

The Antrim Reporter

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EXPERIENCED MEN

Whose Loyalty is Unquestioned Safe to Follow

It is mighty fine for everybody to be interested in and work wholeheartedly for whatever cause they think is right—provided of course if their minds are not too much warped in any adverse direction. For instance: this all absorbing topic of World Peace! Now is the time of year when the matter is as much in the minds of all our people as at any other time of the year. It sounds well to hear it explained by some people, that all there is to it, is to have a nice reading set of resolutions drawn up and signed and forwarded to the President, Congress or somewhere else, and great things are accomplished.

Then we read of what the greatest minds in our country have to say about it; those who have made a study of the matter from a broad viewpoint. Everyone of these loyal citizens will say that preparedness is the first step in the direction of establishing World Peace.

Are the people as a whole to take the judgment of the first class citizens or is the judgment of the others to be considered? Both classes are good, loyal Christian citizens, working for the same end, but taking different means to accomplish the desired goal.

Is experience and deep study of a subject worth anything, or is a narrower view of the matter to be the prevailing and leading force? Is it the general idea, as we read and understand people and matters in general, that the majority of thinking people are perfectly satisfied and happily contented to let this vital and all-absorbing matter rest with those who have the best interests of our country and her citizenry at heart—and who knowingly wouldn't do a wrong thing!

We have great confidence in our rulers and know that they are anxious to have our country live up to its traditions, and are doing their best to bring it about. The ballots of November 6 said something!

Funeral of Mrs. Leona Tenney

Was held on Friday afternoon from the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Harris, with whom she had made her home for several years, since the death of her husband. Rev. William Patterson was the officiating clergyman and interment was in Maplewood cemetery.

Mrs. Leona Tenney was born in Greenfield and married March 7, 1864, James Elbridge Tenney, of Hancock, and they came to Antrim in 1866 and bought the John Robinson place. A daughter, Mrs. Nettie Harris, a granddaughter, Mrs. May Perkins, and great grandson, James Perkins, survive, besides more distant relatives.

The Age of Good-Roads

The present era in the United States might aptly be called the "Age of Good Roads."

There has never been a country to which highways were so necessary, or where the need has been so rapidly supplied.

Not a great many years ago the amount spent for building roads and maintaining them was negligible. Today it is one of the outstanding items in governmental budgets.

The time is within easy memory when paved highways were practically unknown and even passable dirt roads were rare. Particularly in rural sections were conditions bad. The farmer brought his produce to market over roads that were all but impassable.

Today it is difficult to find a community without paved streets and highways. In agricultural districts asphalt and oiled market roads are being built rapidly, and the farmer can haul his goods over comfortable, smooth surfaces.

America has made an investment of hundreds of millions of dollars in providing highway facilities. And it is an investment that has paid dividends in attracting industries, residents and tourists.

Transparent Soap

Transparent soap is prepared by drying ordinary soap, dissolving it in alcohol, allowing the solution to remain at rest so long as any impurities settle to the bottom, and then pouring off the alcohol liquid and evaporating it until it is of such consistency as to become solid when cooled in molds.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

With reports from 16 precincts missing, the proposed constitutional convention was approved by the voters on Nov. 6, by 29,948 to 21,821.

In the interests of economy, the State Forestry Department announces a change of Blister Rust activities in Hillsboro county. T. J. King, of Concord, has had added to this territory the towns of Antrim, Bennington, Deering, Frankestown, Hillsboro, Goffstown, Wear and Windsor. The Forestry Department and the United States Department of Agriculture greatly appreciate the assistance and cooperation given C. S. Herr in the past by town and city officials and white-pine owners, and trust you will accord the new agent in charge of blister work the same assistance that you have his predecessor.

At the annual meeting of the Hillsboro County Farm Bureau, which was held at the town hall, in Milford, on Monday, November 12, Oliver Holt of Lyndeboro was elected president, Benjamin F. Tenney of Antrim 1st vice president, and Mrs. Anna Holbrook of Bedford 2nd vice president. The executive committee which was elected to serve with the officers is as follows: William O. Dodge, New Boston; Charles P. Brown, Hollis; Harry Tufts, Hudson; Edwin B. Hill, Litchfield; Earl Whipple, Goffstown; Charles Eastman, Wear; Charles Adams, Hancock; Mrs. George Kittredge, Mont Vernon; Mrs. Herbert Moore, Peterboro; Miss Abbie Kendall, Temple. Harold P. Parker is secretary-treasurer.

What Makes a Newspaper

A mistaken idea with some people is that the newspaper is an individual proposition. If they don't like the editor, they feel they must knock the paper and stand in the way of its success whenever possible. They do not realize that the legal paper is just as much a part of the community as the schools, churches, or anything else. The newspaper is different from any other business, it is a community affair. It is for service to the people and for any individual.

You may not like the editor and the editor may not love you any too well—but the paper he is responsible for does just as much for you as the service rendered others. There is nothing personal in it, it is here for a purpose and that purpose is to do what good it can in every way it can; the greater the support of those it undertakes to serve the better service it can render. It takes the people to make a good newspaper and without the help of the people no one can run a successful newspaper. It requires money to operate any kind of business—even the churches—and the papers are no exception, and for this reason they must have the financial support of the business interests as well as the good will.

Few newspaper publishers make more than a comfortable living and scarcely one is reported wealthy from money made in the newspaper business. They deserve to be trusted and to be understood by the people—it is the editor and not the plant that makes a newspaper useful in a community though liberal patronage is necessary if the paper is to be a credit to the town.—Bristol (Okla.) Daily Record.

Rolf Llum

Was the attraction at town hall on Thursday evening last, as the second number in the Entertainment course running through the present month. A goodly number of our people attended this lecture and were interested in hearing him cleverly handle the subject of "The Spirit of Modern Youth."

Young Llum, who became of voting age last spring and who graduated from Carleton College this summer, was brought to Chicago last December for a talk before a Chicago Club. A Redpath manager, Harry P. Harrison, was present and was so pleased with the man and his speech that a contract was entered into for this season. Llum expects to study medicine. He debated on the Carleton College team against Harvard last winter and also in Washington, where he was entertained at the White House. He is 6 ft. 3 in. tall and at college was Sports Editor of the college paper and a member of the swimming team.

THIRD IN THE ENTERTAINMENT COURSE

On Thursday Evening of this week the Corine Jessop Company Will Appear at Town Hall



Corine Jessop Company

The third number in the Entertainment Course, the Corinne Jessop Company. Miss Jessop, pianist, soloist and reader; Miss Farwell, flutist, and Miss Zinzer, cellist. The combination of piano, flute and cello is not frequently heard, and is particularly pleasing. These artists are said to be among the best on the boards, and all our people will want to hear them. They will appear in Antrim at town hall on Thursday evening of this week, at 8 o'clock.

Proctor's Sportsman's Column Says:

The watchmen in all the lookout stations have been removed and the stations closed for the winter. These stations have saved the state thousands of dollars in forest fires.

A friend of mine asks if he can shoot the common pigeons that are eating up his buckwheat field. Common pigeons are

not protected and he has a right to protect his crops. Homer pigeons that are banded are protected. A fine of fifty dollars. This act was passed in war time.

Only a short time to deer hunting. Then of all times is the time to use care and caution when in the woods. High power rifles are permitted in this section and the first few days the woods are full of hunters. It's up to us not to shoot until we know what we are shooting at.

This is the time most people are troubled with Chapped Hands. We will guarantee every bottle of our

1876 Hand Lotion will give you complete satisfaction. Money back if you wish. We have sold hundreds of bottles the past year to satisfied customers.

Our Diaries for 1929 are Here Pick yours out and if you wish, we will reserve it for you.

We have thousands of Christmas Cards including the New Hampshire Card. Save disappointment later on by purchasing now while the assortment is complete.

M. E. DANIELS

Registered Druggist
ANTRIM, N. H.

ANNOUNCEMENT

A Representative of

The First National Bank of Hillsborough

and

The Hillsboro Guaranty Savings Bank

Will be in Antrim every Thursday morning from 9 a. m. to 12 noon.

Office at the residence of Mr. M. E. Daniels in the rooms once occupied by Dr. Morris Christie. This action will provide an opportunity for the transaction of practically every phase of banking business. The citizens of Antrim are cordially invited to avail themselves of this opportunity for personal service.

ONCE A YEAR HE'S THE NATIONAL BIRD



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THE eagle may be the national bird of America for 304 days in the year, but there's one day when he isn't. That day is the last Thursday in November, and on that occasion the "king of birds" is temporarily dethroned and his place is taken by another. "Meleagris Americana" is the name by which he is known to ornithologists, but the average American, who is interested in him for gastronomic rather than ornithological reasons, knows him simply as "the turkey." And on Thanksgiving day he is "King Turkey."

The turkey is a true "native American" and therefore it is appropriate that he should be one of the principal symbols of this typically American festival day. When the first whites arrived on this continent they found wild turkeys in great profusion. That he was one of the "first Americans" is proved by the fact that his bones in fossil deposits show that he is of prehistoric origin. The Indians had partially domesticated the turkey, and what appears to have been roosting places for domestic turkeys have been found attached to pueblos and cliff dwellings in excavated ruins of untold centuries of age.

The turkey's association with the Thanksgiving dinner dates from the very first celebration of that event. Of that first Thanksgiving day, held in 1621 in Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims, Edward Winslow, who participated in the three-day celebration of thanksgiving proclaimed by Gov. William Bradford, wrote back to England as follows:

"Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent four men on fowling, that so we might after a more special manner rejoice together, after we had gathered in the fruit of our labours; they four in one day killed as much fowls, as with a little help beside, served the company almost a week, at which time amongst other recreations, we exercised our Armes, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and amongst the rest their greatest King Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five Deere, which they brought to the Plantation and bestowed on our Governor, and upon the Captaine (Standish) and others." There is no doubt that chief among the "fowls" at this feast was the native wild turkey. However, according to Mary Austin, writing in the New York Evening Post, "Our elevation of the turkey to the place of honor on the Thanksgiving dinner table is not entirely owing to its traditional importance to the first American Thanksgiving day; it is a tribute to the home-making instinct of the Puritan women who made the turkey brood a part of that association of men and their wild brethren which is inseparable from the human idea of home. The Indians domesticated the turkey chiefly for his feathers, which they prized. But I have no doubt that the English housewife, arriving chickenless, got her first feeling of being at home from the

brooding cluck of the turkey hen about her door."

It is a curious paradox that this native American bird should come to our Thanksgiving tables bearing a foreign name which gives the erroneous suggestion that he came from the European-Asiatic country of Turkey. Yet such is the case and here is how it came about. The Spaniards, who conquered Mexico, found turkeys, both wild and domesticated, in that country as early as 1519. They began sending the strange birds from the New World back to Spain and the Jewish merchants, who were the leading dealers in such commodities at that time, called them "American Tukkis," meaning "American peacocks," from their habit of strutting. From "tukki" the word was corrupted to "turkey" and it became a common domesticated fowl in Europe.

It is probable that not one turkey in a thousand which will grace the Thanksgiving table this year will be a native wild turkey. For the original New England wild turkey (Meleagris Americana) is all but extinct in the part of the country where he first made his appearance on that festival board. The wild turkey of today (Meleagris gallapavo silvestris), according to ornithologists, is found in greatly reduced numbers only from Pennsylvania and Ohio south to the Gulf states and west to Arkansas. There is a smaller variety, the Florida wild turkey, in that state; in southern Texas is another, the Rio Grande turkey and in the Rocky Mountain region, another, Merriam's turkey. All modern domesticated turkeys are derived from the Mexican wild turkey (Meleagres Mexicana) of the earliest days. From him comes the exquisite penciling of the modern domesticated bronze turkeys. Other varieties, bred up from "sports" of this wild progenitor are the Narragansett, the Buff, the Black, the Slate, the Bourbon Red and the White Holland.

But whatever the variety of the turkey we eat on Thanksgiving, the truth of the matter is that he is an immigrant, so far as ancestry is concerned. For he traces back to the Mexican turkey which was carried to Spain, spread through other European countries and then came back across the water to a new home farther north, in the range of the allied but distinct wild species which the Pilgrim and Puritan fathers hunted through the woods of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colonies. So perhaps it is appropriate that a state which borders on Mexico, rather than a New England state, should now be the "turkey state of America." And that is what the state of Texas is. It produces one-tenth of all the turkeys raised in the 48 states of the Union. Down in the "Heart of Texas" district, comprising 17 counties, the farmers have found that it is more profitable to raise turkeys than it is to raise hogs. So they have gone into the turkey business on a large and co-operative scale. One year they shipped 200 cars of dressed turkey—4,000,000 pounds of drumsticks and wishbones and gizzards et al. These are shipped all over the United States, and it is a curious

"coals-to-Newcastle" proposition that some Texas turkeys are to be found on Thanksgiving dinner tables in New England.

