was due the man failed to show up, so Mr. Jones had to pay the money.

Some time after this he saw the man and demanded an explanation. "Why," answered the man, "that is what I wanted you to indorse the note for. I didn't want to pay it, and knew you had the money. You'd pay that note and never miss it."—A. R. H. in Chicago Tribune.



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DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

Panama "Home of Orchid"

The designation, "Home of the Orchid," has been applied to Panama because of the great varieties of orchids found there. It has been explained that this is due to the fact that, though Panama is small, it has a great variation of climate, ranging from the humid lowlands of the angle to the mountains of Chiriqui, which attain an altitude of more than 5,000 feet. From the earliest times Panama has been a fruitful field for the orchid collector, and the first professional collector of which there is a record was Luis Nee, a French botanist, who visited Panama in 1784 and in 1789.

On Nice Days

Doctor—You must have more exercise. Do you play any outdoor games?

The next afternoon Mrs. Fuller, digging in her precious garden, saw a smiling young couple approaching her across the lawn.

"We've come to tell you and Mr. Fuller that we are to be married next spring," said the girl.

"And it was your memory garden that brought us to our senses," added the man. "And next spring we want to start one ourselves from the bridal bouquet, but we want a slip from the red rose to plant in the middle."

"I'll root it for you," said Mrs. Fuller. "Now you and pa go along and have a game and Miss Lane and I will get supper. I lifted the red rose today for a winter bloomer and we'll set it in the middle of the table."

Wonderful Animal Is the Sea Crab

The sea crab is a wonderful animal and could teach man something that would greatly enhance his civility, says Robert O'Neil of Tampa, Fla. The females shed their shells during the early spring, which leaves their bodies white and tender and a lure for small fish, at whose mercy they would be in short order, but Mr. Crab attends to all this in true husband style. While his mate is feeding along the shore, in shallow water he follows closely and guards every attack with his strong claws. I have watched this performance often with interest from the shore for some distance. The female wanders leisurely along apparently unconcerned, while the male is kept busy crabbing at the numerous fish as they constantly make a rush for a bite. Should he cease his vigilance for a moment his mate would soon be seized and devoured. When the male crab eats or sleeps is a mystery.

Adult Butterflies and Moths Eat Little

The chief difference in habit between moths and butterflies is the fact that with one of them most work during the day shift and with the other most work the night shift, writes William Atherton Du Puy in Nature Magazine. The chief difference in form is the way most of them wear their wings. Most butterflies put the wings on as shutters are put on a window. They are worked back and forth like shutters. Most moths, on the contrary, fold them down on the back.

Neither moths nor butterflies feed to any extent as adults. The winged state constitutes their day of glory and of mating. They sip a bit of nectar from a flower here and there, but this is by no means a serious attempt at feeding. They could quite well get along without any food at all. The eating of a lifetime is done in the caterpillar stage. Most caterpillars are leaf feeders.

Cause for Alarm

A local parent has become suddenly concerned over the younger generation. Last night his five-year-old boy said: "Papa, give me a thousand dollars."—Detroit News.

It would be great if every one who congratulated you upon your success meant it.

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Something for All

Two high school boys were walking downtown one afternoon when they were approached by a secretary. "Paper, paper, all about the big scandal. Want a paper?" "Too bad," said one of the boys. "but I can't read." The secretary was ready with a reply: "Sure, but you can look at the pictures."

Sweep City Streets

Dr. C. H. Marvin, president of the University of Arizona, recently swept the streets of Tucson, seat of the university. He had vowed that if his home city should be defeated by Phoenix in an American Legion membership race, he would himself clean the main thoroughfare of the university town.

We Eat 'Em

Wife—"What would you like for dinner?" Hub (fed up)—"Anything but company."

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Piles, Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, etc.

W. H. U. BOSTON, NO. 25-1927.

Almost a Vacuum

The nearest approach to the creation of a vacuum has been accomplished by Prof. R. W. Sereno at the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena. In connection with the electrical switching mechanism of the high-tension transmission plants he has made a glass bulb containing only one-millionth part of its original content of air. This near-vacuum prevents arcing when the current is suddenly shut off as it is often necessary to do.

Lit-Berch is one of our coming men who has arrived.

