

The Antrim Reporter

Stehling

VOLUME XLVI NO. 5

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1928

5 CENTS A COPY

THE GOODNOW-DERBY COMP'Y

Quality, Service and Satisfaction

We Wish You All

A

HAPPY NEW YEAR

This Store Will Be Closed
New Year's Day For Stock
Taking.

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

TOMORROW

Is a word too often used in framing an excuse.

Don't envy wealth, save and acquire it. The time to start is today.

Let us co-operate with you in helping you to build a good habit of saving.

Start the New Year right.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Peterborough, N. H.

FRED C. PARMENTER

Native of Antrim, Claimed by Pneumonia

This community was saddened to learn of the sudden passing away on Sunday afternoon of one of our older citizens, Fred C. Parmenter, who had been almost a life long resident of Antrim. For some years he conducted a merchant-tailor shop in this village. Later, he was traveling salesman for the Kelsey Silk Company, of Antrim, for a short time. For more than forty years he was a faithful employee of the Goodell Company, working up to last Thursday morning, when illness forced him to leave the shop and go home. He developed pneumonia; and the end came quickly and peacefully. He had long been active in town affairs; but had gradually retired from all public duties and devoted himself to the care of his wife, who has been an invalid for more than six years. He was industrious, optimistic and unselfish, and devoted to his family.

Fred C. Parmenter, the youngest child of John S. and Caroline E. (Tenney) Parmenter, was born in Antrim July 4, 1849. He married Clara E. Wilson, of Franconstown, Nov. 17, 1883. One daughter, Elizabeth, was born to them, who is Mrs. Ivan I. Felker, of Antrim. He was the last surviving member of his father's family, which included the late Mrs. John Moor Duncau, Mrs. Mary C., wife of Dr. Levi J. Pierce, and two Civil War soldiers, of whom one was a physician. He is survived by his widow, daughter, and three grand-daughters, Ruth, Margaret and Elizabeth Felker, to whom the sympathy of all is extended.

Funeral services were held at two o'clock this Wednesday afternoon, in the Baptist church. Interment was in the family plot in Maplewood cemetery, beside his beloved sister Caroline, "the sweet singer."

Not Too Early to Think of Town Meeting

As the new year approaches, one's mind is wandering about, considering what the past year has done for us, and thinking anxiously what another twelve months will bring. Just naturally one thinks of Town meeting! And really it is not too early to take the report of last year, examine the budgets as they there appear, compare them with former years, consider the town's need from various angles and arrive at some conclusion along certain lines that must be met when the business is up for disposition in annual meeting.

Take the matter of roads, schools, sidewalks, and a number of other equally important questions: they must be considered, and action will have to be taken upon them.

The tax rate is made on the expenditures at these annual meetings; if the voters are modest in their demands a reasonable rate is the result and if appropriations are made with little thought of the outcome in mind the rate may rise to a point hard to reach.

It is hoped our position will not be misunderstood: it is not that we do not want to progress, and have things needful for a modern town, but like many others we feel that having had a high tax rate the past year, and not much chance for a large reduction the coming year, it is a wise course to consider seriously the demands for the next twelve months.

Our roads are pretty good, and so are the schools; the tractor is valuable and doing good work; the fire apparatus is the best it has ever been; and so we might say about other things. Some of these good things are not yet paid for, and until they are it appears wise in the minds of some to weigh carefully any improvements or anything new that may be in any way unnecessary at the present time.

The Reporter's Wish For Its Readers

When the Doorway of 1929 Opens May You Walk Through It Into A Year Of Abundance, Peace, Health and Prosperity

ON TO WASHINGTON!

A Subject of Great Interest to Pupils and Parents

For a long time past, the matter of whether the senior class of the Antrim High school shall go to Washington has been a difficult one to settle definitely. The principal objection anyone puts forward is the cost; and with a large class this feature is a matter of consideration. Our town is not the only one that is talking of the same thing, for Peterborough is seriously thinking, talking and planning. From an educational standpoint the idea of a Washington trip is sound.

Here is what the *Peterborough Transcript* says, in part, concerning the matter:

Whatever opposition to the trip that has been evident here seems to have been based wholly on the expense involved. Some have objected to drives for money, the food sales, plays, etc., which have come with too much frequency, others that the tourists spend too much money on clothes and incidentals, making a drain on the finances of the parents. It is natural enough that every boy or girl, regardless of circumstances of his or her parents, should try to measure up in dress and appearance with the best of the party if no check is kept upon them.

These things, however, are capable of regulation, and parents are supposed to and for the most part have the arrangements in charge.

The members of the High school usually work hard with their studies and also put in a lot of hard work and thought to make possible a trip to Washington. This is a great event in the lives of young people—they should be encouraged in it, we believe.

Should these students of making the trip practice economy to some extent, combine to put on one or two school plays—doing something that the general public is deeply interested in—a considerable amount will have been earned, and the small balance needed, if such should be the case, could almost always be made up by the parents, family or friends. Education is something more than what is learned out of text books. Teachers of course should work in harmony with parents in getting the most out of school life for the students; and there is hardly a person but enjoys helping the boy or girl who is anxious to help him or herself. *The Reporter* hopes to see the senior class make the Washington trip and feels our people are interested in doing everything they can to make it possible for them to go.

Tribute to Country Press

"The smaller newspapers of the country are the most important newspapers, and incidentally, in proportion to their circulation, their advertising results are the biggest, and their advertising rates are the smallest in the country. They are read through from end to end. Every copy of circulation means an entire family, not a family that lives in one room with a can opener, but a family that owns its own house, and land around it, at least ninety times out of a hundred; a family that buys everything, from the roof on the house, to the cement on the cellar floor; from the hat on mother's head to the shoes on the boys' feet. The service that their publishers render to the public is, in my opinion, the most important service rendered by any class of citizens in the United States. The country editors are distributors of information, they reach the minds of the boys that leave the farms, and they are the nation's mental police force," says Arthur Brisbane.

After half a century in the publication of newspapers, daily and weekly, the writer can endorse the opinion of Arthur Brisbane that the country paper is read from end to end, and the advertisements are of special interest. Where a hundred read all that is in the home weekly, only one in that hundred peruses all that is in the big city daily paper that comes to them. Large foreign advertisers are also becoming cognizant of the fact that space in country weekly and smaller city daily papers is of real value to them; that they can gain more at less cost, at the same time securing as much combined circulation with a certainty that their advertisements will be read by all *Woodburn, Ore., Weekly Independent.*

The Fruits of the Tariff

Some years ago, when our present tariff laws were established, a wave of protest arose from the dissenting faction.

It was stated that an increased tariff would unreasonably raise commodity prices and that, by doing away with competition, it would measurably lower the efficiency of industry.

It was predicted that our prosperity would be seriously injured and that those with money would get more and those who had little would get less.

The tariff seems to have operated just the opposite from this. Prices of articles on the free list have, on the average, increased more than the prices of articles coming under the tariff provisions.

The efficiency of industry has greatly increased and the productive power of each worker is greater than ever before.

We are living in the most prosperous era in our history, with less poverty and generally better prospects for the future than we have ever known.

Our industrial workers are the best paid in the world, and they have the highest standards of living. Agriculture is rapidly being placed on a sounder and more profitable basis and farmers realize

New Officers Elected

The annual election of officers of Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, No. 29, I.O.O.F., was held on Wednesday evening of this week, with the following result:

Noble Grand—Mrs. Dagmer George
Vice Grand—Mrs. Bernice Whittemore

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Alice Hawkins

Financial Secretary—Mrs. Helen Sweet

Treasurer—Mrs. Nellie Hills

Trustees—Mrs. Cora Hunt, Mrs. Vera Butterfield, Mrs. Emma Cooley

Installation will be held on Wednesday evening, January 9, with District Deputy President, Mrs. Nelly Thornton, installing officer.

The local Rebekah lodge has accepted an invitation to attend installation at Hillsboro on the third of January.

That a lower tariff would ruin, rather than benefit them.

Taking everything into consideration, the record we have made since the war is not the sort to encourage free trade sentiment.—*The Manufacturer.*

Daniels Black Emulsion

Worth its Weight in Gold
FOR COUGH OR COLD

WE WISH
A HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL

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



Be sure of a full purse
and a
MERRY CHRISTMAS
JOIN OUR
CHRISTMAS CLUB
Now Open

THE happiness it has brought
to themselves and others.

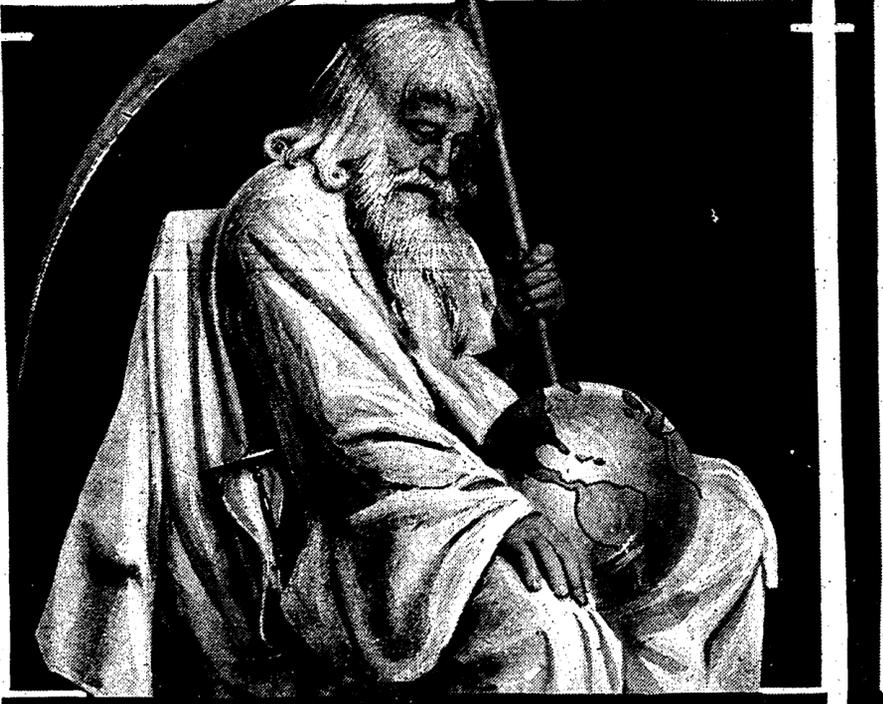
Their visions of a "Happy Christmas" are all the happier because others are to share their enjoyment.

If you want the "Merry Christmas" to ring merrier and longer and louder for you and your loved ones on next Christmas Day, JOIN the CHRISTMAS CLUB NOW FORMING.

At the
Hillsboro Guaranty
Savings Bank

Hillsboro, New Hampshire

Farewell to 1928



A COLD, biting wind sent Dora scurrying towards the car station. "Whew!" she said to herself, "Isn't it cold!"

