

# The Antrim Reporter

State Library

VOLUME XLVI NO. 2

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1928

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## THE GOODNOW-DERBY COMP'Y

Quality, Service and Satisfaction

**We Are Here  
WITH A LARGE LINE OF  
CHRISTMAS GIFTS**

COME IN and LOOK OVER

OUR CHRISTMAS DISPLAY

Gifts For The Whole Family

AT

THE GOODNOW-DERBY COMP'Y

Odd Fellows Block

## Plumbing and Heating

Bath Room Supplies

Ranges - - Cabinet Heaters

Stove Repairs of All Kinds

Sheet Metal Work

Lot of New Pyrex Ware

Special Sale on No. 9

**COPPER WASH BOILERS**

15 GALLON CAPACITY AT \$5.00 EACH

**W. F. CLARK**

ANTRIM, New Hampshire

Telephone 64-3

## The Christmas Club

helps you solve the problem of your year-end bills. The plan is simple. Put aside a stated sum each week during the year and you will have quite a tidy sum at Christmas time.

Write to our bank and let us explain the several plans which make the CHRISTMAS CLUB all your requirements.

**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**

OF

Peterborough, N. H.

### BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

#### Governor Spaulding Issues a Proclamation

The New Hampshire Tuberculosis association opened its annual intensive drive for the sale of Christmas seals for the battle against the "great white plague" in this state on Thanksgiving Day, and will continue the campaign until Christmas. As an official endorsement of this project Gov. Huntley N. Spaulding has issued the following proclamation:

The New Hampshire Tuberculosis association is doing a great and good work in our state. Largely through its efforts the death rate from tuberculosis in New Hampshire in 1927 was the lowest on record in the state, showing a decrease of eight per cent over 1926; while there has been a reduction in the past 10 years of close to 53 per cent in the death rate from this cause among the wage earners from 20 to 50 years of age.

The persistent, aggressive attack led and directed by this association is driving tuberculosis from our state.

The state-wide organization of tuberculosis clinics and nursing service largely maintained by funds obtained through the sale of Christmas Seals is now caring for over 5,300 tuberculosis sufferers and is supporting a great preventative campaign among thousands of children throughout the state for the early discovery of tuberculosis infections and their cure, and for the treatment and cure of children seriously malnourished.

This curative and preventative campaign, which is ridding the state of tuberculosis and building up the health of the children of New Hampshire, depends, for its continuance, upon the generosity of the response to the appeal of the New Hampshire Tuberculosis association for contributions and for the purchase of Christmas Seals during the period from Thanksgiving to Christmas.

Being personally convinced of the great need for this work and of the devoted efficiency with which it is being conducted, I ask our people to display, once more, their customary whole hearted and intelligent philanthropy in continued and increased support of this most worthy cause.

Given at the council chamber in Concord this twenty-third day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-eight, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and fifty-third.

HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING,

Governor.

By His Excellency, the Governor, with the advice of the Council,

FREDERICK I. BLACKWOOD,

Deputy Secretary of State.

#### Special Notice.

The Antrim Near East Relief Committee desires to report that to date \$150.00 has been received on Antrim's quota of \$200.00 to this worthy object. We are earnestly requesting those who have not so far contributed to do so, that we may complete our task. Please forward contributions to Hayward Cochrane.

Committee.

#### "A Noble Outcast"

A drama in four acts, will be given at town hall on Saturday evening of this week, under auspices of American Legion Aux'y. Read adv. on this page.

### TOPICS OF THE DAY

#### Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

The open season on deer in Hillsborough County began last Saturday and continues through the month of December. The limit on deer in this County is one to a person.

Even now there is talk of a short legislative session with the coming of the new year when the 1929 session convenes. It will doubtless string itself along, however, till everybody including its members get tired.

Thanksgiving day was marked by many family reunions throughout the town. In the morning threatening weather worried our people more or less, those who wanted to go and come by auto, but a little later the clouds dispersed and a really mild fall day was enjoyed.

The people of the state have been told of the expansive Council attached to Governor Spaulding's official family, which really is a small matter in comparison when everything is considered. Now we are likely to be treated to some inside "dope" regarding the expenses of the Highway department, especially among the employes, inspectors and attaches. This will doubtless be received as good news, for the people of the state who pay the bills, particularly the gasoline tax, will be interested to know just how the money is spent, and a comparison of the expenses of the past few years will very likely bring out some details that may be interesting.

The recent recess committee named to consider the tax situation in this state and to report to the legislature which convenes in Concord on January 2, has under consideration among proposed new sources of revenue the imposition of a state tax upon generated electrical power, and in view of the huge development of such power now in progress or planned in this state, if the commission should recommend such a tax to the legislature and a bill putting it in effect should be introduced there would be the likelihood of one of the hardest fought battles the New Hampshire state house has seen since the six months' "railroad session" of 1887. Whether or not this contest eventuates it is already certain that there will be hot fights over a big bond issue for highways, the strengthening of the state prohibitory law, and probably some other subjects, says H. C. Pearson in his Concord letter.

Should the two first mentioned propositions come up for consideration, and the legislators knowing that the tax imposed will (if favorably acted upon) come out of them and their constituents, most any one can guess what the outcome will naturally be.

#### Using Roller Skates

It is a very dangerous pastime some of the young people indulge in when the snow is off the road, skating after dark upon the concrete road. So much traffic by auto makes this a very hazardous proposition. No one wants to injure a child, or anyone else for that matter, but on our village main street is no place to take chances of any kind. The time to take precautions is before an accident happens.

## 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.

## Fred Herbert Players Present "A Noble Outcast"

A Drama in Four Acts

AT

ANTRIM TOWN HALL

ON

Saturday Eve., Dec. 8

1928, at 8 o'clock

Under the Auspices of American Legion Auxiliary of Antrim

#### CAST

COL. LEE, A Southerner..... Harry Richardson  
MRS. LEE, His Wife..... Ruby Gibson  
FRANCE LEE, An Orphan..... Harriett Barker  
SADIE, The Maid..... Maud Wright  
JACK WORTHINGTON..... Victor Steele  
JAMES BLACKBURN..... Oscar Forham  
OFFICER BLANEY..... Tom Bickford  
JERRY, The Tramp..... Fred Herbert

#### SYNOPSIS

ACT I Exterior of Col. Lee's Home. June  
ACT II Sitting Room of Lee Home. One Month Later  
ACT III A Mountain Shack in the Quarry. Two Months Later  
ACT IV Library in the Lee Home. Two Years Later  
Entertainment Between the Acts

ADMISSION - - Adults 35¢, Children 20¢  
RESERVED SEATS 50¢, At Antrim Pharmacy

## The Thought Of Christmas

and what shall I buy is in the minds of most of us at the present time.

We are offering you goods from all parts of the Civilized World.

Brass Goods—Direct to us from China

Glass Goods—from Czechoslovakia

String Beads and Jewelry—from Italy

Toilet Sets and Perfumes—from France

Novelties—Made in Japan

Sundry Leather Goods—from Germany and England—hundreds of suitable Gifts made in the United States

Diaries, Box Papers, Toilet Articles, Thermos Bottles, Flash Lights, Manicure Goods, Bridge Sets, Prizes, Playing Cards in Brass and Leather Cases, Score Cards bound in Leather, Tally Cards, Silver for the table, from the Baby Spoon to Water Pitcher and Large Tree Platters, the heaviest plate made, Cigar and Cigarette Cases in Leather and Silver, Cigar Boxes in Brass, Complete Line of Moore Fountain Pens, and Sets of Pens and Pencils, all prices, Christmas and New Year Cards and Booklets, Birthday and Greeting Cards.

Box Candy from Whitman, Apollo, Lowney, Foss, Cynthia Sweets, Page & Shaw, Bulk Candy, Ribbon Candy, Peanut Brittle in gift boxes, Christmas Candy 50¢ per pound and a Santa Claus with every pound.

It is impossible to name over all the Stock, the store is full of Gifts for every member of the family. We invite you to call; it will be a pleasure to show you the goods whether you buy or not.

**M. E. DANIELS**

Registered Druggist

ANTRIM, N. H.

### Gobs of the Marion Dance With Eskimo Flappers



Sailors from the United States coast guard vessel Marion enjoying a dance with Eskimo flappers on Disko Island, latitude 70 degrees north.

## Arctic Policemen Cover Large Area

### Canada's Mounted Force on Northern Islands Brave Blizzards and Fogs.

Winnipeg, Man.—Notwithstanding severe weather conditions—blizzard, fog, frost and rain—detachments of the Royal Canadian Mounted police stationed at posts on the islands and mainland in the eastern Arctic sub-district carried out more than 7,500 miles of patrol covering the less frequently visited parts of Ellesmere, Devon and Baffin, and including Axel Heiberg, Graham, Buckingham and North Kent islands.

A number of important geographical discoveries were made during these long patrols, a census of the Eskimos in the areas visited was taken, game conditions were noted, and medical and other assistance was provided when necessary. Reports from the various detachments were received at the police headquarters in Ottawa by the patrol ship Boethic when she returned from her annual trip to these regions recently.

At Bache peninsula on Ellesmere Island, the farthest north post, Constables E. Anstead, G. T. Mankinson and R. H. Garnet spent an adventurous year," says the Canadian in their department, in telling of the vicissitudes of this northern service.

In March, 1928, an attempt was made to enter the interior of the northern end of the island by Sawyer bay and Canon fiord to Lake Hazen, but it was checked by the dangerous condition of a glacier which barred the way.

#### Glacier Blocking Pass.

On March 22 Constable Anstead left with two Eskimos on a patrol to the West coast which lasted until April 30, and accounted for some 850 miles. The pass from Flagler fiord to Gretha bay fiord, on the West Coast, is being slowly blocked by a glacier and Constable Anstead, defying the alarm of his Eskimos, managed to squeeze through between the precipitous foot of the glacier and the cliff which constitutes the opposite side of the valley. The space was barely wide enough for them to pass. Blocks of ice fell from time to time and 500 yards of the trail was very dangerous. The men worked so hard that, though the temperature was 30 degrees below zero, they were hunched in perspiration. From the western coast the party visited Axel Heiberg Island, crossed Norwegian bay to Graham and Buckingham islands, skirted North Kent Island, and spent some time in the Bjorne peninsula on the return journey to the coast. In the last-named locality at a point about 200 feet above sea level several outcroppings of soft coal were found.

Constable Mankinson made some interesting geographical discoveries during a patrol from the Bache peninsula coast to the east coast of Ellesmere Island, to Craig harbor on the southern coast and westward to Starnes fiord. He was accompanied by one

Eskimo and in addition to visiting an unmaped island east of Cape Dunsterville, on which he noticed remains of native igloos, he found and explored a large fiord north of Clarence head.

"Travelers usually cut across on the ice, but Constable Mankinson followed the shore and discovered first a large bay running southwest, and then a fiord two miles wide. An island in the middle of the bay made the fiord difficult to notice from seaward. He also explored some 50 miles up the fiord and its branches. The party was absent from the coast for 40 days and covered 700 miles.

#### Climbs Frozen Waterfall.

"From Pond Inlet, at the northern end of Baffin Island, Inspector O. E. Wilcox made a patrol of 900 miles to Fury and Hecla strait; Constable S. L. G. Margetts aggregated nearly 1,300 miles during three patrols to Milne Inlet, Arctic sound, and Home bay respectively, and Constable Cox made some shorter patrols to the height of land between Eclipse sound and Foxe basin. The most important trip was Inspector Wilcox's patrol to Fury and Hecla strait, this taking him to the northern end of Foxe basin and to Melville peninsula. He traveled across the interior of the northwestern part of Baffin Island, traversing numerous lakes, and on one occasion climbing a frozen waterfall. About 150 Eskimos were visited, and they were generally prosperous, with plenty of food. The usual census was taken. In this region the caribou were quite numerous, and wolves were scarce. The journey was marked by a five-day blizzard, and the weather was so cold that the coal-oil, carried for fuel, froze and had to be thawed out by native oil

#### HINT TO HOUSEWIFE



This doughboy, on k. p. duty, is giving a valuable hint to housewives by wearing his gas mask while peeling onions.

### Safemakers War Endlessly on Yeggs

London.—Recent scientific safe robberies here have called attention to the unrelenting battle being waged between safemakers and safe blower.

Modern methods of burglary emphasize the progress in safe-making since 1790, when iron-bound treasure chests began to be abandoned and the modern safe began to evolve.

With each advance in safety device, the yeggmen have developed new means of neutralizing them, and have used engineering and chemistry as aids.