FACTS -AND THE OPEN MIND

THE MOST important element in business success—and the most difficult—is to be sure that you have all the facts before you act.

TO GET them all, from every possible source, is the first objective in General Motors. The Research Laboratories contribute some. These are nuggets, left in the crucible, after hundreds of ideas that looked good have been burned away. The Proving Ground contributes others. Dealers contribute. The public contributes. Every department contributes. Through the whole organization runs a spirit of inquiry and of rigid insistence on proof.

OUT OF such thinking come the new models announced from time to time by Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Oakland, Buick, LaSalle, Cadillac—all with Fisher Bodies. And by Frigidaire. Each new model is a tested step forward. Nothing goes into it as a result of habit or guess or pride of opinion. Nothing counts but hard-won facts, gathered and used with an open mind.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Lizzie H. Stone, 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 August 10, 1927.
JOHN E. HADLEY.

ENGRAVED CARDS

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

LINES BY CHARLES HENRY CHAPIN

For Sunday Vespers, Antrim, New Hampshire, Sesqui-Centennial, August 12-14, 1927

On my first day at school, James E. Vose being teacher, Down yonder where once stood a schoolhouse, Failing to comprehend the arrangements there, When the recess came, some 2 hours after dinner, I supposed that had ended the affair.

Starting off eastward, my home being yonder, I turned from the road, the old Townhouse to see; And getting bewildered, I wandered up this way, Returning in season to fall in the lee Of schoolmates who piloted me.

And somehow, this Meetinghouse Hill has been hallowed With ancient traditions and memories rife; And thru the long years, with such incidents mellowed, As center of Antrim's own pioneer life.

Our Sesqui-Centennial now we've arrived at, While backward we delve into history cold, Regarding the toll that our ancestors (strived) at Their struggles, their triumphs, their hearts true and bold.

We realize little of all they encountered Who wandered here into the wilderness wild,— The dangers and obstacles—all they surmounted: One battle with elements never too mild.

The graves of our fathers and mothers, we visit; We con the inscription on marble and slate; Except that obscured so we wonder "What is it?" Reminding of coming oblivion's fate.

Well, somehow, this rhythm is fearfully childish. The rhyming imperfect, indeed something worse— So, let us abandon the "Old Oaken Bucket" And take up our measure in sober, blank verse.

The men, women, children of old who lived and passed on From the earth scenes, Have blazed out the way for successors, unmindful in any large measure Of all that could follow their service, Blazing their trails for convenience, they builded, and builded more largely.

More wisely indeed than surroundings could justify anticipation, I used to look at those walls,—fences of stone, firmly guarding Each man's inclosure from wild, promiscuous depredations— Stretching along these bleak slopes, and marvel at patient endeavor Now, three-score years from my childhood, they maintain their position.

Even a dollar a rod, should it be taxed on incumbents, Of the various lands, well nigh would bankrupt the owners. You who the history read, skillfully, wondrously written— You may recall the tale, how those towering church steeples Ever found their place, with resources convenient, In those days of yore when their timbers were rected.

Staple jacks today so will manage the matter That it has a place, rightful by modern invention. You go whirling thru in your perfected roadster, Like a cannon-shot spurning e'en the smooth surface, Laid at such expense for your unhindered passage: Have you ever that of all that's involved in the story Of the myriad miles of early highway construction?

You with houses warmed all thruout for your comfort, Have you conned the tales,—how our ancestors worshiped On these wind-swept hills, with no fire, e'en for winter? How for hours they sat, shivering, reverently silent, As the faithful priest read the interminable sermon? Prayed an hour at once, and at afternoon service Two or three more voiced devoted expression?

Thinly clad they came, drawn by slow-moving oxen— But the people came; 'Twas a duty, they reckoned. 'Twouldn't stand the test as today's duty teaches. Suicide, we should esteem it, even with furnace and fur-coat. Tracing down these streams, have you noted the ruins Of the industries your ancestors established? Have you read the tales of the frightful contagion? Spotted fever smote; decimated the region In that one small tract six hundred victims were buried.

Little do we know, with facilities modern, Of the bitter years when our heroic founders Hewed their way along, braving dangers and suffering, Liberty they bot at a cost so tremendous— So beyond the ken of our own generation— That we merely brag, speak some trite exclamation, And dismiss the thot, turning to our amusements, To our sports, perchance; to our luxuries; to our inventions. We can but admire all the grace, grit and purpose Our forebears displayed in establishing Antrim.