Streams of automobiles poured up and down the avenue. The faces of the people were pale with exposure. A keen, wintry New Year's eve, indeed!

Arrived at the small shelter provided for street car patrons, Dora noticed that one of her shoe strings had become untied. At the same moment it occurred to her that it might be convenient to have her dollar bill in her hand. Then she would not be fishing around in her pockets, thus losing a seat in the trolley. She pulled a loose bill from her suit coat pocket, under her top coat, and then bent to tie her shoe.

When she straightened up again a large colored woman came beside her and said a lot of words—hurried words that jumbled together.

"What is it you're saying?" asked Dora.

"There it goes!" cried the colored woman, and she pointed an excited

relief. The rest of the people waiting for the car gave a little cheer. It was New Year's eve and every one felt friendly.

"Here you are!" laughed the man returning to the station. "That bill is a lively chap. Better tether him to your pocket." He was a trifle breathless from the exertion, but Dora liked the quick color in his cheeks and the sincerity of his smile.

The car rumbled up. The people got in. During the confusion of paying fares and selecting a seat, Dora lost sight of her unexpected and new acquaintance. She could not help thinking about him a little as the trolley thumped through the subway. She almost wished she could contrive another small emergency. "He did," said Dora to herself, "have such a nice smile!"

Dora was on her way to a little party given by a college friend. A gay, informal affair, where everybody knew everybody else. "I never meet anyone new," thought Dora, and felt pleasantly abused, because she really was most desirous of seeing more of the rescuer of her dollar bill. "One ought to start the New Year knowing new people," concluded Dora, and wondered how in the world she could manage it.

She left the trolley at a subway station and hurried up the stairs. She was late, and dollar bill or no dollar bill, she must make haste to the party.

In the happy, hilarious greetings of her friends she forgot the episode which had so engrossed her. She chattered and laughed and exchanged light banter with her friends.

"Why so late?" inquired one youth; "you are generally early so's not to miss a trick."

Then the experience at the car station rushed back upon her. "Listen," she commanded, "waving her arms for silence, 'I'll relate a tale of a runaway dollar bill!'"

She told the story with great liveliness, touching up the incident with the hand of an artist—and, she said with a final flourish, "he was absolutely the most interesting man I ever saw in my life!"

A new guest had come in unnoticed. He stood quietly by the door. There was an amused smile on his face.

"Happy New Year, everybody!" said this guest. "I know it's not time to say it, but I had to let you know I'd arrived."

Dora gave a gasp . . . the others turned to this last arrival, hailing him in noisy affection. "Here's old Baxter, by jolly!" they called.

Dora retired to a quiet corner. She felt a trifle dizzy. Had he, oh, had he heard her ridiculous story! She was ready to sink into the ground.

"Dora!" called one of the girls. "Where's Dora?"

"Here I am," said Dora faintly. She could not look up and meet the smiling eyes of this man. She pretended being busy hunting for something on the floor. It would give her a moment for recovery of her poise. Somebody approached her. Somebody knelt down, too, running his hands carefully over the rug. Somebody said softly—"Has it run away from you again?"

Of course there was nothing to do, but laugh. Dora and the new guest burst into peal after peal. The others stood about them in amazement.

"How did you know, Baxter?" demanded one of the girls. "He was to be the big surprise tonight. He's a friend of my brother."

When they could control their laughter the two on the floor began explaining. But Baxter added the final polish by saying, "She is a new friend at New Year's. But I hope she'll be an old friend next New Year's."

And Dora hoped so, too!

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RANNY STEPHENS was the town's only dry goods merchant, and he had tried again and again to unite the other merchants of the town into a body of association for the good of the people, but had been met with rebuffs and snubs.

When Christmas time approached Ranny broached the idea of a community tree for their patrons, but he couldn't put it over. Then he went around with a paper to get each fellow to put a tiny tree in front of his place of business. No, that didn't work either. New Year's was coming and Ranny felt pretty desperate. He wanted to do something nice for his customers and yet he felt it was too big a job to tackle all alone.

Finally, he asked the town hall custodian for the hall on New Year's eve, for which he was to be taxed fifteen dollars. Next, he asked the merchants to erect booths to advertise and give away free samples or souvenirs of their various trades. Ranny rented tables and his two sons and daughters offered to furnish the music if there was to be dancing.

The party started off in great style and it seemed to Ranny that every one for miles around was present. After an hour or so of the entertainment, Ranny announced that the merchants were expecting to band themselves together and give these parties once each month to their scores of patrons. He promised them that it would not only be an advertising stunt but would mean a whole Happy New Year.

Now the merchants who had opposed the idea of such an organization were completely bowled over by the announcement, but the cheers, handclapping and singing soon told them that if such an organization did not exist, it should, and that very soon.

What could have made Ranny Stephens happier than when John Meadows, the grocer, got up just before the dancing began, to ask the merchants to retire to one of the anterooms for their annual election of officers. Every merchant fled into the little room to learn there was no such organization, but right then and there one was started—and Ranny was elected its first president.

On occasion of these monthly gatherings of the merchants and patrons of Sibleyville, the great crowds never failed to give a rising vote of thanks to Ranny Stephens and to wish him a "Happy New Year."

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New Year Observance

Modern customs of the New Year observance date back to the days of the ancient Persians. Romans and Mongols, historians declare.

Blue Ribbon Babies of Virginia



Here they are, the blue ribbon babies of Winchester and Frederick county, Virginia, as selected by the judges at the Winchester fair. And everybody smiled but Buster.

Good Pickings in N. Y. Subway

Beggars, Under Guise of World War Veterans, Find Sympathetic Ears.

New York.—"The subway racket," as it is called among professionals, is profitable. Perhaps of all the beggars panhandling in the subways the one under the guise of World War veteran arouses the most sympathy. Every one feels responsible. And both men and women prove how gullible they are by tossing coins into the proffered hat of the professional beggar.

In any of New York's crowded subways, almost any afternoon, down the aisle, leaning heavily on his crutches, one trouser leg so torn as to reveal many bandages, comes a cripple. He is such a pitiful looking beggar. And there is no doubt as to his genuineness. The badge on his coat proves conclusively that he is a veteran of the World War. Every one is stirred. Men suddenly recall war days. Terrible that this should be the result. The sight of the man, dirty and unkempt, dragging himself about, makes the women a little ill, but they, too, are touched. Hands reach into pockets. Coins are fished out. Women tumble in their bags.

The "cripple" distributes a pitiful little joke book as he makes his way down the car. The joke book has on it a legend of a starving wife, a noble war record. Soon he comes back and collects the coins that usually accompany the book. No one bothers to keep it.

Beggars Ambitious.
Benjamin Cohen, now serving time at Welfare Island, was one of these mendicant "veterans." He should have known when he was well off. Had he been content to garner coins

from subway passengers he might still be earning a comfortable livelihood. Takings ranged from \$10 a day upward. But Cohen was ambitious. The Grand Central Subway station offered better opportunities. Here throngs of people passed constantly. They would be generous. They were. Cohen averaged \$25 a day here.

But among these thousands of sympathetic souls was Detective William B. Kirk of the mendicant squad. Long experience with panhandlers of all types had taught him to be wary. Cohen was arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct for soliciting alms and annoying passengers. He was sentenced by Magistrate Gottlieb to 30 days on Welfare Island.

Cohen's record, which goes back to 1901, includes 16 arrests on charges ranging from grand larceny to manslaughter and assault with intent to kill. Twice he has been sentenced for

Jilted, Asks Return of Cows and House

Greeley, Colo.—In a suit on file in court here Martin Planiski is seeking to recover part of the cost of a hopeless love affair.

Planiski in his suit asks that a house, lots, cows, and other property be decreed Mrs. Emma Glumac, the object of his affections, be returned to him.

It is alleged in the suit that Planiski decided the property to Mrs. Glumac in the hopes that she would marry him, but now that she will not marry him Planiski wants his property back.

S. J. Levy Is a Real Booster of Aviation



S. J. Levy, World war veteran who served in the army air service 1917-19 as a radio instructor and flight officer, beside his autplane in which he is making a tour of the United States to boost aviation. He is the inventor of this type of plane, also of the multiphone and the tel-auto sign.

METHODS OF FIGHTING ICE HAZARDS IN AIR SOUGHT

Ninety Per Cent of Atlantic Flight Failures Laid to This Cause.

Langley Field, Va.—Methods of fighting the ice hazard held responsible by some aeronautical engineers for 90 per cent of the transatlantic flight failures, are being developed principally along the lines of avoidance rather than ways of overcoming the ice after it has formed on the wings and fuselage of an airplane.

Installation of a distance thermometer, with its bulb on a remote edge of the wing, has been recommended by Thomas Carroll and William R. McAvoy, who have completed a preliminary study of the ice hazard to airplanes for the national advisory committee for aeronautics.

The aviator would then know the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere and might be able to avoid

the combination of conditions which force an airplane to earth with a heavy ice coating on its wings and fuselage.

Investigation and flight experimentation carried on by the two scientists disclosed that ice formed most readily on planes when they encountered rain or heavy fog at a temperature of 30 to 31 degrees Fahrenheit. The airplane flying through rain and fog under such conditions cannot remain in the air longer than an hour, the investigators found, and some planes, which are already heavily loaded, can remain in the air but from 15 to 20 minutes after they have encountered air with a high water content and temperatures just below freezing.

Means of prevention or removal of the ice formations have been suggested, and some of them tried. The complete results of all trials will form the subject of further study by the

entists of the national advisory committee.

The addition of a chemical to the oil or grease may be of merit, the scientists report, but it has the obvious disadvantage of being "messy" and might possibly be removed to a great extent by the scrubbing action of the high velocity rain or sleet.

Wait 60 Years to Wed When Parents Object

Pedagoggi, Sicily.—Marianna Maranzano waited sixty years to become Mrs. Pasquale Scalambro.

It was in 1808 that a coy maiden accepted the proposal of her kinsman. But the girl's parents objected and the young man was told that he never would be permitted to wed the girl of his choice. Whereupon Pasquale left the home town to seek his fortune.

Recently he returned to his native village and found that Marianna, like himself, never had married. So they renewed their troth and the whole town turned out to witness a sensational wedding.

Glass Not So Tight; It Won't Hold Gas

Cambridge, Mass.—Glass, which about fits the average man's idea of something absolutely leakproof unless it is cracked, isn't so tight after all. It will permit a slow leak of the valuable gas helium, even when the high quality pyrex variety is used, according to results of an experiment by Prof. G. P. Baxter, Dr. H. W. Starkweather and Dr. R. R. Ellstrand of Harvard university, which will be reported in the forthcoming issue of Science.