As soon as safe crackers have solved the new obstacles to their success, the manufacturers employ others. It is a ceaseless battle.

Innps before it was used. Constable Margett's patrol to Home bay, a matter of 51 days between April 12 and May 31, accounted for 1,445 miles. In this area, too, the natives were prosperous.

"Weather was unfavorable for long patrols on Devon Island in the vicinity of Dundas harbor. However, two extended patrols were made, one across the island to Belcher point and the other westward to a place called Umking creek and inland up the gorge of this watercourse.

#### Patrolled by Dog Team.

"From Pangnirtung the post on Cumberland gulf, Baffin Island, Sergeant O. G. Petty patrolled the gulf and visited native camps on the east coast of the island. The winter was unfavorable for traveling owing to conditions of weather and ice, nevertheless, the entire district was patrolled by dog team, the distance aggregating 1,700 miles. One of the men, Constable J. M. Curleigh, patrolled to Cape Mercy and remained there for some time hunting. He also made a journey with one Eskimo companion along the southeastern coast to Cornwell Grinnell bay. A shortage of dog feed and frequent and severe storms made this trip a trying one. The party was absent forty-five days and covered 640 miles.

"The detachment at Lake harbor on the southern coast of Baffin Island was established during the winter of 1927-28 by Sergeant J. E. F. Wright, with Constable P. Dersch. The buildings were begun while the Boethic was in the harbor on last summer's patrol. After she left, the rain was incessant and it was six weeks before the policemen could go on with the work. As all the dogs had died in an epidemic, comparatively little patrol work was done. The total mileage was about 500.

"At Port Burwell, at the entrance to Hudson strait, on the mainland, Corporal H. G. Nichols and Constable S. R. Montague were stationed. All of the native families along Ungava bay were visited and their health was reported as exceptionally good.

"The police posts received instructions from Ottawa by radio and reception varied considerably. At Bache peninsula, within 700 miles of the North pole, it was fair; at Dundas harbor and Pond Inlet it was good, and at Pangnirtung it was on the whole poor."

### Things to Give as Christmas Presents

#### Lamps Are Modernistic



When Santa Claus started to look into the matter of gifts for Christmas 1928, he could scarce believe his eyes, as he noted the changes since last he made his rounds. "Modernistic is the thing now" so interior decorators keep telling him. Consequently most of the gifts that he brings will be just that—modernistic, flaunting designs which abound in angles, triangles, cubistic outlines and flamboyant color. Which is especially true of lamps, shades, base and all as pictured.

#### Made of Crepe Paper



This geranium rivals nature for it blooms every day in the year. Never fall. It is the latest thing in paper flower decorations. It is so realistic as to be deceiving—looks like nature's very own. Charming to give as a Christmas remembrance. A roll of geranium-colored paper, some green paper for leaves, a bit of wire, artificial moss to fill the flower pot is the equipment necessary for the making of these decorative flowers. One can either hand-enamel the flower pots, using dissolved sealing wax, which works very satisfactorily, or fluted paper can be tied around as florists do

#### New Handkerchief Fad

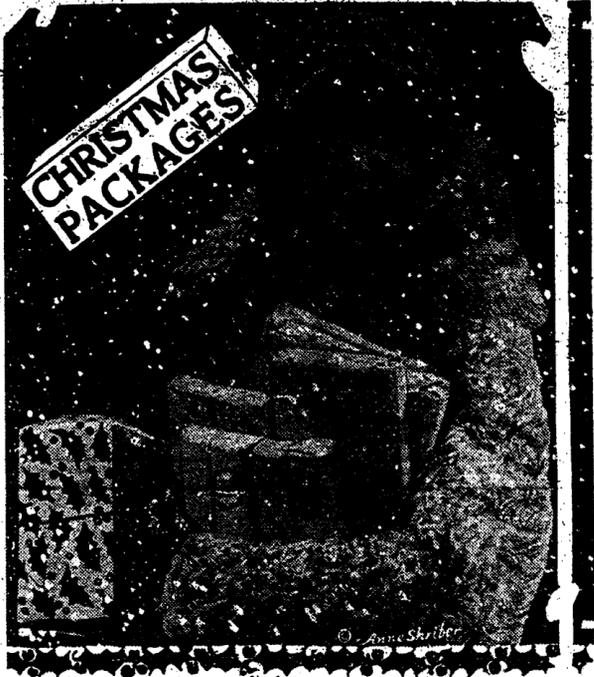


She does not "wear her heart on her sleeve" for her party dress is sleeveless, but she does tie her handkerchief, which is a huge square of filmy chiffon to her wrist, so that it will flutter and flutter as she "trips the light fantastic." If you would bring joy via a Christmas gift to the modern miss who is looking for thrills in the way of new trinkets of fashion, present her with one of these "formal" handkerchiefs as they are called

#### Gorgeous Sofa Cushion



At Christmas time and all the year for that matter fancy turns to sofa cushions. The one pictured here is a gem in needlework. Here we see gay yarn embroidery at its best tufted on black velvet in bas relief. The effectiveness of black enlivened with gay color is stressed more than ever for sofa cushions. One of the very charming ideas is that of flowers crocheted of bright woolen yarn, which are then applied on black satin, velvet or felt. Hand-painted black satin cushions are very popular.



## The Biggs' Big Christmas



By Martha Manning Thomas

THE Biggs family were holding a consultation. There were nine of them, counting father and mother, and they sat in a somewhat solemn semicircle before an open fire.

"The whole truth of the matter is," said Father Biggs, "that we have no money to spend on Christmas. The amount I saved has been used to pay for Danny's hospital bills. There is coal to buy this month and new shingles to put on the roof unless we all want to drown when we have rain."

Mother Biggs glanced wistfully around the circle of children. It was hard.

"Oh, well," said Eliza tossing her black, short curls, "who cares? We're all well now," she looked at Danny who smiled bravely back, "and we can rig up something without money. Don't let's look like a row of tombstones."

This made them laugh—even mother. And next day every Biggs tried valiantly to behave as if stockings were going to be filled on Christmas morning with more gifts than they knew what to do with.

But Danny was particularly troubled. It was because of his sickness that the rest of the family were being deprived of their rightful presents. He felt that it was up to him to do something. He must contrive to get eight gifts by hook or crook.

But how? He thought about it steadily for five hours. "Danny, you haven't taken your boat in yet from the river," said Mrs. Biggs at noon lunch. "Soon it will be frozen in the water. You'd better run down and drag it up on shore this afternoon. Turn it over. I saved a big piece of old canvas you can cover it with. You'd miss having that row-boat next summer if it got ruined now."

Danny promised he would see about it.

Mrs. Biggs went to the church sewing society at two o'clock. Several other Biggesses disappeared on various errands. Danny walked across the fields to hunt his boat in the little stream which flowed out of the Connecticut river.

It was a cold, raw afternoon. A fine rain drizzled down. Danny stubbed along over the rough ground still thinking, not of his boat, but presents—and how to get some. As he neared the spot where his row boat was tied his eye lighted up on a large wooden box. It was tilted up on end and frozen in the mud. It was filled with something—small objects seemed to be bursting out of the cracks.

Danny hurried forward. He leaned over the box. He poked a finger inside a large crack. The box was partly ripped apart. Some of the boards were missing. It was water soaked. Danny's finger came in contact with other pasteboard boxes of all sizes. "I wonder what this is and where it came from?" he said aloud.

There was an address in heavy

black paint on the top. Danny read it. It was of some shipping firm in a town in Vermont. Slowly the boy thought it all out. This box must have been washed away in the terrible flood. It had floated two hundred miles down the Connecticut river and had been cast up by the tide on the shore of the small river. It must have been here for some time.

Danny managed to draw out one small box. The colors were faded and blotched. But on lifting the cover Danny discovered a neat array of toilet articles. They were hardly damaged, being for the most part in metal cans and tubes. Talcum powder! Toothpaste! Shaving soap! Cold cream! Vanishing cream! Face powder in gold boxes!

Danny felt weak with excitement. He knew now where his Christmas presents were coming from. He also knew he had a perfect right to take these things, because they were unclaimed, damaged goods—and he was the finder!

He ran home as fast as his legs would carry him. He must let one other person into the secret, to help carry the things home. They must work fast before the rest of the family returned.

He found Eliza looking blue and darned socks beside the fire. In no time they were both scudding down across the fields. They spent a breathless afternoon tugging a clothes basket full of the toilet articles back to the house. Eliza worked like a Trojan. Her hands flew; she had more ideas than you could shake a stick at, and she stopped three times to powder her nose out of a little golden box!

Three times they made trips from the house down to the box beached on the shore. They were worn out and completely happy. They hid the treasures in the woodshed . . . and Mrs. Biggs said she had never seen Danny look so dirty in his life. Eliza threw him a glance and burst

into laughter, but they could get nothing out of her. She was mum as an oyster! Christmas morning Danny and Eliza dragged every Biggs out of bed at six o'clock. They came sleepily downstairs, a little cross and shuffling in their slippers.

Danny and Eliza threw open the living room doors. A row of bulging stockings hung from the mantel piece. A bright

fire crackled on the hearth. A Christmas tree stood near by heavy with gifts.

Such squeals and grunts! Such laughter! Such an onrush to clasp a noberly stocking to a surprised breast. Presents for every one. Presents every one needed and could use. Dozens and dozens of presents.

"We won't tell a single thing until every one has opened all their gifts," announced Danny, his eyes shining like stars. "I was the one who made you lose your Christmas because I was sick, and now I give it back to you again."

"Now son," said Father Biggs when the last string was untied, the last paper unwrapped, "Tell us how you did it."

So Danny, standing by the fire in his woolen pajamas, with a box of talcum powder in one hand and a cake of soap in the other, related his experiences in finding the box. Eliza helped out when he ran out of breath.

"The very merriest Christmas we have ever had!" said Mother Biggs and kissed Danny on the forehead. At this point several younger Biggesses had to be restrained from a gay, ferocious battle of throwing talcum powder.

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

#### Christmas

Christmas means friendship, the thought of the absent, and at least a momentary forgetting of ourselves.

## WINDJAMMER IN PACIFIC VOYAGE BREAKS RECORD

Trip From Alaska to Golden Gate Is Made in 11 Days by the Star of England

San Francisco.—The bark Star of England, white winged daughter of the gales, will not go down into maritime history besmudged with disgrace. Last spring she was ignominiously beaten by the Star of Alaska in their epic race from the Golden Gate to Alaskan waters in what will probably be the last race between windjammers in the world.

For months Capt. Charles Wise, master of the Star of England, felt the disappointment keenly. During the long days in Alaska waiting for his ship's hold to be loaded to the gunwales with cans of salmon the veteran sea captain planned to erase the stigma of defeat.

Recently he dropped the Star of England's keel in San Francisco

only just 11 days out of Alaska, Alaska setting what is believed to be a new record for fast passage between Alaska and San Francisco.

Moreover, in breaking the record she took some part of the glory away from her former conqueror, Star of Alaska, for it was that ship which had previously held the record, making the trip in 12 days three years ago.

It was a foul wind but a fair one that brought the latest victory to the windjammer. This craft had earned the nickname "Daughter of the Gales" for good reason. Her ability to carry canvas in the strongest gale is renowned in shipping circles of the Pacific coast.

On the northbound passage, there was a stiff breeze but nothing approaching a gale. As a result, the Alaska made the trip in 13 days, while the England followed in her wake, arriving in 34 days.

With his weather eye cocked on the barometer and after a careful scrutiny of the wind current charts, Captain Wise was sure of his triumph on the south bound passage.

Sailing directly into the teeth of the sou'westerly gales enroute home, her canvas taut, her line quivering in the strong winds, her clipper bow cutting the sea like a knife, she bore into port a conqueror.

#### Deepest Well Produces Scientific Data, Not Oil

Titusville, Pa.—Three years to the day after the well was spudded at LaMont, a few miles south of Kane, the deep test well of the United Natural Gas company is 7,907 feet deep. This makes it the deepest ten-inch well in the world, but so far the well has produced nothing but scientific data.

The well was drilled for that purpose, however, and consequently the backers are not disappointed over the failure to make a strike. Rumors are current that if any trouble develops in the future drilling operations will stop.

# The Marked Man

A Romance of the Great Lakes  
By KARL W. DETZER

W. N. U. Service  
Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

### 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. After months, Gustaf is in a measure able to resume his occupation. Ed Baker, young fisherman, Norman's lifelong enemy, fans ill feeling between father and son, and Norman determines to seek employment in the light house service. Before he has accepted, Norman refuses to accompany his father on a fishing trip, during a fierce storm. Gustaf accuses him of cowardice. Indignant, Norman goes to Blind Man's Eye, Captain Stocking is in command, living with his daughter, Susan. Ed Baker gives Stocking and his daughter a biased account of Norman's conduct.