It was in Texas, too, that there originated a unique event—the annual "Texas turkey trot"—Cuero, Texas, which is said to be the largest shipping point for turkeys in the world, is generally credited with being the birthplace of this unique ceremony. Just before Thanksgiving a turkey day is set aside. All who have turkeys to sell drive them to the central market, sometimes for 20 to 30 miles, the flocks consisting of as many as 8,000 to 10,000 fowl. Thirty men drive 8,000 turkeys 13 miles in two days. In a drive of this kind, a wagon is driven just in front of the turkeys and a little corn is scattered to the leaders to keep them moving. Those that become lame or tired are placed in the wagon and hauled to town. At nightfall, provision is made to stop under a grove of trees where the turkeys may roost.

When the harvest festival rolls around, this Texas community pays homage to its most famous and profitable crop and celebrates the end of the season with appropriate ceremonies. The turkey reigns as uncrowned king of the festival, and a parade is held.

A similar ceremony is held at Brady, Texas, another important shipping point. A writer in the New York Times described last year's "turkey trot" at Brady as follows:

The hour for the fourth annual parade of turkey has arrived in Brady, Texas. Miss Carmen Anderson, the turkey queen, selected by a secret committee, sits smilingly on her float. The giant paper turkey on the chamber of commerce float seems about to come to life and the other eight floats are ready to swing into line. Fifteen hundred live turkeys waddle, strut and gobble along the pavement, to die that the nation may live joyfully on Thanksgiving day.

In the line of march are turkeys for President Coolidge, Vice President Dawes, Speaker Longworth and Governor Moody. And the paraders do not represent all the turkeys in the heart of Texas. Five thousand are in buyers' yards, not far away and 20,000 birds already have been shipped to northern markets. Only the plump are selected for the Thanksgiving sale. Many are still on the farms, being fattened for Christmas, when the prices will be higher than at present.

The big birds receive more consideration than those that took part in the Texas turkey trot before the World War. Then Tom and Jack drove their little herds to market, and buyers, assisted by four or five boys, drove a herd of 1,000 ten miles in a day. Recently the turkeys have been brought to town in trucks. However they travel they are not in a good humor for their triumphant exit from life. For turkeys are given nothing to eat for fifteen hours before the execution, although they can have an abundance of water.

The band blares. Floats move. Old gobblers, young gobblers, old hens and pullets advance in loose formation. Most of them are the bronze variety. Here and there is a White Holland. Occasionally one sees a black bird with hazel eyes. A few are buff or slate in color. They gobble-gobble. Even the sight of the yawning doors of four slaughter houses does not silence them. They march inside and the doors close. In ten minutes they are dressed meat in a refrigeration plant, ready for shipment to New York, Milwaukee or Dallas.

early as 1799. After the Dominion of Canada was formed in 1867 it was customary to have at least one day of Thanksgiving every year, although there were some irregularities in that respect. Usually Thanksgiving day in Canada was on a Thursday in October or November. Since 1921, however, Thanksgiving day is set by parliamentary statute for the Monday of the week containing Armistice day, November 11.—The Pathfinder.

Some acts are quicker than thoughts.

LITTLE BAND-WAGON JOURNEYS

BY L. T. MERRILL

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Alliteration That Cost an Election

THE long and vainly cherished Presidential ambitions of James G. Blaine, the Republican "plumed knight," came nearest to their realization in 1884, when he secured the nomination of his party, only to have the possibility of his election shattered during the latter days of the canvass by an unfortunate roorback that had nothing to do with the actual issues or personalities of the campaign.

Blaine in 1884 won his nomination against a protest movement within the party, headed by such men as Henry Cabot Lodge, young Theodore Roosevelt, Carl Schurz and a number of the latter's associates who had figured in the Liberal Republicans' bolt of 1872 that carried Horace Greeley to defeat.

The New York Sun called this group "Mugwumps," pretending the name to be of Indian origin, meaning "swell-heads." Mugwump opposition was unavailing in depriving Blaine of the nomination, which he won on the fourth ballot in the convention at Chicago, at which Blaine helmets and Blaine roosters were much in evidence.

Grover Cleveland, New York reform governor, was the Democratic choice. There was little difference in the availability of the two candidates, or in the two platforms. Lacking better issues, unscrupulous campaign managers descended to exploitation of personal scandals which made the canvass the most scurrilous in American history.

A single irregular episode in Cleveland's youth, was exaggerated and distorted to make him appear an habitual profligate. When Cleveland's managers first were confronted with this scandal and asked their candidate how they should treat it, he answered with characteristic straightforwardness, "Tell the truth."

Blaine co-operated in the dissemination of this scandal. Soon Cleveland had the opportunity to besmirch his opponent in much the same manner. But when a tale-bearer brought him the evidence against Blaine, Cleveland paid the man off and destroyed the papers.

Then a less scrupulous Indiana editor got hold of the ugly report, which reflected unjustly on the family life of Mr. and Mrs. Blaine, and published the details. The affair soon became gossip of the stump, which could not be ended even by a frank explanation that Blaine felt constrained to issue.

The "plumed knight" was ferocious ly caricatured by Democratic cartoonists as the "tattooed man," covered with reminders of certain acts in his public life which his opponents deemed discreditable. These cartoons deeply stung the sensibilities of the nominee, hardened as he had become to criticism by political foes during his long career in congress.

It was during the closing days of the campaign that the really decisive slip was made which probably cost the Republicans the election. A clergyman, Reverend Doctor Burchard, making a speech in Blaine's presence on the same platform, referred to the Democrats as the party of "rum, Romanism and rebellion."

Probably no brief bit of alliteration was ever more disastrous politically. The unhappy phrase slipped Blaine's attention at the time so that he did not at once refute it. Before he could issue a condemnation it appeared to print and the damage had been done. The phrase was broadcast by the Democratic press throughout the nation, frequently being falsely put into the lips of Blaine himself.

The incident cost him practically the entire vote of the Irish, who previously had been his strong supporters. The extreme closeness of the vote, with Irish precincts in New York going for Cleveland, showed that this stupid and fanatical phrase probably was what turned the tide in the election.

Excitement ran high as the returns came in. Mobs filled the streets. Violence was threatened in a number of cities. Bodies of excited men marched up and down as they had done at the beginning of the Civil war. A mob threatening to hang Jay Gould descended on his office in New York city, when they suspected that through his control of the chief telegraph company of the nation he was juggling election returns in favor of Blaine. Fearing for his life, Gould summoned police protection, then from some inner hiding place dispatched a message to Cleveland telling him he had been elected and enthusiastically congratulating him.

Blaine, with a composure that did not betray his own disappointment, announced the result to a crestfallen crowd of his friends and neighbors from the door of his home at Augustus, Maine.

Political Situation

"What do you think of the political situation?" "The political situation I am most interested in," said Senator Sorghum, "is the one which happens to be attending us a salary. And I see no time of jeopardizing it by volunteer conversation."—Washington Star.

Blaine's Vain Presidential Quest

THE Nemeses of unsuccess pursued the Presidential aspirations of James G. Blaine as relentlessly as it dogged the ambitions of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, and in later years of William Jennings Bryan.

Blaine eagerly desired the highest prize in American political life, but it was his misfortune to fail to gain it, only in the years when defeat was inevitable, while he thrust it aside in the one year when the nomination could have been his for the asking and when election would have been assured.

From Civil war reconstruction days to almost the end of the century, the period when he was easily the most brilliant and magnetic figure in his party, Blaine was a perennial Presidential possibility.

Robert G. Ingersoll's eloquent nominating speech in 1876 made Blaine, to his devoted partisans, the "plumed knight" for the rest of a political career that was filled with many a loust in congress, convention and cabinet.

A feud between Blaine and Senator Roscoe Conkling, the political boss of New York, was almost as much responsible as any personal shortcomings of the "man from Maine," or the fortunes of politics, for his failure to receive the coveted nomination on a number of occasions.

Blaine, in congress, had bitterly offended the pompous Conkling by attacking him in his most vulnerable spot, his vanity, when he compared him in a speech on one occasion to a strutting turkey gobbler. Conkling never forgave the "plumed knight" for this thrust, especially since the cartoonists ever afterward caricatured him as a turkey cock with fan-tail spread. From his position usually in command of New York convention delegations Conkling was able to deny Blaine powerful New York support such as has made many a nomination.

Blaine had his own revenge, when as President Garfield's secretary of state, he turned the President against Conkling and helped precipitate the famous patronage quarrel of Garfield's administration in which Conkling resigned his seat in the senate in a huff and was humiliated when the New York legislature refused to re-elect him.

Conkling in turn showed his bitterness when in 1884, asked at his law office to support Blaine's candidacy, he replied: "I don't engage in criminal practice."

The "Mulligan letters" incident, darkening Blaine's reputation with the shadow of congressional railroad scandal, killed his otherwise excellent chances for nomination in 1876 and 1880.

In 1884, as the party standard-bearer, he lost the election through the unfortunate use of the phrase, "rum, Romanism and rebellion" by an unwise supporter.

In 1888 the chances were better than they ever had been for Blaine's perennial hopes. President Cleveland practically had doomed his party to defeat in that year by forcing the tariff issue to the front.

The Republicans wanted Blaine to run. In repeated cablegrams from Europe, whither he had gone for a vacation, he refused. His passionately devoted adherents would not accept that answer.

Even while the Republican national convention was in session at Chicago his friends cabled him in Scotland, where he was visiting Andrew Carnegie, to try to get him to change his plans and consent to be the standard-bearer, but his determination was unalterable.

Had he made the run he easily would have had the Presidency. The election went to Benjamin Harrison of Indiana, a much less prominent and less popular figure, by an ample margin.

Blaine came home from Europe to be Harrison's secretary of state and, as such, was regarded as the big figure in the administration, the real power behind the throne.

He was still to have one more trial for the prize. Disharmony between him and the President developed. Friends urged Blaine to run in 1892 but he declined.

Then, three days before the Republican national convention opened at Minneapolis, the country was amazed by news of the sudden and unexpected resignation of Blaine from Harrison's cabinet. This action raised his stock immediately in the convention, but not enough to make him a winner. Against the 635 votes that nominated Harrison on the first ballot Blaine received 182, compared with an equal number of votes for William McKinley of Ohio, who was permanent chairman of the convention.

With the "plumed knight's" last half-hearted quest for the Presidency ended his political career. He retired to his home in Maine and, after a lingering illness, died in the following year, as Daniel Webster and Henry Clay had died shortly after the blow of their last failure in their long and fruitless quests for the highest political prize at the disposal of their countrymen.



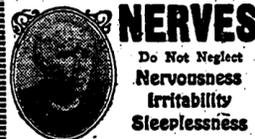
OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination of senna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.



Pastor Koenig's Nerveine
Has Been Used Successfully for over 40 years. Sold by all drug stores. Ask for FREE SAMPLE.
KOENIG MEDICINE CO.
1045 N. Wells St. CHICAGO, ILL.

Different Education. Too few of us have the courage to use what education we have, unless some one has given us a diploma certifying our right to it.—American Magazine.

LAUNDRESS BENEFITED

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Nashville, Tenn.—"I cannot say too much in favor of the medicine. I was in a run-down condition. I worked in a laundry but my health got so bad that I had to give up work. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and began taking it and every time I feel run-down I get another bottle. It is an excellent tonic and I am willing to tell about it. People take me to be much younger than I am."—Mrs. HARRY BOWEN, 406 Second Ave. South, Nashville, Tennessee.

For Galled Horses Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

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

A MOTHER'S PROBLEM

Is how to treat her child who is peevish and fretful, yet not seriously sick. Many Mothers say they always keep a package of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders on hand for use when needed. They break up colds, relieve feverishness, worms, constipation, headache, teething disorders and stomach troubles, and act as a tonic to the whole system. Equally good for older people. Sold by Drug-gists everywhere.

Trade Mark. Don't Accept Any Substitute. Trial package sent Free. Address, THE MOTHER GRAY CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

Your Constipation Can Be Relieved

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

Dr. True's Elixir

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

The True Family Laxative. Family size \$1.25; other sizes 60c & 25c.

The Sacred Pumpkin

"The pumpkin, or pompon," we read in Peters' "General History of Connecticut," published in 1781, "is one of the greatest blessings, and held sacred in New England. Of its meat are made beer, bread, custards, sauce, molasses, vinegar and, on thanksgiving days, pies, as a substitute for what the blue laws brand as anti-Christian minced pies."

The same author explains why New

Englanders were called pumpkin heads. As every male was required to have his hair cut round by a cup, "when cups were not to be had, they substituted the hard shell of a pumpkin, which, being put on the head every Saturday, the hair is cut by the shell all around the head."—Gas Logic.

Thanksgiving in Canada

The people of lower Canada began observing days of thanksgiving as

IMPORTANCE OF GRID BUSINESS

Huge Profits Made on Football Sustain Athletics.

Now and then the public gets an inkling of the business importance of football. If one of the boys out on the field accepted a quarter and it became known he would be fired, but so long as he is an amateur he can perform in the greatest business success of the sports world, writes Fred Turbyville in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

After paying the coaches, the business manager and the clerks, outfitting the team and all of that there sometimes it is as much as \$200,000 or even \$300,000 left in the strong box.

When profits run to \$125,000 a year, it is a business, for the investment is small.