The three experimenters sealed up 1,044 milliliters—something more than a quart—of helium in a pyrex glass globe and left it there for more than a year, weighing it carefully at intervals. At the end of 306 days it had lost 10.7 milliliters, or more than 1 per cent of its original content, by slow seepage through the glass.

Chinese Becomes Monk in Franciscan Order

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Fr. Sylvester hereafter is to be the name of Joseph Chang, a Chinese, who has become a Franciscan monk here. He is the first of his race to enter the Catholic order in the United States.

After finishing his studies at St. Anthony's monastery here Fr. Sylvester will return to the city of his nativity, Wuchang, Hupeh, China, where there is a monastery served by American monks from Cincinnati.

Rev. Sylvester Espilage of Cincinnati is superior of the Franciscan establishment at Wuchang.

The Marked Man

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT LAKES

by Karl W. Detzer

W. J. U. Series

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THE STORY

From his French-Canadian mother, Norman Erickson inherits a distaste for life on the water, which is beyond the understanding of his father, Gustaf, veteran deep-water sailor. At Mrs. Erickson's death Gustaf determines to make Norman, who has been working for a grocer, his partner in his fishing boat, at once. In rebellious mood, Norman seeks comfort from Julie Richard, French-Canadian playmate of his school days. Gustaf, going to the aid of a drowning friend is crippled. After months, Gustaf is in a measure able to resume his occupation. Ed Baker, young fisherman, Norman's lifelong enemy, falls ill feeling between father and son, and Norman determines to seek employment in the lighthouse service. Norman goes to Blind Man's Eye. Captain Stocking is in command, living with his daughter, Susan. While filling a lamp with kerosene Susan sets fire to her skirts. She is saved from serious injury by Norman, who is painfully injured. On his day off duty Norman visits Julie Richard. From the lighthouse Norman sees a boat on the reef. Making his way through the surf to the wreck, he is struck by the body of a dead dog. Gustaf Erickson had been fond of telling a ghastly story of a sea disaster in which a dead dog swam, and Norman, as a child, had listened to it in terror. The dog recalls the story and unnerves him. He abandons his idea of rescue.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Come . . . hurry . . . in with you!" Parish cried. A wave pushed the surf-boat toward the sand, the undertow dragged it lakeward. Every man was aboard except Norman and the captain. Parish leaned close and bellowed.

"Your turn last . . . jump!" Norman bit his teeth together and made ready to obey. With wet smarting eyes he saw the lean big-boned officer swing aboard. He reached for the gunwale. A torrential wave slapped against his face. He saw the black shadow of the lifeboat jerk away.

"Come!" the captain's voice snapped back to him on the wind.

Norman leaped forward with all the strength that was left in his legs. He heard Ed Baker cry:

"Yaller-bellied pick'ry!"

The assistant keeper waded out savagely, while a cold roller spattered him with a power that chilled his spine. Afraid? He afraid? He'd show them! Show Baker! Show old Gustaf! Baker was wrong this time! They were all wrong, always had been wrong. He was going! His breath strangled in his throat.

"Come!" the men were shouting.

"Come!"

He ducked his head and scrambled forward. The stern of the boat floated three arm-lengths off. Norman sprawled after it.

Destiny intervened. A roller, greater than all the others, heavier, angrier, leaped out of the darkness. It fell savagely on the man who was left, flung him backward far up the beach, trampled him into the gravel, and retreated satisfied.

The cries of the laboring crew echoed hoarsely from the distraught lake. The lifeboat was making hard progress against unwilling water. Norman clawed upward to a shelf of sand. Winded, beaten, wet, impotent, he glared at the howling lake. Standing numb but secure on the gusty beach, the son of Gustaf Erickson watched the coast guard crew go out to its dangerous duty.

Back in the hot, steamy signal house, Sue Stocking clanged the coal scoop against the boiler door, stuffed the firebox with fuel, and slapped the door shut vigorously. Squinting like her father, she read the steam gauge.

"That'll do," she commented aloud. "I can leave it ten minutes . . . I can go look!"

Anxiously she splashed through the wash toward Steve Sutton's fish dock. She could see her father's lantern now on the sand two hundred yards ahead; figures, bending and struggling, passed hurriedly between her and its light. She realized that they were launching Steve's boat.

She ran faster . . . she might get there in time to help push them off. She was very angry, so angry that the blowing spray did not cool her face. She felt sure of Norman Erickson now. He had come in terrified, sobbing, a dog. Her memory worked savagely. His own father, Ed Baker, Sutton, Parish, every man she knew except the keeper, had termed him a coward. She herself had called him one the first night. Only once since then had he shown himself at all brave, two weeks ago that was, when she upset the Erosopoa. But it had been fire then, not storm. Where was he now? Out with the coast guard?

Going with Parish would redeem a little, but not entirely. He had been a coward.

Norman turned, just as the door wrenched open: Captain Parish strode in, his face hard and sharp as a plowshare.

"Got 'em ashore, Sam?" he asked.

"One? Nobody else?"

"Nobody else," Captain Stocking replied. He added: "Sorry you was late, Josiah."

"Late? And why? Count of this markin', start percipine of yours! A sea serpent! Livin' here at a self-respectin' lighthouse! I askin' him to go whar he told him I was short-

handed. I asks him, warts the boat for him, and he quit, didn't get in!"

"Quit?" repeated Captain Stocking. He put up his hand to his head bewilderingly. "Go stoke that fire, Erickson. Oh, come, Josiah, I guess he didn't quit."

"He didn't go!" cried Sue.

Norman rushed from the room, his face swearing. Sue was partly right this time . . . partly right. He hadn't gone with the boat. He had tried to go. He had fought the lake, and pitted himself against it and had lost. He had done all he could. It was the lake that balked him. It despised him as old Gustaf despised him.

He plunged toward the beach. He had failed, failed before Sue, before Parish, failed before the crew. He had tried. But not hard enough. He had not been quick enough. He had been clumsy. He was not used to life-boats! They knew it! And he had sneaked again over that d-d captain's dog!

His oilskin caught in a rock and he fell, swearing. He pulled off the slicker, his hands trembling with emotion, and flung it recklessly against the wind. He had finished with this business! He'd go inland tonight . . . he would live on a farm as Julie Richard wanted.

Chill wet wind cooled his bare head. The fog signal bled weakly . . . two short, one long . . . it died out, needing steam. Norman rushed into the signal house and pomeled the firebox with coal. Here was a job about his size, firing boilers!

The door popped open and Captain Stocking groped into the room. His face flamed red under his thin wet hair, his eyes were blazing.

"Erickson," he challenged, "why didn't you go with Pariah?"

Norman clattered the scoop to the floor.

"I tried!"

"Tried? Why didn't you go, then? Was you scared?" Stocking spoke the word furiously. "Scared? And a drowin' man needin' help five hundred yards offshore!" He pointed a shaking finger. "I believe they was right about you, Erickson! Here I been holdin' up your part all along. I said you wasn't scared, said you'd learn, be a good seaman and a credit to the light. I've told 'em all that! Told Sue, Told Baker, told Pariah! And now you play an ape! Shame to ye!"

He flushed in a long, bellow, fists punching the air. Norman backed against the wall. An avalanche of thoughts swept through his head. He remembered his father. That briny, howling old sailor would never let another man talk to his face like this so . . . he'd be as hard as ice, would Gustaf, colder than the very lake! He doubled his fists. Sure, he'd been slow, been clumsy, a shame to all the Ericksons! But nobody should tell him so!

"Don't go hollerin' at me!" he yelled. "I'm not in the coast guard! Nothing in regulations about knowin' how to jump in a boat!"

Captain Stocking spat.

"Nothing in regulations to keep you from knowin' how. Not a word! Pariah told you to hurry. Want to see men drowin'? What you know about regulations? What's regulations got to do with being a yaller, no-count scart coward? You best get out of this service, hoy! You ain't fit! Think it's a gal's job, bel, keeper? Think you never need step in a boat? They's good men in this service. Erickson, none other. You best get out!"

"I'll get out when I'm put out."

Norman pounded the shovel on the floor.

"And while you're at it, I'll do some talkin', too," he screamed. "You weren't sure yourself Steve Sutton hadn't seen a ghost! That'll look fine on paper, won't it, a lot of talk about the Kitty K? Who was it first sighted that gas boat? Sue, and then me! And you and Steve Sutton were here inside, sticking your heads under the coal pile!"

He banged the shovel into the corner, picked it up and flung it down again.

"Comes to resignin' from this service, comes to putting me out, I'll have some talkin' to do," he shouted. "You'll have a fine time getting rid of me, old man! I'll do some talkin' if there's talk to be done, and d-d to you!"

Captain Stocking listened speechlessly. He scratched his head. His assistant's rage had cooled his own.

"No such disgraceful, brawly language in my signal house, Erickson. I'll stand for none of it. What you're in need of, I mind, is redemption. Redemption and a clout on the ear to learn ye respect. Get away from me. I need some decent atmosphere to think in. Get away! Go to the house!"

Norman slammed the front door to the keeper's quarters and stamped down the corridor to his own room. He heard a man talking in the parlor and Sue Stocking's laugh. Norman recognized Baker's voice. Its bluster stiffened him.

"His old man's daft," the new member of Pariah's crew was saying, "but he's a right brave seaman!"

Norman trod noisily down the hall. He knew of whom Baker gabbled with such a superior air. Of course, old

Gustaf was a right brave seaman! Without lighting his lamp, he slid out of his wet clothes and hunted dry ones. He rubbed himself down with a towel. He had said plenty to old Samuel Stocking out there in the signal house! But not too much. Drive him out of the service, eh?

He heard Sue Stocking call him: "Erickson!"

"Yes!"

"Will you come out here a minute?"

"What do you want of me?"

"I? I don't want you! Goodness knows I never want to look at you again. It's the man Delong."

Norman stumbled into his shoes in the dark of his room. Of course, she didn't want him. Lord knew she'd shown more spunk tonight than he had.

"I'll be out," he answered.

He dressed slowly. Delong. He knew the name. It was a city fellow called Delong who bought the old Swallow place up Tamarack river way a few years ago, after the Swallows, father, son, aye, even grandfather, had spent half their lives draining the swamp. This Delong . . . not this Delong probably, but some one by that name . . . came in with a sack of money and bought it. Paid cash, built a dam across the river, and backed up the water to form a lake. A gentleman farmer.

He strode into the Stocking parlor. The man lay on the couch. Norman recognized his own brown sweater around his shoulders, his own blue flannel shirt showing underneath it.

"What you want of me?" he asked the stranger abruptly.

The man looked up with a grave face. He was a tall heavy individual with red hair. The brown work trousers that he wore were Norman's too; he had rolled them part way up from one long leg and was steaming his ankle in hot water. Sue stood near by with an empty picher and an armful of white cloth.

"This is Mr. Erickson, the assistant keeper," Sue Stocking explained indifferently.

"Him as wouldn't go," added Edward Baker.