### CHAPTER IV

#### Fire!

Norman awakened, the morning after Ed Baker was hurt, with a sense that he had drowned in his boots to a cold fifty fathoms. Only his head had been saved. And that ached.

Doctor McCarthy had come and gone before one o'clock.

"Not a bad cut," he had said, after examining Baker's head. "Only a bit of a clot. How'd you get it?"

Baker growled and no one else answered.

"You didn't need me, with Erickson here," McCarthy said. "He can tie up a broken head, lugged and tored for his father long enough to know how long, Erickson?"

"Not long enough," Sue Stocking put in with a sharp voice.

"No?" Doctor McCarthy looked at her inquiringly. He shrugged his shoulders indifferently at whatever he saw in her expression. "You'll be all right tomorrow," he assured Baker.

Sue Stocking had not slept. She had changed to a severe dress of blue denim when Norman reported in the lighthouse kitchen for his breakfast. Norman ate two flap-jacks, drank two cups of coffee.

"More?" asked the girl.

"No more."

He left her angrily. She was trying to lull him, eh? Called him a coward at midnight, and next morning made no amends for it? Well, she need not. Let her be superior. He remembered that Julie Richard had told him he was no coward. Evidence was against him. But he had work to do, a hard first day's work. And there, still sleeping heavily on the couch in the parlor was Ed Baker to be settled.

Norman had swept down the tower stairs and was scrubbing the white stone steps when Sue Stocking summoned him to the house. He dropped his pall and hurried. Captain Stocking and Baker were talking together earnestly in the parlor. The keeper's red forehead was covered with large drops of perspiration. He was plainly uncomfortable.

"Baker's ready to start home," he said testily. "He and you'll have to get his boat off. If we can float it, into deep water he thinks he can steer."

Using an old stick of wreckage as a lever, the keeper and his assistant pried the heavy fishboat off the sand, while Baker scowled on the beach. At last, after repeated rollings, the boat floated into open water. Captain Stocking with Norman and Baker rowed out in a skiff and caught it; its owner tumbled aboard. The propeller turned over, churning bubbles away from the fan-tail stern. Baker climbed to the deck, set his boots down firmly on the tiller and eased it to the left. He called good-by to Captain Stocking. The keeper nodded gloomily. He rowed shoreward with the short nervous stroke of a deep-water sailor aboard a small boat.

"And it will look fine on the report," he growled as he wet his feet in the wash.

"This business last night?"

"And nothing else!"

"Why report it?"

"Why? For the reason I've been in this service ten years, young man, ten years I tell you, and never a black mark on my name. If I was to drop in this affair with Baker blabbering to headquarters, it would bring in spectators like gulls to a cleanin' shack. And I want your statement, wrote neat and careful . . . and true, if it's the same to you . . . to pin to mine. Best go in the house and do it now."

Norman paused.

"What's Baker going to blabber?" he demanded. "Those weren't my tracks in the sand. Whoever bit Baker came ashore in a skiff."

"I know. Think I didn't look the ground over myself first thing this morning? That's why it's best to be provin' it to headquarters afore he starts his private fog signal squealin'."

Sue had finished her morning's work and was reading in the parlor when Norman approached. "Your father says give me the pen," he reported abruptly.

Sue Stocking closed the book, marking the place with a piece of net tissue.

"Wait a minute," she said, "I want

to talk to you. I know what you want the pen for. You're going to write your report on what happened last night. I want to talk to you first. Why'd you hit Ed Baker?"

"I didn't," he cried. "I didn't hit anyone."

She looked at his perspiring face critically. Then with a wry gesture, she turned back to her book.

"Somebody hit him," she commented suspiciously.

Norman flushed.

"I did not," he insisted.

She made no answer. He sat down wrathfully at the table and labored over the report. When he had finished, he laid it down silently and left the room. Let her believe what she wanted! There were other things to think about. He climbed up to the tower.

"The lens first," Captain Stocking said, putting him to work. "And remember, easy, easy! Ten thousand dollars it cost. A split head will mend, but these lenses . . . no mending them."

Captain Stocking was not a driving master. He treated Norman as a superior should, a small superior commanding a small vessel. He watched like a hawk but he never bullied. It had been the bullying that sent Norman away from Madrid. Life was pleasant here at the Eye.

"An' when the inspector comes he'll be asking . . ."

The assistant heard the warning a dozen times, fifty, in the first two weeks.

"When's he coming?" he inquired one morning. "When you expect him?"

"I expect him," Captain Stocking answered, "when he's least expected. It's the way of 'em. I've seen 'em a-plenty. Lor, wasn't I scared time I was assistant at Spectacle reef? My first light this was. The keeper got the pennant there that year, out the whole district he had the best kept station. I've never got it yet. Think every year I'm going to . . ."

He scuffed down the stair.

Norman went on with his polishing. He had served a month with no word from Madrid Bay. He wondered about his father, usually at night. It was good weather for fishing; if old Gustaf were out he was lifting heavy hauls.

Several times, in the evening always, he heard the peculiar "chug . . . chug, chug" of Baker's engine putting in cautiously along the reef to the lighthouse, heard Baker's heavy voice and Sue's, laughing and talking. But he never encountered Baker face to face. Sue managed that.

Sue called often in the coast guard boat to Madrid. She asked him always if there was anything he needed. There was only one thing, and at first he did not mention it to her. But the second time he gave her a letter and two pennies.

"Put it in the post office, will you, please? Huy a stamp."

Susan did not look at the address until she was half across the bay. When she did, she saw that the name upon the envelope was Gustaf Erickson.

Norman had offered to return to Madrid if his father wanted him, and

Then, one hot windy morning in August, Captain Parish struck his lean face into the tower door.

"I got a new man, Sam'l," the coast guard captain said. "I been two short all season. I had a little time, thought I'd run in and see ye . . ."

They walked down the beach, talking.

That night at supper Samuel Stocking shared the news with his daughter.

"Cap Parish's new number seven man come this week."

"Do you know him?" asked Sue.

"Ed Baker," her father answered, and kept his eyes on his pork chop.

"Oh," said Sue. "I knew he'd been talking coast guard."

Norman's fork picked up its meat mechanically. He had no reason for flushing. What matter if ten Bakers came to the point?

But he felt disheartened. How had Baker managed that? And why? Had he contemplated enlistment in the life-saving service before Norman came to the lighthouse? He went outside after supper and sat moodily on the steps. The house smelled sickeningly of fresh paint, with which Sue had redecorated her bedroom. He went to bed at eight o'clock. At nine Captain Stocking, perspiring and excited, awakened him.

"Parish called," he cried, "he got a tip that the tender with inspector aboard was to Skillingalee a week come Monday. It'll be here any time. Scrub down the tower steps, first thing tomorrow. See that your new uniform's pressed and your shoes blackened proper."

Norman worked deliberately. He was curious about the inspector. But the thought uppermost in his mind was the neighboring presence of Ed Baker. Baker had some purpose in getting assignment to Blind Man's Reef. It was childish to think he had come just to plague him . . . it might be on account of Sue Stocking?

Friday morning, while Norman stood watch, he sighted a vessel moving from the northwest. She carried few lights and bore off the usual track of passenger steamers and freighters. He hurried into the house and stirred out Captain Stocking. The keeper squinted through the window.

"That's her," he said and sighed relievedly. "Well, well, well . . . four o'clock of a mornin'. Now ain't that like inspectors?"

He went into the hall and howled: "Sue, wake up, for the love o' the locks! Get into your uniform, Erickson. And listen . . . if you're spoke to, speak. If you ain't keep your hatch battened."

Norman changed to his other uniform, combed his hair and put on his new blue cap. He looked like a seaman. From old Gustaf he had inherited bone and skin and complexion and the indelible salty brand of the sea, no matter what French farm blood his mother had left him. At the exact moment of sunup he flashed out the light, just as a trim white steam tender slowed down its speed a quarter-mile off the point.

The inspector's anchor plunked into the water, spluttering up a white shower. The tender's round bottomed, clinker boat slid down from the duxits and three men dropped into her. Two of them hauled at the oars with a lazy swing. The third bunched over the tiller at the stern.

Captain Stocking grunted. "It's him," he said.

"Who?"

"The big boy, hisself. Cat-eye McGoogan, chief inspector. Why'd he come? Lord-a-mercy, I hate the sight o' his sidelights!"

The chief inspector was a lean Irishman, sixty years old, with arms that stuck out like yards on a mast. He walked like a seaman.

"My new assistant. He's called Erickson," said Captain Stocking.

The inspector examined Norman with one short inquisitive glance. Norman knew at once why they called him Cat-eye. His eyes were small and light

in color, set close together at the sides of a long, sinuous nose; they were lost in his great broad face which was shaped like a cabbage and pitted by smallpox.

"Good morning, Erickson," he said, "how long you been here?"

"Two months, sir."

"You're the lad from Madrid Bay? I've got a report on you, report on a fight. Have to look into it. Come inside, Stocking. Wait here, Erickson. I'll talk to you later."

Ten minutes passed while Norman fidgeted. That lying Baker . . . he was near forgetting the unpleasantness of that first night. He walked uncomfortably up and down the sand. Another five minutes; then Captain Stocking appeared with McGoogan.

"Remember, lad, you're on probation," McGoogan said. "The cap'n here, he waded his long right arm, 'has give me a good word for you. It ain't seamany to go bunglin' fellows in the dark, and you've the look o' salt about you. Erickson's a decent deep-water name. Cap'n says he don't think you did it. Me, I don't believe you did, either. Least I don't want to believe it. We'll call it closed. Don't go fighting the coast guard. This is a decent service, need decent men. Now the tower . . ."

Captain Stocking made a sign for Norman to follow. He walked stiff-kneed at their heels, his head humming: "Decent service, eh? Well, it would have no cause to be ashamed of him."

McGoogan fussed for half an hour about the lamp. When he had finished he said: "It'll do," as if disappointed at discovering no fault, and tramped up to the house. Sue stood in the doorway, wearing a great, white, starched apron with sleeves. McGoogan scowled when he saw her and gave her a thin good morning. She showed him the parlor first. Inspector McGoogan looked it over critically, sniffed the air, kicked back the green carpet and hunted for dust under it. There was none. He looked at Sue with a little more approval.

"Now the rest of the establishment. Lead the way, Keeper. The sleeping quarters first, then the fog signal, and after that we'll talk requisitions."

Captain Stocking's bedroom, which Norman had never seen, was bare of furnishings. The keeper scorned rugs in sleeping quarters. There was a narrow bed, with two red woolen blankets folded at its foot, a table with a comb upon it, a small mirror above. Car-eye McGoogan moved to the bed, examined the sheets, felt the blankets and muttered, "Clean and dry, all right," then passed to Norman's quarters.

There were four bare rooms on the other side of the house, arranged for the assistant keeper, should he be a man of family. Norman had scrubbed the floors of his unused apartment twice the previous week. He had washed and polished the windows. He had shined the door knobs. His clothes closet hung in order.

There still remained Sue's bedroom. Sue opened the door with a proud careless gesture. A strong smell of fresh paint floated out into the hallway. The walls gleamed a fresh sea-shell pink. The floor was spotless, covered with rag rugs; the white curtains were stiff with starch. Certainly this room would find approval.

The inspector was scowling all over his face.

"Shell pink!" he cried. He turned pettishly on Captain Stocking. "If that ain't the wit of a rabbit! You painted the walls the wrong color . . ."

"I painted them!" Sue interrupted.

"You? Well, I might have known it. And what's a color chart for, I ask you? You got a chart? Aye, you have? Well, there's plenty of colors and shades you durst use, plenty o' them. But no. You go pickin' your own kind. That shade ain't on this year's chart, ain't on no chart this side o' Singapore. Think of marrin' up a room in a lighthouse with a color like that! Got to be done over and done quick! Shell pink!"

He pulled an official paint chart from his pocket and handed it to her. "Nice thing to lose the pennant over," he snapped at Captain Stocking.

"Sure, you had a chance to win it. Clance and leeway to spare. All's shipshape everywhere else. Tower shines like the sun. Who's been pollabin' the tower?"

"The assistant," Captain Stocking answered. His voice shook, as if about to break into pieces. "I've learnt him better than my own gal, inspector."

"Skilligallee's all right," said McGoogan. "Give it the pennant, I shall. No woman up at Skilligallee . . ."

