

The Antrim Reporter

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VOLUME XLV NO. 7

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1928

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OF

Peterborough, N. H.

MEETING OF ANTRIM CITIZENS ASSOCIATION

Fair-sized Audience Present to Greet the Speaker, Everett W. Clark, Secretary Keene Chamber of Commerce

A public meeting of the Antrim Citizens Association was held on Friday evening at town hall, with a goodly number of our people present. M. E. Daniels, president of the association, presided.

Previous to this meeting, at 7 o'clock, the board of governors were in session at Selectmen's room. At this meeting it was decided that this association would be the organization back of the skating rink on the athletic field now in process of construction, and also for a coasting course off the streets for the safe use of young people. Both these propositions are needed activities for our town and will be appreciated by all; they will be a great help in many ways. William H. Hurlin was elected chairman of the sports committee, who with two other members of his own selection will have charge of these activities.

Some other matters of more or less importance were considered; how to get a large membership for the association; how best to function in order to accomplish most for the town, and what are the special needs of the town.

President Daniels called the public meeting to order, and after music by an orchestra from Hillsboro was enjoyed while the audience was gathering, he made some introductory remarks, dwelling to a considerable length on the needs of a town like ours, and what the possibilities might be under somewhat different conditions. Remarks of a similar nature are always well received and are listened to with interest, and are sure to bear fruit in some degree. Our town has always been in the front row when something good was offered and never satisfied with anything else,—this is why all are anxious to have this association prosper and do that which will be best for the town and its citizenry. The greater the number who join this association and

help boost the town's interest the more good it can accomplish.

The speaker of the evening was Everett W. Clark, secretary of the Keene Chamber of Commerce, who gave an interesting talk on matters concerning his work. He had some pretty good stories to put in where they would apply and help make his arguments more convincing. Told us many things that we knew but in a way very different from what they had been brought to us before, and fastened certain facts upon his hearers that will doubtless stay with them. Some of his experiences in Chamber of Commerce work were different from other secretaries who have spoken here, but in the main all have the same things to contend with. His talk was fine and attentively listened to; everybody present enjoyed it; it had been hoped that many more would attend this meeting and thus show their interest in the town's welfare.

In the remarks of the speaker at the town hall on Friday evening, that portion alluding to the encouragement of what industries and businesses we now have in preference to trying to induce something new along these lines to come in, is just another way of saying what a town needs is cooperation. We have repeatedly stressed the thought in these columns, more particularly in recent months, and with this thought put into action, it would surprise the most skeptical the results that would be attained. It is well enough to try everything that would be beneficial along various lines, but when all else is overworked it will be necessary to come back to the cooperation idea, and in working that to the limit very much more will be accomplished than has been our privilege as a town to experience. Let this thought sink in as it should and there will be a most wonderful change in many ways.

POSTMASTER IS GIVEN UNUSUAL SURPRISE

Courteous Treatment and Efficient Service is Taken Notice Of Publicly, if Only in a Small Way

A most unusual thing happened in town—in fact so much so that we don't remember of it ever taking place before during our residence here covering a period of thirty-five years—was to present the local postmaster a gift in appreciation of her most courteous treatment of her many patrons and the kindly way she treats all visitors who do business at the windows of the local postoffice. The smile with which she always greets you makes one think there never was one thing about her job but was all sunshine, and hers is the only position without a fault. However this may be, our people felt that after the heavy holiday mails and the trying times with the receipt and delivery of all classes of mail, a slight token of their appreciation of the very efficient and untiring efforts of Miss Alice R. Thompson should be extended her that she may know every attention given the patrons is appreciated.

Hiram W. Johnson, in a few well chosen words, made the presentation, which gift consisted of twenty-five dollars, made up of very small contributions so that as many as possible of the patrons could be included. Miss Thompson was so overcome by the surprise and unexpectedness of the situation, combined with her usual modesty, she was unable to reply to the happy and appropriate remarks of the spokesman. Yet everyone knew that such an occasion could not be otherwise than very pleasing to the recipient. The presentation took place at the town hall at the public meeting on Friday evening last.

Miss Thompson is serving the first year on her second four-year term, and this act by the town-people simply shows her popularity in this position.

The Reporter thinks that while we are saying these nice words for Miss Thompson, postmaster, it is only fair to add that the assistant, clerk and carriers are likewise courteous and efficient, and assist greatly in the conduct of the office, making ours one of the best third class offices in the list.

High School Notes

Attendance

The following pupils have been neither absent nor tardy for the first fifteen weeks of the year: Elsie Bartlett, Carroll Johnson, Dorothy Lowell, Dorothy Maxfield, Elsie Mulhall, Ida Maxfield, Marion Nylander, Leonard Poor, Margaret Pratt, Forrest Tenney, Elizabeth Tibbals.

Scholarship

The following pupils received the grade of "A" in all subjects for the first fifteen weeks of the term: Margaret Pratt.

The following received nothing lower than "B+" which is college cer-

tificate grade: Rachel Caughey, Carroll Johnson, Elsie Mulhall, Marion Nylander, Dorothy Pratt, Esther Perkins, Elizabeth Tibbals, and Frances Wheeler.

Senior Class

A Series of Famous Pictures: First—"The Cricket on the Hearth," Jan. 13, taken from the famous story of Charles Dickens. Second—"Robinson Crusoe," Jan. 30; this illustrates the book of Defoe. Everyone knows the story. Others are—"The Three Musketeers," from book of Dumas. "Dombey and Son," from book of Dickens. "Columbus and the Discovery of America." "A Good Bad Boy." Season tickets \$1.00 and \$1.50; each picture 20c and 30c.

ENTERTAINMENT COURSE A SPLENDID THING

Town Benefits by Having a Good One, and Nothing but the Best Should be Given an Antrim Audience

A few weeks ago an agent from a lyceum bureau in a distant city was in town calling on different ones in an effort to work up sufficient interest to bring to Antrim the present winter an entertainment course. This is a matter in which almost everyone is interested; the only trouble there has ever been with a proposition of this kind is that occasionally the committee finds itself at the close of the season with more of a deficit than it cares to assume.

There is a strong feeling among many of our people in favor of a course of entertainments every winter and but for this one objection there would annually be brought here some thing worth while along this line. Here again is where Antrim's liking for the best comes to light. Some of the higher priced and better grade musicians, entertainers and lecturers have been here and we all like them; why should we not continue to have quality when we have anything?—the best is none too good! This is not saying that nothing can be learned from that which may be cheaper, but all else being equal more good comes from the highest and best.

When a course of entertainments is procured at a total cost of four or five hundred dollars—everything included—there is apt to be a deficit of around

a hundred dollars. This has happened. If it were possible to have a fund which could be drawn upon annually or when needed to meet any deficit arising from the bringing to Antrim of a nice entertainment course, then we would be assured of something nice each winter, and there is nothing more beneficial to a town like ours than this very thing. How splendid it would be if some person with means to spare, or would be so inclined as to include in their last will and testament a certain clause creating a fund and setting it aside so that the accrued interest could be used for this purpose,—beyond question this would prove as beneficial to our people as funds left for a library or any other educational purpose. Public spirited citizens have done some good things for the town in certain ways which have been greatly appreciated, and it is presumed that the reason this one thing has not been done is because the need has never come to the notice of the right party with the necessary urge to produce results. However, it is hoped that some day this pleasure will be Antrim's to enjoy, and everybody—including The Reporter—will be happy when much more good may be accomplished along a line that will prove so beneficial to all our people.

Who Is the Home Merchant?

The home merchant. Who is he? He is the chap who gives you credit when you are financially broke, and carries your account until you are able to pay.

He is the chap who gives you back your money or exchanges when you are not satisfied with what you have bought.

He is the chap who meets you at the door with a handshake and lets you out with a message to the "kids," and a real "come again, goodbye."

He is the chap whose clerks live in the home town and spend their money with you and other local people.

He is the chap who helps support our churches and charitable organizations and talks for the home town and boosts for it every day in the year.

He is the chap who visits you when you are sick, sends flowers to your family when you die, and follows your body out among the trees as far as human feet may travel.

He is the home merchant—your neighbor—your friend—your helper in time of need.

Don't you think you ought to trade with him, and be his friend and his helper in time of need?

Don't you know that the growth and prosperity of this town depends very largely upon the success and prosperity of the home merchant? Out of town people judge our city by the appearance of our stores and the degree of enterprise shown by our merchants. And our home merchants succeed when home folks give them local support.—Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times.

Apply this same reasoning to the local newspaper and its job printing department. The proprietor is the merchant who should always be given the preference when advertising and job printing is purchased; his prices and services are ordinarily superior to anything you can possibly get elsewhere, and your patronage makes him feel better about speaking a good word for you when he gets a chance.

Daniels Black Emulsion

Worth its weight in Gold
FOR COUGH OR COLD

This is the season for Hot Water Bottles. We have a good assortment for you to choose from at the new low prices, also Rubber Gloves, Syringes and attachments, extra tubing both ordinary and Rapid Flow.

M. E. DANIELS

Registered Druggist

ANTRIM, N. H.

Stolen Silver Goes Unclaimed

Romance and Tragedy of French Girl and Her German Husband.

New York.—Some time ago there appeared in the newspapers a little item, telling of a set of silverware which, stolen by a German from the home of a villager in a small town in the northern part of France during the Teuton invasion of 1914, had been returned to the village by the German with a sincere expression of contrition for his theft.

Not knowing the exact name or address of the owner of the silverware he had forwarded it to the mayor of the little town, asking that executive to kindly locate the owner and see that the property was once again placed in his hands.

But—strange as it may seem—the mayor was unable to discover the real owner, although he made diligent search. And to this day the exact identity of the one to whom the silverware really belongs remains a mystery. At least officially it does. The mayor has his own beliefs and suppositions, and, as told to a New Yorker who was touring the northern section of France last summer and fall and has recently returned to New York, they make an interesting story.

This New Yorker, Louis Aschenfelder, a well-known local singing teacher, studied music for many years abroad, mostly in France and Belgium, and knows both countries and the customs of their people well.

Sole Topic of Discussion.

It was in September, just shortly after the pilfered silverware had been received by the mayor of H—, that Mr. Aschenfelder arrived at that town. The place was naturally in a state of great excitement. The sole topic under discussion by the town's total population, which numbered only a few hundred, was the silver and the possible identity of its owner.

Of course, the task of the mayor was complicated by the fact that, due to the heavy artillery warfare which obtained in that part of the country, almost throughout the whole period of the war, many houses had been reduced to mere piles of stone and mortar, unrecognizable even by their owners, who, returning after the cessation of hostilities, had taken only one look at their former dwelling places and then, unable to bear the thought of ever again seeing the ruins or even living in any sort of proximity to them, had hurriedly left for parts unknown.

It is, very likely, to one of these families that the silverware belongs. And the mayor, according to the story he told Mr. Aschenfelder, has an inkling, or at least a premonition, as to the identity of the owners, but so far has said nothing, officially.

"In the period between the Franco-Prussian war and the outbreak of the world conflict in 1914," the mayor pointed out to Mr. Aschenfelder, "there were, as you know, a good many German students, lecturers, travelers and professors who toured this section of France.

"Most of these 'tourists' passed on after a brief sojourn in our midst, but here and there one would 'settle' down for periods varying in length from several months to several years, perhaps longer.

Painter 'Settles' There.

"One young lad, I remember, eventually did 'settle' right near our village, buying a tiny farmhouse some distance up the road and installing himself as a 'painter' of landscapes. He certainly could paint.

"One day when he was sketching down near the river a girl from our own village came upon him. It appears he was sketching on her land and that, while she would not have minded this in one of her own countrymen, she resented it very strongly in him, because of the fact that the scourge of the Franco-Prussian war had been laid very heavily upon her family and she, in consequence, disliked all subjects of the country which had provoked the conflict.

"Her own mother and father had died shortly after her birth. She was without other near relatives and prac-

tically alone in the world. The painter, however, refused to budge from her land.

"She appealed to the authorities and he was officially dispossessed. But only temporarily. Two days later he was back again, canvas, easel palette, paints and all. Again she ordered him off, and when he would not go she tore up the picture he was painting. But this did not faze him, for a week had hardly elapsed before he was back in the same place. And now she began to grow suspicious.

"On her property was a splendid high-browed hill with rich timber, and it was in this hill that the artist appeared to be interested. Of course, it went without saying that a battery of artillery ensconced on one side of this slope and camouflaged with the foliage overhead would have had a commanding sweep of the entire countryside. And the young girl, whose mind had been filled with little else since childhood but stories of the war of 1870, and to whom, in consequence, every timbered lane and hillock seemed to conceal a battalion of Prussian infantry or a battery of artillery, divined this peculiarly military fact herself and arrived at the conclusion that it was for this reason, and for this reason alone, that the young artist with the Teuton accent was interested in the hill.

"So she decided to change her attitude and to find out as much as she could about the young man and his activities.

"But, of course, as I said before, she was very pretty and, for some reason or another, always seemed to be pursuing some kind of duty which led her in the vicinity of the painter and his easel, and so it was not long before he had fallen head over heels in love with her.

"This, you may be sure, was a little more than she had expected. But, having once begun the game, there was nothing for her to do but to play it to the end.

They Were Married.

"And I do not think there is any doubt that in time she came, after a fashion, to return this affection. At any rate, in 1900 they were married. "She had many friends in the town and he, likewise, during his stay in the vicinity had made a number of pleasant acquaintances, so they received, of course, a goodly complement of gifts.

"Some of the gifts were very costly. Some simple. All, however, were fine to look upon, but none more so than a set of silverware which, I thought, to be the most stunning set I had ever seen. Evidently the bride and groom did not share this opinion, for they did not give it any place of prominence in the display, simply permitting it to rest to one side in an unobtrusive fashion.

"The exact cut and style of the silver I cannot recall today, for that was over twenty-seven years ago. One thing I do remember, however, and that is my father telling me that this particular gift had come from the bridegroom's folks in Germany and that they had not marked it with his name because, according to the story my father told me, they did not approve of his going away from the Fatherland to live, and so considered him, in a way, lost to them and dead, or, at any rate, quite nameless.

"Of course, this made it look as though his visit here and his remaining in France was the outcome of some sort of quarrel.

"His wife, however, was not to be too easily fooled. My father used to say in the privacy of his family that he believed the young girl had married the painter merely because she believed that as his wife she might, in the event of his actually being engaged in any sort of 'spy' work, be able to render a decided service to her country.

"But as the years went on, she began to wonder if perhaps her earlier conclusions had been too hastily and unfairly drawn.