The stranger coughed. There was a certain warm friendliness in his eyes. He put out his right hand and Norman took it. The act reassured him a little. The stranger's hands were large, but soft, as if he never had worked out-of-doors with them. He was not old; under forty.

"Did you happen to find anything on the beach tonight?" he asked.

Norman hesitated. The man's voice was aggressive. But it also was friendly. Norman liked it at once.

"Yes, sir, I did find something."

"What?" Delong braced himself up on one elbow. "What did you find?"

"A dead dog," Norman said. I found a dead dog, Mr. Delong Drowned."

The stranger nodded.

"He was a good dog," he answered mildly.

Norman started. He felt blood rush to his cheeks. Those were his father's words! "A good dog!" He stood up straight, aware that Sutton and Baker were grinning at him.

"He looked it, sir. It upset me, seeing him. If it hadn't been for that dog I'd have been all right."

"You didn't find a pack, an oilskin pack?" Delong inquired.

"I didn't," Norman replied stiffly. "I found was the dog."

Baker laughed. "I best get out on the job again," he said easily. "Capt'n put me on watch down there by the wreck. I'll let you know, mister, if anything comes ashore."

"You will keep your eye open?" the stranger asked.

"Sure . . ."

Norman strode through the door and across the sand to the signal house. Captain Stocking stood bare-headed on the path peering north at the weather.

"Clearing up?" Norman shouted.

"Yes. Let the steam go down. Turn off the automatic."

The keeper had softened his anger, but his tone still was chilly. He left Norman on the way and tramped heavily into the house.

It was two by the clock in the signal shanty. Norman turned off the mechanism that controlled the steam whistle and stepped back out-of-doors. It was lonely on the beach, but just now he craved loneliness.

He needed to think over this whole catastrophe. But what was there to think over? He could expect nothing here on the point except scorn. He had proved himself a coward in the eyes of keeper and coast guard crew. Being a coward was unforgivable. He could never make Sue Stocking understand about the schooner Gottland and the captain's dog.

Julie? Lord, had it been only that afternoon he smelled the soil of the Richard farm back in the hills? He believed Julie would comprehend what had happened to him . . . but he couldn't agree to farm. He couldn't leave the light. After what old Samuel Stocking had threatened! Well, what could he do? Neither land nor lake wanted him. A wave of nostalgia overwhelmed him, a passion like homesickness for a place he never had seen.

He arose with stiff legs after an hour, and facing into the wind, climbed over the sand hummock to the beach. There was a hint of day. Out upon Blind Man's Teeth the capsize yacht made a gray and black patch, with white breakers stretching



Why Was Baker Digging in the Sand With His Hands?

high arms above it. On the shore, not a hundred paces off, an electric flashlight shone for a gusty second. It was Ed Baker, no doubt, on watch by the wreck. Norman stood motionless.

The surferman approached. It was Baker all right; light from the tower gleamed in streaks on his wet salting oilskins. Ten feet off he halted and knelt down beside a drift log. Norman held his breath. Why was Baker digging in the sand with his hands?

The surferman stood up and walked swiftly back to his post. Norman shook his cold legs. And what was this new business? Something queer. Another light, a lantern this time, moved along the wash beyond Keeper Stocking's quarters. Baker waved his arm flash toward . . .

"Oh, Shaf!" he muttered.

"Three-thirty," the relief man called.

The two guards talked quietly for a moment. Then Ed Baker started back toward the coast guard station. Norman waited five minutes before he stepped out of the brush. He crossed swiftly to the log where Baker had knelt, and searched with his fingers in the sand. In half a minute he touched a wet object, too soft for wood.

He cleared away the sand and withdrew an oblong packet. It measured a fair ten inches in length, half that in width, and bulged thick. It was bound with soggy cord. Norman thrust it into a pocket of his coat.

For a second time in his life he had discovered Baker in an act of thievery. And both times he had stood by silent. As a boy he had taken his beating and said nothing. It had been pride kept him from telling that other time, pride and a ridiculous juvenile fear of what Baker might say. He needed have no fear of Baker now. Only a loathing for him. Baker who played the hero and who was only a common thief! What would Sue Stocking say? And Captain Samuel? And Pariah?

It came to him swiftly that it did not matter what they might say. For he could not tell them.

He had no witnesses. Baker would claim that he lied, and he believed undoubtedly.

But the stranger must have his package. Should he give it to him and let Baker know thereby that he had seen him bury it in the sand? Baker would smart under that treatment; it would be torture to him to know that Norman knew.

He kicked the sand out of his boots and tramped back to the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Royal Splendor That Once Dazzled Europe

Europe was dazzled by a display of royal pomp unequalled in the history of pageantry; when Henry VIII met Francis I of France on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

For his entertainment a temporary palace was built at Guines, near Calais, covering three acres. No fewer than 2,800 tents stood around it to house the knights and ladies of his splendid train. Their chapel had 35 priests to serve it and for the 20-day days they were in France 2,200 sheep went to form one item of their menu.

There is a picture in Hampton court which will give you some idea of the splendor of the day. It shows the Great Harry, that giant ship, with her sails of damasked cloth of gold and four royal standards flying from her fore'side, sailing out of Dover harbor. Other ships, bearing Yeomen of the Guard, drummers, fifers and banner bearers, are making ready to follow, and the water is thronged with small

boats full of spectators, one of whom is graphically represented in the act of being seasick.

The diplomatic results of this magnificent display of wealth and power, it is said to read, were as near nothing as doesn't matter.

Foot Index of Character

It is astonishing how much may be interpreted of human character from the foot, says Nathan Hack of Hack's boot shop. Modern detectives, Hack claims, relying on this hypothesis, can guess from the footprint the size and weight of the man to whom it belongs.

They can go further and speculate as to the strength of the man, and as to little peculiarities regarding his physical make-up. The Indians knew this, as did the most ancient of peoples, Hack said.—Boston Herald.

Suspicion is excellent; but it ought to seek verification.

LEADING RADIO PROGRAMS

- (Time given is Eastern Standard; subtract one hour for Central and two hours for Mountain time.)
- N. B. C. RED NETWORK—Dec. 30.**
 1:30 p. m. Peerless Reproducers.
 3:00 p. m. Dr. Stephen S. Wise.
 4:00 p. m. Dr. S. Pakes Cadman.
 5:30 p. m. Acousticon Hour.
 6:00 p. m. Stetson Parade.
 7:00 p. m. Chicago Symphony Orch.
 7:30 p. m. Maj. Howes Family Party.
 9:00 p. m. David Lawrence.
 9:15 p. m. Atwater Kent.
- N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK**
 2:00 p. m. Boxy Stroll.
 3:00 p. m. Young People's Conference.
 5:30 p. m. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick.
 6:30 p. m. Anglo Persians.
 8:15 p. m. Collier's Radio Hour.
- N. B. C. RED NETWORK—Dec. 31.**
 7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
 8:00 p. m. Firestone Tire Co.
 8:30 p. m. A and P Gypsies.
 9:30 p. m. General Motors Party.
 10:30 p. m. National Grand Opera.
- N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK**
 10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour.
 12:00 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
 12:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.
 12:30 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
 7:00 p. m. Cook's Tours.
 7:30 p. m. Roxy and His Gang.
 8:30 p. m. Automatic Washer—"Duo Disc."
 9:30 p. m. Real Folks.
- N. B. C. RED NETWORK—Jan. 1.**
 7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
 4:30 p. m. Auction Bridge Games.
 9:00 p. m. Eveready Hour.
 10:00 p. m. Clicoquet Club Eskimos.
- N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK**
 10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour.
 11:00 a. m. Forecast School of Cookery.
 12:00 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
 12:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.
 12:30 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
 8:00 p. m. Sealy Air Weavers.
 8:30 p. m. Michelin Tire Co.
 9:00 p. m. Three in One Theater.
 9:30 p. m. Dutch Master Minstrels.
 10:00 p. m. Works of Great Composers.
- N. B. C. RED NETWORK—Jan. 2.**
 7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
 10:00 a. m. National Home Hour.
 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
 7:30 p. m. "La Touraine Tableaux."
 8:00 p. m. American Mag. & Woman's Home Companion Hour.
 9:00 p. m. Ipana Troubadours.
- N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK—**
 10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour.
 11:00 a. m. Forecast School of Cookery.
 12:00 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
 12:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.
 12:30 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
 7:00 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
 7:45 p. m. Jeddoo Highlanders.
 7:55 p. m. Political Situation in Wash- ington Tonight.
 9:00 p. m. Sylvania Foresters.
 9:00 p. m. Smith Brothers.
 10:00 p. m. Chicago Civic Opera.
- N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK—Jan. 3.**
 7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
 7:30 p. m. Coward Comfort Hour.
 8:00 p. m. The Song Shop.
 9:00 p. m. Selberling Singers.
 10:00 p. m. Halsey Stuart Hour.
 10:30 p. m. "Iso Vies" Orchestra.
- N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK**
 11:00 a. m. Forecast School of Cookery.
 12:00 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
 12:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.
 12:30 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
 8:30 p. m. "Champion Sparkers."
 9:30 p. m. Maxwell House Hour.
- N. B. C. RED NETWORK—Jan. 4.**
 7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
 10:00 a. m. National Home Hour.
 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
 12:00 p. m. Teeth, Health and Happiness.
 7:30 p. m. Happiness Candy Store.
 7:45 p. m. Market Friends.
 8:00 p. m. Cities Service Hour.
 10:00 p. m. Stromberg Carlson Sextette.
- N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK**
 11:00 a. m. R. C. A. Educational Con- certs.
 12:00 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
 12:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.
 12:30 p. m. "Farm and Home Hour."
 7:00 p. m. Great Moments in History.
 7:30 p. m. Dixie's Circus.
 8:00 p. m. Interwoven Stocking Co.
 9:00 p. m. Wrigley Review.
- N. B. C. RED NETWORK—Jan. 5.**
 7:00 a. m. Tower Health Exercises.
 10:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute.
 8:00 p. m. National Orch.—Damosch.
 10:00 p. m. Lucky Strike Dance Orch.
- N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK**
 2:30 p. m. R. C. A. Demonstration Hour.
 9:00 p. m. Philco Hour.
- The following is a list of stations carrying the above programs:
- National Broadcasting Company Red Network: WEA, New York; WEEI, Boston; WVIC, Hartford; WJAR, Providence; WYAC, Worcester; WGBL, Portland, Me.; WJLT, and WFL, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WQY, Schenectady; WGR, Buffalo; WYCAE, Pitts- burgh; WTAM and WEAR, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN and WLIE, Chicago; WSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WHO, Des Moines; WOI, Omaha; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, WRRM, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WTMJ, Milwaukee; KOA, Denver; WHAS, Louisville; WSM, Nashville; WMC, Memphis; WSB Atlanta; WBT, Charlotte; KVOO, Tulsa; WFAP, Bil- lings; KPRC, Houston; WOAL, San An- tonio; WBAF, Ft. Worth; WJAX, Jacksonville.
- National Broadcasting Company Blue Network: WJZ, New York; WBA, Bos- ton; WBB, Springfield; WBAL, Balti- more; WYAN, Rochester; WYCA, Pitts- burgh; WJR, Detroit; WLV, Cin- cinnati; KYW and WBEI, Chicago; KWB, St. Louis; WYLS, Tulsa; WFAA, Dal- las; WABC, New York; WYLS, San Antonio; WBAF, Ft. Worth; WJAX, Jacksonville.