The United States Naval Academy has issued a report showing that Navy played away from home four times—Notre Dame at Baltimore, Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, Michigan at Ann Arbor and Army at New York.

The Navy's money share of these four games amounted to \$389,540.62.

Navy doesn't charge admission to the football games it plays at the academy. These home games are losses, for the Navy must pay the expenses of the visiting teams and something besides.

Where does that fortune go? The Navy expert shows \$131,214.69 being spent on football. The rest is profit.

The report shows that it costs about \$250 to carry one football player through the season properly equipped.

But the difference between the cost of football for a year and the football revenues is not all in the bank on interest. For football at the Naval academy, the same as at any other school, must help keep all athletics alive.

It is reported that \$250,000 is the cost of conducting all sports at the Naval academy for a single year. So there is more than \$100,000 profit.

If sports grow in popular interest this profit will grow. There may, of course, be a falling off and some year would show a deficit, but it is not reasonable to believe that there will be more than one bad year in four or five. Suppose it is one bad year in four. That means that the profits for the three good years would amount to \$300,000 and if the deficit for the bad year was only \$100,000 there still would be a net profit of \$200,000 for the four years.

Of the \$250,000 spent for athletics at the academy only \$22,500 is spent for instructors in athletics.

At the end of the year there was a total of \$20,769.97 in the bank.

The cost of football has been increasing gradually. Of course, there will be increased costs of administration along as business grows, but it shouldn't cost a lot more for a team this year than it did several years ago.

Many Records Set by

Yanks in 1928 Series

Here are a few of the records established by the Yankees in the 1928 world's series:

Won eight straight games. Swept two series.

Nine runs in by Gehrig, exceeding Meusel's figure made in 1923.

Ruth's series average of .625, breaking Gowdy's of .545 which has stood since 1914.

Ruth's thirteen home runs in all series he has been in.

Ruth's scoring of thirty-one runs in all series.

Ruth's driving in of twenty-six runs in all series.

Ruth's total bases, eighty-five, in all series.

Gehrig's five straight bases on balls—two Sunday and three recently.

Ruth tied his record of home runs in a single game. He hit three in St. Louis in 1926.

Players' pool biggest in world's series history.

Is Most Valuable



Gordon Cochrane, star backstop with the Philadelphia Athletics, was the American league's most valuable player during the recent season, according to the judgment of the committee of baseball writers appointed for the purpose. The findings of the body were announced by E. S. Barnard, president of the league.

LEADING RADIO PROGRAMS

(Time given is Eastern Standard; subtract one hour for Central and two hours for Mountain time.)

N. B. C. RED NETWORK—Nov. 25.
1:30 p. m. Peerless Reproducers.
4:00 p. m. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.
5:30 p. m. Acoustical Hour.
6:00 p. m. Stetson Parade.
7:00 p. m. Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.
7:30 p. m. Maj. Bowes' Family Party.
9:00 p. m. David Lawrence.
9:15 p. m. Atwater Kent.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK
2:00 p. m. Roxy Stroll.
3:00 p. m. Young People's Conference.
3:30 p. m. Dr. Stephen S. Wise.
5:30 p. m. Dr. Harry Fosdick.
6:30 p. m. Anglo Persians.
8:15 p. m. Collier's Radio Hour.

N. B. C.—RED NETWORK—Nov. 26.
7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
6:30 p. m. A. C. Gilbert Co.
7:00 p. m. Mutual Savings Hour.
7:45 p. m. Physical Culture Prince.
8:30 p. m. A. and P. Gypsies.
9:30 p. m. General Motors Party.
10:30 p. m. National Grand Opera.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK
10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour.
12:00 noon "Farmand Home Hour."
12:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. Agriculture.
12:30 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
7:00 p. m. Cook's Tours.
8:00 p. m. Roxy and His Gang.
9:30 p. m. Real Folks.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK—Nov. 27.
7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
4:30 p. m. Auction Bridge Games.
9:00 p. m. Eveready Hour.
10:00 p. m. Clitquot Club Eskimos.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK
10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour.
11:00 a. m. Forecast School of Cookery.
12:00 noon "Farm and Home Hour."
12:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. Agriculture.
12:30 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
8:00 p. m. Sealy Air Weavers.
9:00 p. m. Three in One Theatre.
9:30 p. m. Dutch Master Minstrels.
10:00 p. m. Works of Great Composers

N. B. C. RED NETWORK—Nov. 28.
7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
10:00 a. m. National Home Hour.
11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
7:30 p. m. "La Touraine Tableaux."
12:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. Agriculture.
9:00 p. m. Ipana Troubadours.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK
10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour.
11:00 a. m. Forecast School of Cookery.
12:00 noon "Farm and Home Hour."
12:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. Agriculture.
12:30 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
2:30 p. m. R. C. A. Demonstration Hr.
7:00 p. m. Jeddo Highlanders.
7:45 p. m. Political Situation in Washington Tonight.

8:30 p. m. Sylvania Foresters.
9:00 p. m. Smith Brothers.
10:00 p. m. Chicago Civic Opera.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK—Nov. 29.
7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
1:45 p. m. Cornell-Penn. Football.
7:30 p. m. Coward Comfort Hour.
8:00 p. m. The Song Shop.
9:00 p. m. Selberling Singers.
10:00 p. m. Halsey Stuart.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK
10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour.
11:00 a. m. Forecast School of Cookery.
12:00 noon "Farm and Home Hour."
12:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. Agriculture.
12:30 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
1:45 p. m. Penn. State-Univ. of Pittsburgh Football Game.
8:30 p. m. Champion Sparkers.
9:30 p. m. Maxwell House Hour.
10:00 p. m. Michelin Hour.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK—Nov. 30.
7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
10:00 a. m. National Home Hour.
11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
12:00 noon Teeth, Health & Happiness.
7:00 p. m. Wonder Hour.
8:00 p. m. Cities Service.
10:00 p. m. Stromberg Carison Sextette.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK
11:00 a. m. R. C. A. Concerts.
12:00 noon "Farm and Home Hour."
12:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. Agriculture.
12:30 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
7:00 p. m. Great Moments in History.
7:30 p. m. Dixie's Circus.
8:00 p. m. Interwoven Stocking Co.
8:30 p. m. Armstrong Quakers.
9:00 p. m. Wrigley Review.

N. B. C. RED NETWORK—Dec. 1.
7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
10:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
10:00 p. m. Lucky Strike Orchestra.

N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK
9:00 p. m. Philco Hour.

The following is a list of stations carrying the above programs:

National Broadcasting company Red Network: WEAF, New York; WEEI, Boston; WVIC, Hartford; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WLIT and WFL, Philadelphia; WPC, Washington; WQ, Schenectady; WGR, Buffalo; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAN and WEAR, Cleveland; WWT, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN and WLB, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WHO, Des Moines; WOI, Omaha; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, WRRM, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WTMJ, Milwaukee; KOA, Denver; WHAS, Louisville; WSM, Nashville; WMC, Memphis; WSB, Atlanta; WBT, Charlotte; KVOO, Tulsa; WFAA, Dallas; KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio; WBAP, Ft. Worth; WJAX, Jacksonville.

National Broadcasting company Blue Network: WJZ, New York; WBAZ, Boston; WBEZ, Springfield; WBAL, Baltimore; WHAM, Rochester; KDKA, Pittsburgh; WJR, Detroit; WLW, Cincinnati; KYW and WEBB, Chicago; KLS, St. Louis; WREN, Kansas City; WCCO, WRRM, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WTMJ, Milwaukee; KOA, Denver; WHAS, Louisville; WSM, Nashville; WMC, Memphis; WSB, Atlanta; WBT, Charlotte; KVOO, Tulsa; WFAA, Dallas; KPRC, Houston; WOAI, San Antonio; WBAP, Ft. Worth; WJAX, Jacksonville.

Drugs Excite the Kidneys, Drink Water

Take Salts at First Sign of Bladder Irritation or Backache

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble because we often eat too much rich food. Our blood is filled with acids which the kidneys strive to filter out; they weaken from overwork, become sluggish, the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache, or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or if you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, begin drinking lots of good soft water and get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts. Take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast 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 flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer are a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

The Unpardonable Crime.

New Arrival—Here, here! What's the trouble? Bystander—They're running Jones out of town; he was caught minding his own business.

A Few Alaska Male Minks to Sell. The darkest obtainable. Also will exchange males providing they are Canadian or Alaska strain. Jerry Papham, Kona, Wis., R. 7.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR INCOME property for a farm. Describe what you have in first letter. JAMES ENGLE - NEWTON, IOWA.

FOR SALE—1 Jamesway mammoth incubator, 6,480 egg capacity, 1/4 used one season, the other 3/4 bought this spring, \$1,200 at four station, Thomas Boyden, Derry, N. H.

Daily Silent Spiritual Healing Treatments in the healing of diseases and the correction of habits. Write for folder, S. M. TURNER, Route 1, Box 15, Palmetto, Fla.

Bronze Turkeys for Breeders CHRISTABEL SCHOOLCRAFT WEST DANVILLE - VERMONT.

Complete Correspondence Courses Cheap. Business \$25, accountant \$35, banking \$10, blue prints \$3, railway instructions \$2, civil serv. \$1. Forbes, 1904 E. 19th St., Phila., Pa.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

MODEL 40 ELECTRIC, \$77

For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Regulator six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, 977 (without tubes). Also Model 41 with automatic voltage regulator, \$86, and Model 44, an extra-powerful "diamond" set, \$104 (without tubes). For direct current, Model 41, \$67 (without tubes).



What a comfort to know your radio is faithful...

MARY, turn on the radio and see what the weather man says. Then let's see if there isn't a good male quartette somewhere, or a brass band—

What a satisfaction it is to know your radio will do its duty. Good, reliable Atwater Kent Radio! What a host of friends its dependability has made! "You can always count on an Atwater Kent"—wherever radio is known, that's what they say.

BATTERY SETS, \$49 - \$68



Sold mahogany cabinets. Panels finished in gold. Model 48, \$49; Model 49, extra-powerful, \$68. Prices do not include tubes or batteries.

This quality of steadfastness is built in, and doubly assured by 222 factory tests or inspections. Hence the common remark, "If Atwater Kent makes it, it's right."

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in! Price slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO. 4764 Wissinickon Ave. - Atwater Kent, Pa. Philadelphia, Pa.

From the house current
The 1929 Atwater Kent all-electric set is powered wholly from the house lighting circuit. You snap a switch to turn the current on and off, just as you do with an electric light. Always ready to operate. Current costs only a fraction of a cent an hour.

—or from batteries
The 1929 battery set also has clear tone, selectivity, great range and plenty of volume, plus beauty and compactness.

—at a money-saving price
You cannot buy the all-round satisfaction that Atwater Kent Radio gives, for less than the figures quoted here. You can pay a great deal more without getting more.

"Radio's Truest Voice"
Atwater Kent Radio Speakers Model E, E2, E3, same quality, different in size. Each \$20.

RE-SEAT YOUR CHAIRS. Seat weaving materials, Cane, Web, Rush, Fibre Rush, Splints, Reed. Illustrated instruction booklet for cane, rush, splint and porch seating sent for 10c. Price list free. H. H. PECKINS 280 Shelton Avenue - New Haven, Conn.

WRIST WATCH FREE!

6-jewel Swiss movement to any boy or girl who does a little work for us in their spare time at home. For full particulars, 8XVO LIN CO., 68 1/2 N. 2ND, BARBERTON, O.

For Quick and Positive Relief From Rheumatic pains use LNH Liniment. Trial package \$1 prepaid. The LNH Chemical Co., 1222 So. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Your Fountain Pen Cleaned, adjusted, point refitted, new sac for 75c with order, return postage paid. W. J. HUNTINGTON, 322 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Quick Cash Results. List Your City residence, summer home, tenement house, building, acreage, lot or farm, located anywhere, with Leeman Realtor, (careful, positive results), 12 Academy St., Calais, Maine.

WEAK? RUNDOWN?

Send for FREE booklet on prominent Chemist's NEW tonic discovery. GLANDO PRODUCTS CO., LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

Gold and Silver, Artificial, impossible by test that chemists know to distinguish from pure virgin gold, \$5 each formula. Address C. W. Nelson, Box 286, Crescent City, Fla.

Agents Are Making \$75-\$100 a Week selling the best tow ropes and cables on the market; every accessory store, service station and car owner a prospect; big profit; two samples (retail price \$1.50 each) sent for \$1.25 postpaid. B. & M. Products Co., 2 Marguerite St., Highland St., Springfield, Mass.

SAY Mr. MAN!!

Do you want a good paying job? If so ask us about our offer to you.

PEQUOD NURSERIES Dept. B - Yalesville, Conn.

