

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XLVIII NO. 41

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1931

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MEN'S BANQUET HELD

At Maplehurst Inn on Monday Evening Well Attended

As announced in these columns last week, a banquet was held at Maplehurst Inn on Monday evening, scheduled for six-thirty o'clock. About 60 were present, including eight from Concord, this state, and the same number from Salem, Mass.

The purpose of this gathering of local men was to receive instruction from the visitors what a Kiwanis Club is like and of what benefit the activities connected with it is likely to be. The dining room tables were heavily laden with all that went with a chicken dinner, and Landlord Kelley had looked after everything to the very smallest detail, and not a single thing was left undone to please his guests. Even the service was as nice as it could be, and all were in a happy frame of mind. Nothing could be better set to receive instruction, nor is it possible to more suitably prepare one for the duty of imparting knowledge to another. When the chairman of the meeting, Clarence A. DuBois, of Concord, was ready to start the business of the meeting rolling, he asked Charles H. Fleming, of Salem, Mass., and Antrim, a Kiwanian of several years experience, to say a few words; he talked interestingly for a few minutes, and then introduced the speaker of the evening, Rev. Harry Holmes, D.D., of New York and Deering, who is vice president of the New York Kiwanis Club; he gave an address of much merit.

Dr. Holmes is a ready talker and very easy to listen to; his talk on the activities of Kiwanis Clubs was plain and easily understood. He has had wide experience and has gained much knowledge of various kinds of work for the uplift of society in its different phases, and his belief in the good the Kiwanians are doing everywhere was passed on to his hearers in a way and with words that only Dr. Holmes could do and say. His address was not wholly confined to Kiwanis activities, but was considerable of a patriotic talk, and he touched on various matters which are present day problems. To sum up the speaker's talk on the Kiwanis activities in a single word is to use the term "service," for that is what it is; and where the need exists there is where the Kiwanian should find something to do—for a service club is a real need. No one can say that Dr. Holmes is a dry speaker, for his address was full of wit and funny sayings, and throughout the illustrations he used drew forth many a laugh.

Quite lengthy remarks were made by Arthur Harmon, an organizer connected with the International organization, stating many of the requirements of the parent organization. His presence and remarks helped to clear up many questions that it was necessary to know. He related many of his experiences in the work that were interesting, especially so to the many Kiwanians present.

At the close of the speaking, Henry A. Hurlin, who had much to do in arranging this meeting, made some appropriate remarks, and suggested that another meeting of the local men interested be held at the Maplehurst Inn in two weeks, Monday evening, Sept. 14, for final action in the matter. A lunch will be served, and further particulars will be given in these columns next week.

Elliott Cleveland Cilley

Whose former home was in Antrim, and who for the past eight years has been employed in a New York hospital, died very suddenly last week Tuesday morning, aged 45 years, 6 months and 14 days. Mr. Cilley has been in poor health, following an operation about three years ago. He was always cheerful and beloved by all who knew him. Deceased was a member of the Methodist church. The funeral was at the Woodbury funeral parlors, in Hillsboro, Saturday, August 29, at 2 o'clock; Rev. Lawrence W. Bratt officiated. He was laid to rest beside his mother, in Maple Ave. Cemetery, Hillsboro Lower Village. To mourn their sad loss, deceased leaves an aged father, two brothers and four sisters.

TAX-PAYERS OF ANTRIM

Who Pay More Than One Hundred Dollars This Year

Herewith is given a list of the taxpayers of Antrim paying into the town treasury the amount of one hundred dollars or more. Most of these are residents but a few are non-residents:

Abbott Company	\$394.16
Antrim Garage	135.66
Baker, Julia V.	111.72
Barrett, George A.	299.24
Bass, Frank E.	191.50
Black, Dora S.	170.55
Brooks & Cilley	339.20
Brown, Albert I.	119.00
Brown, Sarah M.	105.74
Bryer, Albert S.	208.55
Burnham, Fred I.	111.72
Buckminster, Elizabeth	111.72
Butcher, Walter E.	221.45
Butterfield, Charles F.	260.14
Caughy, Rachel	110.02
Caughy & Pratt	402.49
Chaffee Brothers	333.52
Clark, Nellie V.	185.54
C. & S. V. Water Co.	189.50
Cochrane, W. R. Est.	183.54
Cochran, Etta A.	185.54
Cooby, Fred H.	225.44
Cooley, D. W. Est.	131.81
Corlew, Frank S.	107.73
Cram, Mary A.	141.65
Cuddihy, John	205.52
Cutter, James M.	264.54
Cutter, Lilla H.	131.67
Daniels, Milton E.	343.14
Dearborn, Jennie M.	141.65
Downes, Charles F.	302.65
Duncan, G. M. Est.	169.57
Eldredge, Hiram W.	143.64
Elliott, James A.	174.36
Flanders, Della J.	130.47
Filnt, Wyman K.	1304.70
French, Malcolm S.	215.00
George, Sarah A.	105.74
Gibson, George C.	127.48
Goodell Company	5,637.27
Goodell, Dura D.	159.60
Goodell, Emma S.	161.60
Goodell, Richard C.	179.55
Goodnow, Derby & Raleigh	279.30
Gould, Walter P.	109.53
Graves, Alice W.	152.82
Gray, Flora G.	147.63
Hackwell & Stevens	376.35
Harris, Albert	189.50
Hastings, E. Z. Est.	107.73
Hastings, George E.	119.70
Henderson, F. C.	259.80
Heywood Farm, Inc.	189.50
Hildreth, William A.	123.28
Hills, William C.	223.04
Holt, Alfred G.	108.12
Hulett, Guy A.	245.92
Hunt, George W.	119.70
Hurlin, Henry A.	179.55
Hurlin, H. A. & M. M.	139.65
Hurlin, H. A. Trustee	139.65
Hutchinson, Ira P.	270.33
Isreal & Cutter	189.50
Isreal, Max	238.77
Jameson, Mary B.	127.68
Jellerson, Robert E. Jr.	278.67
Johnson, Hiram W.	147.24
Jones, George F.	103.74
Kelley, Arthur J.	179.55
Lane, Roscoe M.	129.60
Lang, Roscoe M.	124.04
Langdell Lumber Co.	109.15
Lowell, L. G. & G. S.	151.52
Lundburg, Frederick A.	159.60
Madden, Florence	129.68
McKay, Nellie F.	137.66
Merrill, Elmer W.	182.71
Muldoon Brothers	376.63
Munhall, Robert A.	235.89
Muzzy, Ethel L.	141.65
Newell, Lillie C.	102.33
N. H. Power Co.	1943.04
Nichols, William A.	121.70
Nims, Jennie M.	289.28
Paige, Morton	123.28
Parmenter, F. C. Est.	111.72
Perkins, Mary M.	121.70
Poor, Maurice A.	101.75
Poor, Arthur L.	284.34
Pratt, Clara E.	173.57
Proctor, Arthur W.	322.70
Proctor, Fred L.	370.47
Robb, Oscar H.	152.99
Robinson, Sophia E.	173.27
Robinson, L. Gertrude	161.60
Putnam, Erwin D.	167.60
Sides, Della M.	240.24
Smith, C. Louise	284.25
Smith, Verto	145.53
Smith, Aaron	299.25
Stone, Harry R.	143.64
Sweet, Archie M.	111.12
Tenney, Benjamin F.	352.29
Thompson, Samuel M.	372.14
Thompson, F. C. & B. M.	123.69
Thornton, John	183.54
Tibbetts, Guy D.	183.14
Ward, W. D. & M. S.	123.69
Warren & Armstrong	119.76

Bird and Animal Sanctuary at West Pond

August 26, 1931

Dear Fellow Citizens:

Some of you already know that I have inherited from my mother's estate, Wildard pond or as I prefer to call it West pond, which is the older name on the records, and 900 acres around it. I am entrusted with this land for the remainder of my life—no longer. We bring nothing into the world at birth but our character, and we take nothing with us at death but our character. I have dreamed of using all of this land that I could afford to hold as a sanctuary for all living things; a place where life is sacred and man shall set the example to the less evolved forms of life of non destruction and the way of