Read her history, and you can but admire them. Should we marvel, then, at the heathen Celestial Who to ancestors devoutly accords his best worship? In those days were giants; such colossal endurance Should commend to us all that honors can render. What of Antrim now? Take the status existing: Ponder well the life of men and women and children. Mark the churches grand, upward pointing forever. Mark the Sunday Schools, with their guardians faithful; Mark the civic pride, the respect for good order. Hail! I say, all hail! You are royal descendants of the race of Truth

Of an ancestry noble. With your splendid schools; With your homes neatly moulded; with the genius true that has ever denoted Worth, the standing test of a God-fearing people.

Lines by a Student of High Range School in 1865

Hello! Dear students of Antrim High Range, sixty two years time has made a great change. I was a student in 1865, then thirty classmates, not many alive.

John Bickford marched with us through the wildwood, echoes resounding merry childhood. This picture came from North Branch studio, Harvey Hopkins the artist long ago. Pleasing events come gazing on these faces, memory recalls each, in their place. Wooden structure, roof four-sided frame, surrounded with playground for children's game. Vanished long ago from the cherished spot, leaving door-rock marker for school house lot.

Fourteen weeks a year allotted towns I fear will be off the map, for school, very fine teachers we had as a rule; all seemed to have dif-

ferent line of thought, it was not college or normal school bought.

John Bickford's gift was mental exercises, brain waves were rapid to gain the prizes. Jennie NeSmith gave reasons in reading, Lizzie A. Tenney excelled in speaking. Amorette Hopkins' methods above par, if they were not heeded a little jar. Spelling class called into floor all in line, pronouncing syllables was very fine; then Mississippi, now Mississippi. We recited examination day in concert with six New England states, say, the millionaires and politicians too, are debating what they would like to do. Combine the six New England States as one, and in the future it may be done. Massachusetts no doubt will have away, elect another president some day. These small towns I fear will be off the map, Hillsboro, a city, will own the rap. Little Windsor was saved eight

years ago by the ladies voting as you all know. At number five commenced our youthful song, this time the cup of tea was very strong. We have sipped of the tea for many days, yes gaining wisdom in many ways. Now the bottom of cup is very sweet, with kind friends guiding tottering feet. Wish to thank the town's people one and all for giving us this anniversary call.

These lines were written by Sarah Dodge Jones, who was in antique costume and with Fred Burnham led the parade (not in the autos.) He was an old school mate in 1850, was baptised in the Presbyterian church in 1853 by Rev. John Whiton, great grandfather of the Rev. Calkins that gave the best sermon I ever heard. I am delighted with Antrim's event.
Sarah D. Jones.

Pleasant Letter from One With Experience

Since the production of the pageant a goodly number of letters have been received by relatives and friends telling of their great pleasure in witnessing so fine an effort as the putting upon an outdoor stage the "Men of Antrim." Perhaps there are none that is more appreciated than the one received by Miss Lella M. Church, who wrote and directed the pageant, from one who knows all about such work and from her experience writes as follows:

Hillsboro, N. H.
Aug. 13, 1927

Lella M. Church,
Rockville, Conn.,
My dear Madam:

This morning, after witnessing yesterday your wonderful production at Antrim, I find it impossible to pry my thoughts away from the bewildering beauty of each scene, each episode—all perfect.

As one of "the older ones" who for over 25 years was busy along lines of dramatic work and until six years ago, producing pageants in and about Boston, I can fully realize the immensity of your work, mind and body. I have never anywhere seen such perfect unity of action—your coaching was a marvel. I congratulate you, but even more do I congratulate Antrim in obtaining your marvelous inspiration.

When in Boston—my home—it would give me much pleasure to invite you, as my guest, to the club rooms of "The Professional Woman's Club," at the Hotel Statler.

Most cordially I am, with admiration
Anna Spencer Frost.
35 Beals street,
Brookline, Mass.

Upon the request of the Reporter man Miss Church is pleased to grant us the privilege of publishing it in these columns.