WRITE YOUR OWN WILL

Send 25c for legal form blank. Edward N. Long, printer of legal forms, 317 Crossed Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Look to Your Christmas Tree NOW

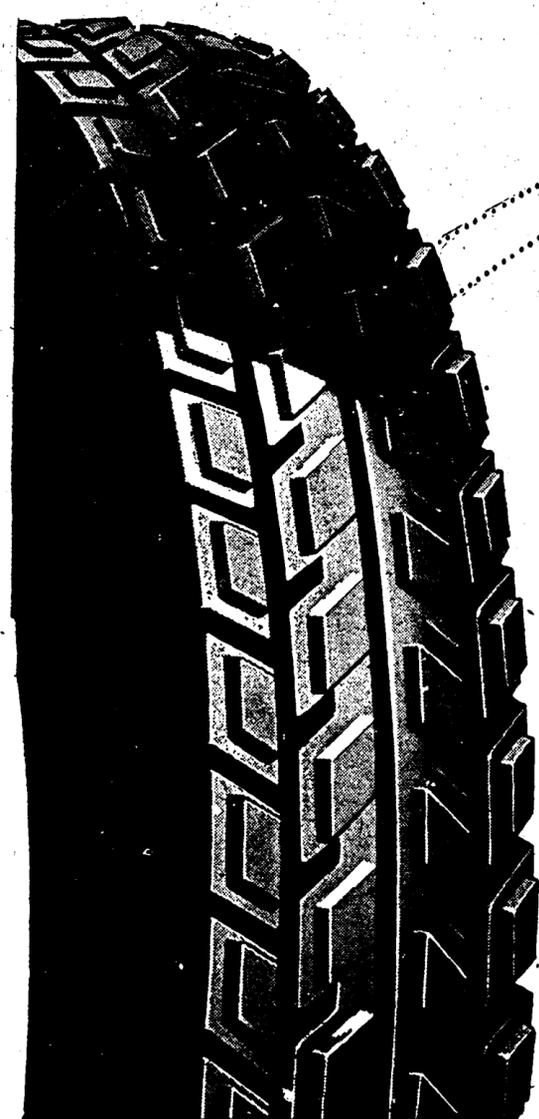
Something new in Christmas tree ornaments (unbreakable). Small toys and novelties for the garden. Lead soldiers, sheep, snow drift, tinsel, tree toppers, miniature dolls and numerous other articles. Send 5c in stamps for illustrated circulars.

KINDERMART IMPORTING CO. 1411 W. 36th Street - Baltimore, Md.

FAMOUS 500 LOCKS

Modern Wonder YOU should know about. 25 beautiful views all different, with story, only 50c. George Weiland, Sault Ste Marie, Mich.

eliminates chains!!



cleated tires that grip like a cleated shoe

CHAINS this winter? NO! Yet, safety all the time—not just when chains are on! And quietness all the time—not just when chains are off!

Cleated tires are the tire industry's answer to winter's most annoying problem. What an innovation!

The picture tells the story. Cleated tires... grip wet roads... bite into snow... are sure-footed in slush and mud... respond effectively to the demands of four-wheel brakes.

AND THEN, after the trying conditions of winter have worn down the cleats, comes into play the standard long mileage Dunlop non-skid balloon tread... ready when spring comes to take over the changed road demands brought about by the difference between winter and spring road conditions.

The winter mileage provided by the cleats themselves is entirely additional to the standard tread mileage.

Dunlop considers this winterized tire one of the greatest of its many inventions for the safety and comfort of motorists.

To Dunlop dealers: If the Dunlop representative has not had time to reach you, wire your orders to the nearest Dunlop warehouse. **DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.**

new DUNLOP WINTERIZED TIRE

C. F. Butterfield

Brown Beach Jackets, \$4.50
Men's Coat Sweaters, (Wool) \$4.00
Men's Coat Sweaters, (Cotton) \$2.00
Men's Cotton Gloves 20c per pr., 6 pr. \$1.00

Always a Full Line of Footwear

FAIRMOUNT THE RANGE THAT BAKES

WITH ALL THE NEWEST AND BEST FEATURES SLIDE DAMPER opens part or the whole way. FOUR BOILING HOLES gives full use of the whole top. WIDE BROILER DOOR, opportunity for real broiling. LARGE FLUES insure satisfactory service with different fuels. LARGE FIRE POT insures hot water while you bake. QUICK ACTION prepares breakfast in short order. SMOOTH CASTINGS CAREFULLY FITTED. FINE APPEARANCE. The Range of Satisfactory All Round Service or Your Money Back. You can use the Range while you are paying if you desire. If you cannot call, write or telephone 154-W

EMERSON & SON, Milford



... and we recommend this Genuine Ruberoid Octab because it has the same lasting qualities as Ruberoid Roll-roofing, which has stood the test on thousands of roofs for over thirty years.

The cut corners give a rugged appearance to the shingle butts which, together with the extra thickness, impart great massiveness to the roof.

Genuine Ruberoid Octabs are supplied in many beautiful non-fading colors that harmonize with the architectural style of your home and its scenic surroundings.

Come in and see this shingle before you roof or re-roof. It will give you a new standard for judging roof values.

Arthur W. Proctor
 ANTRIM, N. H.



The Antrim Reporter
 Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
 Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year.
 Advertising Rates on Application
 H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
 H. B. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANT
 Wednesday, Nov. 21, 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.
 Ordinary poetry and lists of flowers charged for as advertising matter; also will be charged at this same rate list of presents at a wedding.

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



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

Antrim Locals

Tenement to Let—In the village. Apply to George S. Wheeler. Adv.
 Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Elliott, of Meriden, Conn., were in town on Sunday, calling on relatives.
 Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Cooper have been entertaining relatives from Lynn, Mass., the past week.
Tenement to Rent—Reasonable rent to right party. G. A. Hulett, Antrim. Adv.
 Mrs. Thomas F. Madden has returned from her visit of a few weeks with her two sons and their families, in Washington, D. C.
 A few of the members from Antrim of Portia Chapter, O.E.S., attended the visitation on Monday evening at the Masonic hall, in Hillsboro.
 Virgin Wool—Yarn for sale by manufacturer at bargain. Samples free. H. A. Bartlett, Harmony, Maine. Adv. 9t
 Lost—Grey Wool Robe, between W. F. Clark's and Mrs. Graves', on North Main St. Finder please return to W. F. Clark, Antrim. Adv.
 The Boy Scouts of America Sachem Council, Inc., comprising the cities of Arlington, Belmont and Lexington, Mass., who occupied a camp at Gregg Lake the past season, have this week closed a deal with the owner of the property, and they are now the owners. It looks from this information more like a permanent Boy Scouts camp on the shores of Gregg Lake than it has heretofore.

For Sale—Nearly new Remington Automatic Rifle; box of shells, case and cleaners, \$35.00. J. C. Warne, Tel 33-11, Hillsboro, N. H. Adv.
 For Rent—The Mrs. Josephine E. Stewart tenement, five rooms and bath on second floor, corner Main and West Streets. Apply to Flora Garland Gray, 118 Radcliffe Street, Boston, Mass. Adv.
 SPECIAL OFFER!—To the first five purchasers of Silent Glow Oil Burners for kitchen ranges, we will give a special reduction of \$5.00 from purchase price. These burners are now being demonstrated on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings at vacant store in Jameson Block The Silent Glow Oil Burner Corp., Wm. C. Hills, Agent. Adv.
 Boys and Girls, earn Xmas money! Write for 50 sets Christmas Seals; sell for 10c. a set, when sold send me \$3.00, and keep \$2.00. Address: Raymond Woods, 326 Garden street, Hoboken, N. J. Adv.
 Muzzeys Furniture Exchange—See old hand Furniture bought and sold. Lot of good goods on hand at present time. H. Carl Muzzey, Antrim, N. H. Phone 45-4. Adv.

Notice
 J. M. Cutter goes on his Turkey hunt on Monday, the 26th; expects good luck. Get your order in by Saturday, the 24th. Adv.
 Card of Thanks
 We wish to thank all who in any way assisted us in our recent bereavement. The kind deeds and words of sympathy were greatly appreciated. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Harris Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Perkins and family

YARNS of Pure Wool for Hand and Machine Knitting—also Bug Yarns. Orders sent C. O. D. Postage Paid. Write for free samples. CONCORD WORSTED MILLS West Concord, New Hampshire

Moving Pictures!

MAJESTIC THEATRE
 Town Hall, Antrim
Wednesday, November 21
Honeymoon Hate
 with Florence Vidor
Chapter 2—The Yellow Cameo
Pathe Weekly Pictures at 8.00
W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

Mrs. Della Flanders has been spending a few days with relatives in Hillsboro.
 Mrs. Mae Taylor, of Norwood, Mass., was the guest last week of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ashford.
 Mrs. H. W. Jonsen's grandmother, from Marlboro, Mass., has recently been entertained in the former's home here.
 Rev. William Patterson and Rev. R. H. Tibbals attended a ministers' conference, in Manchester, a portion of last week.
 The two young sons of Mr. and Mrs. Don H. Robinson have been confined to their home by an attack of bronchitis.
 Mrs. Greta MacDowell has gone to Shrewsbury, Mass., to spend the winter with her son, George MacDowell and family.
 Forrest Tenney and Wallace Whynott, accompanied by two college chums, were in town on Thursday evening from N. H. University at Durham.
 Mrs. G. H. Hutchinson, of the Center, is spending the winter with Mrs. L. Gertrude Robinson, while Mr. Hutchinson is in Florida for his health.

I have for sale several cows coming in in the Spring; also thoroughbred bull for service. Quantity of four foot wool for sale. George S. Wheeler, Antrim. Adv.

Miss Margaret Scott, who was reported in our last issue as visiting relatives in Boston, did not go to the city owing to illness. She has been quite sick the past week at the home of Mrs. E. D. Jameson.

General Repair Work, Tapping Shoes, Fixing Clocks, etc., as well as Re-seating Chairs, in Cane, flat and oval Splint. Drop me a card and I'll call and get your chairs. Work done at my home on Clinton Road, near factories. M. J. Smith, Antrim. Adv. 2t

Antrim Locals

Mrs. Carlton A. Lamphrey, of Laconia, formerly an Antrim resident, was the guest last week of Mr. and Mrs. Archie N. Nay.
 The oyster supper by the Senior Class, A.H.S., on Friday evening last, was not very well patronized. Possibly so warm an evening, even a nice oyster stew could not attract.
 Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Smith, 5 Lemon street, Nashua, observed the golden anniversary of their marriage November 15 at their home. They were pleasantly surprised by relatives and friends during the evening and were presented a purse of gold. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been residents of Nashua for the past 15 years, going there from Antrim. Mrs. Smith is a sister of Ed. E. George of this place.
 Harland Abbott, M. D., of Providence, R. I., is in town, called here by the illness of his brother, Charles S. Abbott. The latter has been quite sick during the past week, but his friends hope now that he is improving.

Repairs to Pipe Line
 During the past week the Precinct Commissioners have been making repairs to the pipe line of the town water system where leaks had shown themselves.
 In the meadow below Campbell pond a few lengths of pipe were relaid, this being the worse leak of all. On Concord street a leak was repaired, as was one on Pleasant street. On West street, by the bridge, which has bothered more or less for some years, the pipe will be relaid with iron pipe, in hopes that a permanent repair job will be made.

High School Notes
Assemblies
 Henry A. Hurlin was speaker at the Assembly on Friday afternoon. His description of a visit to Monticello was very interesting to all of us, and especially so the American History class.
 Gladys Cuddihy, Charles Edes and Richard Johnson gave current events. Merrill Gordon was chairman.

Scholarship
 Ruth Dunlap's name should have appeared in the group of pupils who received all "A's" for the first six weeks period. This omission was made at the school and not at the printing office.

Debating
 The question for debate is: Resolved, That the McNary-Haugen Bill Should be Enacted into Federal Law. Affirmative speakers are Rupert Wisell, Carrie Maxfield and Josephine Whitcomb. Negative speakers are Lester Hill, Merrill Gordon and Gerald Sweet.

Hillsboro Guaranty Savings Bank

Incorporated 1889
 HILLSBORO, N. H.
 Resources over \$1,350,000.00
Safe Deposit Boxes for rent, \$2 per year
 Banking Hours: 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1 p. m. to 3 p. m.
 Saturdays, 8 a. m. to 12 m.
 DEPOSITS Made during the first three business days of the month draw interest from the first day of the month
You Can Bank By Mail.

MOONEY'S MOONEY'S

GIFTS That Will be Used and Appreciated!

FURNITURE --- the Lasting Gift

purchase on liberal terms

Parlor Suite If you want a large, comfortable davenport and two wonderful restful chairs -- Kroehler Made -- for your home, see this Suite upholstered in Mohair. And -- before buying anywhere -- Visit Mooney's Parlor Department for Values. **\$169.00**

XMAS SUGGESTIONS:

Sewing Cabinets	Boudoir Chairs	Secretary Desks
Lamps	Mirrors	Phone Sets
Pull-up Chairs	Book Racks	Clocks
Writing Desks	Radios	Cedar Chests
Victrolas	Etc.,	Etc.

A. A. MOONEY

Furniture Company
 652-6 ELM STREET, MANCHESTER, N. H.
 MANCHESTER'S LARGEST HOME OUTFITTERS

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

Saturday, November 24
You Can't Beat the Law
 with All Star Cast

Chapter 2—Fighting for Fame
and Fortune; Ben Alexander

Bennington.