Waverley Lodge, I. O. O. F.	239.40
Wheeler, Frank E.	122.29
White, Charles D.	228.26
White, Andrew D., Est.	140.23
Wilson, Junia E.	133.67
Wilson, H. E. & E. M.	203.49
Zabriskie, Mildred H.	101.75
Woodward, Charles F.	133.67
Young, Alwin E.	107.73
Butterfield, J. C. Est.	132.65
Kilne, Dora S.	644.30
Lawson, George H. D.	947.50
Bigelow, Edwin A.	136.44
Leland, Elsa Tudor	284.25
N. H. Savings Bank	405.53
Pierce, Louise S.	106.12
Public Service Co. of N. H.	1083.94
Story, W. W. Est.	133.41
Wellington, Edwin J.	451.66
Price, George W.	130.76
Weston, Ephraim	102.33

Deering Playmakers to Repeat Minstrel Show

Request for a second showing of the Barnyard Follies of 1931 has made it advisable for the men of Deering to repeat their Minstrel program. This performance will be given in Antrim, at the Town hall, on Friday evening, September 4. A re-arrangement of events are in progress and many new features are being introduced into the program.

love. Man who is a little lower than the angels has not in the past set such an example, except when a messenger from God has come to teach him, like the Buddha or the Christ. Ghandi of India is setting an example of the power of love and non-violence in India's spiritual struggle for independence. He is living the Christian life though he is a Hindu. I believe that people living in these beautiful New Hampshire hills can and will co-operate in an attempt to show what beauty and delight grow and bloom in a sanctuary where man does not destroy God's life, but protects it.

According to the law of man the fish at West pond cannot be protected, as the public has the right to fish there though not to trespass on the land. I appeal to my fellow citizens to help me protect all life at the sanctuary, so that the town of Antrim may help me to build an enduring place of love and peace and beauty that will be an honour to the townspeople and to New Hampshire. Governor Winant is much interested and has promised his co-operation. Help me to make the dream of our sanctuary come true.

Elsa Tudor Leland.

SNAPSHOTS?

If you have been on your vacation trip and brought home snapshots of places that interested you, do as others do—bring your films here to be developed. We are satisfying hundreds of others and know we can satisfy you.

We give 24 hour service. We also carry all sizes of films to fit any camera.

Our prices for making the pictures large enough to frame is very low; let us show you samples.

M. E. DANIELS
Registered Druggist
Antrim, New Hampshire

A Few Real Bargains

Left in the
Smaller Size Dresses
Sale Ends This Week

An interesting line of Imported Gifts always in stock
Special prices on all Dying and Cleaning
During August and September

Spencer Corsetiere Service, Garments Designed for the Individual

ANNA'S CONVENIENCE SHOPPE
Elm Street - - Antrim, N. H.

LAKE MASSASSECUM BRADFORD, N. H.

Labor Day, September 7
Midnight Dance!

12.01 to 4 A.M. Daylight S. T.

Music by Buster Keating and his Seven Buddies
Evening Dance, 8 to 12

After Labor Day, Dances will be held on Saturday Nights
Only until further notice. Merle Gay and his Sunapee
Boys will play for these dances.

Eyes Examined Glasses Fitted

MILES W. MALONEY
OPTOMETRIST

Of Nashua, will be in Antrim Every Thursday
Call Antrim Pharmacy for Appointments.

General Pershing's Story of the A. E. F.

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—WNU Service

By General John J. Pershing

CHAPTER I

The Germans had a preponderance of 323,000 rifles March 21, 1918, and although this number had decreased they still had a superiority of about 200,000 May 27. July 15 this was changed and the allies then had the superiority by the same number. In other words, the Germans were relatively worse off by 523,000 rifles in July than in March.

This was accounted for almost entirely by the great increase in the numbers of Americans. The French and British had not been able to add to their strength but, on the contrary, they were being reduced faster than the Germans.

The German offensive south of Rheims, July 15-16, having been checked, the moment was favorable for an allied counteroffensive. The selection by the Germans of the Champagne sector and the eastern and southern faces of the Marne pocket on which to make their offensive was fortunate for the allies, as it favored the counterattack already planned.