"Sue's maw would never 'a done such a thing!"

"It's the way of most women," the inspector growled, "a show of poor dee-clipline, Stocking."

He ducked back into the corridor. Captain Stocking, sweating amazingly, followed him out-of-doors.

Norman felt sorry for Captain Stocking. After all, what difference



Flames Twisted Up Her Skirts.

did it make what color a girl daubed the walls of her bedroom? How'd it affect ships on the lakes?

McGoogan's tender lifted anchor and sailed out to the open lake at five o'clock.

"And that's that!" Captain Stocking growled. "Ideo . . . givin' an old bachelor at Skilligallee the pennant. Another year spoilt. Well, well . . ."

He knocked out his pipe. "D—n that gal, anyway."

His daughter was absent from the kitchen. But the table was set and supper steamed on the back of the range. Captain Stocking, breathing hard, tiptoed noisily upstairs and rapped on her door. Norman heard him arguing. He came down quietly at length, with Sue at his heels.

Norman saw that she had been crying. And this was the girl who boasted to him the first night that she never cried? Never did, eh? He felt at ease with her suddenly, as if for once they had changed their positions. So here was the kind of affair that humbled her, a silly big-faced woman like Cat-eye McGoogan and a can of pink paint.

Sue avoided his eyes. She did not sit down at the table.

"I need kerosene," she made excuse.

"No, no, I'll get it myself." She went out nervously, carrying one small oil can and an empty brass lantern.

"Sue's kind of upset herself," the keeper grumbled. "She wanted that pennant as much as I did. Never'd admit it, but she did. She had things good and shipshape everywhere else."

Norman emptied his plate twice.

"Sue's gone a long time," he remarked. He pushed back his chair. "I'll go see what's keeping her."

In the light tower it was dark at the bottom of the narrow stair, except for a queer light that shone through the hole in the ceiling, a queer light for sunset. He heard Sue running downward.

"Norman!" she called. "Norman, Norman!"

He ruced upward. He smelled burning oil as he turned the first angle. He met her on the landing. Flames twisted up her skirts.

"Norman!" she cried again.

Norman, eh? Not plain Erickson!

"Let me go . . . get upstairs! I was lighting my little lantern . . ."

Norman bent at the flames. She fought his hands as he freed her. Fear for herself had fled, in its place surged anger.

"Get upstairs!" she screamed.

"Buckets!" Norman ordered. "No water. Sand!"

He plunged up to the lamp room. She had upset a gallon of coal oil on the shiny floor and had dropped her lighted lantern into it. Norman shed his coat, flung it down on the fire, and stamped his feet upon it. Pungent, unsavory smoke hit his nostrils. He heard Captain Stocking panting upward.

"Bring sand!" Norman bellowed.

The older man retreated. Norman, working feverishly, slogged at the small yellow flames.

"Here's sand!" cried Sue-Stocking. She staggered in, bearing two tin buckets. Her burned dress hung in strips.

"More!"

Norman heaved one bucket. The edges of the pall were wet and sand hit the flood with a damp sucking hiss. A patch of flames smothered out. He heaved again. There were leques above . . . it must not reach the lenses. He caught another pall from Captain Stocking's hands.

"Sue's calling coast guard!" The keeper stamped at the flames ineffectually.

"I don't want coast guard!" Norman turned around crazily. "Here—"

he thrust his billeted arms into a pall and aimed the sand in chunks—"more palls, Cap'n!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## Makes Life Sweeter

Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia! When tongue or breath tells of acid condition—correct it with a spoonful of Phillips. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener—more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose. No household should be without it. Phillips is the genuine, prescriptive product physicians endorse for general use; the name is important. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1876.

## PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

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

### Something Unusual in Line of Merit Award

Ellet Lofgren, Sweden's minister of foreign affairs, has a reputation for absent-mindedness, and a new incident to illustrate his falling was brought out in the recent electoral campaign. When holding the post of minister of justice in a previous cabinet, he was commissioned to bestow a decoration upon a contractor of a small city in southern Sweden. At a formal dinner Lofgren made a speech and at the end presented the guest of honor with a small leather case. The recipient opened it but hurriedly closed the lid and put the box in his pocket, thereby earning the esteem of his fellow-guests as an extremely modest man. The next morning, when the cabinet member started his shave, he was surprised to find instead of a razor in his shaving kit, a bright and shining star of gold and enamel which he thought he had presented to the contractor the night before.

### Cold Need Cause No Inconvenience

Singers can't always keep from catching cold, but they can get the best of any cold in a few hours—and so can you. Get Pape's Cold Compound that comes in pleasant-tasting tablets, one of which will break up a cold so quickly you'll be astonished.—Adv.

### Precept From Sydney

As in geometry the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in arithmetic the odd as well as the even, so in actions of life whoever seeth not the fithness of evil wateh a great understanding to perceive the beauty of virtue.—Sir Phillip Sydney.

### Where Is It?

Mary—"She works in a questionable place." Mavis—"Really?" Mary—"Yes; an information bureau."—Answers.

When a man doesn't feel well he invariably says that he has been working too hard.

Hope is always pleasant company; so is faith.

### MANY SCHOOL CHILDREN ARE SICKLY

Mothers, for your own comfort and the welfare of your children, you should never be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for children for use throughout the season. They Break up Colds, Regulate the Bowels, Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Teething Disorders, Headache and ANY SUBSTITUE Stomach Troubles. Used by Mothers for over 30 years. Are pleasant to take—children like them. All Drug stores. Don't accept any substitutes. Trial package free. Address MOTHER GRAY CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

### APOTHE TITE IMPROVED QUICKLY

Carter's Little Liver Pills Purify Vegetable Linen. Moves the bowels free from pain and unpleasant after effects. They relieve the system of constipation, which dulls the desire for food. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be taken by the entire family. All Druggists 25c and 50c. The Bad Fashion.

### PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Removes Dandruff, Itchiness, Redness, and all the Itch of the Scalp. Keeps the Hair Soft and Silky. 50c. Sold by mail or at Drug stores. Charles H. Phillips Chemical Works, Postoffice, N. Y.

### Rare Book Secured by Library of Congress

One of the rarest of books on science, the first edition of Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia," was obtained by the Library of Congress, after years of search. Though only an inch and a half thick and ten inches high by seven and a half inches wide, with 510 pages, it has been termed "the most important printed work on exact science ever published." It was published in 1687 in London, and in it Newton first gave to the world the results of his fundamental study of the laws of gravitation. Two issues of the first edition were made in the year of its publication, one being in the tender for sale in England, and the other on the Continent. The Library of Congress copy is of the first issue. However, the entire edition was small and it is related by contemporary writers that as early as 1691 it was

very difficult to obtain. At present it is almost completely unprocurable. The library's copy was bought for Watson Davis, managing editor of Science Service, but upon learning of the library's desire for a copy, he relinquished it. The full title of the book, in Latin, is "Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica." An interesting feature of the title page is that it bears the imprimatur, or approval, of Samuel Pepys, famous for his diary, who was at that time president of the Royal society.

### Watch Your Weight

The best index of good health, says the Kansas City Times, is the weight. Mothers know this and weigh their babies regularly in order to be sure that they are well. People who are ill usually lose weight. But it is not healthful to be overweight. Fat people are less resistant to disease. To be too fat results in strain upon the heart. Watch your weight; keep it near the average for your age and height and you will have good health.

### Recipes for Matrimony

Recipes are all well enough for cooking, says a woman observer. Woman's Home Companion, but it is courtin' failure to try to live one's own life and one's husband's according to recipe or pattern.

### Endurance Riding

The bureau of animal industry says that, according to endurance rides held under the direction of a board of sponsors, made by the representatives of the various horse and jockey associations, 90 miles a day is the distance permitted for five consecutive days. The maximum time permitted on any day is nine hours. The maximum time allowed for the entire ride is 50 hours. The horse is usually carrying from 200 to 225 pounds.



"Why'd You Hit Ed Baker?"

enclosed fifty dollars, half his first month's pay.

He never received a reply.

After a fortnight he wrote Jim Nelson. He folded a five-dollar bill into this envelope, instructing honest old Jim to buy Gustaf anything in the way of extras that he needed, and to send word to Blind Man's Eye if an emergency arose. Jim answered on a postal card.

"Sure," he wrote, "I'm standing by. Gus is all right. I wouldn't come back, not yet. I'm easing up this mind. I'll leave you know when to try seeing him," and that was all.

Twice on days off duty the assistant keeper walked up the sand to the coast guard station. Captain Parish neglected to recognize him the first time. The second visit he nodded, a curt businesslike salute as if his minutes were valuable and he feared Norman might waste them.

# C. F. Butterfield

Brown Beach Jackets, \$4.50  
 Men's Coat Sweaters,  
 (Wool) \$4.00  
 Men's Coat Sweaters,  
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 Men's Cotton Gloves  
 20c per pr., 6 pr. \$1.00  
 Always a Full Line of Footwear

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With all the space at command in our Big Store we are seriously embarrassed to find room to show all the Gifts we have prepared for your selection.

DEPENDABLE, SERVICEABLE, ACCEPTABLE GIFTS

That you will find in very satisfactory use for a long time to come, a very pleasant reminder of the giver always.

FURNITURE IS THE IDEAL GIFT

Daily in use, constantly adding charm to the home. Special pieces are now on show.

RUGS: CARPET OR SCATTER SIZES—Another suggestion for you, they make such acceptable gifts.

CHINA AND GLASS—Much of our own direct importation just being put on sale. We are in doubt as to which is the more attractive, the goods or the prices.

JUST THE YEAR ROUND PRICES ON EVERYTHING.

TOYS—Sure, a big stock in itself, the things the Kids ask Santa for and keep in constant use.

SATURDAY SPECIAL—Universal Lunch Kit. \$1.38 Metal food container, 2 spring clasps. Strap handle. Pint Vacuum Bottle with drinking cup cap. If parcel post add 12c. All of Universal quality.

It has to be the best in its class to be in our store.

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Skimming the straightaway at seventy and better. Turning up sixty-eight horsepower when it's really exerting itself. Accelerating from 10 to 25 miles per hour in six short seconds. That's what this New All-American has been doing for months on General Motors Proving Ground. . . And now it's here where you can try it. Where you can experience its glorious performance yourself. A smart, colorful car that you're sure to admire. . . especially after you've had it out on the road. . . Here's real pulse-stirring performance. Just try this New All-American. You'll find that it offers brand new motoring thrills.

Prices \$1146 to \$1375, at factory. Lowboy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers and spring covers included in list prices. Bumpers and rear fenders guards extra. Check Outlets followed prices—they include lowest handling charges. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

BENNINGTON GARAGE, Bennington

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 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 line.  
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"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

### Antrim Locals

Sixteen shopping days to Xmas!

Mrs. William Patterson has been confined to her home by illness the past week.

Mrs. Frank S. Corlew is spending a few days in town, guest of Mrs. Guy D. Tibbetts.

Tenement to Rent—Reasonable rent to right party. G. A. Hulett, Antrim. Adv.

Miss Amy Tenney, a teacher in Keene, spent the holiday vacation at her home here.

Virgin Wool—Yarn for sale by manufacturer at bargain. Samples free. H. A. Bartlett, Harmony, Maine. Adv. 9t

Mr. and Mrs. Leon J. Northrup, having returned from their wedding trip, are boarding with Mrs. Lena Hanelle.

Miss Rena Poor, who is attending school in Merrimac, Mass., has been spending the Thanksgiving recess with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Poor.

Male Help Wanted—Men to sell our high grade garden and field seed direct to planters. A good position with big income. Experience unnecessary. Cobb Co., Franklin, Mass. Adv. 4t

Food Sale—Benefit Senior Class, Friday, Dec. 7, at 4 p.m., in Domestic Science Room. All come. Homemade Food: Cakes, Bread, Doughnuts, Rolls, Cookies, Cup Cakes. Adv.

Miss Louise Pierce, of Brookline, Mass., has purchased the Daniels estate, at East Antrim, known to many of our residents as the Tuttle farm. This property comprises a Colonial type house, barn and two-car garage, and about 90 acres of land. Miss Pierce is a personal friend of Mrs. Frank S. Corlew, of Contoocook Manor, and it was through her influence that the new purchaser of the late Mrs. Gertrude Daniels property comes to Antrim to make her summer home.

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.

The combined third and fourth quarterly conference of the Woodbury Memorial Methodist church was held on Sunday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock, in the church parlor. The District Superintendent, Rev. E. A. Durham, of Haverhill, Mass., was present to conduct the business of the meeting. A good attendance of the officers of the church was in attendance. Reports were given, officers and committees for the coming year elected, society matters considered, and routine business transacted. An adjourned fourth quarterly conference will be held later, probably in March, to close up the business of the conference year which begins April first.