Congregational Church
 Rev. Stephen S. Wood, Pastor
 Preaching service at 10.45 a.m.
 Sunday School 12 m.
 Christian Endeavor at 6 p.m.

The Benevolent Society meets on
 Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Myhaver, of Peterboro, were here on Wednesday, calling on friends.

The card party at S. of V. hall on Friday evening was well attended and enjoyed, as usual.

Miss Rachel Wilson came home from Boston on Tuesday night; she has been a patient in a hospital for some weeks.

Preparations are going on for the Congregational church and Sunday School Fair, to be held December 7. A play is to be given in the evening in conjunction with it.

Neighbors' Night at the Grange brought out forty neighbors from the surrounding towns. A fine entertainment was furnished by Greenfield

POOR-WILKINSON

Antrim Couple Married Saturday Last in Goffstown

A wedding of interest to Antrim people took place in Goffstown last Saturday afternoon, when Maurice A. Poor and Miss Rose L. Wilkinson were united in marriage at the home of the bride's grand-father, William L. Roberts, of Kennedy Hill, Goffstown.

The large parlor of the farm house

Grange; the singing of solo, duet and trio songs being especially fine, while the one act plays were very funny, as was the character song by the quartette. The degree work was praised by the speakers; the Harvest march especially. Local Grange furnished supper to both visitors and members, over eighty in all.

Major Pierce and Mrs. Pierce, who have been in England some weeks, are expected home soon.

Mrs. L. C. Kidder and her mother, Mrs. Robertson, of Milford, went to Boston on Saturday for the day.

Mrs. F. A. Seaver attended the wedding of her brother, Maurice Poor, at Goffstown, on Saturday afternoon.

A public camp party will be held at S. of V. hall on the evening of November 23.

At S. of V. hall, on November 24, at 8 o'clock p.m., there will be a Food Sale.

The S. of V. Auxiliary, No. 1, observed Veteran's night at the regular meeting Nov. 19, and had as guests Camp No. 85. There was given a program of music, patriotic readings, extracts from the diary of a veteran, the father of Mary L. Knight. Lawrence Parker is commander of the local Camp.

Lura Keyser, Press Cor.

was decorated with laurel and yellow chrysanthemums, a great bank of like decorations filling one corner, and in front of this bank the bridal party stood during the ceremony. At three o'clock, Mrs. Charles R. Wilkinson, of Franklin, at the piano, began playing Mendelssohn's wedding march and Rev. R. H. Tibbals with Maurice A. Poor and his best man, Walter T. Poor, of Milford, entered, followed by the bride on the arm of her father, B. J. Wilkinson, and the bridesmaid, Miss Marion Wilkinson. The simple ceremony with double ring service was performed by the bride's pastor, Rev. Ralph H. Tibbals, of Antrim.

Congratulations and best wishes were offered by relatives and close friends present. Refreshments of ice cream, cake and coffee, were served by three aunts of the bride.

Mrs. Poor wore a white satin dress with veil and carried a large bouquet of butterfly roses. The bridesmaid wore light brown lace over silk and carried yellow chrysanthemums. The newly wedded couple left amid a shower of confetti for an auto trip.

Mrs. Poor was born in Plymouth, this state, and has lived in Antrim for the past 26 years, graduating from the local High school and from the Plymouth Normal school. After three years' teaching in Antrim, she took a position in the Winchendon, Mass. schools, from which position she resigned last June.

Mr. Poor is a native of Antrim and has lived here practically all his life. He is one of the proprietors of the Antrim garage; he is connected with the social and fraternal life of the town, and is treasurer of the Methodist society.

Heartly good wishes are theirs for a long and happy wedded life.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian-Methodist Churches
 Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
 Thursday, November 22
 Prayer and praise service at 7 p.m.
 Sunday, November 25
 Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
 Sermon by the pastor.
 Bible school at 12 noon.
 Y.P.S.C.E. at 6 o'clock p.m.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
 Thursday, November 22
 Mid-week meeting of the church.
 Study Acts 10 and 11.
 Sunday, November 25
 Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
 Sermon by the pastor. Topic: "Nine Missing Men."
 Church school meets at 12 noon.
 Crusaders meet at 4.30 p.m.
 Y.P.S.C.E. at 6 p.m.
 Union preaching service at 7 p.m.
 The pastor will preach on "Seeking the Best."

Supper and Christmas Sale

The annual Christmas sale of the Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist church will be held in connection with their monthly supper at the church on Wednesday, December 5.

Tax Collector's Notice

Interest on all Town Taxes will begin December 1 next, and this notice is to remind tax payers of this fact. To save a high rate of interest which is sure to be added, all Taxes must be paid before this date.

WILLIAM C. HILLS,
 Antrim, N. H., Collector.
 Nov. 12, 1928.

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 M. G. Jewett, Cashier
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Attorney at Law
 Antrim Center, N. H.

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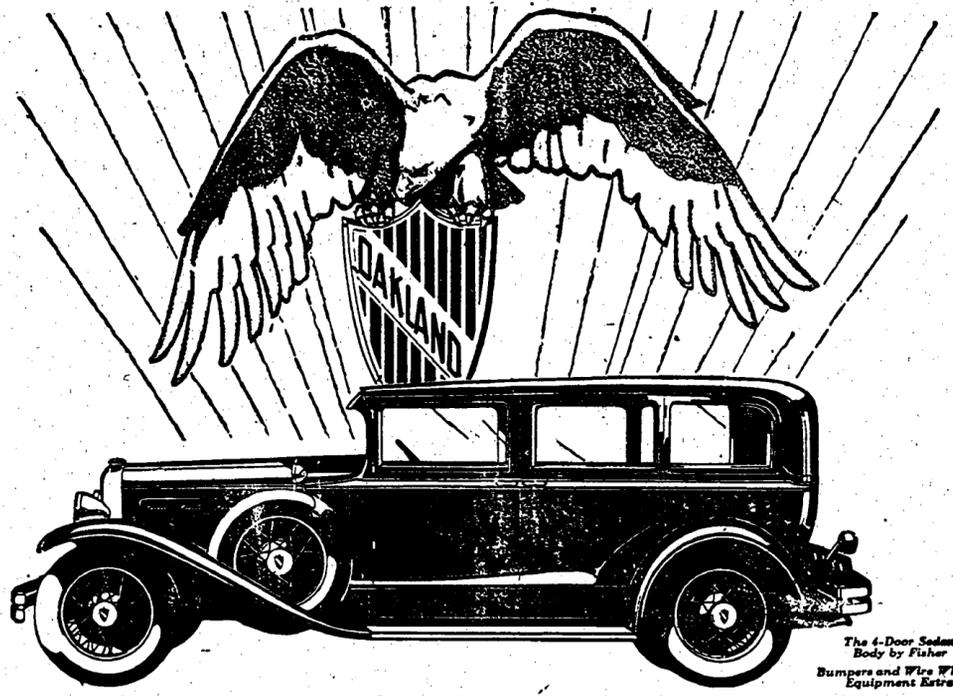
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The Marked Man

A Romance of the Great Lakes
By KARL W. DETZER

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THE STORY

From his French-Canadian mother, Norman Erickson inherits a distaste for life on the water, which is beyond the understanding of his father, Gustaf, veteran deep-water sailor. At Mrs. Erickson's death Gustaf determines to make Norman, who has been working for a grocer, his partner in his fishing boat. At once, in rebellious mood, Norman seeks comfort from Julie Richard, French-Canadian playmate of his school days. Gustaf, going to the aid of a drowning friend is crippled.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"You!" Gustaf laughed unsteadily. "You'd drown yourself! What do you know about settin' nets. Crank the engine, I'm goin'. You can stay ashore."

Ed Baker lounged through the door. He had heard the querulous voice of Gustaf. Jim Nelson, who had been dozing in a corner on a stack of old nets, awakened saying, "No, no! Mebbe tomorrow, Gus, not today!"

Gustaf did not turn his head. "I'll take you out to the banks," Ed Baker volunteered, "if Norm don't want to go."

"He ain't fit to go," Gustaf muttered. "He ain't fit to be son o' me!"

Norman dropped the edge of the pond net he was mending. He saw Baker grinning in the door, saw his father's harsh profile and Nelson's sleepy troubled face. Beyond these three, through the open window, across the wide waters of the lake, the white tower of Blind Man's Eye, the lighthouse, suddenly beckoned to him. He stood up, his shoes creaking, and moved to the door.

"Ain't a fit son to me!" his father repeated.

"Then I'd better not stay," Norman told him. "I'd better go where I am fit." He looked again at the distant lighthouse.

Deaf grew within him. He had felt it before, vaguely, once, when he was seventeen, an itinerant preacher who stopped for three Sundays at the Blind Bay mission house, had put the idea into his head. He had said all men, some time or other in their lives, experienced a definite call to service. He did not explain what the word meant. Norman could think then, as now, of only one service that ever had called him.

"I've been calculating on going away," he said.

Gustaf's eyes widened.

"You? Going away? Where?"

"Lighthouse service," Norman answered. "It's a decent job. A job I'd like."

"A good seaman's job," old Jim Nelson supported him.

Gustaf scowled. His face turned from yellow to purple, his eyes grew smaller.

"You?" he cried. "You'd go to the lights? Quit fishing?" He paused. "Go crank that boat!" he added.

"I'll run you out to the banks," Baker offered again.

Norman swung about. He stepped squarely in front of Baker, glaring in the shorter man's face.

"Don't you touch that boat!" he cried. "Hear me? Keep away from my father! Stop playing up to him!"

"Lighthouse," old Gustaf grunted with the perverse emphasis of a sick man. "Lighthouse, eh? They wouldn't have you!"

Baker laughed. Norman's fist drew into a tight knot. Baker, seeing it, and the cold whiteness of the other's face, dodged through the door, and as if he thought suddenly of some task that needed him, hurried along the wharf. Father and son and patient Jim Nelson remained.

"No lighthouse would have the likes o' you!" Gustaf cried.

"I'll go see!" Norman answered. He was standing outside the shack before he knew it. Nelson followed him.

"Take care of the old man a few days!" Norman asked.

"Sure, I'll stand your watch a bit. He's my shipmate, ain't he?"

Each morning of the five days that followed, Ed Baker came to the door of Gustaf Erickson's house and inquired for Norman. Jim Nelson answered faithfully each time. Norman would be back next day. Jim did not trust Baker.

Norman stepped in unexpectedly on the sixth morning. He looked thinner, there were new serious lines around his eyes. He showed no surprise at seeing his father in bed.

"Hello," he said to Gustaf. "Hello Jim," and passed through to his own room. Try as he would, the old man's fire could not set off no dry spark this morning in the temper of his son. It was a new Norman, who returned to Blind Bay, close-mouthed, unexcited, more mature, a little detached.

"Your paw was took sick," Nelson confided when the two were alone. "He carried on pretty squally. You're goin' to the lights?"

Norman shook his head. "I'm staying here," he said. "Sure, I went down to Milwaukee. Took the examination. There's a few vacancies, they said. But . . . I been thinkin' it over, Jim, on the way home. I guess I shouldn't have gone. Here's my place. I came back to stay."

"That the team?" Nelson asked. "You'll know for a few days. But that, won't make any difference. I

don't have to go if I do get an appointment."

"No, don't have to. But it's a good job, Norman, no matter what Gus says . . ." he paused lamely.

"He's my father."

"Sure. But he's a hard skipper!" "It don't matter," Norman answered.

Gustaf stayed in bed eight days this time. On the ninth he arose obstinately and demanded his clothes. He rode out to the fishing grounds that morning with his son and Jim Nelson, both of them submissive.

It was the kind of day Norman hated. Each changeable gust presaged foul weather.

"All toes!" the old man scolded. "This landlubber here is my boy, Nelson, and look at him, all toes. He you fear'd of the water?" he asked Norman savagely. "Lean over, get a-holt on that buoy! Now heave!"

"I'm not afraid!" Norman contradicted.

"Fough!" muttered Gustaf. It was noon when Norman cranked the engine and pointed the bow toward Blind Bay breakwater.

"She's makin' to blow," Jim Nelson predicted.

"Let her!" Gustaf snapped. "She's blowed afore this."

Net reels screeched idly on shore. In the sifter of the breakwater of rock and cedar poles that guards the estuary of Tamarack river, Norman unloaded the boat, cleaned the fish, iced them and packed them for shipment south. It was mid-afternoon before he had finished scrubbing tables and floor. Then, while Nelson spun the reel, he straightened the wet nets.

"Wash down the boat," Gustaf ordered; "when you get it clean, come home."

Norman did not obey directly. He stopped at the post office first. There was a letter addressed to him. The heavy envelope was marked "Official Business, U. S. Department of Commerce." Norman pinched off a corner, thrust in a finger and ripped the end. He started to read the typewritten sheet. When he saw Ed Baker watching him, among the other men at the post office, he thrust the paper indifferently into his pocket and stepped out into the windy street.

At the first cedar clump he halted, ostensibly to light his pipe. The match blew out and he did not bother to strike another.