We shall now see the reason for the concentration of several American divisions southwest of Soissons. Some of them were available for use in the main counterstroke, to be delivered by the French Tenth army under Mangin. The American First and Second divisions were hastily assembled to form the American Third corps under General Bullard. But his corps staff had not yet been fully organized and these divisions, by his direction, under discretionary authority given by me, became a part of the French Twentieth corps, commanded by General Berdoulat.

Form Spearhead of Attack.

This corps then was composed of these two divisions and the French First Moroccan division, which had a fine reputation, and was assigned to the most important position in the attack on the left center of the Tenth army. The three divisions mentioned had the honor of being the spearhead of the thrust against the vulnerable flank of the salient. The line of advance ran eastward over the commanding plateau just south of Soissons, and across the main road leading from that place to Chateau Thierry.

The First had recently been relieved from the Cantigny sector and was en route to a rest area. It was scattered throughout the Dammartin area, just north of Meaux, when it received orders July 13 to move by truck to the front. After a hurried departure the advance troops arrived at dawn the 16th at the forest of Retz (or forest of Villers-Cotterets) and during the night the division moved to the front of the forest. The night of July 17 it went forward over muddy and congested roads, the columns of infantry working their way to the front, where they arrived in the nick of time.

The Second division was at Montreuil-aux-Lions in reserve of the First corps, recuperating, when the order came on the 14th to move by truck toward the front. Dawn July 17 found the infantry and machine-gun elements arriving at the forest of Villers-Cotterets. The night of the 17th the movement toward the front, through the forest, was made with extreme difficulty. The narrow roads became jammed, troops lost their direction and there was serious doubt whether they would be at their line of departure at the appointed hour of 4:35 a. m., the 18th.

Proceed Against Odds.

With most commendable energy and initiative the officers led their commands forward during the night, winding in and out through the almost inextricable snarls of wheeled vehicles. One of the battalions assigned to lead in the attack, though on the march most of the night, was forced to move on the run for the last few hundred yards, and just reached its place as the barrage started.

The Second division headquarters found itself July 16 with no knowledge of the terrain and little obtainable from any source. Harbord and his chief of staff, Col. Preston Brown, started for the front and accidentally ran into the headquarters of the Twentieth corps. They there found the directive for the attack, from which they issued the division's orders.

The country over which the Twentieth corps attacked consisted of a succession of wooded ravines that lay across the line of advance, with scarcely any roads leading toward the front. The enemy's main defenses along the ridges of the Soissons plateau were naturally strong, and with the added intrenchments the enemy evidently felt himself reasonably secure. It was harvest time and the ripening wheat that covered the rolling landscape gave excellent cover for the enemy's infantry and machine guns, but it also helped to hide our advance.

Enemy Caught by Surprise.
Without the usual preliminary artillery preparation, the assaulting battalions, accompanied by light tanks, plunged forward behind the barrage. The enemy was caught by surprise and the First and Second divisions, gallantly supported by the Moroccan

division in the center, soon overran his forward positions and broke through the zone of his light artillery. Though constantly confronted by fresh enemy troops, this corps took the lead in the advance and its progress was most satisfactory. By noon it had captured half of the great plateau in its front, with many prisoners, and a little later forward elements reached the day's objective.

The Second division encountered strong opposition at Vierzy. In a determined effort launched after 6 p. m. the town was captured and a line overlooking the valley of the Crise was occupied. The First division had carried everything before it, capturing defended farm houses and other points where it met stiff resistance, finally taking Missy-aux-Bois and holding a front line slightly beyond that town. The line ran diagonally across the Paris-Soissons road.

The attack of the corps was resumed the morning of July 19, but during the night the German lines directly in front of Soissons had been heavily reinforced with machine guns and artillery. In their advance the French One Hundred Fifty-third division and the First division met with much resistance, the Second brigade of the First encountering fire of the enemy both from the front and the left flank. Tanks were sent to its assistance and with close artillery support the division was enabled slowly to gain ground, but at considerable cost.

The Second division, with the reserves of the first day in the lead, forged ahead to the Soissons-Chateau Thierry road but was compelled to withdraw to the vicinity of La Raperie. It finally established a line just west of Tigny, with the road under its guns. The division was relieved by the French Fifty-eighth division the night of the 19th, having advanced six and one-half miles, captured 3,000 prisoners and seventy-five guns, and sustained about 5,000 casualties.