#### Home Cooking

Am prepared to take orders and do Pastry Cooking, also other Home Cooked Foods as desired. Sewing or Laundry done at home, or will go out by day. CORA WATERHOUSE. Adv. 3t High St., Antrim

Muzzey's Furniture Exchange—Second hand Furniture bought and sold. Lot of good goods on hand at present time. H. Carl Muzzey, Antrim, N. H. Phone 45-4 Adv.

YARNS of Pure Wool for Hand and Machine Knitting—also Ring 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, December 5  
 Greased Lightning  
 with Ted Wells

Chapter 4—The Yellow Cameo  
 Pathe Weekly Pictures at 8.00  
 W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

### Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Alwin Young were guests of relatives in Keene for the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Clark spent Thanksgiving with relatives in Winchendon, Mass.

H. B. Pratt, Jr., and Miss Dorothy Pratt were at their home here for a few days the past week.

For Sale—DeLaval Separator; been used but little. Price \$25.00. Also 23 R. I. Hens. Apply to Mrs. Nettie White, R.F.D. 1, Antrim.

Misses Eckless and Fredrika Nay, teachers in the Massachusetts schools, spent the Thanksgiving recess with their mother, Mrs. M. E. Nay.

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

Walter Jameson, and Mrs. J. J. Nims, on their way home from Hillsboro one day last week were in collision with another automobile and somewhat of a mixup was the result. Fortunately, however, no one was much hurt, although the autos were damaged.

Mrs. Charles W. Prentiss has been removed from the hospital in Springfield, Mass., to the Turner Inn, Keene, where she is comfortably situated and under the care of Miss Ruth Hall, R.N. Mr. Prentiss accompanied his wife from Springfield to Keene last Friday and reports she stood the journey nicely. He many friends hope for Mrs. Prentiss speedy and permanent recovery.

Antrim grieves with Hillsboro in the death of George W. Haslet, president of the Hillsborough woolen mills, which occurred at the Phillips House, in Boston following an operation, on Thursday morning last. Mr. Haslet was well and favorably known to many of our people his passing is a distinct loss to the town in many ways. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved widow.

### Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson, of Worcester, Mass., were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Tewksbury.

Miss Elsie Congreve, of Hamden, Conn., has been spending a few days with her father, William Congreve, Sr.

Clarence Elliott and two children from Meriden, Conn., were Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Nay and Charles P. Nay entertained relatives and members of their families for the holiday.

Miss Agnes D. Tandy, of Concord spent a few days during the past week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Tandy.

Edmund and Benton Dearborn, from studies at Hanover and Andover, Mass., respectively, were at their home here for Thanksgiving.

Miss Roana Robinson spent the holiday recess with her mother, Mrs. L. Gertrude Robinson, from studies at Brown University, Providence, R. I.

Children with a skin disease where the face and hands become "broken out" and are sent home from school to remain till after all danger is over. For them to be associating with others on the street or in public places is as much wrong as for them to be in school. There are a few cases among others of an older growth than those who attend school. Officers of the law having this matter in charge have not taken it very seriously; it would seem, but looking after it more closely would doubtless have the desired effect and very likely in a short time this disagreeable and unsightly affliction would be entirely gotten rid of.

### Antrim Locals

Will E. Prescott and family spent Thanksgiving with relatives in East Andover.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark and little son were Thanksgiving guests with relatives in Barre, Mass.

Miss Florence L. Brown has been entertaining her friend, Mrs. Gaylord Douglas, of Wilbraham, Mass., the past week.

WANTED—Boys to sell flavoring extracts after school; send for free sample. Wakefield Extract Co., Sanbornville, N. H. Adv.

The snow of Saturday morning brought out a few sleighs, but there was only enough to make very poor sleighing and poor wheeling.

Miss Lillian Marie Perkins, a student at Boston University, has been spending a week's vacation at her home here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Perkins.

Miss Beulah Todd and Miss Alice Hunnewell, of the High school faculty, spent Thanksgiving and the week end at the former's home in North Attleboro, Mass.

On their way to Hillsboro one night last week Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Shoults' car was in collision with a car driven by a Mr. Johnson of Franconia. Fortunately no one was injured, but the cars were somewhat damaged.

Two cars in the Bennington covered bridge one evening recently interfered with the progress of another coming in to the bridge, so much so that the third car struck one of the others. Some backing up cleared the traffic. No one was hurt, but two of the cars were injured slightly.

## Hillsboro Guaranty Savings Bank

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, N. H.

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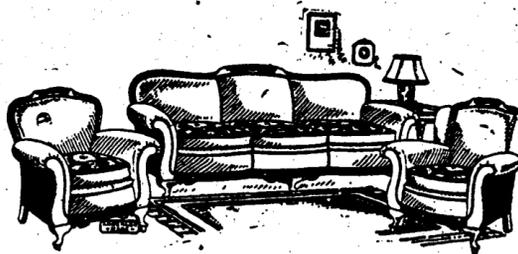
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| Writing Desks   | Radios         | Cedar Chests    |
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**Moving Pictures!**  
**DREAMLAND THEATRE**  
 Town Hall, Bennington  
 at 8.00 o'clock

**Saturday, December 8**  
**Special Feature**

**Chapter 4—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.

Many families had the usual gatherings at Thanksgiving.

Miss Athelia Edwards was at home for a few days and Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Ruth W. French was home for Thanksgiving and a few days' visit.

Miss Mae Cashion visited in Manchester over the holiday and weekend.

Mrs. M. L. Knight is somewhat under the weather and having a doctor.

Charles Taylor is laid by for a time with muscular rheumatism in one arm.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seaver "drove up to Dover" on Friday, in their automobile however.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Kidder visited in Milford on Sunday, observing it as their Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Sawyer had a house full of children and grand-children home for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Dr. Fulshaw and young son, former residents, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knowles.

The Missionary meeting, which was to have been held this week, has been postponed to next week, for various reasons.

Miss Rachel Wilson has returned to Boston feeling much better, but having not yet recovered her voice completely.

Mrs. Atwood visited her granddaughter, Gladys, in Manchester, a short time ago and reports her well and likes her work.

Rev. S. S. Wood preached an interesting and instructive sermon on Sunday morning dealing historically with the interpretation of both Jew and Gentile of the scripture.

The Primary school entertained their friends on Tuesday afternoon of last week with a little play, etc., also a light lunch was served by the little ladies in Puritan costume.

The play, which comes on Friday evening, the 7th, is troubled by one of those taking part being ill; but a good substitute has been found, so it will go ahead as scheduled.

A flag-pole has been placed near the new Pierce school, and a part of the granite curbing is in place, but the ground looks as though the grading might have to wait a little on account of frost.

Week's Events, Dec. 8 to 8

Monday evening, Auxiliary meeting and roll-call, at S. of V. hall.

Tuesday evening, Moving Pictures: "King of Kings," at town hall, at 8 o'clock.

Wednesday evening, rehearsal or basket ball game.

Thursday evening, rehearsal.

Friday evening, at town hall, at 8 o'clock, Play and Fair of Congregational church and Sunday school.

Saturday evening, Moving Pictures.

Charles Burnham was elected Master of the Grange for the coming year, and Allan Gervard was re-elected Treasurer; Isabelle Gervard re-elected Chaplain; M. L. Knight re-elected Secretary; M. E. Sargent re-elected Overseer; Frieda Edwards re-elected Asst. Steward; Mae Cashion, Lecturer; John Robertson, Steward,

**CHURCH NOTES**  
 Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian-Methodist Churches  
 Rev. William Patterson, Pastor

Thursday, December 6  
 Prayer and praise service at 7.30 p.m.

Sunday, December 9  
 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, December 6  
 Mid-week meeting at 7.30 p.m. Study Acts 12.

Sunday, December 9  
 Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor. Topic: "Sowing the Seed."

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 speak on "The Marks of a Christian."

**Northrup-Whitney**

A very simple wedding was performed by Rev. William Thompson, on Thursday, November 29, when Mildred E. Whitney and Leon J. Northrup were married in Henniker. The groom was attended by his brother, Ross G. Northrup, of Concord.

Mr. Northrup was born in Lisbon, N. Y., youngest son of George M. Northrup, of Ropkinton. He resided in Weare four years before coming to Antrim more than a year ago to work in the Goodell shops.

Mrs. Northrup is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Whitney, of Antrim; was born here, and is a graduate of the local high school. Friends are extending hearty congratulations.

Having employment in town, Mr. and Mrs. Northrup will continue their residence in Antrim.

**The Entertainment Course**

Which has been coming weekly during November, at the town hall, has completed its run of four numbers, and Jean MacDonald was the closing entertainment on Thanksgiving evening. This attraction was as good of the kind as has been brought to town; her readings and dialect work were good and received deserved applause. The speaker's reference to need of church attendance and a stricter observance of Sunday was very timely, and with many of her hearers met with hearty approval. On the whole the several numbers of the course have been entertaining and quite pleasing to an Antrim audience.

**Antrim Woman's Club**

Met in Library hall on November 13. After a short business meeting, Mrs. Willard Wilbur, from Keene, was introduced. She told of the development of the drama especially since the war, and closed her address by reading a part of Barrie's play, "Mary Rose."

The next meeting will be held on December 11 in Library hall, at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Loren F. Richards, of Dublin, will speak, her subject being "A Meal for the Mind."

**Successful Hunters**

Among the successful deer hunters in our town are the following:  
 Fred Dunlap  
 Roger Hilton  
 George Smith  
 John Newhall  
 Addison Southwick

In place of Mrs. Cady and Mrs. Bryer who resigned.

Talk about records. This one cannot be beat. Up in Bennington lives Judge Wilson and for the three last times the Judge has run for representative and every time he has received every vote cast. If this is not a record I don't know a record. The Judge fits in that burg.—Proctor, in Sportsman's Column.

**Deadly Gas for Perfume**  
 The gas, phosgene, one of the deadliest, which was used in warfare with terrific effect, is now developed by chemists into a dainty violet perfume.

**White Mountain Forest**

The average citizen of New Hampshire knows too little about our magnificent White Mountain area and practically nothing about the national forest in that region and how the federal government is handling its responsibilities there. Much more general information on this subject should be published in our local newspapers. We venture the statement that the real beauties of our White Mountain region are known to a larger number of out-of-state people than they are to our own citizens.

At the 1928 convention of this division of the Izak Walton League, held at Franconia last September, Mr. Ira T. Yarnell, superintendent of the White Mountain National Forest delivered an address bearing on the wild life of the region. He said in part:

"As I see the possibilities of a game reservoir in the White Mountain National Forest, it is a large area dedicated to public use. The basic policy is use, but not abuse, and the greatest use to the greatest number. We try to keep that policy in front of us all the time. One of the greatest uses of this area is the recreational value, both to the summer people, and to hunters and fishermen. Few restrictions are imposed upon people using this area. We require campfire permits before a fire can be built, but these permits are issued free of charge, and in order to comply with the state law which requires that before anybody can build a campfire on the land of another person, he must secure the consent of the owner. We find it necessary in very bad and dangerous areas to close them against fires and smoking, and during dry periods the forests are closed entirely, either by Governor's proclamation or by the National Forestry Director. These periods of restrictions have been of very short duration in the past, and I believe you will agree that this wild area, on which "no trespassing" signs are very conspicuous by their absence, gives the public a wonderful opportunity to roam as they will.

"I feel that we have passed the low point in regard to our wild life on this area, and that we are now on the up grade, but we still must do a lot of things before we can hope to have the amount and kinds of wild life that this area can and should support. We have sufficient wild life of all species on this region to restock all our areas. The New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission realize the necessity of giving this stock some protection, and therefore have set aside game sanctuaries covering about 6,500 acres. At least two more of these are proposed, the plan being to have them of two or three thousand acres scattered over this region, on which no hunting or fishing will be permitted in order that the stock may increase naturally, and as it does increase, overflow to other territories and therefore improve hunting and fishing generally.

"The second step, as I see it, and as I know all of you will see it, is the better enforcement of our fish and game laws. The game warden has been very unpopular; a lot of people have no use for him. As for our officers in the White Mountain National Forest, we co-operate very closely with the game wardens. It is my belief that the only way we can educate a lot of people who will not otherwise observe the game laws is for each one of us, as citizens of New Hampshire and being entitled to our fair share of hunting and fishing, to see that these violators who go along year after year are shown that they cannot beat the laws.