"And then, just when all the evidence seemed to indicate that indeed they had been, she came upon him one night down by that hill near the river where she had first seen him. There was a rather bright moon in

the sky, and, as she approached within several feet of him before he became aware of her presence, she could see that he was making sketches or drawings of some kind on a pad.

A Surreptitious Sketch.

"Of course, when he turned and saw her he said it was only part of a picture he was sketching, but she tore the pad from his hands and found that it contained a 'sketch' not only of the hill but of the entire countryside for many miles around. And in the 'sketch' this hill dominated the entire neighborhood, its advantage as an operating base for an artillery battery being thus clearly indicated and emphasized. At the bottom of the pad were brief notations.

"With the indubitable confirmation of all her worst suspicions in her hands, she denounced him fiercely for his duplicity and treachery and said she would turn him over at once to the authorities.

"From the girl herself, during the war, I learned something—a sort of sketchy outline of the whole story of her life with the painter—but a scanty and chaotic story it was, and one with huge gaps which I have filled in myself as best I could.

"It was, then, in the summer of 1914 that she discovered him in the moonlight with this carefully detailed map of the countryside.

"When he saw that indeed he could not deceive her as to the military character of the map, he told her she must keep it a secret and said that he had been conducting the survey not for the German government, as she suspected, but for the French government. Of course, she did not believe this and threatened to go at once and spread the alarm through the village.

"He finally succeeded in dissuading her from taking any immediate action. It was agreed that on the morrow she would get in touch with the authorities and learn from them whether he was working for the French government or not. In the meantime she took possession of the map. But on the morrow he was gone and the map, which he had taken while she slept, was gone with him.

"And then the war broke out and before many months the German armies were swarming over our section of the country in huge masses. Finally, they concentrated their drive on a certain sector in which our village seemed to be the keypoint. For days the battle raged. The young girl, in danger of her life, crept up to the French positions to tell them of the strategic advantages of the hill on her property. And one of the young officers accompanied her to the hill and showed her a French battery ensconced there. The commanding officer of the battery was her husband.

"Of course, in view of this, the poor wife could not do enough to try and make up to the artist-soldier for her doubts and suspicions concerning him. Nor was there much time in that place or on that occasion. They agreed to meet later at a certain designated place if the line of battle did not shift too materially. And then they parted.

"During that same night the German gunners found the exact range of the artillery on the hill and demolished it completely. Next day the French were driven out of the sector and the Prussians took it over.

"Two weeks later when the French, with heavy reinforcements, launched a counter-attack and again conquered the sector, two German artillery officers were found dead beside two demolished German cannon on the hill on the French girl's property. And one of these officers was her husband.

"What happened to her after that nobody knows. But it is very likely that, if she is not dead, she fears to once again live among her countrymen; at any rate, in this section where she is so well known, in view of the treachery of her husband.

"The set of silverware, of course, I believe to be that gift which came from the Fatherland unmarked, thus being served up as a sort of decoy to fool any too vigilant observers. The house in which this strange pair lived was totally destroyed by shell-fire in the early stages of the war and the girl herself has not been seen by anyone connected with the village since her disappearance following her discovery of her husband's body lying beside one of the German guns and clad in a German uniform."

CARRIES DEAD WIFE ON 30-MILE DRIVE

Frightened Mate Brings Body of Bride to Mother.

Ottawa, Ill.—With the body of his girl-bride on the automobile seat beside him a few evenings ago, Louis Groves of South Ottawa, stunned with fear and grief, sped to the home of his parents at Granville, 30 miles away. Time and again as the car would swing around curves on the road that led through Peru and Spring Valley the body would roll off to the floor of the car. Without slackening the pace he would lift it back on the seat with his left hand, continuing to steer with his right.

Through the towns and villages through which he passed he narrowly missed running into pedestrians and vehicles, but he didn't even slow up. Only one thing was on his mind—to get to his mother as quickly as he could with his wife whom he was convinced had suffered some attack or stroke and was merely unconscious.

Townfolk Suspicious.

He didn't know his wife was dead and that for the next 24 hours the townspeople would hold suspicions that he might have been responsible for her death and that it would take an autopsy and a coroner's jury to free him of that suspicion.

Late in summer Groves, who formerly lived with his mother at Granville, and Miss Julia Bell Hill of Seneca, Ill., were married and took up their residence at South Ottawa where the groom was employed by a furniture firm. The bride, a beautiful young woman, had just passed her eighteenth birthday a week before the wedding. She was a June graduate of the high school in her home town. The few months the couple lived in their cozy apartments was a real honeymoon, according to the neighbors.

A few evenings ago Louis came home from the store, ate supper with his wife, and then helped her with the dishes. He then went out to the garage to clean his car and was gone about twenty-five minutes.

When he returned to the house he found Mrs. Groves lying on the bed. He spoke to her and received no reply. Then he shook her gently and still there was no response. Her eyes were open but did not look at him. He became panic stricken. There was another family in the next apartment but his first thought and impulse was to go to his mother's home. He grabbed his overcoat and threw it about his wife and carried her to the car and was off for Granville.

It was nearly eight o'clock when he left South Ottawa and nine when he reached Granville. He was bewildered when he staggered into his mother's home, hearing his wife in his arms. He thought she was only unconscious as her body was still warm. His father immediately called a physician who pronounced her dead, for more than an hour and a half.

The news of the woman's death quickly spread through Granville and many began to talk of suicide or murder. There was no sign of violence on her body, although her dress became soiled when she slipped down to the floor of the car. No evidence of acids or poison, but the story of such a sudden and mysterious death caused the state's attorney, coroner to take action.

Decide on Autopsy.

An autopsy was decided upon and this was held next day. Groves was questioned closely by the state's attorney, but stuck to his story. The autopsy, however, cleared the young man of suspicion, as the surgeon who performed it decided the young woman died from natural causes. All vital organs of the body were found normal except the thymus gland, which was enlarged to the size of an ordinary hand, and its action, called status lymphaticus, had pressed down on the heart until that organ ceased to function.

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict according to the finding of the surgeon who performed the autopsy. The only doubt that was in their minds was why the husband did not call a South Ottawa physician instead of making the mad 30-mile drive to Granville. His own actions, when questioned, convinced the members that the finding of his wife, as he thought, unconscious, was such a shock to him that he was unable to act normally.

Baboons May Be Bred

for Domestic Servants

London.—In case anyone should want a baboon to aid in certain household duties, such as dusting, sweeping and other simple tasks, it would take only 20 years of scientific breeding to render the animal sufficiently intelligent for this purpose.

This is the theory of Prof. Fredrick Alexander Lindemann, professor of experimental philosophy at Oxford, as quoted by the marquis of Donegal, writing in the Sunday News. Regarding world progress in the next 50 years, Professor Lindemann believes that science will make the greatest strides on the physical and biological, rather than on the mechanical, side.

Car Paved Him

East St. Louis, Ill.—Shades of departed horses had their inning when J. D. Emerson, becoming infuriated at his automobile, which stalled in the hood and radiator and was arrested for disorderly conduct.

LONE PROSPECTOR ON RUBBER TRAIL

Texas Offers Best Chance of Supply of Plants.

Washington.—Backed by Thomas Edison, a quiet, one-man rubber exploration of the semi-arid lands in southwestern Texas and the adjacent territory in Mexico has been carried on during the last few weeks. Dr. J. N. Rose of the United States national herbarium was the "personnel" of the expedition and he has brought back to Washington a number of specimens of plants suspected of rubber-yielding possibilities.

"The plants I paid most attention to were those belonging to the milkweed and euphorbia or spurge families," said Doctor Rose. "The milkweed has long been known to have rubber in its milky juice, but so far it has not been found in paying quantities. The euphorbias include such familiar plants as the Christmas thorn and the poinsettia and are somewhat more distantly related to the Hevea or Para rubber tree, now the chief source of our rubber.

"The most promising species I found was one member of the euphorbia group. A rough analysis of its latex made by a local chemist indicated a rubber content of 9 per cent. Whether this will be confirmed by more careful examinations in specially equipped laboratories I have, of course, no way of knowing just yet.

"Of course, sensational promises of great rubber plantations in Texas would be nothing but pipe dreams. Mr. Edison has made it quite plain I believe, that what he has in mind in his present program is the development of a potential emergency supply which could be drawn upon if a war or other calamity should cut us off from the cheaper rubber of the tropics."

The Mexican part of Doctor Rose's expedition took him south along the Gulf coast for about a hundred miles beyond the border. This was during the time of the recent abortive revolution; but Doctor Rose reports that this part of Mexico was not affected by the uprising and that in any case most of the region was uninhabited.

Follow Women, Improve

King's Doctor Advises

London.—Suggestion that men imitate their women folk was made by Lord Dawson of Penn, the king's physician, in a speech at the Royal Society of Arts.

"One of the best things we can do is to imitate our women folk," he said "for not only have they added to the gladness of life by the beauty of their dress but a number of women have improved their physique out of all proportion to us males.

"Also another point worth noting is that it takes the modern girl less time to dress and undress than it does the modern man. What would the Victorians have thought of a condition like that?"

Lord Dawson said he thought that anything which gladdens the heart of man adds to his health, and, therefore, he could not completely condemn alcohol "for it, too, plays its part of gladdening the human heart."

Quake Boon to Herring

as Well as Fishermen

Cordova, Alaska.—Recent earth quakes off the Alaskan coast stirred up from the ocean's bottom great masses of shrimp spawn until it floats on the surface of bays and inlets like corn sirup. Attracted by the food the greatest runs of herring ever known here have come in from the depths. Herring feed largely on shrimp eggs and become very fat in a few weeks. Some hauls of nets have taxed fishermen's equipment, one casting yielding 700 barrels of fish. Pickled and dry salt herring in barrels is selling in Japan at record prices.

Skyscrapers Will Fall

in 40 Years, Expert Says

New York.—American skyscrapers, if allowed to stand more than 40 years will certainly tumble down, says Sir Edwin Lutyens, British architect.

He says the methods employed in structural steel construction of giving the steel only a coating of paint or one of mud and water is where the danger chiefly lies as it gives little protection from atmospheric penetration.

Bids Dime for Buggy;

Drives Away With It

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—There will be at least one buggy on the newly paved highways of Iowa next spring, drawn by a horse that is known as "some stepper."

Floyd Foss, who lives near Maynard, had a closing-out sale recently. Among the objects offered by the auctioneer was a four-wheeled buggy.

"What am I offered?" he cried. "One dime," roared some one in the crowd.

"Do I hear any more bids?" "You do not," replied the crowd in chorus.

"Sold," shouted the auctioneer, pointing an accusing finger at a man in the crowd. The buyer paid his dime, hitched a good-looking mare to the buggy and drove away.

IF GARVEY SAYS THEY CAN'T PASS THEY DON'T

New Road Blocked by Home of Football Star.

Scranton, Pa.—Johnny Garvey, hero of the Yale-Dartmouth football game and Old Eli's latest football luminary, came by his stubborn fighting spirit naturally.

Especially the stubborn part. That unshakably will to do that sent him crashing time after time through the Dartmouth line when every member of the big Green team was muttering, "He shall not pass"; that determination that he wouldn't and that conviction that he couldn't be stopped, are a natural heritage.

Stubbornness is an outstanding trait of the Garvey family, as witness what was going on at home while Johnny was booting the football around for his alma mater.

Garvey hails from the borough of Moosic, a suburb of Scranton. The road between Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, which passes through Johnny's home town, long has been described as one of the worst in the state. For years and years motorists have spilled more cuss words to the mile on this road than there are freckles on a turkey egg.

Then a new road was planned that was to provide a direct route over concrete. But the powers that be, even the Dartmouth football team, reckoned without the name of Garvey.

Try and Get It

The Garvey homestead lay in the path of the proposed road. A Garvey had built the home 45 years ago, and a Garvey lived in it ever since. And when a Garvey makes up his mind to keep anything, whether it be a football or a three-story frame dwelling, try and get it from him.

When the new road was laid out a board of viewers appraised the property and set a valuation on it. This, the borough of Moosic claimed, was excessive and refused to pay. The borough officials have taken an appeal to the Superior court and have filed exceptions to proceedings which went on two years ago.

Meanwhile, the Garvey home stands on its original site.

The new road leads right up to its very back door, and there stops abruptly. In order to pass the Garvey barn a piece half the width of the road for the length of the barn was left out. In this niche the barn sets complacently as of yore. To pass the Garvey house the motorist is compelled to detour through a 15-foot alley running alongside the building.

The Pennsylvania department of highways has shown how it feels about the matter by posting a sign in front of the building at the point where the highway halts by reason of the obstruction and the detour begins, reading:

"This highway will be completed as soon as the Moosic borough authorities remove the house in the middle of the road."

PENNSYLVANIA DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS.

Family Is Undisturbed

Members of the Garvey family, and especially Johnny's mother, are as unperturbed over the matter as they are over Johnny's successes on the gridiron. Mrs. Garvey is a quiet, motherly woman, happy in her boy's success, but seeing nothing in it over which to make a fuss.

She was asked how she felt that memorable Saturday afternoon when Johnny got his chance in the Dartmouth game and made good with such a vengeance.

"I was dusting around here in the living room," she said, "and I thought I'd see what was on the radio. I tuned it on and the first words I heard were 'Garvey's got the ball,' so I tuned it off quickly."

"When Bill (Johnny's father) came home he said, 'Did you hear about the game?'"

"I said, 'No.'"

"He said, 'Johnny made two touchdowns.'"

"But I didn't see anything to get much excited about in that. Oh, of course, I was glad he got his chance and made good. But it was," and she gave a deprecating laugh, "it was what I expected John to do. He's a fine boy in his classwork, as well as in football, and that means more to me than anything else."

And her brown eyes twinkled happily.

Kaiser Plans Theater

of His Own at Doorn

Doorn, Holland.—The former Kaiser is going into theatrical production. He intends to run his own private theater, now being built within the grounds at Doorn house, his residence.

The idea originated with his wife, Princess Hermine, who has long been dissatisfied with the dullness of Dutch village life and the lack of entertainment there in the evening for the invited guests, who are becoming more numerous.

Performances by companies from the leading German theaters, especially Max Reinhardt's, are being arranged.

Cheaper for Two

New Brunswick, N. J.—A Rutgers student may bring his girl and himself to the student council dance for 50 cents, but if he comes alone it will cost him 75 cents. It is desired to reduce the number of stags and increase the number of girls.

Sale of U. S. Smokes

Drops Off in China

Washington.—Economic unrest in China which buys ten times as many American-made cigarettes as any other country, has reduced total exports of the United States 26 per cent during the first nine months of 1927.

The United States Department of Commerce warns that American manufacturers should consider this situation as a factor in planning production programs for any surplus must be absorbed at home.