First Division Makes Advance.

July 20 the First division continued its advance doggedly against a desperate stand by the Germans on the knoll in front of Berzy-le-Sec. The French had been ordered to take Berzy-le-Sec, but failed. In the afternoon Summerall directed that it be assaulted by his Second brigade, but the attempt did not succeed that day. Assisted by the skillful use of artillery and with consummate dash, under Brig. Gen. B. B. Buck, in the face of intense artillery and machine-gun fire, the Second brigade captured the town on the 21st. Meanwhile, the First brigade and the French Eighty-seventh division, which had relieved the Moroccan, had crossed the Soissons-Chateau Thierry highway and reached the Chateau de Buzancy. The line now ran parallel to the Crise, with Soissons commanded by our artillery.

The First division, throughout four days of constant fighting, had advanced nearly seven miles, taken 3,500 prisoners and sixty-eight guns from seven different German divisions em-

On the 18th even the most optimistic among us understood that all was lost. The history of the world was played out in three days.

CHAPTER LI

American participation in the second Marne offensive, which began July 18, 1918, and turned the tide of war in favor of the allies, was not limited to the operations of the First and Second divisions. While this bitter contest was being waged for the possession of the crucial point near Soissons the troops around the rim of the salient had been steadily driving ahead.

The Fourth division (Cameron), less its artillery, fought at first with the French. The Seventh brigade was attached to the Second corps, French Sixth army, the Forty-seventh Infantry in reserve, and the Thirty-ninth assigned to the French Thirty-third division.

In the attack of July 18 this regiment cleaned up the wood in its front, captured Noroy, and extended the line to the south. On the 18th the regiment went forward about two and one-half miles on a front 1,000 yards north of the Ourcq. It was relieved the morning of the 20th and went to the reserve.

The Eighth brigade was assigned to the French One Hundred Sixty-fourth division, the Fifty-ninth regiment in reserve. In the attack of the 18th, the Fifty-eighth regiment assisted in the capture of Hautevesnes and Courchamps, took Chevillon and made further substantial gains. The Fifty-ninth regiment was put in the front line during the night of July 18-19, relieving the Fifty-eighth, and on the 19th, advancing with the division, gained two miles. On the 20th, with two battalions of the Fifty-ninth in line, the advance was carried well to the east of Sommelans. The brigade was relieved from the front line July 21.

Twenty-sixth Division Participates.

Coincident with these advances on the 18th, the First corps (Liggett), serving with the French sixth army division and composed of our Twenty-sixth division and the French One Hundred Sixty-seventh division, also became a part of the movement. The Twenty-sixth division occupied the line it had taken over from the Second division July 10. The plan for the July 18 offensive contemplated a deep penetration south of Soissons by the French Tenth army, supported on the right by the French Sixth army, extending the attack as far south as Boursiesches.

The Fifty-second brigade, Twenty-sixth division, captured the villages of Torcy and Belleau, and one battalion reached the base of the dominating Hill 193. Elements of the brigade reached the railroad, but severe flank fire drove them to the starting point.

On the 19th the advance of the Twenty-sixth was contingent upon the success of the French One Hundred Sixty-seventh division on its left, but that division failed to take its objectives and the Twenty-sixth did not attack. On the 20th the One Hundred Sixty-seventh was held up again, exposing the left of the division to heavy flank fire and preventing more than a slight gain. Farther to the right the Twenty-sixth succeeded in taking Gonterrie farm, and got a foothold on Hill 190.

Reach New German Line.

When the attack began on the 21st it was found that the Germans had withdrawn the night before, and the Twenty-sixth moved forward with little or no opposition until it reached the new German lines at l'Eermitage

with the 18th, the Twenty-sixth division had progressed nearly eleven miles and had captured 250 prisoners and four pieces of artillery. Since its occupation of the sector July 10 it had suffered about 5,000 casualties. The division was relieved, together with the Fifty-sixth brigade, Twenty-eighth division, by the Eighty-fourth brigade, Forty-second division, which took over the sector on the 25th. The Eighty-fourth brigade, Forty-second division, replaced two French divisions, which were plucked out by the shortening of the line. On the 27th, the Forty-second division occupied the entire front of the First corps, about two miles in extent.