"I am very optimistic about the opportunities. Last fall I spent five or six days in Pennsylvania going through their forests, and when I came back I told the boys that I saw more deer along the main highways of Pennsylvania than I had seen in the White Mountains in six years. The game sanctuaries have been a success in Pennsylvania, so much so that they must now figure out a way to reduce the surplus, and I hope the same situation will come about in New Hampshire. We must play fair with our wild life. We will have to go through what other states have gone through, and that is to prevent the total extinction of our wild life."

**Cubans Cling to Old Instrument of Death**

The one machine that the Spaniards are credited with having imported into Cuba 184 years ago is still in use.

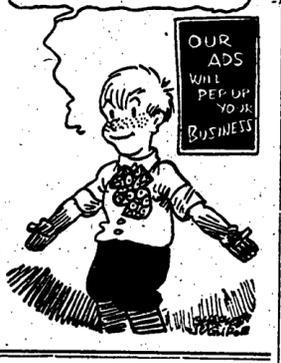
It is the "garrote," instrument of death, which greatly resembles an old picture of an inquisition machine of torture. For many years the garrote served the Spaniards, dealing death to Cuban rebels. Since the expulsion of the Old world rulers it has been used at the Havana penitentiary as the official instrument of execution.

No place but in Cuba is the garrote used officially in executions. A prisoner operates the beheading device and gets money and a time decrease in compensation for his services.

The Havana garrote is said to have taken 184 lives since it has been in Cuban use. Before that it was used in executing Spaniards accused of high treason.—Kansas City Star.

**MICKIE SAYS—**

WE SOMETIMES ARE CENSURED BY THE ECONOMICALLY-MINDED FOR OUR SUPPORT OF ALL PUBLIC IMPROVEMENT PROJECTS — THE BOSS SEZ HE DONT LIKE TO PAY TAXES ANY BETTER'N ANYBODY ELSE, BUT OUR TOWN HAS GOT TO STEP IN THE MARCH OF PROGRESS, OR WITHER ON 'T' VINE, AND HE SEZ LIFE IS TOO SHORT 'C SPEND IT IN A DEAD TOWN



**Antrim Locals**

Curtis R. Pecker has been drawn to serve as juror from Antrim for the January term of Court.

For Sale—Three Tons Hay, price \$15.00 per ton. Apply to Mrs. Nettie White, R.F.D. 1, Antrim. Adv.

William Bohner has leased the tenement recently vacated by Charles H. Buckwood and will occupy it at once.

Mrs. George Nylander is at her home here for a few weeks' stay.

The December meeting of Molly Aiken Chapter, D. A. R., will be held on Friday evening of this week at the home of Mrs. A. N. Nay.

Miss Ruth E. Bassett, a teacher in the Washington schools, spent the holiday vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Bassett.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of governors of the Antrim Citizens Association will be held at Library hall on Friday evening of this week. A social hour will follow the business session.

**For Sale**

Glenwood Parlor Wood Stove in fine condition, good Range with Warming Closet and Tank.

Also, would like to buy Four Old Kitchen Tables to use in my Store Room. CARL H. MUZZEY, Phone 45-4, Antrim.

**Grange Notes**

William Simonds was re-elected Master for next year, and other officers named as follows: Overseer, Russell Tooley; Lecturer, Mrs. Minnie McIlvin; Steward, Lester Hill; Assistant Steward, Carl Gove; Chaplain, Ira P. Hutchinson; Treasurer, B. F. Tenney; Secretary, Linda Hutchinson; Gate Keeper, John Lang; Ceres, Mrs. Ada Simonds; Pomona, Hattie Huntington; Flora, Mrs. Della Sides; Lady Assistant Steward, Mrs. Bernice Kidder.

It is time to make your plans to attend the State Grange session at Claremont, December 11, 12 and 13.

On arrival at Claremont go to the opera house and register. It is hoped that as many as can will make reservations as early as possible, so rooms may be assigned them. Those making reservations early will be given near by rooms. Make all applications to Henry J. Nourse, committee.

**Resolutions of Respect**

Adopted by Antrim Grange, P. of H., No. 98, on Death of Sister Leona Tenney

Whereas, the Great and Supreme Ruler has with his infinite wisdom removed from among us one of our worthy and esteemed fellow-workers, Leona Tenney, and whereas, the long and faithful discharge of her duties in this Order, makes it befitting that we record our appreciation of her, therefore

Resolved, that the wisdom and ability which she exercised in the aid of our Order, by service, contribution and council, will be held in grateful remembrance;

Resolved, that with deep sympathy with the bereaved relatives of the deceased, we express our hope that the loss to us all may be over-ruled for good by Him who doeth all things well;

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be put upon the record of the Grange, a copy be printed in the local paper and a copy be forwarded to the bereaved family

Ira P. Hutchinson  
 Marietta Lang  
 Anna C. Hilton  
 Committee on Resolutions.

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 Toys, Dolls, Games, Kitchen Utensils, Stationery, Glass and China Ware, Denison's Crepe Paper Napkins and Paper in all colors, Books, Candy, and in fact almost anything you might wish for. Come in and browse around. Novelties Galore. Opp. Post Office MILFORD, N. H.

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It is generally admitted that denture building is an engineering job. Every phase of it must be carried out with precision. The ideal combination is the dentist of artistic taste who recognizes your type, takes good impressions and good bites and follows through. You will get that here.  
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Possibility of Radio in Forestry Service

Experiments are being made to determine the value of the radio in the forestry service. While radio communication under ordinary conditions is fairly reliable no one knows whether it can be made to work under the national forest conditions, where low power radio waves will be affected by absorption by trees and the reflecting influence of rough topography.

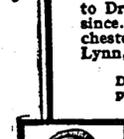
A woman's idea of strategy is to spend a dime in an effort to save a nickel.

A desire for talking is not necessarily based on having anything to say.

For Your Child's HEALTH Read What These Mothers say



"My son suffered from nervousness, sleeplessness, twitching eyes, and threw up his food... giving him Dr. True's Elixir resulted in his improving so rapidly that I felt grateful to Dr. True's Elixir ever since." - Mrs. R. W. Winchester, 273 Essex St., Lynn, Mass.



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Constipation often causes children to have worms or other serious illnesses. Aid Nature by keeping the intestines clear by giving Dr. True's Elixir. "My little girl was seriously ill... I used Dr. True's Elixir with most beneficial results." - Mrs. J. H. Shay, Cambridge, Mass.

Dr. True's Elixir LAXATIVE WORM EXPELLER For Children

The New Japan



A Bumper Crop of Silk Cocoons.

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

THE coronation ceremonies for the young emperor of Japan this autumn and the recent adoption by the Japanese of the jury system center world interest on the island empire, and at the same time emphasize its modernization.

Nothing tells the story of Japan's sudden rise to world power and modernity so strikingly as contrasts between the conditions of 1870 and those of today—contrasts made by a progress that has been observed from its beginning by many men alive today. Consider the interior town of Fukui. In 1870 it was a place of moated castles, the privileged samurai warriors, the despised merchants having little or no social standing. Now it is a typical industrial city, with electric lights, steam power and modern appliances in factory and home, and its young men are ambitious to make fortunes—and honored names—in industry.

Osaka, once chimneyless and a wilderness of one-story houses, is a forest of smokestacks, with mills, imposing steel-jointed business structures, shipyards, and factories.

With population more than doubled, with wealth increased twentyfold, and transformed from an almost forgotten hermit nation into a world power, a leader in industry and commerce, with an ambition to be second to none in capturing the markets of the world, it is well for us to look into the causes of Japan's evolution and triumph.

The growth was not haphazard. The Japanese deliberately willed to become powerful and modern. At a secret conclave in Tokyo, in 1870, of the leaders of the Revolution of 1868—unchronicled in history or official documents—the real problem, long debated, was this: Shall Japan be a nation of samurai and soldiers, or of merchants and industrialists, and, in the main, of the men of modern mind? Okubo, Okuma, and Shibusawa gave their lives to the uplift of the once-submerged class, now on the crest of the wave—the merchant and manufacturer.

Leaders in the Movement. Of the four greatest men of 1868 and the reconstruction era, from 1868 to 1900, Okubo was the master spirit. It was he who had the capital changed from Kyoto to Tokyo and the mikado brought down from the purple clouds of mystery and pseudo-deity to be a human ruler. Okubo infused into the Japanese the spirit of conquest of the world's respect by means of peace rather than by war. He was the brain and pen of what was not only restoration but revolution.

Kido was the constructive statesman, with original ideas of which Ito was the executive, the motto of the latter being "Get it done and let them growl!" Iwakura, of immemorial noble lineage, was the link between the emperor and the high-souled parvenus, who did with the throne and court pretty much what they pleased, and in time changed theocratic despotism into constitutional monarchy.

In the early '70s an embassy was sent forth to tour the world and to see what the West had that Japan might make use of. When it returned in 1874 there was a terrific struggle in the cabinet. It was to decide that Japan's path of progress was to be in the line of industrial enterprise rather than through war or territorial conquest. Okubo and the men of peace and development through industry won.

Hardly less of a revolution than that led by the four great men already named was that in finance and in education. It was expected that Shibusawa would be assassinated (as a majority of the greater leaders were) when he pronounced in favor of modern bookkeeping and dedicated his life to elevating the once social outcast, the merchant. He cleared the way for Matsukata, who secured the adoption of the gold standard, even when Great China issued noxious valuable enough to be worth counterfeiting. This enabled Japan to gain and hold credit in the world's finance.

Tanaka, backed by Kuroda, fought to a finish the fight for the equality of female education in the scheme for national elementary instruction, when in 1872, he called Miss Margaret Clark Griffin to begin the first school for girls.

"Education is the basis of all progress," became the motto of the nation fifty years ago. With the old Chinese characters, where a single sound might have, in writing, more than 200 different meanings, expression was handicapped.

Emergence of Individuality. Philosophy played a great part in keeping Japan a hermit nation so long. Throughout Japanese history runs the stream of impersonality. In literature and in government the lack of individuality and the chronic difference between appearance and reality everywhere confront the student.

What has really made the New Japan is this emergence in social life of the new spirit of personality and of individuality. The old civilization was communal. The new national life is based, in the main, on the assertion of the inherent powers of the individual, yet in unity of purpose with the commonwealth.

Japan was in many ways saved the long apprenticeship of European nations because, even more than the hero of Locksley Hall, she soon found out that she was "the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time," and was able at once to utilize in fullest efficiency the gains of the centuries and the resources of western civilization.

Hence, within a single lifetime and in some instances within a decade, the adoption of new political and social systems, post routes, telegraphs, telephones, steamship lines, and modern costume!

To those with memories of the early '70s, the old fairy tales of power, as displayed by imps and dragons, seem outdone in the pragmatic statistics of today.

For cooking, lighting, heating and motor power of all sorts, there are 3,000,000 kilowatts harnessed to human service.

In the production of electricity, water power has surpassed steam. From the former source came approximately 2,000,000 kilowatts, and from the latter 1,000,000. Two factors have brought this about: the increased cost of coal in late years, and the fact that Japan's geography favors hydroelectric development. From the mountain backbone of the islands innumerable streams tumble. It is estimated that the potential electricity from Japanese streams reaches 10,000,000 kilowatts.

Technical Education. To those who would penetrate the secret of Japan's rapid development and world-encompassing ambitions, another historical fact is worth noting, especially in comparison with our own national development. Let one scan the meager list of technical schools in the United States in 1871. Except for the Rensselaer Polytechnic of Troy, N. Y.; the Stevens Institute at Hoboken, N. J., and the rudimentary state of things at Yale, at Harvard, and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the infant Cornell university, how feebly developed they were!

The first school of technology and manual training in Japan was started in 1871 and was rapidly expanded.

In the twenty or more years of the existence of this institution, under the department of communications, there were educated the engineers, architects, chemists, and others who built Japan's steamships, railways, light-houses, and laboratories, which helped to modernize the face of the country. These gave Japan new tools and weapons, a new suit of armor, and, under all, a new nervous and circulatory system.

With a total of more than 10,000 miles of railway in operation, her resources are still in process of development. Three thousand steamers and 14,000 sailing ships, with a total tonnage of nearly 5,000,000, tell the story. In 1871 letters and mail matter were carried inland by runners. Now Japan has nearly 9,000 post offices.

There are special schools of medicine, jurisprudence, commerce and pedagogy in the five national universities, the faculties numbering more than 1,500 professors, and 10,000 students. In addition, there are as many nongovernment universities, which have in total as many pupils and keep up a wholesome rivalry. Of the technical schools—arts and crafts, agriculture, marine industry, etc.—there are more than 250, with close to 100,000 pupils, counting both sexes.