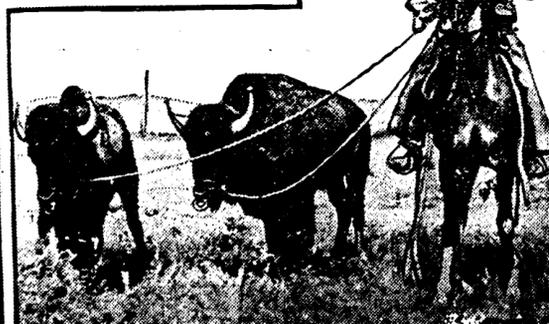
During the period China purchased only 3,549,000,000 cigarettes as compared with 5,380,000,000 in the corresponding period of 1926. The total exports recently exceeded 5,500,000,000 cigarettes, yet production reached 73,000,000,000, an increase of 83 per cent.

Just Playful

Berlin.—To sed by a tiger, Harry Piel, film comedian, is in a hospital. The tiger apparently didn't mean any harm. He went to his cage without trouble.

Buffalo Trained for Farm Work

Clyde Jones is here seen with his team of buffaloes which he uses instead of horses on his farm near Rapid City, S. D. The animals are docile and quite satisfactory for the agricultural labor.



IDLE ISLAND

By
ETHEL HUESTON
Copyright 1927 by The Bobbe-Merrill Co.
WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

On the verge of nervous collapse, due to overwork, Gay DeLance, successful New York artist, seeks rest at Idle Island. She rents a cottage, the "Lone Pine," from an island character, the "Captain," and his sister, Alice Andover, "administrator." Gay finds the cottage is tenanted by an elderly lady, "Auntalmiry," who consents to move to another abode, the "Apple Tree." Awakening from sleep, Gay imagines she sees the face of a Chinaman peering in the window. On an exploration of the island, Gay, standing on the seashore, is horrified by the appearance of the drifting body of a drowned man, which she carries herself to bring to the shore. A bullet wound in the temple shows the man to have been murdered. Gay makes her way to the "Captain" with the story. Returning with him to the shore, they find no body there, and Gay's story of the incident is set down to an attack of "nerves." Gay, unable to convince her neighbors of the truth, draws a picture of the face of the dead man, intending to send it to the authorities. She meets a stranger, apparently another visitor, to whom she tells the story and shows the picture. He asks her to let him take it, but Gay refuses. Next day, after a night spent with "Auntalmiry," Gay finds the picture has been taken from the cottage. "Rand" Wallace, wanderer, and considered something of a "black sheep" by the islanders, expecting to find "Auntalmiry," surprises Gay at household tasks. She likes him at once.

CHAPTER V—Continued

The days flew away like enchanted things. Gay had never been so happy, although she neglected her sacred canvases and brush. How could she work with Rand sprawling in the window-seat at her side, brown hand touching her hand, gray eyes holding her eyes? Every day he worked faithfully on the Bo's'n, Hemia's yacht, worked very hard for a few hours to spare himself more time to be with her, appearing at the Lone Pine every morning promptly at eleven o'clock, the hour of her late breakfast, which was breakfast and luncheon in one.

"So this is how one lives on nothing," she said to him one day, laughing. "Well, I am relieved. I know at least that you will never starve."

The next morning he handed her a pound of the best coffee obtainable at the Pier grocery store. He was very laudatory. "I may be low, but I have my pride," he said. "My coffee! And when it is gone, kindly notify me. More will be forthcoming."

"Don't forget the electricity," she reminded him gently. "It must be a nickel a week."

And laughingly she accepted the dingy coin he selected carefully from a handful to give her.

Every day he went up the slope to the Lone Pine at sunset, that sweetest hour of the day, and sat with her in the window-seat on the west, looking down to the bay where the sky burned with fresh-blown gold and flame and amethyst, burned fiercely for a while before it paled to smoking embers, pastel shades of rose and violet and cream. And when the embers had faded to gray ash, they went into the woods, and walked up and down beneath the trees that gossiped to one another above them, and breathed deeply of the intoxicating spices of the forest—pine, and spruce, and fir.

At that hour they never talked, but wandered slowly here and there, stumbling sometimes over the twisted old roots of trees or fallen logs, sliding over treacherous rocks, holding hands like children, smiling at each other.

One night they lingered long in the forest, so that dusk was blackening the shadows when they turned up behind the Little Club, that purrless bit of the wood. As they went on, laughing softly, and stumbling, suddenly, without a sound, they came up to one who was walking toward them, swiftly, surely, toward the shore.

"All feet fall softly on the thick pillow of pine needles and dry mosses, but those feet that came to meet them made no sound at all. As they came together, Gay looked up, with keen but friendly interest to see who walked in her enchanted wood at nightfall, and then she caught her breath with a sudden startled intake.

The face that she saw in the dusk was sharply familiar, unmistakable, a thin little face that showed yellow in the gloaming, like yellow parchment, with narrow, sloping eyes, and beneath one of them a faint shining mark, like a seam in the parchment, where a scar seared the flesh, the face of a yellow, little old Chinaman.

"In the dusk, as she had seen it before, she saw it again, and in the fraction of a moment, the dusk received him again, noiselessly, as it had received him before.

Gay had not by any means forgotten her first night on the island: when she lay alone in the cottage on the fringe of the woods in her great exhaustion of mind and physical weariness; when, sleeping, she had seemed to feel a gaze upon her, and stirred to see, or think she saw, the thin yellow face in the gloaming; and had turned again to her sleep, saying dreamily it was but a dream. She had, however, made inquiry casually, and had been told there were no resident Chinese on the island, but that,

on rare occasion, one came on errand from Portland, for the delivery of packages, perhaps, or a day's work. It was only as in a dream that she had remembered the face.

But now, with sudden fear, Gay knew it was no dream. She waited for Rand to come up to her.

"Did you—see—him?" she whispered.

"The Chin? Yes. The men must be down at the club house. They always bring some one along to cook, usually a darky, but once it was a Jap. Perhaps they're giving all nations a try by turn." Then he felt Gay's intensity in her silence, the closeness of her hand on his. "Why, Gay, what is the matter? You're not afraid of him! Don't be afraid of a Chinke, they never harm anybody—You afraid! A woman who lives alone, and not according to nature and brags about it!"

Although Gay realized that the Females Wallace, as he affectionately called them, must no doubt long since have told Rand the story of the affair in the cove as they knew it, he had



Walked Up and Down Beneath the Trees.

never referred to it by word or by suggestion. It was that innate courtesy, that delicate New England reserve, which held sacred from reference a subject that might give pain.

Now, suddenly, Gay wished he would speak of it, would ask her what she had seen, or thought she saw. She wished greatly to talk freely with him, to tell him the surprising things that had happened to her on the island.

The closeness of her clasp on his hand relaxed. "I am not afraid," she said easily. "I just wondered who it was."

There was no sound from the wild growth of brush that lay so thickly about them, no faintest crackle of dried, dead, crumbling needles of pine, but as Gay finished speaking, a dark shadow slipped away, almost from beneath her hand, slipped away, shadow like, and melted with the other shadows. And neither Gay nor Rand suspected one shadow more or less among the many on either side.

Even when the Bo's'n was ready at last for the trip down the coast, Rand put off his departure as long as he could, and when further delay was impossible, he sent his bags aboard, and with all his readiness for sailing, with the two men chosen for his crew aboard, he slowly climbed the hill for a final breakfast with Gay at eleven o'clock.

Gay was very wistful, very sad.

She could not eat, although the breakfast tray for two was most enticingly arrayed. Over her cup of coffee her eyes clung to Rand's eyes, very large, very deep, darkly troubled.

"Rand, please eat," she begged. "You will be very hungry before night! Eat, please eat!"

"Gay, I can't. For the first time in my life, my appetite was all filled up before I began. I hate to go and leave you. Gay, you aren't thinking of going away the first of September, are you? I will make the trip as fast as I can, but I cannot be back by the first. You wouldn't go before I return, would you?"

"There's really nothing to hurry me away," she said reasonably. "I like it here, and I do need no rest, and they say—the weather is very nice in September."

"The weather! Are you staying for the weather?"

Gay shook her head. No—for you.

Rand stood up suddenly, and Gay, too, rose slowly. Hard in hand they crossed the pleasant room to the door that opened down upon the bay where the Bo's'n waited for Rand, to take him away.

"I kissed you when I came the first time," he said softly. "Wouldn't it rather hurt your feelings if I went away—less affectionately?"

Gay nodded. "Terrific. I should think you didn't like it."

Rand took her in his arms, and kissed her, not once, but many times.

"Were you ever in love before, Rand?" Gay asked softly.

"Well—yes," he admitted hesitatingly. "Er—weren't you?"

"Well—yes," she acknowledged, smiling faintly. "But never like this. Rand, never like this."

Her cool, firm, slender fingers caressed his hair, touched his lips, cradled the curve of his chin.

"Rand," she whispered. "Rand."

At three o'clock, with smiling tremulous lips, and tears streaming down her face, but laughing, Gay stood in the highest window of the Lone Pine, and blew a kiss to the wind as Rand turned the Bo's'n east, to sea.

CHAPTER VI

With the first of September came the breaking up of the summer colony. Gay was grateful for the silence after the clamor of young voices, twanging ukuleles, whining saxophones. Adorable, waiting alone at the top of the hill, for Rand to come! If sometimes she was troubled by a vague presentiment, a prophetic suggestion that all her future life would be something like that, waiting for Rand, she stilled it resolutely. She felt that it was doubly sweet to be alone in awaiting his return, that of all the summer colony, she alone remained, waiting.

There was a point high on the rocks to the east of the Little Club where she often sat by the hour, chin in hand, gazing dreamily off to sea. Rand would not return that way. He would come by fastest State-of-Maine express, but it was the way he had gone, and so intrigued her fancy.

Chin in hand, eyes misty with dreams, thoughts far away to sea in the south, she sat one day when a voice called up to her from a lower place among the rocks.

"Miss Delane! May I come up?"

Gay turned quickly, and her eyes contracted wonderingly. She smiled. It was the man she had directed to the landing on the fateful day of her discovery in the cove.

"Come up, by all means," she said cordially.

And as he came up, climbing carefully and with a caution that spoke of little custom, she gave him her hand in greeting.

"How in the world did you know my name?" she asked interestedly.

"Oh, Gay Delane! It was on your sketch book that day. Do tell me—I have wondered about it so many times—whatever came of it all? Did the

Evidence That Tigers Select Human Victims

Man-eating tigers of the Indian jungles sometimes appear to single out a certain person and go after him, ignoring all others until they get him, points out Gen. William Mitchell, the noted flying officer, in an article in Liberty. The general tells a story to illustrate his point.

"A native became separated from his companions in the jungle and was chased by a tiger," he writes. "He succeeded in climbing into a tree, while the tiger remained on watch below.

"After a while," General Mitchell continues, "his companions, noting his absence and suspecting that a tiger

Inexcusable Mistake

There is a delightful old Irish woman who keeps a corner fruit stand in a Western town. One day a gentleman disposed to be facetious took up a fine melon from her stall, and said gravely: "You have pretty good apples in this state; but where I come from we have them twice that size."

The old lady looked up from her stool, surveyed the joker coolly and replied in a tone of pity: "Ah, what for should I be wanting the breath to talk to wads that takes our gooseberries for apples?"

might have killed him, returned, making a great racket by beating drums so as to keep the tiger away.

"The man descended and joined his companions. They were walking quietly, single file, through the jungle, when suddenly there was a flash of orange and black and the doomed man was carried off by the tiger. It is related, also, that a man was the fattest of the group."

Reason and Instinct

The amount of conscious reason that an ordinary man uses in his life, compared with the great unreason or blind impulse and inborn tendency that impel him, is like his artificial light compared with the light of day—indispensable on special occasions, but a feeble matter, after all. Reason is an artificial light in the sense that it is not one with the light of nature and in the sense that men possess it in varying degrees. The lower animals have only a gleam of it now and then. They are wise as the plants and trees are wise, and are guided by their inborn tendencies.—John Burroughs.

All that stands between the college graduate and the top of the ladder—is the ladder.—Exchange.

police trace him? Had you ever got back the little sketch, and—"

Very briefly she told him of the disappearance of the sketch.

"Are—are you sure?" he asked doubtfully; almost, it seemed to her, quizzically. "It seems—very—well, unnatural, you know. Why, nobody knew about it—Didn't you drop the book? Couldn't it have fallen out? It seems—"

"Now, don't you think I am crazy," she said with some heat. "Everybody else does. But I am trusting you to trust me."

"I will trust you," he said quickly. "I do. It was bad luck all the way round, and I'm sorry. I wish I had taken the sketch from you by main force. I hate that worst of all, losing the sketch. Do you remember the hand—very fine—"

"Don't," she said. "Don't talk of it. I should have done something for that poor boy—but what could I do?"

"Don't think of it. Let's talk of something else.—Are you remaining long on the island? It seems very quiet here now. The summer people have gone, have they not?"

"In spite of her best efforts, feeling the curious interest of his eyes, and his words, Gay felt her face flush for her lingering.

"I was worn out," she explained quickly. "I had to have a long rest. I shall stay a little longer—a week, or two perhaps. While the weather is nice. I like it better now the summer crowd is gone. Just the nice, good, religious natives are left. And me. I like it. But I did not expect to see you here again."

"I wish I could say I had come only to see you," he said, "but I am afraid I dare not go so far. As a matter of fact, I have learned that they are anticipating rather a land boom around here in the next two or three years, and my partner and I are hoping to pick up something for a song, and sell it after a bit for a—well, a grand opera. I am scouting out the land."

"How interesting. How very interesting!" Gay stood up suddenly. "You offered me tea before, and I refused. I am bolder now. Will you tea with me? And tell me about it."

They passed back over the rocks and into the woods, skirting the Little Club, in silence.

"I shall have to take a peep at some of your private papers, I think," Gay said smilingly, as she led the way into the Lone Pine. "Or shall I call you 'Sny'?"

"Ingram, Ronald Ingram—I beg your pardon, I seem to feel that I know you so well I quite forgot you did not know my name."

"Well, Mr. Ingram, welcome to the Lone Pine. There is something about you—something New York—that makes me tingle for Times squares."

They were chatting companionably over their tea, chatting of work, of aims and interests, the big things of life, when Auntalmiry came to the door. She came intentionally, knowing there was a guest; Gay knew that at once, realized it with a vague resentment, although knowing it was not like the little old woman to intrude. She was dressed for the occasion, in her best black Sunday silk, with her coral cameo at her throat. There was a flush of excitement in her cheeks, and as she stepped into the room, not glancing at Gay, she swept Ronald Ingram with an eager breathless gaze.