Enemy Fights Desperately.

The enemy's defeat in front of the Twentieth corps (American First and Second divisions and First Moroccan division) was the principal cause of the withdrawal of his armies, but he fought desperately from position to position and his retirement was being skillfully conducted to save men and material from capture.

In the counteroffensive of July 18 no operations were ordered for French or American troops east of Chateau Thierry, leaving them an opportunity to readjust their lines. On the 20th, patrols from the Third division discovered that the Germans had withdrawn across the Marne the night before and the division at once advanced its line to the river. The night of July 20th the Germans further withdrew to the line Charveves-Ridge, north of Mont St. Pere, connecting with their line of resistance in front of our First corps.

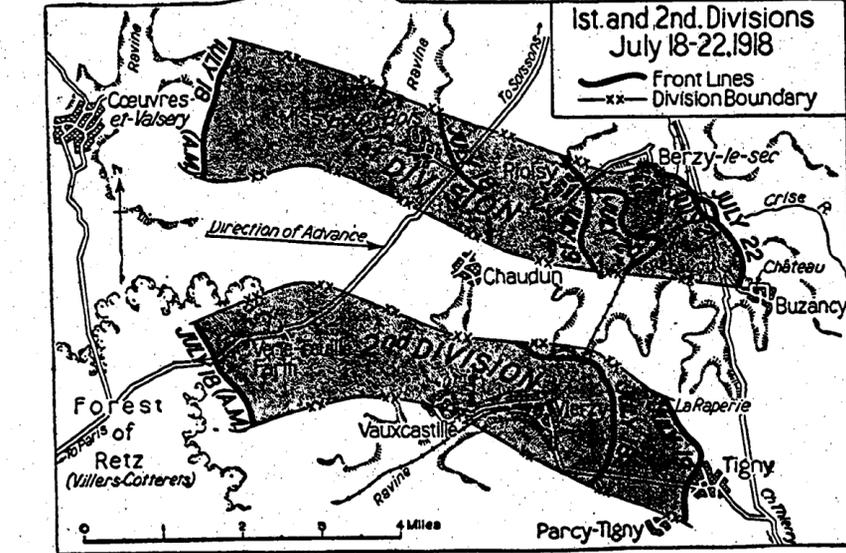
July 21 the Fifth brigade crossed the Marne in pursuit, capturing Mont St. Pere and driving machine guns out of Charveves. The Sixth brigade waited for the bridge to be completed at Mezy and the morning of the 22nd one regiment crossed the river and captured Jaulgonne. The Germans were contesting every step, and while the First battalion of this regiment reached Le Charnel it was compelled to retire by successive positions to Jaulgonne.

On the 26th operations planned in co-operation with the French Thirty-ninth and the American Forty-second on its left were only partly successful. The Forty-second captured the strongly held Croix Rouge farm, but the French Thirty-ninth division could not advance. The leading battalions of the Fifth brigade entered Le Charnel, but not being able to debouch from the town they were withdrawn after dark. During the night the hard-pressed Germans retired to the Ourcq, leaving machine guns behind to delay our advance.

July 27 the French Thirty-ninth division took up the pursuit, followed by the Fifty-fifth brigade, Twenty-eighth division, which relieved the French Thirty-ninth that night at Courmont. The Fifth brigade, Third division, advanced on the right to protect this movement and occupied a line running southeast from Courmont through Villardelle. During the morning of the 28th, the Fifth brigade captured Roncheres, and the Twenty-eighth division reached the Ourcq, but was unable to hold its gains north of the river. On the 29th the Third division occupied an irregular line beyond Roncheres, but neither that unit nor the Twenty-eighth division on its left was able to make material progress against the Bois des Grimpettes that day.

Third Division Relieved.

The Third division was relieved by the Thirty-second on the 30th and retired south of the Marne. It had taken



ployed against it, and had about 7,200 casualties.