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 (Cotton) \$2.00
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 20c per pr., 6 pr. \$1.00
 Always a Full Line of Footwear

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Did you get just what you most desired for Christmas? We know a lot of people who must have, but if you did not it is a fine time to Make Your Own Selection and we are in position to make it well worth while to do it now.

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 Advertising Rates on Application
 H. W. ELDREDGE, PUBLISHER
 E. B. ELDREDGE, ASSISTANT
 Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1928

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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.
 Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.
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Foreign Advertising Representative
 THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

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



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

Antrim Locals

William Vose is the guest of the Dearborn brothers at their home in this place.

Mrs. George W. Hunt is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Baker, of Marlow, for a season.

Jacob Sessler, West Lynn, Mass., spent the holiday in town, calling on friends of former days.

Wanted—To purchase, a History of Hancock, in good condition. Apply to Reporter Office, Antrim. Adv.

Mrs. Etta Cutter received this week a letter from California, by air mail, from a friend, Mrs. Woods, with whom she corresponds.

Friends of Charles S. Abbott are pleased to again see him out upon the streets, after being confined to the house several weeks by illness.

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

Frank Hutchison, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Brown and Mrs. Dorothy Richardson spent the week-end and Christmas with relatives in Fitchburg, Mass.

After this week, by request, the pictures at Antrim town hall will be shown on Thursday evenings instead of Wednesday, as has been the rule for some time past.

In the quota for the Near East Relief our town is reported as going "over the top," raising and sending in an amount larger than we were asked to contribute.

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

Earl F. Richardson, of Hillsboro, and Clara R. Mann, of Antrim, were married on Monday evening, December 24, at 7 p.m., by Rev. William Patterson, at the Presbyterian parsonage. The couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Wendall Putnam.

Fred H. Colby's dog was accidentally run over by an auto on Monday, with the result that two bones were broken in one leg. He took the dog to a veterinary and had the bones set and the leg put in a cast. The animal appears to be getting along comfortably.

The junior choir of the Methodist-Presbyterian church held a Christmas Party on Thursday evening, at the home of Roger and Herman Hill and Wendell Ring. The children met at 6 o'clock and played games, followed by the tree with a real Santa, impersonated by Roger Hill. Santa was very amusing and told the story of many mishaps on his trips. After the tree, refreshments of cocoa, sandwiches, and cake were served. At 7.30 the party adjourned, and all attended prayer meeting.

Muzzey's Furniture Exchange—See 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.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the kind friends and neighbors who assisted in any way during the long months of illness of our dear one. The flowers and gifts for Lindsey and the assistance and kind words of sympathy at the time of our sad bereavement, all were deeply appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Elliott
 Margaret Redmond
 Clementine Mass
 Fred E. Redgate

Moving Pictures!
 MAJESTIC THEATRE
 Town Hall, Antrim.
 Thursday, January 3
 The Stolen Bride
 with Billie Dove

Chapter 8—The Yellow Cameo
 Pathe Weekly Pictures at 8.00
 W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Poor recently spent a day with Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Kibbee, in Keene.

Mr. and Mrs. John Zabriskie have returned from a visit with relatives in New Jersey, their former home.

The Hillsboro banks have our thanks for a 1929 calendar, the best of which is a plain pad with good size figures.

Miss Edith Barrett, from Boston, is spending the holiday season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Barrett.

The Hillsboro Savings Bank desires to interest our readers in their Christmas Savings Club now forming; read about it in another column.

A very successful silver tea and holiday sale was held at the home of Mrs. H. E. Wilson, regent, by the D. A. R. on Friday afternoon last.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eldredge and daughter, Miss Mabelle Eldredge, spent Christmas day with their sons and their families in Winchendon, Mass.

Mrs. Don H. Robinson and two sons are spending the holiday season with relatives at Arlington Heights, Mass. Mr. Robinson was with them for Christmas.

Miss Lillian Marie Perkins is spending the holiday vacation at her home here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Perkins, from her studies at Boston University.

The combined Methodist-Presbyterian Sunday school had their Christmas tree and exercises on Monday evening, with refreshments after the specially prepared program.

There has been much sickness in town the past few weeks, mostly of a grip nature and severe colds. Among those who have been afflicted are Mr. and Mrs. John M. Burnham, Mrs. Hattie Pease, Ralph George and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Zabriskie.

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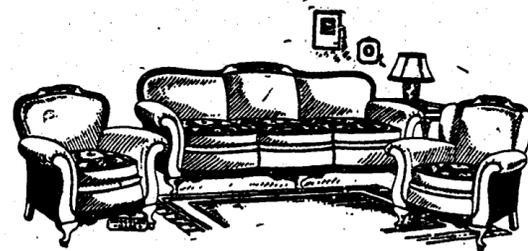
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NEW YEARS SUGGESTIONS:

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

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Bennington. Chapter 7—Fighting for Fame and Fortune; Ben Alexander

Congregational Church. Rev. Stephen S. Wood, Pastor. Preaching service at 10.45 a.m.

Season's Greetings to the Reporter and its readers! Mrs. S. S. Wood is suffering with the prevailing cold.

Mrs. Margaret Wilson, of Tilton, is with her parents for the holidays. Tenements to Rent. Apply to C. W. Durgin, Main street, Bennington.

Mrs. Addie Hawkins spent Christmas with her daughters in Massachusetts. Carolers were sung about the Christmas tree, on the common, on Monday evening.

Report of Christmas concert at the Congregational church appears in another column. The Sons of Union Veterans Auxiliary held their inspection at the next meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gerrard went to Holyoke, Mass., to spend Christmas with their son and family. William B. Gordon has a bronchial trouble which put him under the doctor's care for Christmas day.

We think the community Christmas Tree better placed than last year, as it casts its cheer over the bridge. Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Kidder entered their relatives from Milford over the week-end and Christmas.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches. Presbyterian-Methodist Churches. Rev. William Patterson, Pastor. Thursday, December 27. Prayer and praise service, at 7.30 o'clock.

Baptist. Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor. Thursday, December 27. Church prayer meeting, at 7.30 p.m. Topic: "What Christmas Means to Me."

Christmas Concert at Bennington Congregational Church. Under the auspices of the Sunday school, Mrs. Stephen S. Wood put on the second of her entertainments in Bennington, in celebration of Christmas time, last Saturday evening, in the Congregational church.

There was scripture reading and prayer by the pastor. The several exercises by the children were cute as well as very appropriate, and showed that much effective work had been done by the committees in charge and also the helpers.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Cheney has gone to Peterborough where she will pass the winter with her sister, Mrs. Sylvester Tenney. J. A. Elliott has given out some very pretty calendar and thermometer combination ads., regarding coal, etc. in which he deals.

Miss Isabel Call, of Keene, and Reginald Call, of New York City, were with their parents here for the week-end and Christmas. Westley Sheldon, from New Britain, Conn., and Gordon Dodge, from Lowell, Mass., were visitors with relatives here for Christmas.

During the Christmas holidays Miss Cashion will be in Manchester and Boston, and Miss Burbank at her home in Framingham, Mass. Mrs. George Cady, with her daughter, Mrs. Hudson, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Byles, in Schenectady, N. Y., for the Christmas holidays.

There is a new book entitled "How The Old Woman Got Back Home." You have got to read it to find out how she got away as well as back. The new School House will be formally opened here on Tuesday, January 1, at 2 o'clock. Allan Hollis, Esq., of Concord, will give a short address.

The Sons of Union Veterans Auxiliary have voted to give a flag to the new Pierce School, which will be ready for occupancy the first of the New Year. For Rent—Barn, in Bennington, for storage purposes. Will accommodate five cars and truck.

Hygiene Courses Can Cure Speech Defects

In the multiplicity of services designed to promote the health and welfare of children, speech has been surely neglected, claims Dr. John A. Glassburg, who writes in Hygeia Magazine of overcoming vicious speech habits. Inferiority complexes, shut-in personalities, shyness, timidity, maladjustment, suicidal tendencies, emotional instability, criminality and antisocial characteristics are some of the results of the disturbances of speech he says.

Speech defects are curable, Doctor Glassburg insists. Re-education in speech is a course in mental and physical hygiene. Speech specialists believe that by overcoming a speech disorder they can change the attitude, behavior and personality of a person and readjust him properly to his environment.

City People Neglect Places of Interest

"Ninety per cent of New York's residents have never seen the sights which most interest visitors from other places," declares the editor of Farm and Fireside.

"Figures show that out-of-town visitors who go to the top of the Woolworth tower are hugely in the majority, less than 10 per cent being New Yorkers," the article continues. A test was made by the editor while entertaining a group of farm boys and girls from Maine and Illinois.

Natural Colors Kept for Amazing Periods

An artist who is careful in the selection of the pigments for his pictures usually reckons that they will last two or three hundred years. Natural pigments have been discovered that have kept their color for at least a hundred million years.

Cooling Effect of Color

Tests made by engineers with instruments that measured heat flowing through a sunlit roof showed that a white roof for a house is as cooling as the white clothes you wear in hot weather. Shiny aluminum paint is even better, as it reflects away the sun's hot rays.

Up to Cats

The members of the International Conference to War Against Rats in Paris unanimously agreed that cats were the best medium to exterminate the enemy. They have decided to recommend the establishment of ranches to raise and train cats to attack rats according to the accepted scientific methods of cat and rat warfare.

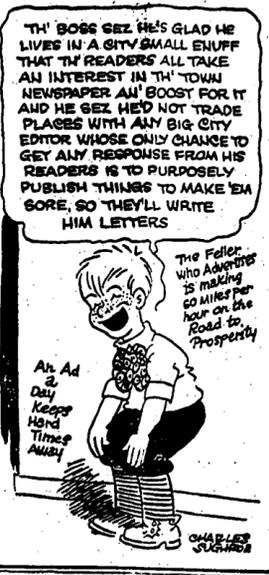
False Satisfaction

If a man has money, says the old sheep herder, in Farm and Fireside, he can buy his way in and think he's getting there faster. But the only real way is for a man to start young and grow into the game, learning as he goes.

Balm for Housewives

Many of the minor tragedies of the housewife are like a child's pranks, really comical, and can be seen so later—American Magazine.