"Oh, Mrs. Bridges, this is Mr. Ingram," Gay said lightly. "Mrs. Bridges, for company," she explained laughing. "Auntalmiry to all us home-folks. Sit down, Auntalmiry; tea's nice and hot."

"Yes—yes, I will," Auntalmiry sat down stiffly, her eyes still intent on the young man who had crossed the room to stand by her chair as she sank into it. And intent upon his face, the light faded suddenly from her eyes, the flush died in her cheeks. All in a moment she was smaller, older, very tired.

A little later Mr. Ingram went away with many warm and pleasant words, and with a last light lingering touch on Gay's hand. Their eyes met, understandingly, as they smiled farewell. When Gay returned to Auntalmiry she was sitting wilted slightly in the chair, and her face was sad.

"Gay, you will excuse me, won't you? For coming like that, when you had company. I saw him on the piazza—a stranger—and I thought maybe Buddy had come."

"Buddy? Do you mean Rand?"

"No, Buddy—my son, Buddy."

"Auntalmiry, your son! Have you a son? Oh, I didn't know you had a son. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Yes, Buddy, my son. I didn't tell you, dearie, because we aren't like that. We just hold things in our hearts, and things, and say nothing. The glad things, too, perhaps, too much. We don't scatter our feelings, good or bad; we shut them, I think, perhaps some one else had told you."

"No. No one on this island has ever mentioned your son—Buddy. I never heard of him before."

"We are like that," she said faintly. "We hold one another's secrets to ourselves. They would talk to each other—but no one would tell my—sister—to an outsider, one who didn't belong."

"Was it a sadness, Auntalmiry, having the son?"

Auntalmiry's eyes glowed subtly, but her voice remained mild and even. "It was heaven," she said gently. "But he went away—and never came back."

"Oh! I am sorry."

"He was a wistful boy, Buddy, like his father. His father was a singer who came to one summer—a one singer. But he was a wistful. He went away, too. I didn't want that so much."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Our national genuflection today is at the feet of ability. We bend the knee to those who do things. Instead of spilling us, money has given a greater sense of appreciation for the expression of the arts. We will not walk across the street to see the richest son of the richest man. But we will stand all evening in the back of a theater to have a wistful extra girl, raised to stardom, make us boo-hoo like saps.—O. O. McIntyre in Cosmopolitan.

Discussion Vs. Argument
The man who enters into a discussion is full of a passion for truth and eager to hear it. The man who argues is full of vanity and desires only to hear himself talk.—American Magazine.

Overnight End COLD
Stop a cold before it stops you. Take HILL'S Cascara-Bromide-Quinine. Stops the cold, checks the fever, opens the bowels, tones the system. Insist on HILL'S. Red box, 30c. All druggists.
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Community Building

Smaller Places Not Losing Their Ground

In view of the general impression that all the young folks are leaving the rural districts to go to the city, it is interesting to notice that the village still maintains its existence and shows no signs of disintegration. Through the country are scattered countless thousands of small towns, frequently located well in the interior and at a great distance from any sizable city at all. These were settled, or at least founded, a long time ago. It might be thought that since cities are constantly growing and devouring more and more territory these towns would be drained of population.

But instead of disappearing the average small town has calmly maintained its existence, not always growing rapidly, perhaps, but not losing ground, either. Now and then a new house goes up, or a new business opens its doors to local employees, or a new store brightens the main street with its attractive display. Some of the residents take up lives in the faraway city, but others move into the town. These may be either city people who are satisfying a lifelong wish to live in the country, or they may be farmers who have sold their acres and retired to spend their late years in the sociable atmosphere of the village.

So the life of the place is renewed, refreshed and invigorated.—Exchange.

Trees Require Care for Good Condition

There are so many decrepit, unkempt, battered and broken trees in all localities that people often wonder if it is really possible to keep trees in a thriving, vigorous condition.

The old unsightly wrecks of trees are frequently a menace and an eyesore to the community. A tree that is not a thing of magnificent beauty is not worth having. And ordinarily there is little reason why trees should not be kept in good condition.

The principle of taking care of trees is the same as the principle involved in taking care of any other living thing. If attention is not given to defects, and diseases in youth, then it is certain that disintegration and early death will follow. Pretty much the same thing holds true with people.

The expense of removing decayed areas from trees and installing necessary sectional concrete fillings in the cavities, and the cost of other measures that may be required to restore a tree to health and beauty, is necessarily greater if trees are left to decline almost to the point of death before help is given to them.—Chicago Post.

Look to Highways Now

In an article on highway construction the Mobile Register says: "Particularly should attention be given to wider highways in the original planning and construction of these highways, for it costs less to build a broad, convenient, safe roadway, in the first instance, than it costs to widen these highways after they have been built. That is especially true in the case of city streets where it often is necessary to rearrange buildings used for business purposes. It has cost some of the larger cities vast sums of money to widen streets answering the purpose of arterial thoroughfares, and where it is possible for communities to guard against these burdens it obviously is wise for them to do it."

Proper School Buildings

A project for teaching health through a study of school buildings, past and present, is suggested by Harriet Wedgwood in an article in Hygiene Magazine.

Much can be learned about what constitutes a healthful environment by collecting information about school buildings and grounds and comparing the findings with accepted standards with respect to sanitation, heating, lighting, seating, cleanliness, water supply, drinking fountains, toilets and other features.

Land Value Governs

The less expensive the lot the more money is left for the house itself, and a well-constructed home on a cheap lot is far more desirable than an unsatisfactory house on an expensive lot. Although a house that is very much more expensive than its neighbors might be hard to sell at a good price, a very cheap house may add nothing at all to the sale value of an expensive lot.

Fosters Desire to Create

The desire to create, to fashion something with one's own hands, is unquestionably the foundation, for much of the real accomplishment so characteristic of home-loving people, who more than ever are taking constructive interest in their surroundings.

Beauty Real Consideration

We are living nowadays in a world where beauty is a real consideration and the ideal to be striven for, and where color and design are recognized as contributing a most important element to the homes in which we live.

C. F. Butterfield

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If you cannot call, telephone, we will give you a description of whatever you may have in mind, send you your choice, and permit exchange if you are not well pleased.

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Hillsboro Furniture Rooms

We have determined to give such Values that will be the most talked of Sale in this vicinity.

When we say 25 per cent off it is 25 cents discount on every \$1.00 of Merchandise purchased at this Sale from former prices.

Terms Cash No Credit S. H. BAKER

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, Jan. 11, 1928

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

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.
Obituary poetry and lists of flowers charged for at advertising rates; also will be charged at the same rate as of presents at a wedding.

Foreign Advertising Representatives
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

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



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

Antrim Locals

For Sale—Single Sleigh. Apply to H. W. Johnson, Antrim. Adv.

For Rent—Garage space for two cars. Apply to Guy A. Hulett, Antrim. Adv.

A new adv. of the Hillsboro Furniture Rooms, announcing special prices, appears in this paper today.

For Sale—Four ft. Dry Wood. Apply to The Highlands, Antrim, phone 19-22. Adv. 11

The Ladies' Mission Circle of the Presbyterian church will meet Wednesday afternoon, January 18. Supper will be served as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Poor and son, Albert, attended the poultry show in Boston last Saturday. Harold W. Cate attended the show on Friday.

Muzzey's Furniture Exchange—Second-hand Furniture bought and sold. Lot of good goods on hand at present time. H. Carl Muzzey, Antrim, N. H. Phone 90-13. Adv.

Morris H. Wood was called to Wilton last Friday by the sudden death of pneumonia of an aunt, Mrs. Ida Welman Weston. Deceased in her younger days resided in town for a time on the Tenney-Dutton farm, west of Gregg lake.

The public is cordially invited to see the six reel motion picture, "The Romance of Sleepy Valley," which will be shown at Antrim town hall on Thursday evening, January 12, at 8 o'clock. More than 200 individual characters took part in the various scenes of the picture. This picture, which was produced under the direction of the American Farm Bureau Federation, gives the story of a rural community. There will be no admission charge and everyone interested will be welcome.

There will be a Stereopticon Lecture on the "Aspects of New Zealand Life" in the Presbyterian church, on Saturday, January 14, at 8 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Robert Blair, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of England. The lecture will be illustrative of the scenic, social, economic, industrial, educational and religious life of the country and people, and is given under the auspices of the Presbyterian—Methodist Sunday school. This lecture is open to the public and a cordial invitation is extended to all. No admission will be charged, but a silver offering will be taken at the close of the lecture for the benefit of the S. S. transportation fund.

Moving Pictures!

MAJESTIC THEATRE
Town Hall, Antrim

Wednesday, January 11
Don Juan's 3 Nights
with Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason

Chap. 7: "Perils of the Jungle"

Pathe Weekly Pictures at 8.00

W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

Mrs. Ross H. Roberts and little son are visiting her former home in Connecticut.

Edgar Armstrong is employed by E. W. Sturtevant, at his blacksmith shop on West street.

The Antrim Woman's Club will hold a Food Sale at Odd Fellows hall on Friday afternoon, January 20, at 8 o'clock. Adv.

Misses Elsie Bartlett and Helen Worth were in Hillsboro visiting friends last Thursday.

Schools re-opened on Monday morning, after the holiday recess, with the same corps of teachers.

Guy Hulett, owner, has removed a portion of the barn from the former Bass property on Main street, thus improving the surroundings.

For Rent—Tenement, up stairs, furnished or unfurnished; warm tenement, reasonable rent. Further information at Reporter Office. Adv.

This Wednesday evening, at I. O. O. F. hall, Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge will hold its installation ceremonies, and previous to these exercises there will be a supper for members in the banquet hall, at 6.30 o'clock.

The regular monthly meeting of the Sunday school board, connected with the Presbyterian-Methodist societies, was held on Tuesday evening of this week, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eldredge, Grove street.

The next regular meeting of Ephraim Weston Relief Corps, No. 85, will be held at the Woodbury Memorial M. E. church, Tuesday evening, Jan. 17, at which time the officers for the ensuing year will be installed by Dept. Sen. Vice Pres. Mrs. Mabel Wilson of East Jaffrey. It is earnestly desired that every member will make an effort to be present.

Mrs. Edward G. Rokes

Very suddenly passed from her earthly home to the one beyond the shadow at about six o'clock last Sunday morning, without a moment's notice and without a struggle—a peaceful going but an exceedingly great shock to her family and friends. Up the time of her departure she had been in her usual good health and had experienced nothing that would alarm her in the least concerning continued health and strength.

Deceased was born Etta Perry, in Antrim, 41 years ago last September, the younger daughter of Mrs. Abi and the late George F. Perry; here she has always lived, and those who know her best say she was a good woman. Twenty one years ago she was united in marriage to Edward G. Rokes, by the late Dr. W. R. Cochrane, at her home then the popular Mountain View house. Mr. and Mrs. Rokes long occupied their farm home in the east part of the town, removing to this village a few short years ago, when they purchased a home on Wallace street. In the family she was a kind and indulgent mother and thoughtful wife; the neighbors speak highly of her and will greatly miss her. The five children living at home and needing a mother's care have met with a loss that is far greater than can be at first realized. The husband, a married son, the mother and a sister, also an aunt, have sustained a loss that is very great. The sympathy of all our people are with the bereaved in their hour of deep affliction.

Funeral services were held from her late home on Tuesday afternoon; Rev. R. H. Tibbals spoke comforting words to the family and friends. Mrs. B. G. Butterfield sang favorite selections. Interment was in the family lot at Maplewood.

From the December 2 edition of the Hyde Park Herald, of Chicago, we clip the following news item, which will be read with interest by many of our people who are personally acquainted with Mrs. MacGaffey, a sister of the late Charles L. Eaton: The engagement is announced of Miss Jeanett Levan MacGaffey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Addison E. MacGaffey of 5400 Maryland ave., to Charles A. Gage, Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Gage, of 3344 Broadway ave. Dr. Gage formerly was pastor of Hyde Park M. E. church.

E. W. HALL

AUCTIONEER

WINCHENDON, MASS.

Livestock, Real Estate and Household Sales a Specialty. Tel. 289-4 Winchendon, for an Experienced Service.

When In Need of FIRE INSURANCE

Liability or Auto Insurance

Call on W. C. Hills, Antrim, N. H.

Fred C. Eaton

HANCOCK, N. H.
Representing Henry W. Savage, Inc., realtors, 10 State St., Boston. Established 1840.

Tel. Hancock, N. H., 38

MKADO



Have Your Scribbles Analyzed
Louise Rice, world famous graphologist, can positively read your talents, virtues and faults in the drawings, words and what notes that you scribble when "lost in thought". Send your "scribbles" or signature for analysis. Enclose the picture of the Mkado head, cut from a box of Mkado pencils, and ten cents. Address Louise Rice, care of EAGLE PENCIL CO., NEW YORK CITY

H. B. Currier

Mortician
Hillsboro and Antrim, N. H.
Telephone connection

Junius T. Hanchett

Attorney at Law
Antrim Center, N. H.

Coal and Ice

Now taking orders for Coal of all kinds. Also dealers in Ice.

HOLLIS ICE CO.

COAL AND ICE
Antrim, New Hampshire

H. Carl Muzzey

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

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

EZRA R. DUTTON, Greenfield

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

John R. Putney Estate

Undertaker
First Class, Experienced Director and Embalmer.
For Every Case.
Lately Assistant.
Full Line Funeral Supplies.
Flowers Furnished for All Occasions.
Calls day or night; promptly attended to.
New England Telephone, 18-3, at East Corner High and Pleasant Sts.
Antrim, N. H.

About Advertising

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

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.

ADVERTISE
In THE REPORTER
And Get Your Share of the Trade.

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

Saturday, January 14
 "Smoke Eaters," with Cullen Landis and Wanda Hawley
 Chap. 7: "Perils of the Jungle"

Bennington.

Congregational Church Notices
 Howard R. May, Pastor
 Morning service at 10.45.
 Sunday School 12 m.
 Christian Endeavor 6 p.m.

Charles Stowell is visiting his old home in Vermont.

Rev. H. R. May is driving a new Buick coupe from the Lindsay garage.

Tenements to Rent. Apply to C. W. Durgin, Main street, Bennington. Adv.

The weather man is not treating the hockey rink fairly, therefore it is not in condition for play.

Chimneys Cleaned—Let me know when you need this work done and I will call and see you. James Cashion, Bennington. Adv. tf.

Rev. H. R. May and wife will be in Greenfield, Mass., the greater part of this week, but on call for any need which might arise here.

On Sunday morning, the pastor preached the first of a series of sermons on the Parables; there was special music by the choir.

Judge and Mrs. Henry W. Wilson attended the dedication exercises of three additional wings to the Hillsboro County hospital last Monday.