He had passed his examination for the lighthouse service. And had been appointed to a light. He could not take the appointment. Hadn't he decided that? But at least he had tasted independence. A brief touch of triumph came into his heart. An examining board of the United States lighthouse service had not found him entirely without merit!

The appointment was for Blind Man's Eye.

He stuffed the envelope back into his pocket and trudged toward home.

Jim Nelson sat moodily on the back steps.

"Evenin', Jim," Norman said. He was opening the door.

Nelson took the pipe from his teeth and motioned with it.

"Listen," he directed. "She's goin to blow. We ain't much sense settin them nets today. Be tore all to pieces I told him. fore we put 'em out. Gus says now he's goin' to lift day after tomorrow, come seven gales."

The weather stayed foul. Nelson dozed in the parlor, fully dressed, with his boots on. Gustaf had dropped into an easy and contented slumber with the first rise of the gale, as if its sound were a lullaby and he a tired child, fretted into a deep fatigue. Under the roof Norman lay wakeful.

He remembered his mother and the way she had stolen in to see that he was covered on nights like this. Memory of her led to other memories. Grotesque and abominable memories of Gustaf's hideous stories, night mares that had tortured him as a little boy, the story of the captain's wife and the captain's dog.

Just such a wind as this had torn open the cabin of the schooner Gottland.

The people of the town gathered on the dunes next morning to scan the lake for trouble. Stinging spray hit their faces. Great breakers raced ashore, showing white teeth at the obstruction of the outer bar.

"Like to be b— on nets," a fisherman shouted.

The wind raced faster, the lake howled more threateningly, waves smashed harder against the beaches. At six o'clock Gustaf Erickson bobbed into his son's bedroom.

"Out that bed," he ordered. "Turn out! Time to start!"

"To lift nets?" Norman sat up, suddenly wide awake.

"Sure, to lift nets. I had my breakfast. I ain't a habit of sleepin' all day. Coffee's hot. Get a move on."

A half-dozen fishermen, Ed Baker among them, were standing in Gustaf's shack when Norman arrived at the dock.

Gustaf stretched his legs as soon as his son came in.

"I been waitin' you," he growled to Norman. "Fine lazy time to get started."

The wind roared a blasphemous accompaniment to his words. The fish shanty shuddered under its blows. Norman knocked out his pipe.

"We'll not lift today," he said poe-

tively. "Nobody's going out. I come home to take care of you. I didn't need to come. But I'll take care now I'm here. We're not going out."

For the first time in his twenty-one years he defied his father.

Gustaf's obstinate face showed no sign of emotion. There was a vacancy in his eye. He did not hear or did not comprehend.

"Get a move on," he urged. "Time to start."

"No!" Norman answered. Ed Baker laughed.

"Get out, men," Norman commanded. "And you," he addressed Baker, "you get out first! Out, or by Mackinac."

The men of the fleet gaped. Never before had Blind Bay heard that brittle hardness in the voice of Gustaf's son. Never had they seen such rage in his eyes, which usually were mild. Baker backed through the door, the other men crowding on his toes.

"Don't step in here again, Baker!" Norman shouted.

He turned to his father. "I'm ready to do a man's job," sir, any day it's fit."

"Crank the boat!" Gustaf interrupted.

"We're not going," Norman said. He stepped close to the old man. Only the two Ericksons and Jim Nelson, who was the friend of both, re-

membered.

It was twenty bloomy miles to Blind Man's Eye. Norman ran out impetuously from his father's house, an old dunnage bag over his shoulder. In it all that he owned. Norman's resentment chilled as the door of the house slammed. Its hemlock panel shut him out with a curt finality. Not from his father . . . so long as the winds blew and the lake rolled his father would be near him. But that other gentler memory, the memory of his black-eyed mother, seemed now to be imprisoned hopelessly within the walls.

"Coward!" old Gustaf had called him. Not a sailor on the coast would have gone out needlessly into that storm today. The struggle would have killed old Gustaf. But because his son forbade it, he called him afraid.

Well, was he? It was not fear of drowning that troubled him. He had seen death lay a wet hand on that shore more than once. He could die by water if he had to. But how would he act while doing it? Like a clawing, splitting cat, hair up all over his head? It had not been fear kept him ashore today. No, in spite of all Gustaf had said!

But fear might keep him in some other day. He had never been tested in a gale. The winds howled at him now, taunting him with their cries, cries that shaped themselves into words, words that formed phrases, brutal phrases from the story of the schooner Gottland.

"It was a good dog, Big. Halcy all over. We felt sorry that dog was lost. But the woman? She give nobody enough to eat!"

He left the main road after a stout fifteen miles and bent with a climbing path among low hillocks up to the open sand dunes. From the top of the last dune he looked down on the frowning lake, on the slender tower of Blind Man's Eye, on the squat roofs of the boat sheds and houses of the nearby coast guard station. Norman made out the figures of men in the surf sliding a lifeboat up to land. He trudged up the wash to the lighthouse, a quarter mile beyond the coast guard station. The wind was dying, dying a surly and unwilling death. It would blow itself out tonight. And tomorrow his father probably would lift his nets. Norman's eyes grew bitter again for a moment; immediately softened to their pale, kindly blue.

He must write Julie Richard that he had come to Blind Man's Eye.

There were three buildings on the lighthouse reservation. The light tower itself grew upward out of rocks, directly at the edge of the water. Norman knocked on the house door. It was opened by a tall, brown-haired young woman who looked at him with lively interest.

"Erickson's my name," Norman said. "I'm assigned here."

"Come in," she invited. She led him through a short hall. "In there," she directed, and left him at once.

The room Norman entered was the kitchen. White, glistening, with scrubbed boards and painted wood work, the black stove radiant with polish, windows sparkling, brass lamps

glowing.

On the wall a ship's chronometer ticked with melancholy precision. Lockers ranged three sides. In the center a circular iron staircase wriggled up to a round hole in the ceiling, through which protruded an iron ladder that vanished perpendicularly above. Captain Stocking climbed ahead up the ladder, talking, kicking out his heels. Above, in the lantern case itself, Norman saw his own little chief open a brass-bound door in the rear of a great lens, saw the flare of a glorified bonfire in the thick reflecting glass, heard the sputter of vapor, and Blind Man's Eye swallowed up the world in its glare of light.

Norman thought that his duties would be simple. The lamp must be cleaned each day, the tower steps scrubbed, brass shined, lenses polished, the oil tank filled and charged, a day and night look-out kept for fogs and thick weather; and whenever a mist obscured the horizon the fires must be touched off under the boilers in the signal house, to make steam and set the automatic fog whistle blowing. Alternate days would be free of responsibility. The night watch he would divide with Captain Stocking.

At supper (Captain Stocking spared occasionally with his daughter. It developed that she liked to talk.

"Where you called, Erickson?" Captain Stocking asked the question suddenly, his knife and fork pointing sidewise like the hands of a weather-vane. Norman saw Susan and Steve Sutton both turn their eyes toward him inquiringly.

Even the still, small voice of conscience becomes a babble. It keeps on getting bigger and smaller. Exchange

speech, something aloof, something haughty and assured. This was a tone that tolerates no argument, that assumes obedience.

"You're start to go out and lift nets in a little bit," Gustaf said. "I'll have no 'coward for son. You don't need come back."

Norman turned, and left the shack. He stumbled over a dab burrow just outside the door. Ed Baker slouched near the end of the dock, his offskins whipping in the wind. He laughed audibly. Norman hesitated, then stalked on. What did he care for Baker? He was putting Ed Baker and all Blind Bay behind him. It was not his choice, he had not deserted his father had decided for him. In his pocket he still held an appointment to the lighthouse service.

"Coward!" old Gustaf had said. "I'll have no coward for a son!"

Was he a coward?

It was twenty bloomy miles to Blind Man's Eye. Norman ran out impetuously from his father's house, an old dunnage bag over his shoulder. In it all that he owned. Norman's resentment chilled as the door of the house slammed. Its hemlock panel shut him out with a curt finality. Not from his father . . . so long as the winds blew and the lake rolled his father would be near him. But that other gentler memory, the memory of his black-eyed mother, seemed now to be imprisoned hopelessly within the walls.

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There were three buildings on the lighthouse reservation. The light tower itself grew upward out of rocks, directly at the edge of the water. Norman knocked on the house door. It was opened by a tall, brown-haired young woman who looked at him with lively interest.

"Erickson's my name," Norman said. "I'm assigned here."

"Come in," she invited. She led him through a short hall. "In there," she directed, and left him at once.

The room Norman entered was the kitchen. White, glistening, with scrubbed boards and painted wood work, the black stove radiant with polish, windows sparkling, brass lamps

glowing.

glowing. At the table, scratching his forehead meditatively with the end of a penholder, a tidy stack of notebooks and documents before him, sat a small fat old man with scant curly hair, a nose like a cluster of ripe raspberries, a little round mouth and little round eyes that blinked through little round spectacles.

"Erickson?" he repeated. "Eh? Well, well, that's a good waterproof name. I like the name Erickson. Assistant who just left was named Frank Jones. Can't tell much about the name Jones Erickson's better. Mine's Stocking, Capt'n Sam's Stocking, Capt'n Sam's Stocking o' Lake Huron."

Norman shook hands gravely. "Superintendent wrote he was sending a man," the keeper commented. "Didn't say who. Didn't say when he'd get here."

"I'm a night earlier than instructions," said Norman.

Captain Stocking did not wait to hear him.

"Jones went this morning, come sun-up. Going to get married. You met Susan? Hey, Susan, ahoy there, Sue!" He pitched his voice to a cheery bel-

low.

"Ahoy yourself!" his daughter answered.

She appeared immediately. She was tall, much taller than her father, but in spite of that she gave a quick jaunty impression. She was still plain interested in what the new assistant looked like. She stared at him frankly.

"Meet the girl," Captain Stocking cried. "Sue, this is Erickson, the new assistant. Got here in time for supper, if we ever have supper. Steve brought that fish yet?"

"He's coming up the beach now," the girl said. "I'll cook it soon as he gets here."

Her voice was unlike her father's unlike any woman's Norman had known except Julie Richard's. It was as smooth as Julie's but not so excited. She was surer of herself than Julie.

A man entered solidly in rubber boots. He was about twenty-five perhaps, round-shouldered with a burnt orange complexion and watery eyes. Captain Stocking seemed glad to see him.

"Blink you acquainted with Erickson, Steve . . . Erickson the new assistant . . . Sutton our nearest neighbor. That's his shack, right along the shore there . . . see it from the window. There's his fish boat drawn up."

Sue Stocking crossed to the stove, rattled pans and turned, her hands covered with flour.

"What time is it, dad?" she asked.

Captain Stocking danced his spectacles off the end of his little nose.

"Time?" he cried. "By hoky poky! Why'd you tell me what time it was? We got just twenty minutes 'fore light ought to show!" He reached for his hat. "Best climb up to the tower, you new fellow. Start getting your instructions."

They followed a plank walk to the rocks. Captain Stocking, pulling, spluttering, spitting out odd bits of conversation, led the way rapidly into a dark room and lighted a bracket lamp upon the wall. In one corner a stair, unusually steep, arose through the ceiling.

The keeper lighted the way with a shining brass lantern that he took from a wall cupboard by the door. The angular outline of steps lifted into the air, converging toward the top.

"Never mind countin'!" Captain Stocking grunted. "They's ninety-one."

"Ninety-one?"

"Steps."

He pushed open a trap-door. Norman followed him into a snug white-painted room with black trim upon doors and casements, resembling the chart room of a vessel.

"The lamp room, when we burnt oil wicks," Stocking explained. "Use it for spare parts now we got the new generating lamp. Them gages there, you got to watch, them keep the kerosene reservoir filled for the lamp here. I'll show you now."

On the wall a ship's chronometer ticked with melancholy precision. Lockers ranged three sides. In the center a circular iron staircase wriggled up to a round hole in the ceiling, through which protruded an iron ladder that vanished perpendicularly above. Captain Stocking climbed ahead up the ladder, talking, kicking out his heels. Above, in the lantern case itself, Norman saw his own little chief open a brass-bound door in the rear of a great lens, saw the flare of a glorified bonfire in the thick reflecting glass, heard the sputter of vapor, and Blind Man's Eye swallowed up the world in its glare of light.

Norman thought that his duties would be simple. The lamp must be cleaned each day, the tower steps scrubbed, brass shined, lenses polished, the oil tank filled and charged, a day and night look-out kept for fogs and thick weather; and whenever a mist obscured the horizon the fires must be touched off under the boilers in the signal house, to make steam and set the automatic fog whistle blowing. Alternate days would be free of responsibility. The night watch he would divide with Captain Stocking.

At supper (Captain Stocking spared occasionally with his daughter. It developed that she liked to talk.

"Where you called, Erickson?" Captain Stocking asked the question suddenly, his knife and fork pointing sidewise like the hands of a weather-vane. Norman saw Susan and Steve Sutton both turn their eyes toward him inquiringly.

Even the still, small voice of conscience becomes a babble. It keeps on getting bigger and smaller. Exchange

speech, something aloof, something haughty and assured. This was a tone that tolerates no argument, that assumes obedience.