MICKIE SAYS—



Antrim Locals

Arthur W. Whipple received word today (Wednesday) of the death of his mother, Mrs. James Whipple, at her home in Stoddard.

A good assortment of plain and fancy aprons, also a variety of hand made articles, may be found at Mrs. H. A. Warren's, North Main St. Give her a call.

The Baptist people had their Christmas tree on Friday evening last, with a supper for the younger portion of the school at six o'clock. The Christmas exercises were held on Sunday in place of the Sunday school.

Miss Margaret Redmond and Miss Clementine Maso were called home last week by the death of Lindsey Elliott. The former has returned to her employment in New York, while the latter will stay a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. James A. Elliott.

On the evening of Dec. 12th, at the home of Rev. and Mrs. E. D. Towle, in Hillsboro, a very quiet wedding took place between Frank P. Dodge of Hillsboro, and Miss Harriet E. Crooker of Antrim. Rev. Frank A. M. Coad performed the ceremony.

Tax the Loafer

Theoretically, the perfect tax would be a tax on inaction. The proper man to tax would be the loafer, not the worker; idle land, not used land; inactive capital, not active capital; lack of enterprise, not enterprise.

Such a tax would not be practical, but it would be a just tax. Our present taxes are based on an opposite theory.

We tax thrift, action, capital, enterprise. We levy taxes in proportion to ability to pay, which means that the harder a man works, the more we tax him; the more thrifty he becomes, the more we soak him; the more efficient he grows, the more we knock him down.

If a man saves his money and buys a house, he is taxed; if he wastes his money in extravagant living, he is not taxed. None of our taxes encourage production by the simple process of discouraging idleness, shiftlessness, inefficiency.

The devil himself could not do a neater job of hobbling the race.—Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, Journal.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Charles E. Pollard late of Goffstown, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment. Dated December 12th, 1928. JAMES M. GEORGE.

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EVENING FAIRY STORY FOR THE CHILDREN

By Mary Graham Bonner

One day Mr. Robin Redbreast was walking along a lovely green lawn where the cold weather never came. He stopped several times to pick up a worm from the ground and swallow it whole before he walked on.

In a tree nearby he spied the Cardinal Bird.

"Hello," said Mr. Robin Redbreast, cheerily. "Won't you come down and have a worm with me?"

"There are a number in this lawn, and the good rain we had last night has made the ground so nice and soft. Do join me," he ended, with a bright chirp.

"No, thank you," said the Cardinal Bird. "I wouldn't soil my feet on that ground."

"I absolutely hate the ground, hate it."

"Come now," said Mr. Robin Redbreast, "you won't get your feet dirty. And if you do," he whispered knowingly, "I will lead you to the nicest brook where you can wash them off with fresh rain water."

"Do come!" said the Cardinal Bird. "I cannot," said the Cardinal Bird. "I do not like the earth."

"I want to be flying in the air, or sitting on the branches of trees. Sometimes I will perch for a little while on a laurel bush, but come down any lower?"

"Dear me, no, I couldn't."

"It's a great shame," said Mr. Robin Redbreast, "of course there is no accounting for tastes, as the saying is."

"Thank you for inviting me," added the Cardinal Bird politely, "but I



"Oh, What a Wonderful Bird," Said the People.

never go along on the ground. It's not the way of cardinal birds."

Pretty soon some people came along. At once they noticed the beautiful cardinal bird.

He wore his best red suit, but as it was winter he had added gray to his wings.

His collar and tie were of black and his feathers stuck up on top of his head so as to make him look very stylish and fine.

"Oh, what a wonderful bird," said the people.

Mr. Cardinal Bird heard that, of course—and so did Mr. Robin Redbreast.

Well, when the Cardinal Bird heard the praise he began to sing, a glorious high voice he had, and he sounded his clear notes over and over again.

Then suddenly he stopped, cocked his head on one side, as though to say,

"And what do you think of me now?"

From down on the ground Mr. Robin Redbreast had been listening.

"Oh, that was wonderful, wonderful," he trilled.

"Listen to that dear little robin," said one of the people.

And they all looked at the dear, friendly robin hopping about on the lawn.

"There is nothing so friendly as a robin, he comes down and lets us see him," said the people.

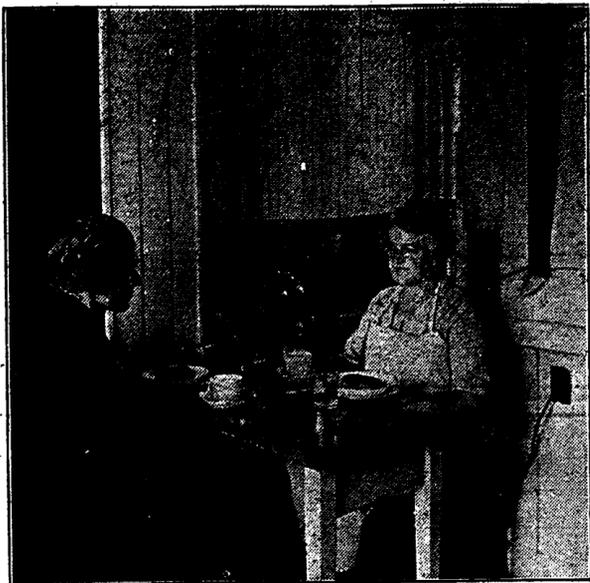
Then they went off and got some bread crumbs for him.

Mr. Robin Redbreast wanted to share them with the Cardinal Bird, but of course the Cardinal Bird would not come down and step on the ground.

And the people continued to say: "There is nothing, after all, quite so dear and nice, as the friendly robin."

(©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

HINGED BREAKFAST TABLE CONVENIENT



Using Drop Shelf as Breakfast Table in Remodeled Kitchen.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The home demonstration agent, who is breakfasting with this farm woman in Massachusetts, is trying out one of her own suggestions—the use of hinged conveniences in a very small kitchen, to save space. This dropped table can be folded up and hooked to the wall when it is not needed, but when a hasty meal is being served or an extra surface is wanted for preparing food or serving a number of individual dishes it can be very useful. When there are only two for breakfast, and perhaps the housewife is alone for lunch, even a dining alcove is hardly necessary, and this little folding device answers every purpose. The ironing board, similarly hinged to the wall, is let down only when necessary.

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Form for requesting a trial bottle of "Save the Baby" with fields for name, address, and town.

Cold Valley Donning Red

Residents in the Torne River valley of northern Sweden are busy painting their farmhouses red. The activity is the result of anonymous gift of \$1,500 worth of red paint to the Lapland Geographical society with the specification that it be used in the valley, so that the color-dotted landscape may set an example to the dreary Finland homes across the border.

Fire Prevention

During the recent fire prevention week in Syracuse, N. Y., Boy Scouts of that municipality distributed thousands of printed cards to householders, reminding them that 90 per cent of all fires are preventable and that 60 per cent of the fires last year were in homes.

Malade a la Mode

She—Oh, dear, I've got such a nasty cough. He—Oversmoking or underdressing?—London Chronicle.

It shows wonderful self-control

when a man never mistakes his good luck for ability.

How to make mother and the girls happy

Give them \$100 apiece and tell them to go shopping.

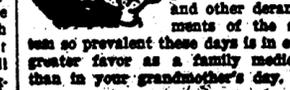
The closer money is the harder it is to get hold of.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND and TAR

There's nothing like this for breaking up colds—amazing relief to sore throats, head and chest—Safe—money back 30c at all druggists.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy



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

REMOLIA

SCHOOL DRESSES SHOULD BE SIMPLE

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Possibly no task gives a mother more real enjoyment than selecting or making the dresses worn by her small daughter when she is between three or four and ten. Sometimes the mother herself feels once more like a little girl with a doll to dress, and she takes so much pleasure in planning her "doll's" wardrobe that she allows her imagination to run riot. The little girl, too, has ideas about frills and ruffles and fancy decorations she has seen on other children's clothes. The result is often an elaborate, over-trimmed, impractical set of dresses which not only give much work in the making but also in "doing up."

Dresses that are too fussy or too fragile for everyday wear prevent a child from indulging in normal active play, and make her too conscious of herself and her appearance; or else they are soon dirty and dragged and much less pleasant to look at than plain, sturdy play suits. Another unfortunate point, too, is that the frocks that make a little girl look like a dressed-up doll are not really in good taste except for "dressup" occasions. If worn to school the child is likely to be criticized rather than admired.

The bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture, has been interested in designing dresses for the little girl that can be easily made and laundered, that are

comfortable to wear, pleasing to look at, and easy to put on and take off. Even a three-year-old can learn to dress herself if the fastenings are few in number, with large, findable buttons, placed in front. It is not necessary to choose dull, uninteresting colors, for there are many gay, fast-colored cotton prints available that appeal to any little girl. In winter time they may be replaced by warm washable challies in similar designs. Plain colors, too, are good in such materials as broadcloth or poplin.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

Teaching a child fear does not make him more cautious but hampers his development.

You lengthen the life of rugs and carpets if you clean them frequently and thoroughly.

Omit spices from the child's diet. They have no food value and irritate the lining of his stomach.

To remove coffee stain from the inside of the percolator, fill the percolator with water, add a teaspoonful of soda and boil a few minutes. Then wash the percolator to remove the stain entirely.

NELLIE MAXWELL'S FAVORITE RECIPES

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining; Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall. Some days must be dark and dreary. —Longfellow.

There are many mothers who realize the value of vegetables and strive to give them an important place in the children's dinner. When the small people have their meals with the grownups, care must be taken to create in them a liking for all kind of vegetables. This is not so hard when father and mother both eat and praise such foods. If daddy won't eat carrots or spinach or lettuce it is much to expect that the small people will enjoy food that he refuses. Vegetables must be carefully prepared, seasoned and served in order to foster a fondness for them. Cabbage a la Russe.—Cut off as many large leaves of cabbage as you

have persons to serve. Steam them in a steamer over hot water for ten minutes. Mix one and one-half cupfuls of leftover meat with one cupful of cooked rice, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, three tablespoonfuls each of chopped green pepper and onion which have been fried until slightly brown in one-fourth cupful of butter. Add all together and mix with one beaten egg. Cut a piece from the back rib of each cabbage leaf so that it will roll easily. Place a spoonful of the mixture on the leaf, fold in the sides and roll up. Fasten with toothpicks and cook in a little fat over a slow fire until tender. Serve with tomato sauce.

Potato Timbale.—Spread a pan thickly with butter, then cover with dry bread crumbs, brush beaten egg lightly over the surface, then dust with crumbs again. Fill the pan with hot mashed potato seasoned lightly with salt, pepper, butter, onion juice, cream and the yolks of two beaten eggs to each pint of potato. Bake thirty minutes in a hot oven. Invert on a hot platter and let stand ten minutes before removing the mold. Pecan and Cheese Crackers.—Take fresh crisp crackers longer than wide, cover with a strip of any good snappy cheese, cut a little smaller than the cracker. On this lay halves of pecan meats in a row—four or five. Place in a hot oven and melt the cheese. Serve hot, with hearts of celery.