Miss Mae Cashion will be confined at home all of this week with mumps; many of the young children of the Primary school also have them.

Mrs. Hawkins entertained the Friendly Class on Wednesday afternoon, when plans were made for an evening's recreation, of which further announcement will be made.

The Troy Basket Ball team played the town team on Saturday evening, winning the game. So far the town team has not had the good luck this season that it had last year.

The Sunday school will hold a food sale at the chapel on Friday afternoon at three o'clock; the committee in charge is Mrs. John Robertson, Mrs. Maurice Newton and Mrs. Hawkins.

County Treasurer James H. Shepton, of Nashua, has announced that for the first time in his knowledge Hillsborough County finished the year with a surplus of funds from its appropriations. Judge Wilson, of this town, is chairman of the County delegation of the legislature.

WATER RENTS

All bills for water rents are now due and should be paid promptly.
 R. E. MESSER, Supt.
 Bennington Water Works

A CARD

To all kindly neighbors and friends who were so good to us while we were in the Memorial Hospital, and for their many gifts, we extend heartiest thanks.
 Mrs. Patrick McGrath
 Margaret McGrath

Notice to People of Antrim and Bennington

Our truck will collect in these towns Monday p.m. and deliver Tuesday p.m. on all Damp Washes; Rough Drys, Finish and Flat Work on Friday. A card or phone will bring our truck.

Hillsboro Steam Laundry
 New Management
 Service Guaranteed
 Adv.

For Sale. Wood

I am all cleaned up on Dry Wood. Have any quantity of first-class Green Wood and some partially seasoned ready for prompt delivery; either 4 ft. or stove length. Send in your orders for your wants the coming season and same will receive prompt attention.
 Fred L. Proctor, Antrim.

We Offer For Sale

- One Horse Sled
 - Two Horse Sled
 - Double-runner Sleigh
 - Four seated Sleigh
 - Two Horse Dump-cart
 - Top Boggy
 - Mowing Machine
 - Horse Rake
 - 1 Pair Team Harnesses used very little
 - 1 Single Truck Harness
- ABBOTT COMPANY
 Antrim, N. H.

Antrim Locals

Miss Ruth Felker visited in Malden, Mass., the past week or two.

Arthur G. Youngs, of Concord, was a business visitor to town the past week.

Mrs. Ada B. Spaulding, of New York, was a recent guest of Mrs. Grace Youngs.

John Robertson, of Worcester, Mass., recently visited in the family of Carl H. Tewksbury.

Miss Doris Ellinwood has been spending a season at her home here with her mother, Mrs. Jennie Newhall.

Miss Harriet Goodman, of Longmeadow, Mass., has been a recent guest of Rev. and Mrs. R. H. Tibbals.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Moulton are occupying Mrs. Eleanor Perkins' furnished apartment on Summer street.

Mrs. Mary Maxwell, who has been in Henniker a few weeks, has returned to her home at Clinton village.

Henry B. Pratt, Jr., has returned to his studies at Mt. Hermon school, in Northfield, Mass., after a few weeks' vacation.

Miss Margaret Pratt has been visiting relatives in Waltham, Mass. Miss Dorothy Pratt was in Keene over a recent week end.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hunt have returned home from several weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Folsom, at Springvale, Maine.

Salesmen Wanted for lubricating oils, greases and paints. Excellent opportunity. Salary or Commission. The Jed Oil and Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio. adv.

Miss Margaret Scott was in Manchester last Wednesday to complete her naturalization papers, being now a full fledged citizen of the United States.

Frank S. Corlew and a nephew, from Brookline, Mass., were at the former's summer estate, Contoocook Manor, for a few days the past week.

Editor H. Burr Eldredge, of the Winchendon (Mass.) Courier, accompanied by Mrs. Eldredge, motored to Antrim Saturday for a week end visit with their parents.

Miss Ruth Cutter, an instructor in the Concord schools, who has been the recent guest of her mother, Mrs. J. D. Cutter, has returned to her duties in the capital city.

Miss Rose Wilkinson, driving her car, and Ernest King, of Hillsboro, were in collision on Henniker street, in Hillsboro village, on a recent Saturday. Quick application of brakes by Miss Wilkinson turned the car around on icy going and her car struck the other coming in from a side street. Some damage to each car was the result, but no one was hurt.

For Sale—A new International Webster's Dictionary, fully indexed, with all the new words, in one volume, handsomely bound. Also a used dictionary of the same kind but an older issue, in excellent condition. Will sell either or both, at a figure that would please the purchaser. Apply to Reporter office, where the latest volume may be seen. adv.

Work on the skating rink at the athletic field, which need was advocated in the columns of The Reporter several weeks ago, is progressing finely and everything is nearly in readiness to turn on the water for the freezing process. Again we say this is one of the finest things yet done in town for the benefit of our young people and will be greatly appreciated. Having an athletic field makes such activities possible and there may be other things that will suggest themselves as time goes on which will prove equally beneficial.

An item of unusual interest which should have received earlier notice in these columns but was inadvertently omitted, was the one concerning the community Christmas tree at Clinton village. This was a handsome tree, profusely decorated with many electric lights, and presented a beautiful sight in the square, where it majestically stood in all its splendor, admired and enjoyed by many people. Carols were sung about it on Christmas Eve by the young folks of the village. The people of this community are to be congratulated on their lively Christmas spirit.

A Card

I wish to thank all those who gave me such a pleasant surprise on last Friday evening.

Alice E. Thompson

MICKIE SAYS—

"THE BOSS LIKES BEING LATE WITH THE PAPER. JUST LIKE A LION ENJOYS HAVING ITS TAIL PULLED, SO PLEASE DON'T MAKE NO PRAGUE OF THIS. HERE BRINGING IN STUFF FOR THE PAPER. JUST AS WE ARE ABOUT TO DASH TO PRESS"



Job Printing at Reporter Office.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian—Methodist Churches
 Sunday, January 15
 Rev. Robert Blair, of Boston University, will preach.
 Sunday school at 12
 Y.P.S.C.E. at 6 o'clock
 Union service at 7 o'clock, at Presbyterian church.

BAPTIST

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
 Thursday, January 12
 Monthly workers' conference. Supper at 6.30; conference follows immediately. Any who do not come to supper will be welcome to conference.
 Sunday, January 15
 Morning worship at 10.45. Pastor will preach on "Stand Fast."
 Church school at twelve o'clock.
 Crusaders at 4.30
 Y.P.S.C.E. at 6 o'clock. Topic: "Do We Need the Church Now?"
 Leader, Miss Dorothy O. Maxfield.

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

Installation of Officers

At their regular meeting last Saturday evening, the new officers of Waverley Lodge of Odd Fellows were installed for the current term of six months, by D.D.G.M. Henry E. Harris, of Peterborough Lodge, assisted by past grands of the local lodge acting as grand officers. These are the new officers:

- Noble Grand—J. T. Robertson, Jr.
 - Vice Grand—Andrew Fuglestad
 - Recording Sec'y—George Warren
 - Financial Sec'y—William C. Hills
 - Treasurer—Leander Patterson
 - R.S.N.G.—Maurice A. Poor
 - L.S.N.G.—Freeman Clark
 - Warden—Philip Knowles
 - Conductor—A. J. Zabriskie
 - Chaplain—Milan D. Cooper
 - R.S.S.—William Taylor
 - L.S.S.—Earl Otis
 - I.G.—Francis Davies
 - O.G.—Erwin E. Cummings
 - R.S.V.G.—E. W. Sturtevant
 - L.S.V.G.—Howard Humphrey
- After the installation exercises, an oyster stew was served in the banquet hall.

New class of Tree Experts now forming

We want outdoor men who like travel to join our new classes in tree work under highest authorities. All instruction is free, we pay travel expenses and in a few days you start earning money. The growing demand for our services enables us to enlarge our new classes. If you enjoy outdoor life, are single, between 18 and 30 years old, this is your chance to learn a splendid profession, not crowded and immediately profitable. Start now!

The Bartlett School of Tree Surgery
 Dept. 40
 Stamford, Connecticut
ENROLL TODAY

To a Massachusetts-born, the similarity of the auto number plates for the present year to those of New Hampshire does not appear so bad. The codfish is also a reminder of former days.

2000 nearly articles

Specially priced

for January and February

If you haven't this Catalog—send for it



Compare these prices before you buy anything anywhere

JANUARY and February are not ordinarily good months for business. Large firms all over the country dread this period, for it means to many of them that they must curtail their production; must cut down their organization; must go through a period when they are just marking time, waiting for the spring buying to start. It is the hibernating time of big business.

Curtailed production means the shortening of forces. It takes time to build a smooth working organization and such an organization must be kept busy. It has taken years and much careful planning to build our organization. It is made up of trained people who know our customers' requirements—who know the keen satisfaction of an order promptly and properly shipped. They are an up and doing crowd that are happiest when they are busy. Months ago we planned to keep them busy during this period.

Months ago we went to representative manufacturers and producers of high grade merchandise and said to them: "Make us prices on your products that will enable us to offer our customers, during January and February, prices that will defy competition; prices that will offer such real savings that it is well worth their while to buy at this time and we will give you orders for merchandise that you can make when your plants need business, and we will pay you cash. You can keep your factories

running full time, when ordinarily you would be hard pressed for an outlet. Cut your costs to us and give us the best you can make and our customers will solve your problems, as well as ours."

To many of them it was the one thing they needed—volume business

in times which were ordinarily dull. They cut their prices, amazing reductions, even more than we ever thought possible. We, in turn, have cut our own usual small profits and are passing them along to our customers in the savings in this special January and February Sale Catalog.

Take this new catalog (if you haven't a copy, send for it), look through it carefully. Buy now the things you will need for the first warm days of spring. Anticipate your wants. This is just like increasing your income, for during this sale, you can save a part of every dollar you spend. For clothes for yourself and family, for new things for the home, for new things you need in your shop, on your farm, for your car or your garage. Join the ranks of the thrifty. Send us your orders now.

Already the orders are pouring in from customers everywhere. The merchandise is here; the organization is ready, the plan is beginning to work. There is an old saying that "If you want a job well done, take it to a busy place."

Send us your order now, we will ship it to you promptly.

- SPECIALY PRICED FOR THIS SALE**
- Auto Supplies.
 - Babies' Wear.
 - Blankets and Comforters.
 - Building Supplies.
 - China and Glassware.
 - Clothing—Boys' Youth's and Men's.
 - Coats and Dresses.
 - Curtains and Draperies.
 - Drugs and Sundries.
 - Dry Goods.
 - Farm Implements.
 - Furnishings.
 - Furniture.
 - Hardware.
 - Hats and Caps.
 - Hosiery.
 - Jewelry.
 - Kitchen Utensils.
 - Millinery.
 - Musical Instruments.
 - Notions.
 - Paints and Varnishes.
 - Plumbing Supplies.
 - Poultry Supplies.
 - Radio and Electrical Equipment.
 - Roofing.
 - Sewing Machines.
 - Shoes.
 - Silverware.
 - Sporting Goods.
 - Stoves and Supplies.
 - Sweaters and Gloves.
 - Toilet Articles.
 - Toys.
 - Trunks and Bags.
 - Underwear.
 - Work Clothing.

THE CHARLES WILLIAM STORES, Inc.
 304 Stores Building, New York City
 Please send me postpaid, at once, copies of catalog checked below.
 New January and February Special Sale Catalog.
 New Wall Paper Sample Book for 1928.
 Name _____
 Address _____

Send for Our New 1928 Wall Paper Sample Book—It is Free

The CHARLES WILLIAM STORES, Inc.
 NEW YORK CITY

SHE WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE

Down to 98 Pounds—Finally Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Cleveland, Ohio.—"After having my first baby, I lost weight, no matter what I did. Then a doctor told me I would be better if I had another baby, which I did. But I got worse, was always sickly and went down to 98 pounds. My neighbor told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it helped her very much, so I tried it. After taking four bottles, I weigh 116 pounds. It has just done wonders for me and I can do my housework now without one bit of trouble."

—Mrs. M. RIESINGER, 10004 Nelson Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

If some good fairy should appear, and offer to grant your heart's desire, what would you choose? Wealth? Happiness?

Health? That's the best gift. Health is riches that gold cannot buy and surely health is cause enough for happiness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be the good fairy who offers you better health.

Sons of Rest

The only exercise some loners ever get is to run riot when told to go to work.—Farm and Fireside.

For Colds, Grip or Influenza and as a Preventive, take Laxative BROWN OILYNE Tablets, Sufferer and Proven Remedy. The box bears the signature of E. W. Grove. 30c.—Adv.

Only way to profoundly enjoy riches is to be very poor in one's earlier years.

Use your stumbling blocks as stepping stones.

Drink Water to Help Wash Out Kidney Poison

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Severe Head Colds and Sinus Trouble THE MOST ANNOYING OF ALL AILMENTS

Any stuffy nose from a cold that does not clear up in a few days produces sinus trouble. Some sinuses are large cavities in the nose, others are small (like honey-comb), and when a cold gets into them it causes pain, or pressure in the eye balls, over eyes, in temples, and back of head, fullness in ear, and mucus dripping in throat. This leads to a tickling cough, sore throat, head noises, and catarrhal discharges, due to improper drainage. To clear this up vaporize CAMPHOROLE, and inhale according to directions.

CAMPHOROLE opens up the nose, and sets into the sinuses, killing the germs that multiply by millions in those stuffy cavities, reduces the inflamed swollen mucous membranes, and gives good drainage for the discharge. This is what every specialist tries to obtain in order to get results. It is impossible for germs to live in the antiseptic vapors produced by CAMPHOROLE. Keep a jar handy and use at the first sign of a cold.



Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ailment. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

SPIRIT OF ENSEMBLE AND THE MODE

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY



THE spirit of the ensemble has completely captured the mode. If it isn't the artist leather worker devising handbags to match our footwear, then it is the milliner who takes up the cue of establishing a relationship between something and something else, say a scarf, a bag, a belt, a kerchief, complementing, of course, these accessories with a matching chapeau.

Because of this harmony of the ensemble, which fashion demands, women in general have never presented a more obviously well-dressed appearance than they do at the present time.

Among the newest "sets" are hats and bags made of felt. Sometimes the very ambitious buy patterns which are easily available, and make their own hat and bag sets. If one happens to be clever at stenciling or pyrography, or can paint and embroider, there is all the more incentive to undertake to make these matching felt bag—be sure to get a frame of bone or shell or some similar combination, for they are more fashionable than those of metal.

Our illustration features several very attractive matching hats and bags. The same gold lace and filigree passementerie which appears on the dressy black velvet toque at the top of this picture to the left is repeated on the flap of its accompanying handbag which is also of black velvet.