Back Home For Christmas by Noni C. Bailey

UNMINDFUL of the icy air, Mollie shook the great feather bed and turned it over. Her black eyes sparkled as she sang, "Where'er we go, we'll not forget—" "Mollie! Ain't you ever comin' to help get breakfast? John Henry's got the chores done. I hear him comin' with the milk." Sue, calling from the kitchen, was skimming frozen cream—yellow and thick—from earthenware crocks. "Hurry, Mollie, take up the sausage and put the eggs in the skillet. Set the ples on or Johnnie won't know he's had breakfast. Here he comes, open the door quick. Are you 'most froze, Johnnie?"

"By golly, it is cold, Sue." He deposited the huge pail, pulled off his frozen gloves, laid them on the stove hearth to thaw and stood breaking bits of ice from his mustache. Scraping caked snow from his boots on the edge of the wood-box, he said, "Y'know, I've got an idee if this keeps up we'll have a white Christmas."

"You'd joke if you's gona be hung. You know tomorrow's Christmas an' I'll spill everything. Too deep for sleighs now—ah—here comes Ma."

"Ain't breakfast ready yet?" complained Ma. Since Mollie and Sue had grown up, Ma—old at forty-five—had donned her lace cap, retired to her chimney corner to smoke her pipe, knit and piece quilts. Her husband had been shot by bushwhackers; her youngest son had never come back from war; so she brooded and grieved.

Pretending preparations were for their "slangin' school crowd" the young folk had invited her brothers and sisters to "spend Christmas with her and cheer her up." "Do you think Uncle Ike," Mollie began; but, at a kick under the table, she turned to Ma, "do you think Uncle Ike will ever come back?"

"Land sakes, no, whatever put that into your head, child? Who'd leave California to come back here an' freeze to death?"

"Well, I reckon most folks wants go to California some time," commented John Henry, "but I guess the old farm ain't so bad after all, when the crops is fair an' that's most generally. They's still plenty o' firewood and they's apples an' turnips an' 'taters an' a few other things in the cellar. Bossy an' Baldy ain't failed us yet an' they's plenty o' meat in the smoke-house. Oranges an' fresh lettuce is mighty fine, but they don't lay heavy on yer stumblick."

"Sour grapes," chided Sue. "You know you'd love to go out there an' see all them purty flowers an' go swimmin' at Christmas time an' never have to go out in the cold to do the chores." "Danged if I would," responded the loyal one, "the old farm's good enough for me. Christmas ain't no proper time fer swimmin', nohow, an' I ain't never been hurt doin' chores."

Throughout the meal, the young people continued their banter; then John Henry followed the girls to the kitchen. "They's tracks around the barn," he confided; "don't scare ma, but it might be that half-wit hired man I fired last fall—up to the Lord knows what! You gals keep to the house an' don't let no stranger in." Apprehensive of the worst, they promised. Presently the sky cleared. Sunshine and melting snow were making roads more impassable throughout the day.



"Ain't Breakfast Ready Yet?" Complained Ma.

That night as they sat around the fireplace, a gust of wind overburdened the snow on the roof and a portion slid to the ground with a thud and the rattle of breaking icicles. The girls screamed. Realizing their nervousness was due to the tracks around the barn, John Henry laughed heartily, set some apples roasting on the hearth, by way of diversion, and cracked black walnuts on the side of a flat-iron. "Sue fretted about 'all them mince pies'; Ma said it was a shame they'd killed both turkeys, and Mollie declared she was never 'so put out in her life'."

Suddenly the wind howled angrily. "Golly, Ma, it's gettin' cold again. Bet y' it'll crust the snow over tonight." "Like as not," Ma agreed, and the driving wind continued. John Henry added a log to the fire and began shelling popcorn. Sue nudged her sister. "He means 'make the popcorn balls.'" Mollie began to sing "Al-

though we cross the ocean blue, no friends we'll find one-half so true."

John Henry carried a shovel of glowing coals to the kitchen and started a fire. Going to the door he examined the gun and set it near. "Ee don't like them tracks, Mollie," Sue confided over the boiling strop. "I'll bet it is that half-wit." Their eyes grew big and round.

Early to bed and whistling, wind brought restful sleep and with morning came sleigh bells. Mollie scratched a peep-hole in the fantastic frost forest on the window pane. "It's Uncle Jimmie and Mary Ann. Meet 'em quick an' tell 'em not to let Ma catch on." "Bet y' we're first ones here," he began, but Sue cautioned him as he gave her a snowy hug.

By the time Uncle Hiram and Aunt Betsy and their Ethelbert and Aunt Emerine and Hannah had arrived, Ma had begun to surmlee; but at the next familiar jingle, she actually arose and peered out the window herself. "Fer the land sakes, if it ain't Sister Catherine and Sary Jane and Billy all the way from Pike county. Johnnie, what are you children up to anyhow? Who else is comin'?"

"Depends on the weather, Ma. Reckon you've guessed it's your party." Ma dropped into her chair, speechless, and began puffing vigorously on her pipe. Her eyes told them she was almost happy.

By noon they were there, those brothers and sisters and their children. Some had traveled many miles. Of course, they couldn't expect Ike; but he was often in their thoughts and conversation. "Guess Ike's about forgot what Christmas back home is like," some one ventured.

But Ike had not forgotten. He had long been yearning for a "night of God's country and some real snow." As soon as he heard of the reunion he decided to eat turkey back home. Ike had gone out West with the forty-niners—hadn't found much gold; but the city had spread out all over his land and he had "got rich in spite of himself."

Down on the farm the dinner table presented a typical feast of the early eighties. "Turkey's done. Where's Johnnie?" said Mary Ann, taking up a hot mince pie. "I'll get 'im." Impulsive Mollie, forgetful of his warning, ran to the barn. No sooner had



In the End All Agreed With the Scotch Proverb.

she stepped inside than she saw the "half-wit" dash out into the corral. She screamed. A moment later she heard an intensified "gosh" and a scuffle in the frozen snow. Grasping a pitchfork, she started to follow when a rough hand caught her and pulled her back. Blindly she fought—like a young tigress—biting and scratching. Through the barn door came John Henry half dragging his victim.

"See, you don't need no help," said the man who held Mollie in his grasp. "Was comin' but this young wildcat gave me too much to do. Reckon you're John Henry and this one o' Samantha's gals. I'm your Uncle Ike—just dropped in for that Christmas dinner. But that varmint you're draggin' in, you'd oughta finished 'im." "You don't say so? You know who he is?" asked John Henry. "Reckon if you'd took a second look you'd a knowed yourself." With a loud guffaw, he caught the now reviving young man by the arm and said, "George, meet your affectionate brother and acknowledge your hearty welcome home."

"Well, I'll be golly dinged! Thank the Lord I didn't have the gun!" Hugging and shaking his brother alternately, John Henry added, "It's sure one on us, Mollie." He explained how he had been "layin' fer the barn loft boarder" when he heard her scream and caught the man whom he fully expected to be the "half wit." Mollie said she'd "a swore it was him."

After the war George had heard that the family were driven out by Order No. 41. Not knowing where to find them, he went to California hoping to find his uncle and obtain news. His long search ended just as Ike consummated his plans for Christmas; so they decided to make the trip together and "give 'em a big surprise." Arriving aforetime, they slept in the hay and spent a day hunting down by the river. "Our horses are down in the old corn crib," he concluded, "and here we are—a fine looking pair to present at the banquet table." Disheveled they were—but oh, how welcome!

Ma looked twenty years younger. Uncle Ike told his dreams of remodeling the old home; Ma said she wouldn't have "none o' them new-fangled things" in her house. Ike and George finally decided to stay and help harvest the spring wheat. John Henry conceded he might go back with them and pick some oranges off the trees. So; home and California went round the long table. In the end all agreed with the old Scotch proverb, "East or West, home's best." But many a grandchild heard the tale of the wanderer's unusual welcome home for Christmas.

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)



WHAT DR. CALDWELL LEARNED IN 47 YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it.

Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for anybody's system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly.

Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest druggist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. 22, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

"Magician's" Good Work. When a magician in a Corning (Calif.) playhouse told a woman that her stolen articles would be returned to her in 24 hours, his prediction came true the next day. All-Din answered Mrs. Murie Hibbard's question, "Who stole my hended handbag?" with the assertion that the guilty person was in the audience and he would divulge the name if the goods were not returned. They were found hanging on Mrs. Hibbard's garage door the next day.

Large, Generous Sample of Old Time Remedy Sent Free to Every Reader of This Article

More than forty years ago, in a small way, good old Pastor Koenig began the manufacture of Pastor Koenig's Nerveine, a remedy recommended for the relief of nervousness, epilepsy, sleeplessness and kindred ailments. The remedy was made after the formula of old German doctors. The sales were small at first, but soon increased, and another factory was added to meet the increasing demand. Today there are Koenig factories in the old world, and Pastor Koenig's Nerveine is not only sold throughout the United States, but in every land and clime.

The manufacturers want every reader of this free offer to try the old remedy at their expense. They will send a large, generous sample to every one who mentions this article. Try it and be convinced. It will only cost you a postal to write for the large, generous sample. Address: Koenig Medicine Co., 1045 North Wells street, Chicago, Illinois. Kindly mention your local paper.

When a man has no faith in humanity, humanity has no faith in him.

A strong-minded woman is one who frankly admits that her shoes are not too large.

Listen to a gossip if you like, but better not say much.

HUSBAND DISTRIBUTES BOOKLETS

Wife Tries Compound

Every year the Pinkham Medicine Company distributes about 30,000,000 booklets from house to house. Mr. Ted Hinzman does this work in Lodi, California. His wife writes: "It was in these little books that I read about so many women being helped by the medicine. I thought I would give it a trial and I can truly say that it has done me good. My neighbors and friends ask me what I am doing to make me look so much better. I tell them that I am taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

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## REPORTER RAMBLINGS

Touching the Topics That Are More or Less Timely

First, be thankful. Then do your Christmas shopping early.

Yale men spend too much time on movies and sweethearts declares a student from Oxford. Of course he did not suggest any reason for Yale's immense popularity.

The American Automobile Association declares that "the failure of the Massachusetts Compulsory Liability Insurance law is generally conceded." Hasn't this Act any friends?

The Dartmouth student who resigned from college and left a note to the effect that college is not worth the price, demonstrated the truth of this statement so far as he is concerned.

Leather tanners, in preparing their new lines for shoes next summer, anticipate there will be "a wide gain in the popularity of bare legs." If this proves to be correct, the summer of 1929 will be a boon to mosquitoes.

"Vacations should be taken in January or February rather than in July and August," says a Harvard professor. Let's revise that to read "Vacations should be taken in January or February as well as in July and August" and perhaps it will carry more popular appeal.

From the standpoint of good business, Herbert Hoover's trip to South America meets with general approval. South America is an important market for the United States and is well worth developing. A friendly feeling between North and South America is highly desirable and will pay big dividends.

It is encouraging to note that in 1927 American factories turned out 2000 aircraft having a total value of \$14,250,000. Airway systems now cover over 11,000 miles on which nearly 28,000 miles are flown daily. There has also been progress in night flying. The United States is becoming air-minded.

A preference within New England for New England products will do much to increase prosperity in New England says a report from the New England Council. The truth of this is obvious, but it is necessary that many an obvious truth be oft repeated so that the public will not forget its significance.

The Vermont State Chamber of Commerce is advocating an extensive program of building hard-surfaced roads in the Green Mountain State. Realizing the value of good roads in the developing of the tourist and summer visitor business the Chamber is desirous that the State forward its road-building projects as rapidly as possible.

The Church and Drama association, with a membership of over 12,000, recently held its third annual meeting and banquet. The purpose of the association is to improve the American theatre by promoting and supporting a better class of plays, rather than assuming a negative attitude and censoring the bad ones. It would seem that something beneficial might result from the efforts of this association.

Supervised playgrounds, boys' clubs and like organizations are responsible for a 20% decrease in juvenile delinquents in Milwaukee during the past 25 years, while the population has doubled. Similar testimony comes from other cities. Supervised boys' clubs and supervised playgrounds not only give the youths improved physical health, but improved moral health, as well.

Indications are that 1929 will perhaps be the biggest competitive year in automobile history thus far. General Motors and Henry Ford announce elaborate programs of production. It is expected that 7,000,000 cars may be produced next year for an "available market" of 4,000,000. This means price cutting all along the line. Looks like here is one "war" in which the public will really benefit.