Krimmel Torte.—Put one-half pound each of dates and figs through a meat chopper, add three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs and six egg whites beaten stiff folded in very lightly. Flavor with vanilla and bake in layer tins in a very slow oven. Serve with whipped sweetened and flavored cream. Cornstarch Pudding.—This is one of the quick desserts which even the children will like. Take two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch (heaping), add

one-half cupful of sugar, mix well then add a pint of rich milk. Beat one egg and add to the milk. Cook over the heat until thick and smooth and the starchy taste is removed. Cool, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and pour into serving dishes or molds to chill. Serve with a cube of jelly on top of each and pass cream for the sauce.

Porto Rican Bananas.—Select bananas, wash and put them without removing the skin into a very hot oven. Bake until the skins burst open. Send to the table in a folded napkin and do not remove the skins until the moment of eating. Serve with plenty of butter and a dash of lemon juice. (©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

SERVING KIDNEY BEANS IN SALAD

Kidney beans may be served in a salad after they have been cooked in the usual way, the bureau of home economics suggest. The combination of ingredients below makes a fairly hearty dish, sufficient for lunch.

1 pint dried kidney beans, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 pint chopped celery, 1/4 tsp. paprika or chili powder, 1 tbs. minced onion, 2 tbs. lemon juice, 1/2 cup chopped nuts.

Wash the beans and soak them in two quarts of cold water overnight. Add one-half teaspoonful salt and cook them in the water in which they were soaked until they are tender but not broken. Drain and cool the beans, then mix with the celery, onion and nuts. Blend the oil, lemon juice and salt and pour over the mixture. Chill thoroughly and serve on crisp lettuce.

Fruits Important in Diet

Fruits have been recognized increasingly in recent years as important items of diet, in part because it has been discovered that they are excellent sources of vitamins. However, the fruits have other important constituents, notably the acids, on which constructive research work has been done in recent years by chemists in the United States Department of Agriculture.

Citric acid and malic acid, usually both in the same fruit, have been found to be the principal fruit acids. The acidity of oranges, lemons, grapefruit, limes, and most of the berries is due almost entirely to citric acid; apples and quinces owe their sour tang almost entirely to malic acid, while peaches, apricots, and pears have a mixture of the two. The blackberry acid is called isocitric, and E. K. Nelson, of the bureau of chemistry and soils, describes this as a "peculiar fruit acid not found elsewhere in nature. Isocitric acid is closely related to citric acid, possessing the same empirical formula but a different structure."

In a table giving the acidity of more than a score of fruits, Mr. Nelson records that the tamarind, with 3 per

cent acidity, is the sourest fruit, more than twice as acid as the lemon, with 3.88 per cent. The tamarind's acidity is due almost exclusively to tartaric acid. The grape is the only other fruit with a considerable content of tartaric acid. In the body most of the acids are oxidized readily, the sodium, potassium, or calcium with which they combine remaining to counteract acid conditions in the body and to help prevent excess of acidity.

Salt Absorbs Water

In a crowded dining car the other day a luckless little four-year-old boy upset a glass of water. While his embarrassed young mother with a baby girl in her arms tried to remedy the damage, the kind waiter said "never mind mam" and began to shake salt all over the damp linen. "What will that do?" asked the mother. He explained that the salt will absorb most of the water and then be brushed off, scarcely leaving a trace of the accident.

Matching Sets of Colorful Velvet Featured by Paris

When first the ensemble theme was exploited in fashion's realm it was rather regarded as of passing interest. To the practical minded it appeared more as a luxury for the few who could afford to indulge in the fastidious notion of matching this detail to that.

Today, however, women have come to realize that the ensemble idea is not only a matter of real economy, but the matching and harmonizing of the various items of one's costumes carries with it the assurance of always presenting a well-dressed appearance.

Ensemble accessory sets this season are especially prominent on the style program. As to just what constitutes an accessory set is left to the imagination of the stylist and the wearer. The furrier this season is all enthusiasm over the new vogue of hat, scarf and muff to match, to which oftentimes is added a handbag of some one or other of the same flat fabriclike furs which are so smartly in fashion. The leather worker is absorbed in creating shoes, handbag and belts of matching colorful kidskin or snakeskin or some other selected medium. To the milliner, perhaps, the ensemble vogue opens up the most fascinating vista for the evolving of intriguing combinations worked in complement with the hat.

Velvet is proving a most inspirational medium for the making of hats, bags, wraps, neckpieces and, yes, shoes, if you so choose, which match. A likable and wearable velvet accessory ensemble is pictured here. The short jacket—and short jackets are the talk of fashiontown these days—is of navy rayon velvet. The youthful beret which tops this cunning coatee and the envelope bag are of the same velvet. It is quite worth while to give thought as to the thorough practicality of this charming velvet trio. In black it would be even more wearable with various one-piece frocks, while in any of the new wine shades or dark greens or hand-



some brown would be most fetching. What with accessory sets coming in for such a share of attention, a channel of expression for new ideas is opened up to the modest couturier. Shirred velvet sets consisting of neck-piece, muff and hat present a particu-

larly alluring advent to the home designer who is endowed with creative ideas and is a skillful needlewoman. Some women are finding it practical to buy an unfurrowed coat, an accessory set to be worn with it. (©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

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REPORTER RAMBLINGS

Colonel Wedgewood says, "We pay too big a price for efficiency." Ask Gerinany, she knows.

British engineers hope to establish a record for airplane speed of 360 miles per hour this coming season. Six times faster than the mile-a-minute clip!

Frederick A. Stock enlightens the world with the statement that "The American student lacks both concentration and patience." Lacking these qualities we question if anyone of any nationality could be called a student.

A New York publisher complains that the American people are spending twice as much for candy as for books. A box of candy leaves a much more pleasant taste in the mouth than many of present day novels.

The ideal hen of the future will be a strictly utility bird without adding anything for beauty, says Prof. Graham of Amherst. Hope this doesn't affect the noble turkey which certainly presents a beautiful appearance when gracing the Thanksgiving and Christmas tables.

Thirty telephone operators in Milan, Italy, got married and according to the rules of the company they were discharged. Premier Mussolini "asked" the officials to reinstate the operators. Is it necessary to add that they now have their old job back again?

The submarine S-4 will be sunk this winter and used by the Navy for rescue and escape tests. It is believed that much of value can be learned by this method which will aid the Navy in handling future submarine disasters with perhaps but little loss of life.

The Federal Court of Claims at Washington is hearing claims totaling nearly two billion dollars against government. Far from being worried over the situation our Uncle Sam retaliates in counter suits and frequently succeeds in obtaining verdicts against those who would defraud him.

A plea for the industrial re-awakening of New England was made recently in an address by John F. Tinsley, vice president of the Crompton & Knowles Loom Works of Worcester. He believes that the typical attitude of present day New Englander is one of relaxation rather than aggression.

President Hoover is South American is heightened by the good will tour of President-elect Hoover. The United States and South American countries have always manifested their friendship by their trade. Nearly half the imports of the more important South American republics come from the United States.

Notices have recently appeared in the daily press bawling the fact that some how the story got around that certain hotels in Montreal were charging \$30 per person per day for over the New Year's holiday. The implication is made that this statement is untrue. Yet they very carefully avoid saying what the rates are.

Abd-el-Krim, the famous chief of the Rif district of Morocco, now a prisoner of France on the island of Reunion in the Indian ocean, takes his captivity rather hard. In reality he is a "guest" of the government of France. All bills paid, a castle furnished and his sons educated and yet the captive is unhappy. Like many of us, he does not appreciate when he is well off.

In spite of the fact that the metropolitan press now reaches into nearly every town and village in the country the local newspaper in the United States is each year getting on a firmer foundation and becoming more and more useful to its home community.

It may be said that the day of the metropolitan newspaper is at hand. This is true, but it is equally true that the day of the local newspaper is here, too.

The metropolitan daily with its world-wide news, its comic sheets and its magazine supplements, while of course essential in our modern civilization, cannot take the place of the home newspaper. The very fact that the big city daily must cover a broad field forbids its becoming local in any sense, and it is in the local field where the home newspaper dominates and where it finds its true usefulness.

For, after all, it is the home news which is most important to most of us. We have the greatest interest in the community in which we live and in the people who are our neighbors and friends. And it is the local newspaper which records the happenings of the folks at home and in addition fosters the civic pride and progressive spirit of the community.

We frequently hear it said that the old time independent spirit of the newspaper is gone, that its editorial policy is now subservient to the business office. Yet this is not true. There is more unselfish idealism in the average local newspaper than in any other business enterprise. It frequently speaks out in the way which it believes will be for the good of the nation and of the community, regardless of what the consequences may be from a business standpoint. This is more than the average business man will do or can do.

Of course the local newspaper is now on a firm business basis. This is why it is improving from year to year, why it is giving its readers a constantly better newspaper, and why it is increasing its influence for good in the community. But the local newspaper is still the beloved benefactor for the community, and it does its boasting often without any hope of material reward.

—Monmouth Inquirer.

PENNSYLVANIA COLD SLAW

Put two pounds of firm, crisp cabbage through a slicer. Add a dressing made from:
2 eggs beaten light
1 cup cider vinegar
1 cup water
6 scant teaspoons sugar
Salt to season
Butter size of walnut
Cook slowly for a few minutes until thoroughly mixed. Stir tablespoon flour thinned in water into mixture and cook for five minutes over slow fire. Cool, thin with cream, then pour over sliced cabbage and mix thoroughly. Finely-chopped cabbage may be used instead of sliced.

SANDWICH FILLING

One pound of mixed nuts (be careful to keep small particles of shell from clinging to the meats). One cup seedless raisins. Grind together in a food grinder, add a little salt and the juice of one small orange. Work together very thoroughly, place in a glass container and keep in a cool place. Can be used between thin, well buttered slices of whole wheat, white or bran bread. Ideal for school lunches, workmen's lunches, or picnics.

DEERING

Archie Cote, Jr., has accepted a position in Nelson.

Myron Ashby has been drawn as petit juror for the January term of Superior Court.

Miss Annie Wood has returned to Concord, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wood.

Dr. and Mrs. D. A. Poling and several members of the family are spending a few weeks at their summer home here.

Lawrence Worth, a student at Dartmouth college, is spending the Christmas vacation at his home in West Deering.

Wolf Hill Grange met in the town hall for its last meeting and the names of several prospective members were presented.

The schools of the town closed Friday for a weeks vacation. The North and Manselville schools held their Christmas trees and celebration the last day of school.

Miss Alice Fitch, assistant club agent, and Kenneth Gibbs, both of the Hillsborough County Farm Bureau, were present at the meeting held for reorganization of the Wolf Hill 4-H club held at the Manselville schoolhouse Thursday afternoon.