Palms or Willows

In older times cakes and flowers were thrown down from the church tower amongst the people on Palm Sunday, followed by a procession march of choristers and clerics bearing palms. There are many entries in the old church accounts for money spent in buying "cakes and palms." There has been much argument as to what the "palms" really were. It is unlikely that they were real palms, except possibly here and there in connection with the more elaborate ceremonies held at the great cathedrals. In the villages and smaller towns it is probable that branches of the flowering willow were extensively used, and this would account for the prevalence of these trees in country churchyards.

Choices in Chess

In the number of possible moves chess stands alone among games, and not only is it safe to say that no living being has ever made, even once, every possible move, but it is highly improbable that in all the centuries of the history of the game has every possible move been made.

The different ways of playing the first four moves on each side are so numerous that if every man, woman and child in a city of 500,000 population were to set to work playing them night and day, it would be more than a year before any one would be able to leave the chessboard.

Better Than Expected

A certain young woman about to be married decided to test her youthful sweetheart, and with this object in view, called on a girl friend. "I want you to go for a walk with Wallace," she confided, "and at a suitable moment ask him for a kiss." Her friend blushed, but consented. The following day the bride-to-be called around to see what had happened. "Did you ask Wallace to kiss you, dear?" she asked. "I didn't get a chance," was the rather upsetting reply. "He asked me long before I'd thought of it."

Prize Essay on United States Constitution

Continued from first page

States is composed of two Senators from each state, chosen by the Legislature, for six years, and each senator shall have one vote.

Immediately after they shall be assembled in consequence of the first election they shall be divided into three equal classes. No person shall be a senator who has not attained the age of thirty years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States. At the time of the election he must be in the state that he is chosen.

The Vice President of the United States shall be president of the Senate, but shall have no vote unless they are equally divided.

The Senate chooses their own officers and also a temporary president in the absence of the Vice President, or when he exercises the office of the President of the United States.

The time, places, and manner prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing senators.

All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives, but the Senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other bills.

Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the President of the United States; if he approves, he shall sign it, but if not, he shall return it with his objections to the House which it was made in, who shall enter the objections on their journal and repropose it. If after such reconsideration the bill is wanted by two-thirds of the House, it goes to the other House; if wanted there by two-thirds vote it becomes a law. If it is passed, and the two Houses are in favor of it, this bill goes to the President; if he does not sign or return it in ten days, it shall become a law.

The President from time to time gives information to Congress about the "union" and recommends measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. New States may be admitted by Congress into this union, but no new state shall be formed and erected within the jurisdiction of any other state; nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or by parts of States, without the consent of legislatures of the State concerned as well as Congress.

The Amendments are first Religion, Speech, Press, Assembly, Petition; second Militia; Right to Bear Arms; third, The Quartering of Soldiers; fourth, Unreasonable Searches; fifth, Criminals' Prosecutions; Life, Liberty and Property Safeguarded; sixth, Rights of Accused in Criminals Prosecutions; seventh, Right of Trial by Jury in Suits at Common Law; eighth, Excessive Bail and Cruel Punishments Forbidden; ninth, Reserved Rights and Powers; tenth, Powers reserved to the State or to the People; eleventh, Judicial Powers of the United States; twelfth, Method of Electing President and Vice President; thirteenth, Who are Citizens of the United States, also negroes; sixteenth, Income tax; seventeenth, Election of Senators by the People; eighteenth, Prohibition of Intoxicating Liquor as Beverage; and the last is Woman Suffrage.

The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State on account of sex. The Constitution was signed in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

E. LILLIAN DESCHENES
Winchendon, Mass.
Age 14 yrs. 4 m.

Upon the request of the Reporter man Miss Church is pleased to grant us the privilege of publishing it in these columns.

Considerate

The artist had agreed to paint the portrait of a beautiful young girl in her very becoming lavender evening gown.

The girl's mother decided, as she thought the matter over at home, that she would prefer to have her daughter wear a yellow dress.

A few days later the portrait painter received a message over the telephone from the young girl: "Mother thinks I'd better wear my yellow dress and hopes you haven't bought the paint yet!"—Vancouver Province.

One Year's Moose Bag

It has been estimated that about 10,000 mooses are killed in Canada each year. This seems a heavy slaughter, but far from there being any danger of extermination from this toll taken by the moose hunter, authorities in different sections are of the opinion that a killing of twice that number could be made each year, and the natural increase would definitely offset any danger of the extinction of the moose.