The hat and bag set to the right at the top of the group is a French

creation. An all-over patterning of soutache braid distinguishes this ensemble.

Gorgeous gold and multi-color brocade ribbon shows up handsomely in the set shown in the circle below.

The designer of the hat at the left ways. Here's a timely hint for the accessories at home, for felt is being worked in just such ingenious center in picture chose to create a very unique compose of scarf, perhaps shawl, more properly speaking, and hat. This fetching set sounds a Spanish note, not only in the flowery embroidery which appears on both hat and scarf, but particularly in the fall fringe which dangles from the edges of the scarf. The embroidery accents true Spanish coloring on a background of black crepe.

CONCERNING THE BABIES

Mothers of small children will be interested in some new bulletins concerning babies that can be secured by writing to the address given below.

What Builds Better Babies! Folder No. 4.

Diet for Mothers. Sunlight for Babies, Folder No. 5.

Baby's Daily Time Card, Chart No. 14.

A chart of the daily schedules of babies from infancy to 24 months, also suggestions for training and diets.

Children's Bureau, United States Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.

HOME SEWING FOR SPRING AND SUMMER

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Spring sewing is not the bugbear it used to be. For one thing, few people expect to settle down to a fortnight of hard labor, either with or without a dressmaker by the day, in order to outfit the feminine members of the family for the summer months. As early as January the new spring and summer materials begin to appear in the stores, and the average woman who has a normal love of attractive and appropriate warm weather clothing for herself and her daughters, gets into the habit of picking up a dress length whenever she sees a pattern that she likes.

There is a bewildering array of cotton fabrics from which to choose this year. Styles are simple, and most of these materials are easy to work with. The majority of them have a firm close weave and smooth finish, so that the home sewer can make rapid progress in cutting out and stitching up without much busting, or other time-taking, fussy work. As fast as the new materials come home, they can be converted into pleasing dresses by utilizing odd hours. If you have a sewing machine, and a little sewing room, where you can leave half-finished work at short notice, and pick it up again when you have a bit of spare time, you will find that the spring wardrobe is completed as if by magic. Even a sewing corner in a room used for other purposes is satisfactory, if you have nearby a closet or chest of drawers for materials and partly made garments.

A generous supply of easily handled cotton summer dresses costs but little and adds immensely to comfort and a sense of well-being during the hot months. For morning wear, the bureau of home economics suggests some of the printed materials in cheerful patterns, like sepiyas, or percales, or any of the numerous varieties of



The Home Sewer Can Make Rapid Progress in Stitching Cotton Fabrics

gingham, or crepe, madras, broadcloth or cotton suitings. All of these are practical and suitable for plain house work dresses, including the ever-useful hungalow aprons, and smocks; also for sports costumes or for business wear. The old idea that one couldn't get downtown on a hot day in a gingham or print dress has been abandoned. Don't limit your cotton dresses to the mornings only. Look over the tempting array of sheer fabrics like

Now that sheer velvet is so fashionable, handsome hat and scarf sets are made of this material. A very striking ensemble for formal afternoon and matinee wear includes a helmet of black velvet which is embroidered in rhinestones, the ends of the blackest velvet scarf repeating the same sparkling ornamentation.

For sports wear a felt hat has inset of batik silk. This is accompanied with a kerchief square for the neck, made out of matching batik.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

TIMELY THOUGHTS

No wise man ever wished to be younger.—Swift.

The less a man boasts the more true worth he possesses.

Don't wait till you are rich before you try to be happy.

There also are as good compliments as ever were fished for.

The zebra is born with stripes but man must acquire them.

A woman's mirror will tell her what none of her friends will.

Younger folks like novels full of trouble; older folks don't.

Truth isn't stranger than the Twentieth-century brand of fiction.

Our failures are due to ourselves more often than to other people.

When a wise man buries animosity he forgets where he planted it.

Many a man who talks shop dislikes to hear his wife talk shopping.

Too many people know a lot of things that are none of their business.

It's climbing hills before they come to them that makes some people tired.

The ruddy kingfisher, native to Borneo, makes its nest in the hive of a vicious kind of bee.

VELVETEEN APPROPRIATE FOR STUDENT OR OFFICE GIRL'S EVERYDAY OUTFIT

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Equally appropriate for the student at college or the girl who goes to an office every day, is this attractive costume of grayish green velveteen. Velveteen is a serviceable fabric, the bureau of home economics says.



Velveteen for Wear in Cold Weather.

It is made of cotton, yet it is warm enough to wear until late in the fall without an extra wrap, and under an outer coat all winter. The dress illustrated is a two-piece model, and the coat is really the waist, for the tan blouse is only a vest. Corduroy

Hints for Housekeepers

Scum on the surface of pickle brine, indicates that the brine is too weak.

Fruits, vegetables and milk, are as important in the school child's lunch as any other foods.

A cash account to keep an accurate record of income and out-go, helps the housewife as well as anyone else.

Short stockings can cause almost as much trouble as short shoes. Get them half an inch longer than the feet to be sure of enough room for the toes.

Vegetables will keep their color when cooked if they are boiled in a small amount of water and cooked until they are just done, not a minute longer.

The cheapest health insurance is a sane way of living, with adequate rest and exercise, with the right variety and amounts of food and with plenty of fresh air and soap and water.

which is cotton fabric similar to velveteen but with a ribbed surface, might also have been used successfully in developing this costume.

The simulated blouse is made of beige cotton poplin. Pongee might have been used. Light tan gloves, hose and purse, harmonize with the blouse. A brown leather belt with a pearl buckle consists of green machine stitching in mercerized cotton. Chain stitch was used. Pin tucks would also be effective.

The skirt is slightly full at the side and back and has three plaits in front to give additional walking and sitting room. It is set on an underwaist of lawn. The costume is completed by a small black hat and black shoes.

RECIPES THAT PLEASE THE WHOLE FAMILY

By NELLIE MAXWELL

"We should encourage others by our faith and cheer, but we have no right to dishearten them by doubt and gloom."

If one desires a change from the ordinary catsup, this may be made at any time during the cranberry season.

Cranberry Catsup.—Take one quart of cranberries, one cupful of water and two cupfuls of vinegar. Tie in a piece of muslin a few cloves, three or four allspice, a tablespoonful of broken cinnamon and a bit of mace. Simmer all together until perfectly soft. Press through a colander, add one pound of brown sugar, simmer ten minutes longer, and seal.

Fine Fruit Cake.—Cream one pound of butter, add one pound of white sugar and when well blended add the yolks of six eggs; beat the mixture well. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites

Sift seven cupfuls of flour and dredge two and one-half cupfuls of currants with a little of the flour, add five cupfuls raisins and one pound of finely shredded citron. Add one teaspoonful of soda to the flour, six teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of mace, three teaspoonfuls of cloves, three teaspoonfuls of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add the dry ingredients alternately with two cupfuls milk and one-half cupful of molasses. Fold in the fruit just at the last and add one pound of almonds, blanched and shredded. Steam two hours, then bake in a slow oven until thoroughly done. When the cake is cool wrap in waxed paper and place in a stone jar well covered.

Oysters on Toast.—Pour boiling water over a pint of oysters, drain and chop them. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, turn in the chopped oysters, add salt and pepper and cook until done, but not toughened. Add two tablespoonfuls of powdered crackers, three-fourths of a cupful of cream, cook until hot and pour over toast.

When one has the main meal of the day served at noon, there is a feeling of need for a hot dish of some sort at night. Soups of various kinds will always fill that want, yet there are many kinds of foods which will serve well for a variety.

Baked Eggs.—To two cupfuls of rice potatoes, hot, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-third of a cupful of milk and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat vigorously three minutes, add one and one-half cupful

plimentoes finely minced and forced through a sieve; mix until well blended. Pile evenly on a buttered baking dish or platter and make six cavities. Drop into each an uncooked egg and bake until the eggs are set.

Shrimp Sauce.—Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter and add three tablespoonfuls of flour; mix well, then pour in gradually, while stirring constantly, one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water. Bring to boil and cook five minutes. Add three-fourths of a cupful of shrimps cleaned and cut into bits, one egg slightly beaten with pepper and salt to season. Serve pureed over well-drained fish.

Pineapple Jelly.—Pour two cupfuls of boiling water over half a cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of gelatin soaked in two tablespoonfuls of water, then add one cupful of the pineapple juice drained from a can of pineapple and three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. When the mixture begins to thicken add one and one-third cupfuls of pineapple cut into cubes. Turn into a mold dipped into cold water and put on ice to chill.

Brown Bread.—Take one cupful of cornmeal, one cupful of rye flour, two cupfuls of wheat flour, three cupfuls of sour milk in which is dissolved one teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg, add to the other ingredients with one-half cupful of raisins, one-half cupful each of sugar and molasses. Steam three hours. One-half this recipe will be enough for a small family.

Smoked Fish Canapes.—Cut stale bread into one-fourth-inch slices, remove the crusts and cut into oblongs four by three inches, then saute in olive oil until brown. Arrange on each slice lengthwise pieces of salmon—use two on each. Pipe round the edge a border of creamed butter, anchovy and lemon juice.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

How to Make Good Cake Frosting or Icing Easily

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A cooked cake frosting or icing that always turns out well can be made very easily if the directions below furnished by the bureau of home economics are carefully followed:

Vanilla Frosting.
1 cup granulated 1 egg white.
sugar. Pinch of salt.
4 tablepoons cold 1/2 teaspoon vanilla water.

Put the sugar, water, and unbent egg-white into the upper part of a double boiler. Have the water in the lower part boiling. Commence beating the mixture with a Dover egg beater at once and beat constantly while it cooks for about seven or eight minutes. It should then appear just like ordinary boiled frosting and should be almost thick enough for spreading. Take it from the stove and continue to beat about five minutes or until it has thickened. Add the vanilla. This is sufficient to ice a three-layer cake on the top.

If the icing proves to be insufficient, it may be placed in the double boiler and be recooked for a short

time. Or if it is too stiff, add a small quantity of water and cook again.

For chocolate frosting melt two and half squares of unsweetened chocolate and pour into the above mixture just before removing it from the fire. Beat until thick and then spread. Vanilla is also used.

For curamel frosting curamelize half cupful of additional sugar, then add a few tablespoonfuls of boiling water. A thin dark strap will result. Substitute about two tablespoonfuls of this strap in place of two tablespoonfuls of water, or such an amount as will produce the desired flavor, and then continue as in making vanilla frosting, adding the vanilla last.

Prized His Whiskers

Leo III was the first pope to startle the world by the spectacle of a shaved pontiff. Gregory IV issued a papal bull which made shaving obligatory upon all priests. It is said that one bishop, presented with the alternative of parting with his luxuriant and treasured whiskers or his bishop's throne to give up the bishopric.

Football Most Brutal Sport

"COLLEGE football is more brutal than boxing," Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion, told members of the Men's club of the Lafayette Reformed church in Jersey City, Tunney was the guest of Gov. A. Harry Moore of New Jersey.



Gene Tunney.

"I attended a football game in Washington recently," said Gene, "and I saw five men knocked out clean. All of them required the attendance of surgeons and were revived. I never saw such a spectacle in boxing."

The champion declared that injuries received in football were often apparent twenty years later. "Injuries sustained in scrimmage," he said, "are more permanent than those received in boxing."

The reason why brutality goes unnoticed in football, according to Tunney, is that the spectators are too busy watching the ball to be worried about what happens to the men. In boxing, he said, the eyes of the crowd were upon the men; hence staggering blows and subsequent injuries were thrown into the spotlight.

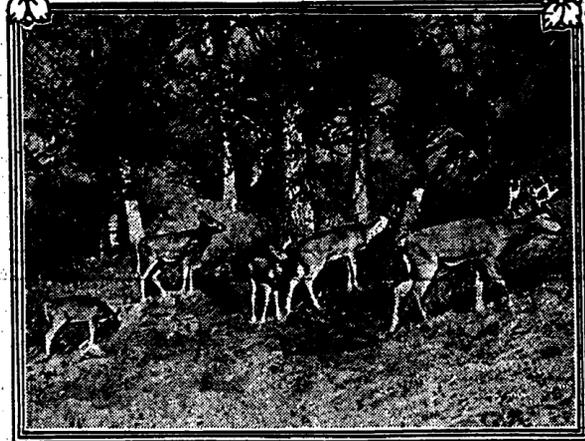
In football, according to Dempsey's conqueror, the men followed the coaches' ideas or were removed from the game. In boxing it was up to the individual to rely on himself, he said.

When the champion had finished contrasting football and boxing to the detriment of the former he launched into a discussion of the history of pugilism. Appropriately enough, he began with mention of pugilism by Homer in the "Iliad." From this point in remote antiquity he followed the sport through Pompeii and the Roman days to the present.

Before going to Jersey City Tunney turned out to be the lion of the evening at an entertainment featuring some of the highest luminaries of the literary and theatrical worlds given by the Authors' League of America at the Roosevelt hotel for the benefit of the league's funds for needy writers.

Impeccably attired in evening clothes, with a dress tie knotted just right over a gorgeous expanse of white shirt front, Tunney fought a battle with woman novelists and short story writers who seized his hands and tugged at his arms or coat lapels and pulled him about the room while gushing introductions to their friends.

South Dakota's Black Hills



Game in the Black Hills.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

IN ALL but name, the Black Hills of South Dakota are more than hills. They rise higher than either the Appalachian or the Ozark mountains, and Harney peak, their loftiest mass, is the highest point between the Rockies and the Atlantic ocean.

They form a veritable island of mountains in the Great Plains, and the natural attractiveness of their heavily wooded peaks and ridges and their well-watered valleys is made doubly appealing by the contrast of the surrounding country.

Touching the hills on the southeast is one of the most desolate yet interesting areas in America, the Big Bad Lands of southwestern South Dakota, where, through thousands of years, rains have carved the light clays and sands into futed columns and cones, jagged buttresses, and a thousand other fantastic forms.

The Black Hills are not a part of the Rockies, but they may be looked upon geologically as dwarf brothers to those giant mountains, showing the family characteristics on a smaller scale. Both probably were formed about the same time. Data assembled by geologists show that millions of years ago, during the Mesozoic age, a vast sea washed over the entire central portion of the continent, covering the site of the Black Hills. It was at this time that the softer rocks of the region were formed as sediments. When at the end of the Mesozoic, the great flow of melted granite welled up from below to raise the Rockies, it found a weak spot at the site of the Black Hills and rose there, too, poking the surface limestones and other rocks up as a rising tent-pole pushes up the canvas.

The cooking process which the surface rocks underwent at that time had much to do with making the Black Hills one of the richest mineral regions in the country.