"You're start to go out and lift nets in a little bit," Gustaf said. "I'll have no 'coward for son. You don't need come back."

Norman turned, and left the shack. He stumbled over a dab burrow just outside the door. Ed Baker slouched near the end of the dock, his offskins whipping in the wind. He laughed audibly. Norman hesitated, then stalked on. What did he care for Baker? He was putting Ed Baker and all Blind Bay behind him. It was not his choice, he had not deserted his father had decided for him. In his pocket he still held an appointment to the lighthouse service.

"Coward!" old Gustaf had said. "I'll have no coward for a son!"

Was he a coward?

It was twenty bloomy miles to Blind Man's Eye. Norman ran out impetuously from his father's house, an old dunnage bag over his shoulder. In it all that he owned. Norman's resentment chilled as the door of the house slammed. Its hemlock panel shut him out with a curt finality. Not from his father . . . so long as the winds blew and the lake rolled his father would be near him. But that other gentler memory, the memory of his black-eyed mother, seemed now to be imprisoned hopelessly within the walls.

"Coward!" old Gustaf had called him. Not a sailor on the coast would have gone out needlessly into that storm today. The struggle would have killed old Gustaf. But because his son forbade it, he called him afraid.

Well, was he? It was not fear of drowning that troubled him. He had seen death lay a wet hand on that shore more than once. He could die by water if he had to. But how would he act while doing it? Like a clawing, splitting cat, hair up all over his head? It had not been fear kept him ashore today. No, in spite of all Gustaf had said!

But fear might keep him in some other day. He had never been tested in a gale. The winds howled at him now, taunting him with their cries, cries that shaped themselves into words, words that formed phrases, brutal phrases from the story of the schooner Gottland.

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MEDITERRANEAN Cruise

ss "Transylvania"

SAHARA OASIS TOWNS



Street in a Sahara Oasis Town.

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

BISKRA, in Algeria, nearly 200 miles back from the edge of the Mediterranean, is a typical oasis town of the near Sahara. Around it are clustered other oases, the group making up Ziban. There, only a short distance from the Europeanized coast, the traveler may breathe the life of the great desert that stretches on south and east for many hundreds of miles.

The oasis of Biskra is six miles long, possesses 170,000 date palms, beside tamarind, fig, and orange trees, and likewise possesses what is claimed to be the most perfect climate in the world from November till May. Its genial temperature, clear sky and luxuriant vegetation are indisputable charms, and its dry atmosphere makes it particularly curative for pulmonary diseases. Sometimes seventeen or eighteen months pass without a shower, and yet there is a never-failing supply of delicious cold water from natural wells throughout the whole oasis.

There are five villages in this island of the sand-sea, and the outlying oases of Fillaah and Geddecha also belong to Biskra. The Arab villages and the villages des negres are built of sun-dried mud, with doors and flat roofs of palmwood. Among the ruins of old Biskra, where before the new fort was constructed the French fortified the old Kasbah existing at their arrival, are a heap of Roman blocks and columns, which are all that remain of the Roman outpost of Ad Piscalum. The French village is clustered around Fort Salat Germain, named for a gallant officer killed during the Zanacha insurrection of 1840, and which is capable of sheltering the whole civil population.

There is a pretty public garden, where feathery pepper trees make a pleasant shade, a church, a mosque, streets of shops, a handsome casino and officers' club, and three good hotels, of which the principal one, the Royal hotel, is said to be the best in Algeria. It is certainly a delightful surprise to find in the Sahara a hotel with every appointment of elegance and comfort.

Market Place Fascinating.

A visit to the market place during the morning is one of the sights of the town and oriental in every tone. Squinting groups of bronze-legged Bedouins, in brown and white camel-hair burnouses, are selling cous-cous, dried peppers and, of course, dates. Bunches of fresh grass and green barley and thistles are heaped in one corner of the enclosure, Moorish slippers here and a pile of red fezzes there, and souvenirs for the tourist not lacking. For a few francs one may purchase a set of graceful gazelle horns, and curious knives and Arabian guns tempt the collector. An ebon negress is selling oranges, an Arab boy in a red fez, and not much else, carries a basket of purple fruit in green leaves, white cloaks, burnouses, turbans, and yakmaha, purple, blue, deep red, and spotted white all crushed together, make kaleidoscopic color in the whitewashed square. Bags of henna leaves, for staining the nails in Arab fashion, send forth their pungent odor, and the aroma of coffee and cigarettes fills the air. A Kabyle girl in red gown, tattooed blue as to her forehead and cheeks, stained yellow as to her finger tips, passes, cigarette in mouth, her bangles and anklets clanking as she goes.

Outside a Moorish cafe a row of Moors, clean in their white burnouses, are solemnly crouched, two of them playing a grave game of chess but the rest do nothing to perfection, without a trace of boredom or a gesture of impatience, a state of dreamy delight achieved apparently by habit of mind, a realization of Arabian Keyf. Two merry cantinieres go briskly along, and behind them glide two Sisters of Charity. Occasionally a tall figure in white burnouse and dark-blue or pale-gray cape, with crimson fez and gold-embroidered jacket, passes, and the dark eyes and white teeth flash down in friendly glance. Occasionally, too, there is a suspicion of genuine atter-

of-rose whiffed on the air, as one of these oriental gilded youths walks by, and one is reminded of what an Arabian courier once said: "In my country, if a man have perfume on his clothes, it makes scandal!"

Street of the Ouled-Nails. There is a mysterious charm in the quiet night as one goes "slumming" in the street of the Ouled-Nails. The stars are intensely bright overhead, and the briskness, purity, and sweetness of the air beggar description. Passing into the street of the Ouled-Nails is a sudden transition to much life, color and noise, the street itself full of Arabs, young and old, while on matting outside nearly every door sit the Ouled-Nail girls, drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes, and chattering what is presumably Biskran slang at any halting passers-by.

The Ouled-Nails, sometimes called Almees, are girls from an oasis at some distance from Biskra, and of mixed Arabian and negro blood. They are more remarkable for their singularity of costume and grace of dancing than for the rigidity of their morals. Their faces are daubed with tar and saffron to accentuate the color of the African sun; tattooing in blue is quite a la mode, and their hair, mixed with wool and stiffened with grease and tar, hangs in ebon loops about the face. They wear loose gowns of bright cotton, and gold and silver coin, coral, and filagree in barbaric abundance, sometimes twenty pounds of silver being carried in the shape of bangles, anklets, chains, and massive girdles. One sits in a brightly lighted, low, white building and sips Arabian coffee while some of the girls dance their peculiar desert dances.

If Biskra is the political and social center of the Ziban, and the Ziban is the group of prosperous oases, villages extending from the foot of the Aures mountains to the Chott-Melghir, the religious capital is Sidi-Okba. Sidi-Okba is an oasis distant twenty kilometers from Biskra, and is named for that old warrior who, at the head of a small body of Arab cavalry, went forth to conquer Africa in the sixtieth year of the Hedjira. When he had extended his conquest from Egypt to Tangier, he spurred his horse into the Atlantic, declaring that only such a barrier could prevent him from forcing every nation beyond it who knew not God to worship Him only or die. In a revolt of the Berbers he was killed, A. D. 641, and when the Arabs had reconquered the Ziban their leaders was buried in the oasis which bears his name.

Going to Sidi-Okba.

The track across the desert to Sidi-Okba is practical for carriages. Most of the turbaned drivers gallop their three horses harnessed abreast over the hummocks of sand and tufts of sage-brush till the passengers beg for slower pace. Soon after leaving Biskra the road crosses a stony tract a quarter of a mile broad, with a deep stream in the center, the Oued-Biskra, and emerges on the desert. The tiny oasis of Beliah is passed on the right, the dome of a marabout's tomb shining among its trees. The long, low-lying line of the palms of Sidi-Okba is in the distance; the Aures mountains rise in golden and rose glory, the deep clefts in their side-blue and mysterious.

Groups of Bedouin tents are passed at intervals, and the scarlet rug, the copper pan, the fire, and its group are dashes of bright color in the yellow-browns of earth and camp, canopied always with the dazzling blue of the sky. Herds of camels feed on the dry sage-brush of the plain, and the baby camels trot by their mothers in cottish fashion.

Five other oases are passed, Chetnah, Drah, Sidi-Khabli, Seriana, and Garta, and at length one approaches the mud wall which surrounds the sacred oasis. Four thousand Arabs live in this village, and the mud houses are thickly packed, the streets narrow and indescribably dirty, with rivulets of muddy water running down the center. The tiny shops are open to the street, in eastern fashion, and behind their wares the cross-legged merchants sit in stolid indifference.

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Some Revised Opinion About the Red-Haired

Scientists have discovered all kinds of odd facts about humanity. For instance, an expert recently stated that he had never seen a bald-headed lunatic!

Now comes the even more peculiar disclosure that red-headed girls may be bow-legged, but brunettes are, as a rule, knock-kneed. These facts are based on data supplied by a certain artists' club which has been collecting statistics respecting its models.

Another interesting point is that red-haired women suffer less from serious diseases than their darker sisters. This is due to the fact that their skin throws off poison more rapidly than a dark person's.

Also, red hair, which a generation ago was jeered at, nowadays is admired, as it should be. The red-haired girl has proved that she is not hot-tempered, but, as a rule, much better balanced mentally than a brunette. —Exchange.

The Whimsical Max.

Paul Jones of the family of the University of Pennsylvania, said on his recent return from Europe:

"I have a great admiration for Max Beerbohm, and in August I visited him in his villa at Rapallo on the Italian Riviera.

"I had visited him before, and had told him a story about James Joyce; but I forgot this on my second visit, and retold the Joyce story.

"The whimsical Max, when I finished, said:

"That's a good story, but, really, if you tell it to me again I shall have to tell it to you."

Numismatic Treasure.

A pot of gold was found near Sant Malo, France, the other day in demolishing a building used as a hiding place by the Templars when Philippe le Bel sought to confiscate the wealth of the order. Most of the coins, worth a fortune to numismatics, bore the effigy of King Louis X.

Attend the Party

In Spite of Cold!

Don't despair some day your social calendar is full, and you awake with a miserable cold. Be rid of it by noon! You can, if you know the secret: Pape's Cold Compound soon settles any cold, yes, even one that has reached deep in the throat or lungs.—Adv.

It is the go-getter that does it, but the bystander sees how it is done.

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Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. B3, Malden, Mass. Cuticura Talcum is Soothing and Cooling.



Fifty-Fifty Laws.

A division of labor makes for a happy race. Legislators pass the speed laws and the motorists pass them up.—Farm and Fireside.

A Dog's Power.

Dogs have often contributed to and often controlled the lives of those with whom they came in contact.—American Magazine.

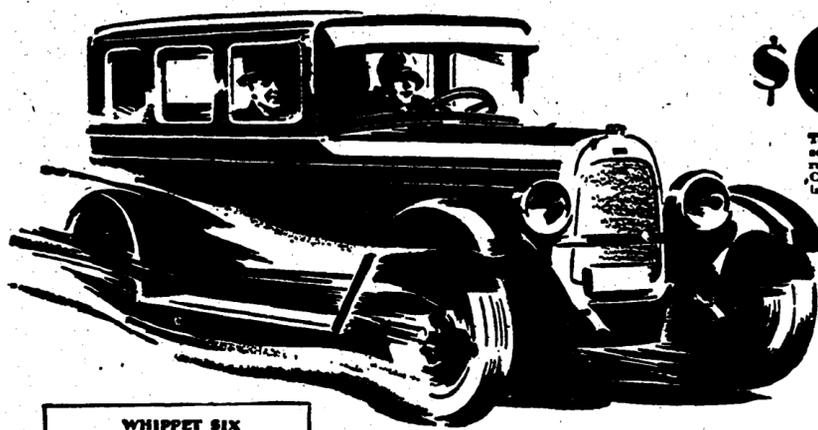
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REPORTER RAMBLINGS.

In order to purchase a vessel from the Shipping Board which are now offered for sale, one must agree to operate or scrap them. What a change that would be for the vessels!

The Irish Free State is in a campaign to close all "unnecessary" saloons in Ireland. That's just what the Volstead Act did in America, but we hope Ireland has an easier time in keeping them closed.

China's rice crop this year is expected to be the best within the last sixty years. The wheat crop was also the heaviest in many years. Can it be possible that a year can go by without dire tales of famine in China due to failure of crops?

New York has for years boasted of its traffic jams in its subways. Paris, however, is giving New York a run for its money in this field. The Paris Metro Company lines carry more than twice as many passengers per mile as the New York subway.

A diamond field, far richer than the Kimberley mines, yielding stones of finer quality than can be found anywhere in the world, has been discovered at Cape Colony. If each trial marriage is going to require a diamond ring it is well that a new source of supply has been found.

A Pennsylvania judge has ruled that even if a husband does talk in his sleep, no matter what he says, it is not cause for a divorce. He should have gone a little further in defense of his land and ruled that it should be no cause for argument—whatever that would amount to.

Dwight W. Morrow, ambassador to Mexico, has now been on the job a year. Relations with that country have not been as friendly in years as they are right now. Mr. Morrow has not brought about this condition by penning masterly notes on diplomacy. His system is best described by the name "Ham and Eggs" diplomacy.