Not to Be Consoled

Little Katherine was crying, not for anything in particular, but for everything in general. Her mother, trying to divert her attention, said: "Oh, look at that pretty horse tied out there."

But Katherine took it as one more grievance in life, saying: "I want that horse to be a male."

Emergency Jim

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

JIM went down to the station to see the two girls off—his sister Constance and her chum Madge—on their adventurous expedition to the big city, armed with two exquisitely engraved diplomas of the local business college and unlimited expectations.

Jim was gloomy and took no pains to conceal the fact. Dutifully he kissed his sister, then kissed Madge's little gloved hand, and "Remember," he said hoarsely, "when the Fifth Avenue high hats are chasing you, I'm still thinking about you back here holding down my little old job in Parkin's hardware store. If you want me in an emergency—well, I'll be waiting."

This was merely an attempt to convey to her as well as a man could in the presence of his sister that he was here to the death.

And now they had been here six months, rooming together in a tiny apartment opening on an airshaft where air was air without anything particularly fresh about it and sunshine was to be had only by going out after it.

Through employment agencies, each had landed a small position and—a fact which seemed more important to each than the job—both had acquired an esquire of sorts.

This had come about through a former acquaintance of Constance's in the business college, one George Perkins who, hearing from the folks back home that Constance was in New York, had got her address through them and hunted her up.

The second time he came he brought with him a friend, a smartly dressed, personable boy who looked, Constance said afterward, just like his name which was Mortimer Peyster. Madge was smitten at once and by the third meeting was convinced not only that she was in love with him but that, properly encouraged, he would return her sentiments.

But first there was that little matter of "proper encouragement" for as the days passed, the young man in question, although friendly and always willing to make a fourth at their good times, failed to hint at any desire for an engagement, much less a wedding.

Yet it was Mortimer himself who let fall the word which might have proved Madge's undoing.

"I sure miss good home cooking," he remarked one night. "These sandwiches are the berries."

The next time he came Madge had made not only more sandwiches but a chocolate cake, one of those luscious, three decker affairs with a generous topping of frosting. Mortimer sampled it freely while Madge watched him gleefully.

When he had gone, she made a brave proposal to Constance. "Let's invite the boys to Sunday dinner," she suggested eagerly. "I'm willing to do every bit of the cooking." Constance was doubtful. "On a two burner gas plate?"

"On one, if necessary!" retorted Madge. "Plank steak and all the fixings!"

So it was settled and the two young men were duly invited over the telephone.

Now it is no small matter to get up a large-sized meal in a small-sized apartment out of a very slender food budget. In fact, it was only by considerable planning, scrimping and self-denial that the thing was managed at all and, by the time the Sunday selected for the affair had arrived, Madge was beginning to wonder if even winning the handsome Mortimer was worth the effort expended.

The meal, as a meal, was a tremendous success from start to finish. The steak was done to a turn and not a shade beyond; the vegetables were tender and decoratively fluted; the dessert, made earlier in the day, was coldly delicious. If Mortimer was less lively than usual, Madge was too concerned with her serving to notice.

Her moment was to come when, replete with the good things she had given him, Mortimer should expand and perhaps suggest that she cook for him the rest of his days. For Madge imagined that that was what she desired above all else.

Came the moment. Constance, insisting that Madge had done her share of labor, was sociably doing the dishes in the kitchen with George. Madge and Mort had the tiny sitting-room to themselves.

"I've got something to tell you," said Mortimer suddenly.

"Yes!" encouraged Madge, her heart skipping a beat or two.

"I'm going back home to my father's office," he said. "All this"—he signified his surroundings with a wave of his hand—"and your dandy meals and all have made me—well, sort of banker for a place of my own. There's a little girl upstate there I used to know that you remind me of. I'm going back to her and I wanted you to be the first to know."

Two days later, Jim Brenton entered Parkin's hardware store with an expansive grin on his face. In his pocket was a night letter from the girl he had loved since kindergarten days and it said the words he most wanted to hear.

"Dear Jim: I wanted to propose but when he didn't I was glad after all and it must have been because I love you, only it took an emergency or something to show me, and do you still feel the same?" "MADGE"

(Continued)