In the ages since these mountains rose, the softer stones have been weathered away in many places, exposing the hard granite, as at Harney peak. Around the base of this peak stand great spires, remnants of the softer rock, which constitute The Needles, one of the most striking bits of scenery in the region.

Hunting Grounds of Indians.

The Black Hills derived their name from the blue-black appearance of the dense pine forests when viewed from a distance.

They played a peculiar and interesting part in the frontier life of America. Before the coming of the white man these wooded uplands were one of the favorite hunting grounds of the Indians of the surrounding plains. They were unsettled by whites long after emigrants had established themselves in California, Texas, Colorado, Utah, and other territories farther west. This was because all of western South Dakota was reserved for the Sioux Indians.

What Indian tribe possessed this choice hunting ground of the West before the white man came to America is unknown; but since the opening of the West several distinct tribes have occupied the region, each in turn forced out by a stronger group. In all cases these newcomers have appeared from the East and almost without exception the older residents have moved farther west.

The Crow Indians are believed to have been in possession of the Black Hills near the beginning of the eighteenth century. Later the Poncas entered the eastern portion of the highlands, but, finding them occupied, turned back eastward. The Cheyennes were the next successful invaders from the East, and were in possession of the territory when Lewis and Clark passed in 1804. Next came the Sioux, the last of the red men to hold this desirable region before the advent of the whites.

The first "written" history of the country is a pictorial chronicle of the Sioux on prepared skins. It records that the famous chief, Standing Bull, led a party of warriors to the hills about the time of the American declaration of independence, and took back to his plains home a little pine tree, a type of tree never seen before by his immediate tribe.

It was while the Black Hills were

under the control of the Sioux that the contacts of white men with the country became more numerous. These were fleeting at first. Fur-trading posts were established not far from the hills in the early Nineteenth century, but only occasionally did any of the traders at these stations gain glimpses of the hill country. The United States government forbade immigrants to go into either the plains country or the hills so long as these territories were recognized as belonging to the Indians.

Explored by Army Men.

Probably the first whites to see the Black Hills were two Frenchmen, Louis-Joseph Verendrye and his brother, Francis Verendrye, who wandered west with a party of Indians in 1743.

They entered the hills and claimed them for the king of France. The era of military exploration of the hill country was opened by Gen. W. S. Harney, for whom the highest of the region's peaks is named. He skirted the southern end of the highlands in 1835. The first real exploration, however, was carried out by officers of the United States army in 1837 and 1839. After these expeditions rumors of the existence of gold in the Black Hills spread throughout the nation, and a horde of would-be prospectors insisted that they be permitted to seek their fortunes in the new El Dorado.

In 1874 the secretary of war sent an expedition to the region and its mineralogists discovered gold. When this became known, prospectors entered, in spite of the best efforts of the United States army. After a year or two of unsuccessful attempts to eject these white interlopers the federal government found it necessary to purchase the hills from the Indians. Altogether more than \$40,000,000 has been spent by the federal government on behalf of the Sioux as a result of their relinquishment of the Black Hills.

The region was thrown open by President Grant in 1876. Just 51 years ago, a frontier life of the most turbulent sort developed in the mining camps that sprang up, and Deadwood, the leading camp, became the inspiration for the American "dime novel," which came into being about that time.

Quiet Mining Region.

All is changed now. Mining has been placed on a corporation and machine basis, and the once hectic mining camps have become quiet, prosperous little cities. The Homestake mine at Lead is one of the largest in the world and has taken out gold valued at more than two hundred million dollars.

Despite the industrialization of gold mining, there still dwell in the heart of the hills survivors of more primitive days. Still under the spell of the yellow metal they fare forth daily from their tiny log cabins in endless search.

The Black Hills are Custer country as truly as is the Little Horn valley, 200 miles farther west, where General Custer lost his life at the hands of the Sioux and their allies. It was Custer who led the official government expedition to explore the Black Hills in 1874. In his honor the town of Custer, the first white settlement there, was named. The state park, which has recently served as a Presidential vacation ground, also bears the name of Custer. The great Indian uprising of 1873-76, under Sitting Bull, which led to the Custer massacre, resulted from trouble between the whites and Indians over the opening of the Black Hills.

A large part of the Black Hills is covered by two adjacent national forests, Harney and Black Hills forests. Custer State park, one of our 629 splendid state park areas throughout the nation, is almost entirely surrounded by these reservations. The park extends from near the southeastern edge of the Black Hills westward about eight miles toward the town of Custer and northward to include Harney peak and Sylvan lake. The peak has an altitude of 7,242 feet. Sylvan lake covers 40 acres and lies at an altitude of approximately a mile and a quarter.

Game Lodge, the state-owned hotel in which President Coolidge spent his vacation, is situated a few miles from the eastern edge of the park, in a valley among the lower hills. Its altitude is approximately 4,000 feet.

Sport Notes

Holeaux Saguero, Chicago's newest fistie sensation, is a former chef.

The New York Giants have selected Augusta, Ga., as the site for their 1928 spring training.

Tex Rosen, Rutgers' athletic star, is likely to win four letters in major sports this season.

Already twenty inter-sectional college football games have been cradled for the 1928 campaign, early schedules reveal.

A new goal net, which keeps the pack from bounding back into the playing area, is being used by the National Hockey league.

Manager McGraw of the Giants announces that his battery men will be sent to Hot Springs in February for a preliminary boiling out.

Charles Scamety, a young southpaw pitcher in the semi-pro ranks at Parsons, Kan., has been signed for a trial by the St. Louis Browns.

Kid Francis, Italian bantamweight, has placed himself in the first rank of that division by virtue of his recent ten-round decision over Archie Bell.

The luminous golf ball for night playing, tried out in the East, ought to be practicable if some hunter doesn't mistake it for a one-eyed wolf.

Racing greyhounds are weighed in at six o'clock of the racing day, and if the dog's weight is one pound above or below normal it is not allowed to compete.

What is apparently the very apex of executive efficiency has been achieved by a millionaire in Washington who retained a prominent amateur to play his golf.

Georges Carpentier, who once essayed to take the world's fistie championship from America, is now a public dancer in France. He got that way in the American ring.

A Siamese paper reports the arrival in Bangkok of Somdech Phra Srisanvarinda Paramahaja Phra Banwasa Mutchua Chao. Sounds like an All-American football selection.

Ignacio Fernandez, Philippine featherweight, who has been going good among the topnotchers of this country, is probably the best fighter from the islands since Pancho Villa.

The Brooklyn Robins have gone into the collegiate ranks to sign Burnham Lee, star athlete of Mississippi college. Lee was shortstop on the baseball team and captain of the football eleven.

It is understood that no more billiard matches will be permitted in Chicago unless the twist imparted to the cue ball by the contestant be known by some other name than "English."

At Kansas City Babe Ruth posed in a pair of new-fangled overalls, for advertising purposes, and received \$3,000. Gehrig also got a slice of the money, and it is said they secured \$4,700 overall.

Doubt as to the return of Manager Bert Niehoff to Atlanta, was dispelled, when President E. J. Spiller announced at the Southern league meeting in Memphis, that Niehoff would again pilot the Crackers.

Modern Grid Training Real Strenuous Ordeal

Training for college football is a serious thing nowadays. A man going out to make his eleven must often sacrifice his ambitions in the field of baseball, basket ball and other sports.

Of course the man who has won his letter in three major sports still exists, but he is becoming rarer and is found mainly at the smaller institutions, where athletic competition is not so stiff.

Big colleges, and little ones, too, for that matter, have spring practice. There are summer occupations of arduous work to keep in condition. There is the early autumn session of intensive training at a camp or secluded establishment.

Also there are the regular practice sessions and the informal practice sessions; there are the matters of clothes, sleep, associates, mental attitude. On top of all is the coaching system.

In the football season the day of the members of the squad begins usually about 7 a. m., the men having breakfast at the training table. The rest of the morning and early afternoon is given over to studies and lectures.

Practice begins some time between 3 and 5 p. m., depending upon the scholastic program. Nearly every coach gets two hours or more of work out of the members of his squad every weekday, and several coaches are resorting to night practice, using either a "ghost" hall, the leather being painted white, or powerful arc lights overhead.

Tower of Strength



After playing second fiddle to the incomparable George Kelly at first base for four years, Memphis Bill Terry finally got his chance last spring to play regular for the Giants. He played the game of his life and was a tower of strength to McGraw.

Mule Shirely Regained in Trade by Griffmen

Ernest (Mule) Shirely, the North Carolina university first-base product, who received quite a thorough inspection with the Griffmen a few years ago, has been brought back into the fold.

President Clark Griffith announces that Shirely has been obtained in a trade with the Rochester club. In which the International leaguers get title to Shortstop Dubby Dear, who joined the Nationals last summer, straight from the campus of Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

Shirely, a left-hand thrower who bats in the orthodox fashion, last season was farmed to Greenville, where he helped that club win the South Atlantic league pennant, clouting some 31 home runs in the process, of registering a very respectable batting average. He is to be retained as understudy to Joe Judge regular, vestible guardian and tire dispenser.

Feel Stiff and Achy? To Be Well the Kidneys Must Thoroughly Eliminate Waste Poisons from the Blood.

DOES every day find you lame, stiff and achy? Do you feel tired and drowsy—suffer nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney secretions scanty and burning in passage? Sluggish kidneys allow poisons to remain in the blood and upset the whole system. Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and thus aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Doan's have established a nationwide reputation. Ask your neighbor!

Doan's Pills

A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

At all dealers, 60c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

How One "New Woman" Helped Out Dan Cupid

"I am learning to be a womanly woman," Patricia said, "because I like to be abreast of the fashion, and I am certain that a true, sweet woman" will soon be all the rage. Mind you, it is much easier to learn to do without stays (corsets) than to accustom yourself to wearing them, so I have bought a pair, and I wear them for half an hour every day. The first day I had them on, a man came to lunch, and I had no time to change, and in the middle of lunch I fainted dead off.

"When I came to, he was holding me in his arms, and I murmured, 'Oh, please, slit my stays!' and the most wonderful look came into his face, and he told me later that I was the first woman to remind him of his dear, dead mother. He went all tender and foonly, and since then he has done nothing but beg me to marry him."—From "Vin and Ginger," by Lady Kitty Vincent.

New York for Bluebird

According to a report from Mrs. Charles Cyrus Marshall, of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, to Nature Magazine, votes taken under the auspices of the federation have given the bluebird first place in the race for state bird. Bob-white was second, and although the robin and oriole were both popular, they were left behind in deference to Virginia and Maryland respectively. Legislation establishing the bluebird as the official state bird is planned.

It's All in a Life Time

Observed in a theater lobby recently, a young man holding a hand mirror for his girl while she applied her lip stick and rouge. There wasn't any of that back in the gay '90s. In that period the young man would have been tying her shoelace.—Detroit Free Press.

DR. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR

Inhalable Olive Tar and special GLOUP, ease throat, colds, bronchitis, checks influenza. Put on glass to remove impurities. Solves hoarseness and rheumatism.

WALL & STOKES, New York

ASTHMA

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Since 1846 Has Healed Wounds and Sores on Man and Beast

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 1-1928.

Big School of Whales Stranded in Scotland

The "false killer" whale, one of the most mysterious big boys of the deep, unseen in European waters for sixty-six years and believed by many scientists to be extinct, has come into sight.

One hundred and twenty of these whales wandered up the Dornoch firth, Scotland, and then proceeded to forget that there are such things as tides. The tide ran out and the whales were found within a mile of the famous salmon leap on the River Shin, and carcasses of others were scattered over a distance of thirty miles.

The last record of the false killer whale as a living animal in European waters was the shoal which entered Kiel harbor in 1831 and the several specimens which were found the next year on the coasts of Holland, Denmark and Sweden. Since then the species has been seen very infrequently in Tasmania, Travancore and in the southern hemisphere.

Cow Looks for Enemy

When cows charge, they do so with open eyes; bulls, on the other hand, shut theirs.

DEMAND

BAYER

ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocrochloride of Salicylic Acid

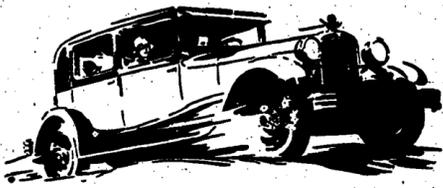
Dr. True's Elixir

aid Nature by cleansing as it clears out your digestive tract and toning up stomach and intestines so that you feel fine and fit again.

Dr. True's Elixir is a pure herb laxative; as gentle as it is sure. It has been used for seventy-six years and in overcoming constipation in children and adults it has won an enviable reputation through four generations as

The True Family Laxative

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



This Leadership exclusive in High-Compression Performance

The almost universal trend to the high-compression motor only serves to emphasize the exclusive method, advantages and results achieved by the Hudson Super Six in this development.

While conventional types depend upon special, costlier fuels to minimize roughness, the Hudson design uses any gasoline, delivering the extra power with the elastic smoothness of a steam engine.

Combined with the Super-Six principle this new invention makes Hudson the most powerful and economical car per pound weight in the world.

The extraordinary speed of Hudson getaway is but a single expression of the brilliant activity of the New Hudson Super-Six, which is carried on to every phase of performance.

A single ride will explain why this has been the most enthusiastically accepted Hudson ever built.

HUDSON Super-Six

(118-inch wheelbase) Standard Models (127-inch wheelbase)
Coach \$1175 Sedan \$1285 Coach \$1285 Sedan \$1385

Custom-Built Models (127-inch wheelbase)
Brougham \$1575 7-Pass. Phaeton \$1600 7-Pass. Sedan \$1850
All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war, excise tax

MANCHESTER AUTO GARAGE COMPANY, Distributor

Hanson's Garage, Hancock Dealer
Whitten & Clukay, Peterboro Dealers
C. W. Rowe, Henniker Dealer

For Sale

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

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.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

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

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

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

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

Automobile LIVERY!

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

A. D. PERKINS
Tel. 33-4 Antrim, N. H.

COAL WOOD FERTILIZER

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

The Antrim Reporter, 52 weeks, for only \$2.00, in advance.

The intensive publicity campaign to raise \$100.00 to complete the purchase of Franconia Notch, the home of the Old Man of the Mountains, as a state park, began January 9. The press of New Hampshire has most heartily supported the campaign and will furnish still further support during this concentrated drive. Franconia Notch, as many know, will be made into a memorial for the soldiers and sailors of the World War. It will be a shrine at which more than 100,000 people yearly will pay their respects to New Hampshire.

Mrs. Florence Ungley Evans, of New Haven, Conn., a resident of Antrim about twelve years ago, was in town a portion of last week and called on a few of those she knew at that time.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

The subscribers give notice that they have been duly appointed Executors of the Will of Carl Noetzel late of Antrim in the County of Hillsborough.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.
Dated January 6, 1928.