HANCOCK

Kenneth Hayward, Harriet Hubbard, and Ruth Vatcher are home from New Hampshire University for the holidays.

The annual business meeting of the Congregational church will be held in the vestry Friday, December 28, at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

W. D. Fogg and wife have reached home after a motor trip of several weeks which took them into the mid-west as far as St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Fred C. Eaton has returned from Boston where she had been for several weeks because of the death of a relative and illness in the family.

Sidney Stearns met with a painful accident last week cutting his left hand badly and severing the cords of the thumb. He is improving slowly.

Mrs. Edward Hanson, who has been ill for some time with a serious bronchial trouble, is much better and her many friends will be glad to see her out again soon.

PETERBOROUGH

Philander Mann, who is attending the University of New Hampshire, is spending two weeks in town during the Christmas recess.

J. Stuart Fitts has graduated from the drafting course of the engineering school of the General Electric River Works, Lynn, Mass.

Miss Janet Fitts has been secured as director of the Recreation room at the Congregational church and will take up her work the first of January.

The annual election of officers of Theosis Chapter, No. 8, O.E.S., will be held in Masonic hall, Thursday evening, December 27, at 8 o'clock. Immediately following the degree will be conferred on several candidates.

Wayne Bryer is working at the New York City post office during the Christmas rush. He came home Christmas Day and will spend two weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bryer, before returning to his studies at Dartmouth.

GREENFIELD

Christmas exercises were held in the church Sunday evening under auspices of the Sunday school.

The Community Christmas tree made a nice ornament on the Library lawn and gifts for the children were distributed Monday night at 7:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Hannah Lowe died at the home of her son, Page Lowe, early last Tuesday morning. Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon at the Congregational church.

FRANCESTOWN

There was a community tree at the town hall December 24, in the evening.

The Benevolent society met with Mrs. Charles Lord Wednesday the 12th. It was decided not to meet again until the annual meeting, Jan. 2, 1929.

The Woman's club met at Carrie Lord's for their last meeting. Carols were sung. Christmas readings were given by several and parcels were prepared for the Franklin Home.

Dr. George Cressey preached at the "Old Church" Sunday. He is from Boston and has preached in London, England. There was special singing by the children of the town.

LYNDEBORO

Mr. and Mrs. Ray P. Bishop and Wallace A. Dole attended the State Grange at Claremont.

Herman A. Walker, who has been confined to the house, is now able to be out about the farm again.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hadley have returned home, after spending several weeks in Brookfield, Mass.

Miss Blanche Richardson is home from the Memorial hospital at Nashua and is doing as well as possible.

Lawrence Putnam, of New Hampshire University, is spending two weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Putnam.

Miss Mildred Cummings, of Antrim, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin E. Cummings, during the holiday vacation.

No Successor Yet

Jud Tunkins says he has always heard any man's place can be filled and he's still waiting for another Bill Shakespeare.—Washington Star.

Washing the Feet

James II of England was the last king who performed the act of washing the feet of the poor. To quote the Chapel Royal Register: "On April 16, 1635, our gracious King James Ye 2d wash'd wip'd and kiss'd the feet of 52 poor men."

DEEPA KNOWN AS LOVE

By H. M. EGGERT

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THE three professors looked inquiringly at the younger member of the faculty as he entered the room. If pity had been known in the year 2215, it might have been said that pity was reflected upon their faces. As it was not, the look must have been merely curiosity.

The white-robed, sterilized nurse would have been called beautiful three centuries before. But her wealth of blond hair was hidden by the hideous hood that was the fashion, and in her loose garments she looked more like a mandarin.

She, too, gazed curiously at the young fellow who entered and took his station respectfully before the professors.

"No. A 89 W P 14," began the eldest professor, addressing him by the name he bore, "you are still decided to become the subject of this experiment?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man. "You are making it in the interests of civilization. You have weighed the consequences? You know that it will mean persecution, ostracism, and, worst of all, the existence within your system of a diabolical germ, which has become so rare that it is necessary to demonstrate its existence by performing this inoculation?"

"I have considered all the consequences, gentlemen," replied the young man.

The three professors addressed the nurse.

"No. B 27 F F 7," began the second professor, "you, too, have volunteered to sacrifice your happiness for the sake of science? You, too, are undergoing this martyrdom with a full knowledge of the consequences?"

The other two asked her almost the same question, though not in identical words. There was a faint smile upon the nurse's face as she replied:

"Yes, gentlemen, I am prepared to suffer this martyrdom," she answered. "Then you have both been warned as is required by law," said the eldest professor. "I shall now proceed to inoculate you both with the rare germ known as diplococcus amoris, found only in Patagonia and Fiji."

It was a weighty experiment. During the three centuries that had elapsed love had become rarer and rarer. Marriages were now and had long been regulated by the state. Spasmodic cases of love had been reported to the medical faculty, but except for these epidemics, now becoming rarer as the principles of hygiene were better understood, there had not been a case in years.

It was the desire of the physicians to observe a genuine case of love, in order to revise the textbooks of this disease, that had led the professors to cast about for two suitable subjects. As soon as the disease developed they were to be placed for a period of years upon a desert island, to avoid the spread of the malady. They would be supplied with food and a home and left there until the virulence of the disease was believed to have abated.

"It is a splendid thing to sacrifice ourselves for science," said A. 69 W P 14, enthusiastically.

"Yes, it is, indeed," answered B. 27 F F 7. Nevertheless the same faint, almost inscrutable smile played about her features as she spoke. The young man wondered whether the nurse had fully realized the nature of the experiment, the suffering that it would entail. However, he said nothing, but bared his arm for the inoculation with the rare microbe, a supply of which had come from the Fiji Islands only a few days before.

The first professor, having sterilized his needle, drew up a minute quantity of gelatin out of a tube. In this substance were millions of the deadly diplococcus. He inserted the point of the hypodermic into the young man's arm. A 69 W P 14 did not flinch at the pain. Then, having withdrawn the needle, the professor performed the same operation on the young woman.

Everybody noticed that the same faint and inscrutable smile played about her features, but nobody commented upon that fact. Even in 2215 it was the privilege of young women to smile.

The operations completed, the professors solemnly shook hands with the victims.

"In three hours," said the middle professor, "the symptoms should begin to take effect. This is 115 o'clock. At 118, therefore, you will both be come a menace to society. At that hour the boat will be waiting to convey you to your island home."

The professors withdrew, leaving the young victims together in the laboratory of the science building. Situated on the seashore, in the curve of the wooded heights of Brooklyn, it was an ideal spot for experimentation. The hum of the great distant city came only faintly to their ears.

In three hours' time the vessel would anchor off the dock to carry them away to the South sea, there to remain for a term of years until the deadly virus had been eliminated.

The young man shuddered as he thought of the awful fate in store for them. Now that the act was irrevocable he began to think of the sacrifice. He remembered his hundred friendships, the college days when he had been the heart and soul of his set. All these things

... which at least is compassionate. He was not so sure now that he had done a foolish thing.

"Do you regret the sacrifice, B. 27 F F 7?" he inquired curiously.

"Not a bit," answered the young woman.

"May I ask why you are smiling?" She smiled more significantly. "That is my secret," she answered. "Some day I will tell you."

"When?"

"When we are alone together."

"But we shall never be more alone than we are now."

"I know. But you see, A. 69 W P 14, the virus has not yet begun to take effect in you."

"I know it hasn't. I wonder how it will feel. They say that the first sign is fever. I wish I had a shorter name for you."

The girl still smiled at him. He was was half piqued and half indignant.

"Don't you begin to feel the effects of the virus?" he inquired.

"Not yet," she answered. "I don't believe I ever shall."

"Why not?"

"That is part of the secret, too," she said.

He turned indignantly. He had meant to turn away. Instead of which, to his surprise, he found that he was standing nearer to her than he had ever stood before. And, as his arms went groping blindly for some mysterious purpose he found that they had closed about her and were holding her fast. The harder he tried to escape her the more tightly he held her.

The girl made no attempt to escape, but continued smiling. "What is it?" he whispered. And suddenly the realization came to him.

"It's the poison—the love virus!" he exclaimed.

The girl nodded. She nodded so hard that her wealth of hair came tumbling down from under the hideous hood. He caught a strand between his fingers and pressed it to his lips.

"What am I doing? Why am I doing this?" he cried. "Is it—is it the symptoms?"

She nodded again. "It begins that way," she answered.

"What a curious disease," said the young man thoughtfully. "Do you know, I don't believe I shall really mind being exiled with you on our island. Of course, a woman's company is apt to prove tedious. One doesn't expect the same intellectual companionship that a man's company affords. And then, I don't know that I shall have very much to say to you. But you will be useful for cooking my meals, and sometimes I will tell you things, and—"

The girl for the first time uttered a hearty laugh. The young man seemed in a daze. He passed his hand across his forehead.

"As I was saying," he resumed, "it will be delightful helping each other in the little things of the day, and in the evenings we'll sit and chat by the camp fire and compare notes and experiences—"

The silvery ripple of her mirth seemed to fill the room. Again the young man was struck silent.

"Why are you laughing at me?" he cried at length. "Don't you want my devotion? Don't you want me to wait on you, to learn from you, to sit at your feet as your slave? Is there somebody else you prefer? I can hardly wait for the boat to arrive. I—I—I believe I—love you. Is this love?"

"Yes, this is love," said the girl.

"How do you know? Do you love me? Do you feel the virus?"

"No," she answered, thoughtfully. "I am sure now that I am immune against it. I didn't tell those old professors, but all women are."

"Why? Why? Why?" shouted the young man.

"Because, you see," she answered, "we have known all about it all the time."

Famous Trees That Stand as Memorials

Although many millions of trees people the forests of the United States, comparatively few have been singled out by history to play famous parts and to stand as individual memorials to great events in the life of America. Some distinguished trees stand out by reason of their age, such as the General Sherman Sequoia in the Sequoia National park of California. This tree's age is reckoned at 40 centuries. In Washington is the Treaty oak, under whose branches an important treaty was signed with the Indians. On the campus of the University of Rochester is the Shakespeare Memorial oak, grown from a young tree from Stratford-on-Avon, and in North Carolina is the Battleground oak, which viewed the battle of Guilford court house. The Liberty elm stands alone on the west bank of Pine creek, near Avia, Pa. Under this tree the local inhabitants, upon hearing of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, gathered and signed the "Pine Creek Declaration of Independence."—Forestry Almanac.

Electric Confetti

Switched on as a bridal couple left Hinckley parish church, London, an electrical apparatus showered confetti on the bridegroom, an electrical engineer, and his bride. Electricity employees, wearing insulating gloves, resist the electric current, formed a guard of honor, and the couple passed under the shower of sparks. The married couple.