Postmaster General New declares that the postal clerks will have a full holiday Christmas Day even if the postoffices are full of undelivered packages on Christmas morn. Year after year the public is urged to buy early and mail early. If postal deliveries cannot be completed by Christmas eve, Dec. 24, we cannot see where anyone else can be blamed except the public. Surely the postal employees are entitled to the full day as a holiday.

**Buoyant Objects**  
Swimming Teacher—Now, don't forget! I'll show you how easy it is to keep your head above water.—Pathfinder Magazine

**Truth Requires Courage**  
"He who assumes leadership," said Mr. Ho, the sage of Chinatow, "must be strong. Indeed, if he tells the people his honest belief instead of what they wish to hear."—Washington Star.

## Shades of Difference

in Term Thoroughbred

When you say another woman is a thoroughbred you feel that you have paid a compliment. What exactly do you mean?

One ingenious writer once explained that a real thoroughbred individual has a fine clear skin, fine hair of either light-brown, dark-brown, black, red or auburn hue, a bright clear eye—either tall or short but not excessively fat nor lean, regular teeth, well-proportioned nose, large nostrils, well-curved jaws, full, red and moist lips, well-rounded ears, a smooth or rich and full voice.

Probably your own notion of a thoroughbred has more to do with temperament, manner and mental traits than these purely physical features, though undoubtedly there are some physical characteristics that you do consider essential to the real thoroughbred.

Perhaps you feel that a thoroughbred must, simply must, have shapely hands—and that the woman who has very stubby fingers with nails considerably broader than long cannot be a thoroughbred. That notion goes along satisfactorily until you happen to meet a woman with short fingers and very stubby nails who really is very much of a thoroughbred.—Washington Star.

## Dog's Claim as Man's Most Faithful Friend

Most boys, and many girls, and 10,000 times 10,000 men and women, love dogs. We don't know when this loyal, unfeeling friend of man first met him, first learned to defend his flocks, his dwelling, his person and the lives of those dear to him, but wherever we have this creature we call man, there we have found his faithful friend and companion, the dog, always willing to follow him through thick and thin, never seeming to care for an instant whether his master was rich or poor, wise or ignorant, saint or sinner, alas even when beaten, starved, cruelly treated, ready to lick the hand that has hurt him. A good man once said, "When my father and mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up." Might not one say that, when a man might feel forsaken of every earthly friend, there would still be looking up into his face the gentle, trusting eyes of his devoted dog, saying by every look and sign, "Where thou goest I will go, thy lot shall be my lot, nor shame, nor loss, nor prison bars shall move me from thy side."—Chicago Post.

## Electrical Dust Storms

Dust storms, which charge barbed-wire fences to a high voltage, stall automobiles by interfering with their ignition systems and add new worries to radio listeners by causing even worse static than thunderstorms. Are among the curious phenomena that visit sections of the great plains east of the Rockies in dry seasons, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. In northwestern Kansas, during one of these disturbances, a man became curious about the amount of electricity his aerial was collecting and connected it with the ground wire through a 32 candlepower light. He obtained a brilliant light as when it was connected with his automobile battery. No thunder or lightning occurs during these electrified dust storms, nor is there any known relation between them and earth magnetism. Any metallic object insulated from the earth seems to become highly electrified.

## Sounds That Climb

Recent tests show that the crowing of a rooster, the ringing of a church bell, and, under some conditions, the shout of a man, penetrate almost a mile into the upper air. A cricket's chirp carries up 2,500 feet, and the croak of a frog can be heard at an altitude of 8,000 feet. Among sounds produced by living things, a dog yelp holds the altitude record. It has been heard by balloonists 5,000 feet up. The report of a rifle will carry about the same distance. Of all sounds recorded, a locomotive whistle reaches highest. It has been heard in than two miles above the earth.—Popular Science Monthly.

## Catching a Bird

Little Margaret was found playing in the back yard with her grandmother's best salt shaker. Margaret's mother asked what she was doing. "I'm going to catch a bird," she replied. "Surely you don't think you can sprinkle salt on a bird's tail and catch it?" the mother said. "But Mr. B. told us kids that we could sprinkle salt on a bird's tail and catch it and he wouldn't tell a lie for no bird," Margaret insisted. "Why, Margaret, that's impossible." "Well, hasn't Aunt Carolyn a bird in a cage, and how did she get it?"

## To Be, Not to Do

The besetting sin in America is to conjugate the verb to do every moment instead of to be. The incessant activity, regardless of what it is all about, leaves us empty. People do not enjoy their own society because it is not worth enjoying. They are not taught to have any resources within themselves. I think that the founding of the school of business administration at Harvard, for example, is one of the worst blows ever given to educational ideals in America.—James Truslow Adams in the Forum Magazine.

## HANCOCK

Mrs. Mattie Warner and family have gone to Atlantic, Mass., where they plan to spend the winter.

Mrs. Robert Warner, who has been enjoying a stay of some days in Springfield, Mass., has returned home.

Miss Mary Underwood and Miss Sarah Benis have closed their home and returned to Boston for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Upton, Karl Upton, Miss Phyllis Hayward and Mrs. Hannah Kimball passed Thanksgiving in Lowell, Mass., guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Duncan.

Schools closed Tuesday afternoon for the rest of Thanksgiving week. The out of town teachers were at their homes for the holiday: Miss Harrison, Marlboro; Miss Wallace, Peterborough; Miss Batchelder, Durham, and Mr. Faunce, Providence, R. I.

## GREENFIELD

A special Thanksgiving service was held at the Congregational church on November 25. Members of the Masons, Eastern Star and Grange, of Frances-town, were present in pleasing numbers. Rev. Eugene Thrasher, of York Beach, Maine, assisted in the service and an appropriate sermon was given by Rev. Russell Fenstermacher.

The Woman's Club met last Friday with Mrs. Fannie Hopkins. The president, Mrs. Myra Gould, presided. A piano solo was given by Mrs. Mary Waite. The speaker for the afternoon was Charles Emerson of Milford, who gave an interesting and instructive talk on Current Events. A vocal duet was given by Mrs. Nellie A. Atherton and Mrs. Lucy Brooks. Refreshments were served by the hostesses, Mrs. Fannie Hopkins, Mrs. Daisy Perham and Mrs. Angie Russell.

## PETERBOROUGH

Rev. Mae V. Granger spent Thanksgiving with her sister, Mrs. William Adams, Springfield, Mass.

Dr. and Mrs. H. Martin Morse a daughter, Jean, were in Springfield, V. recently, to attend a wedding.

A. L. Shattuck is recovering from injuries sustained when he fell the entire length of the cellar stairs at his home on Grove street.

Mrs. Robert E. Walbridge has been in New York City attending a conference in regard to national business connections with the American Legion Auxiliary.

The annual meeting of the Women's Society of the Congregational church was held in the Chapel Wednesday afternoon, December 5. A parish supper was served.

Elizabeth Donovan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Donovan, died at her home on Union street after a lingering illness of a year and a half, at the age of 26 years.

## Rats and Other Pests Distributed by Wind

There have been many insect showers, and small frog showers are not unknown. One was witnessed near Toulouse by Professor Pontus, in 1804. But the most unpleasant shower of all fell in Norway. A colony of rats migrating from the highlands to the lowlands was swept up by a whirlwind and strewn over the next valley.

In the past, people have attributed these showers to witchcraft, but the truth is, of course, that the wind was at the bottom of the mischief. Traveling with a circular motion, the wind will sweep up light objects like a gigantic vacuum cleaner and bear them for miles through the air.

In every case recorded these strange showers have been accompanied by extraordinary weather—waterpouts, whirlwinds, or tremendous thunderstorms.

## Made Matters Worse

He had been receiving anonymous letters. Nasty ones. Though the handwriting was decidedly individual, detectives had not been able to trace the poison-pen. He went to a fancy-dress ball recently. In asking for a dance from a fair damsel, he noticed on her program a signature with the exact handwriting of the anonymous writer. He waited. Soon a fellow dressed as a lion came along. Things are now even more anonymous. All he knows further is that a fellow dressed as a lion socked him.—Exchange.

## Physicians and Cookery

While our modern cook books are mostly written by women, this has not always been the case. During the Middle Ages it was customary for doctors to write cook books and most of the culinary volumes of those times came from the medical profession. Cookery was considered akin to healing. Doctor Lister, author of a fine cook book, and physician to Queen Anne, wrote: "I do not consider myself as hazarding anything when I say that no man can be a good physician who has not a competent knowledge of cookery."—Kansas City Times.

## FRANCESTOWN

Dr. E. D. Stevens plans to spend the winter in Florida.

Miss Lucy Holt has been spending the holiday with her people, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Holt.

Mrs. Mary Hood has gone to Lowell, Mass., and closed her house for a time; perhaps until spring.

Alice Place has left town after being at her home, formerly the Old Town farm, for most of the summer and thus far into the fall.

Mrs. Gardner has returned to Cambridge, Mass., after more than a year with her niece and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Park, in Cardiff by the Sea, Cal.

The Woman's Club met at the club room when Miss Eva Fletcher of Greenfield read a paper describing her interesting life in Paris during the days when she was an artist student there. Mrs. Marion Vose played Handel's "Largo" at the close of the meeting. The next meeting will be Dec. 11, when there will be a Christmas roll call by the members. Those not furnishing part of the program are to bring a Christmas "treat."

## DEERING

Mrs. R. A. Wood has returned to Boston.

Mrs. John Herrick is confined to her home by illness.

Wolf Hill Grange met Saturday evening in the town hall, Dec. 1.

Miss Euplice Preston, teacher at the Mansfield school, spent the holiday and week end at her home in East Jaffrey.

Miss Patty Hadford is attending school in Hillsborough, and residing at the home of her grandfather, D. W. Cole.

J. D. Hart, Arthur Jacques, Arnold Ellsworth, Chester Durrell and Harold Taylor have returned from a hunting trip at Stinson's lake, in Rumney.

A Woman's Democratic Club was organized in this town and a meeting held at the home of Mrs. Fred McClintock. The club will hold a whist party Monday, Dec. 10, and plans are made for other socials.

## LYNDEBORO

O. George Warren and William Dickey were recently in Weare on business.

Miss Edna Cole of Ware was a recent visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Herrick.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Warren and Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Nye and son were in Keene visiting relatives recently.

The regular Grange meeting was held Tuesday evening, December 4, the program being in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Ray W. Brown.

Miss Hazel White and Miss Bertha Richards of Somerville and Cambridge, Mass., have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Walker.

## SOUTH LYNDEBORO

The house of C. H. Tarbell is being wired for electricity.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cheever were in Fitchburg, Mass., recently.

Mrs. C. W. Nelson has been visiting in New York City for a few days.

Mrs. Emma S. Barden has gone to Dorchester, Mass., for the winter.

Ernest C. Howe and family are now located in the tenement over the post office.

The Village Improvement Society was invited to meet with Mrs. E. W. Dooliver on Thursday. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all.



**Webster's New International Dictionary**  
The "Supreme Authority" in courts, colleges, schools, and among government officials both Federal and State.  
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## James A. Elliott

ANTRIM, N. H.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

HILLSBOROUGH, SS.

Superior Court September Term 1928

In an action which is now pending in the superior court for said county of Hillsborough, the original writ in which is on file in such court and may be examined by interested parties, the title of the case being as follows: G. Miles Nesmith, plaintiff against Walter Winington of Bennington, in said County of Hillsborough; defendant. It appearing that the property of the defendant has been attached on the writ, and that no personal service has been made on said defendant.

It is ordered by the court that the action be continued to the next term of said court to be holden at Manchester, within and for said county, on the first Tuesday of January next, and that the plaintiff give notice to the said defendant of the pendency thereof, by causing a true and attested copy of this citation and order of notice to be published three successive weeks, at intervals of not less than seven days, in the Antrim Reporter a newspaper printed at Antrim in the county of Hillsborough, the last publication to be not less than fourteen days before said return day to which this action is continued.

Attest:  
THEOS. D. LUCE, Clerk  
RALPH G. SMITH, Esquire,  
Atty. for plaintiff.

The foregoing is a true copy of citation and order of notice.

Attest:  
THEOS. D. LUCE, Clerk

## STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

HILLSBOROUGH, SS.

Court of Probate.

To the heirs at law of the estate of Mary P. Heath, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Edward F. Heath, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, his petition for license to sell real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, said real estate being fully described in his petition, and 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 26th day of December next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said administrator is 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.

Given at Nashua, in said County, this 21st day of November, A. D. 1928.

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

## About Advertising

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