Anna Noetzel
Paul C. Noetzel

Administrator's Notice.

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

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.
Dated, December 24, 1927.

HENRY W. WILSON.

NO CURE

POSITIVELY NO PAY
CANCER, BRIGHT'S DISEASE,
DIABETES AND TUBERCULOSIS
have been classed among the incurable diseases so long that the general public takes it as a fact, and give up all hope when their doctor once pronounces either of the above ailments. This is all wrong.

There is not a case of any of the above ailments or any other blood infection but what can and are being cured.

With me, you have everything to gain and nothing to lose, as I sign a contract with each patient, agreeing that, if my Electro-Vitality Treatment fails to cure, it is not to cost one cent, and the patient is to be the sole judge. Write for particulars.

Joseph Askins,
215 American Bank Bldg., Lima, Ohio

REPORTER RAMBLINGS

Touching the Topics That Are More or Less Timely

No more "real" holidays for weeks and weeks.

What a waste of money and time the state of California must undergo in disposing of Hickman.

Fog on land is getting to be almost as dangerous as on sea, especially when coupled with ice-glazed roads.

It took more than the prohibition forces to make New Year's night "dry," with the weather man working in opposition.

Those Boy Scouts marooned by a severe snow storm in the Sierras of California had a real chance to try out some of their training in a practical way.

Remus, the famous bootlegger-murderer, found insane by a jury "is crazy like a fox." The spelling of his name has one too many humps in it.

Cupid's business in the city of New York fell off last year by nearly eight hundred marriages, 1923 being a leap year may do something in restoring Mr. D. Cupid's business to normal.

Five girls and two boys, confessed shop lifters, were sentenced to attend Sunday school for three years by a Pennsylvania judge. A splendid sentence, and we hope the training will not have come too late in the lives of these erring youngsters.

Col. Underwood, commanding officer of the Naval prison at Portsmouth, made a Christmas present of freedom to one hundred and seven-two convicts. This is the longest list of pardons since the World War. The spirit of Thomas Mott Osborne goes marching on.

Capt. Joe James, lobster fisherman of Hull, claims to have gotten his bearings in a dense fog on the bay by following the odor of his wife's biscuits. If Mrs. Joe's biscuits are as powerful as that the Cap'n should be able to cross the Atlantic in a fog when his wife fries onions.

Well—we can all hope that some good may come from the investigation now being carried on by the navy department as a result of the recent submarine disaster. The pity is that such a catastrophe is necessary to start the department thinking along protective lines.

The Eastman Kodak Company of Rochester, New York, is to adopt a 13-month calendar to eliminate the variations now encountered in numbers of pay days in each month. With thirteen months in a year and daylight saving every summer just think of the extra time an employee of the Eastman Company would enjoy.

The Patchwork Quilt

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(Copyright.)

THE long row of automobiles drawn up on either side of the street and the motley crowd gathered in the neglected yard adjoining the old farmhouse attracted Paul's attention even before he saw the large white sign announcing in letters of black an auction of all the furnishings of the Mallison house.

He drove in at the first empty parking space three blocks away, got out of the car and sauntered back. What was time to a man just started on his summer's vacation?

He knew of the Mallison family, although it was from hearsay rather than personal acquaintance.

As he turned in at the gate that sagged unemptily on its hinges, his mouth twisted in a wry smile. Couldn't seem to get away from Lucie at all.

"Here, now, ladies and gentlemen, is a fine old mahogany candle table. What am I bid? Come now, ladies and gentlemen, what am I bid?"

Paul's glance was caught by a mammoth quilt draped over a line evidently stretched for the purpose. The intricacy of its pattern fascinated him.

Some woman's fingers had spent months and perhaps years fashioning the thing. And to what end? For a few years to keep somebody warm while he or she slept unconscious of what was warming them and then to be knocked down under the unfeeling hammer of the auctioneer.

Paul waited until the quilt was reached.

"Five dollars!" he heard himself say, just to start the thing going. Surely it was worth more than that as a genuine antique.

"Five dollars—five dollars! No more than five dollars for this beautiful counterpane? Well, it's yours, mister."

Paul, when he came to take away his purchase, was dismayed to find that there was no wrapping paper available for so large a bundle. So, feeling that his bid had been the most foolish act of his life since asking Lucie to marry him in the way he had, he rolled it up as best he could and carried it out to the car.

Even then, he did not know what to do with it. The back of his small roadster already bulged with tent, cot, blankets, gasoline stove, and other equipment for the Maine lake region. He looked at his watch and sighed resignedly. There was nothing to do but take it back to his mother. By giving it to her as a sort of premature birthday present, he could explain his purchase.

He had turned around and was headed for home with the quilt on the seat beside him before he remembered that he would have to pass Lucie's house again. Yes, twice more, for that matter. And every time he went by her house, the mere sight of it did upsetting things to his heart.

And yet she had accused him of having no sentiment. All because he had proposed to her at full moon at the church picnic in Pine Grove. He had been planning to ask her for some time and had been so afraid of her refusing that he had let opportunity after opportunity—moonlight and all that sort of thing—slip by with his offer ungiven.

Then, obeying some devilish impulse as they sat side by side on the long plank that served for a seat at the picnic table, he had blurted out his hopes, and the minister's boy, just beyond, had overheard him and had snickered. Lucie had blushed to the roots of her sunny hair and had called him down furiously for it afterwards. Had said he must have no more sentiment than a fish.

Paul was living it all over again as he drove along the home road.

"By jimmie! There was Lucie. His heart missed a beat, then pulsed the faster to make up for it."

She was out in front of the house raking a flower bed. As she heard the sound of his car, she turned around, hesitated, and came slowly down to the road.

"Thought you were going away for the summer," she said innocently, as Paul slowed down and stopped. She looked as if she had been crying, but of course, it could not have been for him.

"I am," he said. "But seeing a sale at the Mallisons', I stopped and bought an old quilt for my mother."

"Oh," cried Lucie. "A quilt from the Mallisons! I wonder how it—do let me see it!"

What could Paul do but show it to her? Yet he had not expected she would get down on her knees, spread the quilt out on the grass, and go over it inch by inch.

Suddenly she shrieked. "It is!" she cried. "The very one! Old Grandma Mallison used some of my dress that mother was making for me while on a visit there!"

Paul looked over her shoulder at the faded bit of print her finger rested on. "Yes," he said dreamily, "that little dress!"

Lucie jumped to her feet. "Oh, Paul!" she breathed. "To think you should remember it! Don't tell me you bought that quilt because it had that bit of my old dress in it!"

Paul might have said he hadn't because he didn't, but he refrained. Perhaps the occasion seemed to demand deeds not words, for, taking her by the hand, he led her gently to a more secluded spot under the apple tree and presently, with her head on his shoulder, he was begging her to turn his vacation into a honeymoon.

Possibly Uncle Eph Had the Right Idea

When the late speaker Cannon was a small boy, living on the Wabash, he was taken to his first circus by an old negro named Ephraim. And this is what happened—as told by the speaker to his secretary, L. White Busby, and retold by the latter in "Uncle Joe Cannon: The Reminiscences of a Pioneer American." Ephraim worked for Uncle Joe's father, and it was likewise his first visit to a circus.

"We looked at the elephant and the camels and the lions and tigers"—Uncle Joe is telling the story—"and they were all wonderful to me and also to Uncle Eph, but what held our attention longest was the big baboon, who stood up in his cage, manlike, bigger than I was. Uncle Eph was greatly impressed with the animal that bore a resemblance to the human, and we stood a long while in front of the cage.

"Uncle Eph was always respectful and sociable with everybody he met. When we stopped in front of the baboon's cage he took off his old hat and, with a nod of his head, said:

"How is you?"
"The baboon stood holding to the bars of his cage and staring at us. Uncle Eph repeated this question, and, getting no response, he looked the animal over for a moment and said:

"That's right; you keep your mouth shut or they'll have you in the field hoeing corn like me." And we went away to continue our round of the cages.

"I have seen," adds Uncle Joe, "men make reputations for wisdom with their fellows just as the baboon did with Uncle Eph. It is not a bad rule."

Rare Fishes Brought Far From Their Home

Continuously flowing, steam-heated sea water has enabled a cargo of scarlet starfish, jazz fish and huge red hermit crabs to travel in luxury from the Madra islands to the London zoo. Between 80 to 90 exotically colored specimens were successfully transported from their native haunts and added to the marine collections by E. G. Boulenger, director of the aquarium. Since these types require a constant temperature and water abundantly aerated, specially constructed containers were required to bring them to their destination alive. A large wooden tank was divided into compartments and fitted with steam pipes. Fresh sea water was pumped continuously into the tank, which the steam pipes held at a constant temperature. Other high lights among the cargo were chocolate and purple castenet fish and puffer fish, which blow themselves up like a balloon by forcing air into their swim bladders. When they desire to collapse the air is exhaled with a noise like a squeak.

Grecian Shrines

It was at Kalavrita that the beginnings of the Greek war for independence were made, and the interred banner which the Archbishop Germanos took with him from his cell when he sallied forth to begin the contest is still kept as the sacred war banner of Hellenism and was brought out in much state at the beginning of the war with Turkey.

Another well-known shrine in Greece, and one which is most frequently visited by tourists, is that at Meteora, where the giant needles of rock are capped with extensive buildings to which the venturesome may ascend either by rickety ladders set in the interior crevices or by means of a net drawn up by a creaking and primitive windlass.

Reason for Sunday

How did Sunday become the first day of the week instead of the seventh? The Sabbath of the Jews was the seventh day of the week—the day of cessation from work among all Hebrews, following six days of labor and closing the week. Sunday was the first day of the week celebrated in memory of the resurrection of Christ. It is therefore also known as the Lord's day. In the Bible (in Acts 20:7) we are told that the disciples in Troas met weekly on the first day of the week for exhortation and the breaking of bread. Justin Martyr said that Christians gathered then because it was the first day on which God made the world and because Jesus Christ on the same day arose from the dead.

History of Potato

The potato entered this country, Doctor Lauer said, in an address to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, "not as surmised by De Candolle, through an alleged band of Spanish adventurers, but in a perfectly respectable manner from Bermuda, where it had been introduced some years previously from England. It is a prank of fortune that the potato, originally a denizen of Chile and Peru, appears as a naturalized Englishman in the United States. The potato had arrived in England about 1583, or a little later."

Getting It Straight

"You say you didn't write burning letters," thundered the lawyer for the plaintiff in a divorce suit, "but here is the proof in black and white."

"Black and blue," interrupted the judge, "if you are referring to the letters in your hand."

"En?"
"The stationery is blue and the ink, I assume, is black."—Birmingham Age Herald.

An Object of Charity

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(Copyright.)

"OF COURSE," said Dorothy's aunt, Mrs. Morgan, in her coldest tone. "Of course, Dorothy, I am astonished that you should so far forget what you owe me—who have cared for you for years and treated you as my own daughter, instead of an object of charity which you really have been all these years—that you should so forget what is due me and your Cousin Florence, my daughter, as to attempt to attract to yourself one of her admirers!"

"Just which one of Florence's admirers can you mean, Aunt Julia?" she asked.

"Richard Wardley."

"Ah!" Was it a sigh that issued from pale lips? "I have always known Dick, Aunt Julia. I understood you to say that you really consider me as an object of charity—I wonder if it would be a relief if I went away for good—back to grandmother's old place; you know I still believe that. It is all furnished, and perhaps I could get Cousin Susan Jessup to come and live with me, and after awhile I could earn money enough to pay you back for my education—and—for my board and clothes—for everything."

It took much argument, but finally Mrs. Morgan gave her consent, so that by the time her own daughter, Florence, returned from a house party, Dorothy had departed with all her belongings.

Florence, a decided blonde, with close-cropped hair, and hard, brilliant blue eyes, smiled relievedly. "I was fond of Dorothy, you know, mother," she said, "but she was considered a beautiful girl and the boys were quite crazy about her. I shall just tell them that she has gone back in the country and invent a name for the place! As for Dick—I am quite sure that the attraction was merely casual! If I lose him, mother, I shall marry Lawrence Phelps—he has asked me."

As for Dorothy Morgan and her mother's cousin, Susan Jessup, they seemed to be perfectly happy in the tiny village in the hills.

"It's never lonely here, dearie," said Cousin Susan cheerfully on the first Sunday when they rested from the cleaning of grandmother's delightful old house. "I tried to count the motor cars that passed in an hour, and when I got into the hundreds, I just stopped."

"Since we have been cleaning house, Cousin Susan, I have been wondering if you would help me to turn this into a tea room?"

"My dear child! Could we do it, dear?" asked Miss Jessup excitedly.

"Why not? Here is the location—an ideal old house—we could set small tables on the west veranda, it is so large, as well as in the big dining room. There are plenty of dishes—old and new—it would be fun and we could earn lots of money."

After that, the Garden house was an entire success, tables were engaged ahead, by letter, wire and telephone. There was much to do and many more helpers in the kitchen and dining room. Dorothy worked like a beaver, and every day she drove in the cheap little car she had bought over to the large town a few miles away to put money in the bank. It was only on these lonely rides that Dorothy permitted herself to think of the man she loved, for she had, in an unguarded moment, given her heart to dear old Dick Wardley—and now she had run away from him.

She was thinking back over all these days as she drove to the bank one September day. She was just leaving the bank, half an hour later, when she saw a small motor car drive up and stop.

The man in the car was Dick Wardley!

He saw her at the same moment, but instantly she was in her own car, speeding away toward the mountain road, a back trail that led around to the rear of the Garden house. She could easily get away from him if Dick chose to follow her by highway. There were things she had wanted to do—groceries to buy, but she would have to use the telephone at home. As for Dick—she could not see him face to face without betraying her joy at meeting him again.

Half an hour later, she had driven through the back way and was trying to explain to Susan.

In a few minutes Dorothy, with freshly brushed hair and a crisp pluk frock, sat behind the cashier's little table. Two or three women prepared to leave and after they had paid Dorothy they went out, leaving a solitary man sitting, facing the road, his back toward her. He was smoking a cigarette. Dorothy imagined something strangely familiar about that sturdy figure, about the fine head with its smooth brown hair, and, while she stared at him, suddenly he turned around and with one look at her jumped up and came to her.

"Dorothy—Dorothy—my little love," he said tensely and took her into his strong arms, and when Dorothy murmured something about her Cousin Florence, Dick laughed and told her that Florence was engaged to marry Larry Phelps! "If she hadn't forgotten the name of your town, dear, I would have found you long ago!" he said.

And now, Miss Susan Jessup runs the tea room all alone, but she is happy and contented.