The Florida Union Times says that "When you are five thousand feet up in the air in an airplane and the motor begins to miss, you generally lose all interest in the scenery." Our idea would be that a real personal interest in the scenery directly beneath would develop.

The fourteenth police official to be dismissed from the Philadelphia force was Capt. Levy, who did not care to reveal how he had been able to accumulate such a large sum of money during his term of office. His counsel asked that his dismissal be delayed a few months in order that the captain might be eligible for a pension. If reports are true he has small need of a pension.

Consumption of Government vodka has increased fifty fold in Soviet Russia since 1924. The amount spent on government made drinks during the past year was more than the total amount invested during the same period in building up Russian industries and in social work, according to the commissioner of public health, Nicholas Semashko. With such a condition as this existing in Russia we cannot look for any great industrial revival.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

HILLSBOROUGH, SS.
Court of Probate.

To all persons interested in the estate of Gertrude C. Daniels, late of Acton, in the County of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts:

Whereas, George E. Brown, of Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, and E. Sohler Welch, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, both in said State of Massachusetts, Executors of the will of said deceased, have filed in the Probate Office for said County of Hillsborough, their petition to file an authenticated copy of the will of the said Gertrude C. Daniels under the provisions of Chapter 298, Section 13, of the Public Laws of said State of New Hampshire, the said petition being open for examination by all parties interested.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Nashua, in said County, on the 8th day of December next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said Executors are ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court, and by causing a copy of said petition and order thereon to be served upon the State Treasurer fourteen days at least before said Court.

Given at Nashua, in said County, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1928.

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

H. C. Graton, of Worcester, hailed as the oldest millionaire in America, will be ninety-nine years old next July. Mr. Graton's advice is simple. Among other things he says, work hard, keep good hours, be temperate and do all the things you should do. One would be of a great deal more importance to the world than a millionaire if he could "do all the things he should do."

Princess Mary does not smoke in public or in private according to news dispatches from London. As Princess Mary sets the pace for ladies of the London select set, it is probable that smoking will not become popular. We understand that the Princess does not chew the weed that she refuses to burn, so we cannot expect that the chewing habit will reach any considerable proportions in England among the blue bloods.

Women were formerly the clothes makers and cooks, but now men far outnumber women in these originally feminine occupations. On the other hand women are listed in the census as employed in distinctly masculine lines, such as fishermen, firemen, lumbermen, metal workers, machinists and many others. When will the old rhyme about man's work being from sun to sun, while woman's work is never done, be revised?

Boston is engaged in planting its tulip bulbs for the flower shows of next spring. Sixty thousand of them will be required for the Public Garden and city parks. The bulbs were imported from Holland and are of excellent quality, it is stated. People generally take it for granted that flowers in public parks just grow from year to year, without giving much thought to the planning and cultivation which must be given to the flowers every year.

MILK GRAVY
The flavor of gravies made from roasted, broiled or fried meats or chicken is greatly improved by adding milk instead of water. (If there is a large amount of fat, most of it should be removed before adding the flour or milk.) This is suggested as another way of using the quart of milk needed for each person daily.

FRUIT BUTTER ICING
1 1/2 cups sifted powdered sugar
1 tablespoon melted butter
4 to 6 tablespoons orange juice
Add 3 tablespoons of the orange juice to the sugar slowly, stirring constantly. Add melted butter and then enough additional orange juice to make of the proper consistency to spread.

ROAST PORK
1 tablespoon salt
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1 pint water
1 tablespoon dry mustard
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon of tabasco sauce
1 sweet pepper
Choose a lean roasting piece of pork such as the shoulder or part of the fresh ham. Rub in the dry ingredients mixed with tabasco sauce in several deep incisions. Let stand for awhile. Place in oven and cook at high temperature until browned. Pour over water in which the pepper, chopped fine, has been boiled. Lower temperature, bake slowly for forty minutes and baste every fifteen minutes.

New Paper Currency

With the advent of 1929, the new size of paper currency, smaller in size than the present bank notes, will be issued by the United States Government. The new size is 6 1/2 x 2 9-16 inches, and has been brought about in the interests of efficiency and economy. But, it will have many other advantages. The new "bills" will have new pictures on their faces and backs; they are printed by the intaglio method from specially engraved plates, chromium-plated; they will be easier to handle than the present size of bank notes; and, they will be more difficult to counterfeit, or alter. "Once the New Year arrives," said Alvin W. Hall, Director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Washington, D. C., "tons of the new currency will move out of Washington by truck loads. When the banks request new currency, they will receive the new size, and the old notes will be taken out of circulation as fast as they come in."

The new size and designs of paper money are the result of years of careful planning, investigation and designing. According to Mr. Hall, it is the first "thought-out" money in the history of the Government. Heretofore, there has been no harmony, and many more varieties were printed than were necessary.

For example, the old \$10 note: Five designs are in circulation. One contained the portrait of A. J. Hendricks; one had the portrait of Michael Hillegas. (Neither men were well-known to the public.) Another had the portrait of Andrew Jackson; still another had that of William McKinley; the fifth pictured a buffalo with a humped back.

In the new line of bill, all this has been changed. All notes of each denomination will be practically alike. On the \$10 note, for example, in place of five different pictures, each note will have the likeness of Alexander Hamilton on one side, and a picture of the Treasury Building on the other side.

The various issues of the notes will have only technical differences—denoting gold, silver, etc.—that are of no special interest to the public in general. These differences will be in-

PETERBOROUGH

Hillsboro County Pomona Grange met with Peterborough Grange last Thursday in an afternoon and evening session.

Announcement was made "this week that the Brantwood Camp trustees had purchased a sixty acre tract on East Mountain.

Work has begun on the construction of a new house for W. Robert Nichols at the junction of the old Dublin road and Elm street.

The Public Service Company of New Hampshire is extending its lines from North Peterborough north on the Hancock road. Work has already been completed as far as the farm buildings of Edward P. Vose.

Miss Angeline Wells, employed at the Guernsey office, had a narrow escape from serious injury when she was hit by a Buick coupe at the corner of Grove and School streets. Miss Wells was knocked down and it was found that she suffered a badly bruised knee, strained muscles and other injuries.

Two beautiful memorial windows were blessed at the Armistice service held in All Saints church, Concord street, Sunday morning. The windows, very fine examples of modern artcraft, were donated to the church by Mrs. Mary L. C. Schofield, one of whose sons was killed in the service, while another, named on the memorial, returned safely.

DEERING

William Mills is at present engaged in construction work in Vermont.

Charles Fisher and Bertie Bassett, of West Deering, are now employed in Hancock.

Services will be held every other Sunday morning as long as traveling conditions permit.

The next business meeting of the Deering community club will be held Wednesday, Dec. 28.

Mrs. Jason Sawyer has returned to East Jafray after a short visit with her mother, Mrs. John Herrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy H. Locke have closed their home at Deering Center and will spend the winter in Hillsborough.

During the winter, Mrs. Peter Wood, president of the Woman's Guild, will be in charge of the unit's activities. The November meeting was held with Mrs. Harry Parker in East Deering.

Lawrence Worth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Worth of West Deering, and a graduate of Hillsborough high school in the class of 1925, has been cited for his outstanding work last year, while a member of the junior class at Dartmouth college. Mr. Worth is now a member of the Dartmouth senior class, and has been prominent as a member of the college cross country team.

GREENFIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Eugene Thrasher, of York Beach, Maine, have been guests of Dr. and Mrs. Cheever.

Mrs. Peterson and two sons, who purchased the old John Emerson property near Otter Lake, have made it all over into an up to date summer resort, and they hope to have a full house next season. They have named their place "Hollywood Lodge."

In accordance with other schools of the country, the teachers and pupils of Greenfield selected Wednesday, November 7, of Education Week, as "Know your school day." Parents and all interested friends were invited to visit the different classes and gained a better understanding of the school work.

dictated by certain printed matter on the faces of the bills, and a difference in the seal that is put on after the regular printing has been done.

The main idea back of the new designs is that the picture of a famous man shall represent each denomination.

The main idea back of the new designs is that the picture of a famous man shall represent each denomination. There are eleven denominations of paper money now in circulation. In the new currency, the \$1 note will have the portrait of George Washington, as at present. On the back appears "ONE" in large letters, making the note raisers' task difficult. Jefferson's portrait is on the face of the \$2 note while an engraving of Monticello is on the back. The new \$5 note has the portrait of the Lincoln Memorial on the face and a picture of the White House on the back. The \$50 note has Grant's portrait on the face, and a picture of the Capitol on the back. The \$100 note will have a portrait of Benjamin Franklin on the face, and likely, an engraving of Independence Hall on the back.

All the notes up to the \$100 bill, and except the \$1 note, will have pictures of buildings on their backs, making it hard to pass \$1 bills for higher notes by changing numbers. Above \$100, the notes have beautiful ornate designs on their backs. The \$500 note bears the likeness of McKinley; the \$1000 note has the portrait of Grover Cleveland; the \$5,000 note has the portrait of Madison, and the \$10,000 note that of Salmon Chase.



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2. Two extra numbers to NEW subscribers ordering before January 1, 1929, and
3. Copy of "VE" in 12 colors, 18x24 inches.

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HANCOCK

Home C. Wheeler has recently spent a few days with his daughter, Mrs. Weston, in Schenectady, N. Y.

Miss Katie Welch was taken to St. Joseph's hospital, Nashua, for treatment; she is reported to be improving slowly.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Burford, after a little over two weeks' struggle for life, passed away. Prayers were said at the house and interment was in Hillsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fogg are on an auto trip likely to take some weeks. They plan to visit their daughter, Mrs. Ralph Proctor, in St. Louis, and will stop en route with their son, Charles' Fogg, in New York state.

LYNDEBORO

Mrs. Minnie Cummings has been spending a week visiting relatives in Lawrence and Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Frank Stearns passed away at her home last week after a long illness. Funeral services were held at the house and burial was in the North yard.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Newcomb and son, Harvey, and Miss Oliver, of Swampscott, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Spalding, of Brighton, Mass., were guests of John A. Spalding recently.

Pinnacle Grange held its election of officers at the last meeting and they are as follows: Master, Ray P. Bishop; overseer, Ray W. Brown; lecturer, Adelaide C. Herrick; steward, Harry B. Holt; chaplain, Martha S. Putnam; treasurer, Bertha A. Stewart; secretary, Walter E. Stewart; gatekeeper, Frank A. Brown; Ceres, Cora W. Bishop; Pomona, Mabel F. Hadley; Flora, Helen R. Hadley; lady assistant steward, Mary L. Holt; chorister, Bertha Stewart; executive committee, Wallace A. Dale.

SOUTH LYNDEBORO

The homes of Fred Richards and A. W. Putnam are being wired for electricity.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tarbell were in New Boston to attend the 25th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Prince.

W. D. Foote moved his family to the Griffith place this week. Their home was destroyed by fire in September and he has purchased this place for a permanent residence.

Owen Barrow, Mr. Slocome and Mr. Rich were visitors at Elbert Barrow's recently. They took a hundred laurel plants to Barr, Mass., to be used as a hedge on an estate in that town.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Emery started Thursday in their house car for the Pacific coast. They plan to be away until May. They are taking the southern route and will come back by the northern route.

FRANCESTOWN

Electric lighting is now an established fact here in town. The street is well lighted and many homes.

Mr. Nason has closed his home and gone to his niece's, Mrs. Forrest Nichols', at the south part of the town, for the winter.

Arthur Starrett and wife are to move into Mrs. Grace Woods' house for the winter, closing up their farm home for the time.

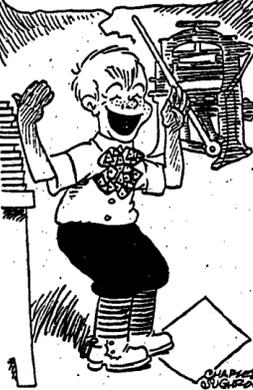
Mrs. Maude Hardy of Milford was the guest of her brother, Alphonso Foote, and family, and father, Charles Foote, very recently.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Stumpf have been at their home here for a short stay before leaving for Florida, where they plan to spend the winter.

A family from Rindge has moved into the bungalow at Hob & Knob farm, recently occupied by Hervey Patch and family, who moved to Henniker.

MICKIE SAYS—

WHEN WE ARE GREETED IN THE MORNING BY A LOTTA LETTERS WITH CHECKS PER RENEWING SUBSCRIPTIONS, THE BOSS WEARS A SMILE FROM EAR TO EAR, WHILE THE OFFICE FORCE BUSTS OUT INTO SONG, AND EVERYTHING IS HOTTY TOTS ALL DAY LONG!



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SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

Meetings 7 to 8

ARCHIE M. SWETT

JOHN THORNTON

ALFRED G. HOLT,
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

ALICE G. NYLANDER,
Antrim School Board

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

COAL WOOD FERTILIZER

Coal is as Cheap Now as it probably will be this year, and May is the month to put your supply in the bin. Quantity of Fresh Fertilizer.