The thrust of the Twentieth corps was conducted with such magnificent dash and power that the enemy's position within the salient was rendered untenable. The dangerous character of the threat caused the crown prince to begin a general withdrawal from the Marne. This operation snatched the initiative from the enemy almost in an instant and from that moment he was on the defensive.

Our First and Second divisions, with the Moroccan division between them, had struck the decisive blow that turned the tide of the war. Petain said it could not have been done without our divisions.

On the other side the German chancellor, Von Hertling, said later: "We expected grave events in Paris for the end of July. That was on the 15th,

Epiels-Mont St. Pere, east of the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry highway. On the 22nd it captured Trugny and got a foothold in Epiels, but was forced by a strong German counterattack to retire to Bretuil wood. The Fifty-second brigade was also driven back to its starting point.

The attack renewed on the 23rd was successful, one regiment reaching the Epiels-Mont St. Pere road, but in the afternoon it was forced to retire. That night the Fifty-second brigade was replaced by the Fifty-sixth brigade, Twenty-eighth division. When the latter launched its attack the morning of the 24th, it was found that the enemy had withdrawn and he was not again encountered until the pursuers, including part of the Fifty-first brigade, Twenty-sixth division, reached Croix Rouge farm.

During its offensive action beginning

a decisive part in stopping the last German offensive and had advanced ten miles through difficult country, stubbornly defended by the enemy. It had suffered casualties to the number of about 6,000 officers and men.

The Forty-second division, as we have seen, had come from the French Fourth army to the Marne salient and had relieved the Twenty-sixth division in the First corps. In the advance that followed it had gallantly captured Croix Rouge farm on the 26th, and on the following day had cleared the Forest de Pere, captured Villers-sur-Fere and had reached the Ourcq. July 28 the Forty-second established a line beyond the Ourcq and on the 29th the Fourth division, in support of the Forty-second division, captured Serzy, while the latter took Seringes-et-Nesles.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STAGE COACH TALES

By E. C. TAYLOR

The Idol of Stage Coach Days

REDDING BUNTING, "Red" to everyone, was more widely known and had more friends than any other driver on the old National road. His entire service was the "Old Line," the National Road Stage company that did the largest share of the business along the famous highway of a century ago.

"Red" Bunting was 6 feet 3 inches tall in his stocking feet, and was straight as an arrow. He was of a reddish complexion, his features prominent and striking, his voice deep and sonorous. But he was not loquacious, and had a habit of munching. He was endowed with strong common sense—the term "horse sense" originated among the "Pike boys" of the National road and was applied to him—and he was affable, convivial and companionable.

This idol of boys and men alike along the National road was born in Fayette county, Pa. He was not only a famous driver, but also was a trusted stage agent, stage proprietor and tavern keeper. He once owned the Central hotel in Uniontown, Pa., and probably would have died a rich man had he not been a victim of despondency and depression when the railroads supplanted the old east-west highway.

During the Presidency of Martin Van Buren, it was deemed desirable by the administration leaders in Washington that one of the President's messages be spread speedily before the people of the country. Arrangements were made with the Stockton line to carry the message westward, as the Baltimore & Ohio railroad was not then in operation west of Frederick, Md.

Bunting, as agent for the stage coach line, went to Frederick to receive the message and convey it to Wheeling, W. Va. "Red" sat beside the relay of drivers the entire distance, 222 miles, although he did not handle the reins himself. The distance was covered in 23 hours and 30 minutes.

Changes of teams and drivers were made at the usual relay stations. Joseph Woolley drove the coach from Farmington to Uniontown, making sparks fly as the coach speeded down the long western slope of Laurel hill. Homer Westover drove from Uniontown to Brownsville, Pa., a distance of 12 miles, in 44 minutes.

Mail coaches in those days carried only three passengers. There was spirited bidding for the privilege of riding in the coaches directed by Bunting on this record ride. That was before they started. Two of the passengers lasted as far as Uniontown, and the third got out at Brownsville. That speed in a lumbering stage gave them too much of a shaking up. It didn't disturb Bunting at all.

This ride occurred before the telegraph wires extended west of Frederick. The Pittsburgh Gazette had arranged to get an early copy of the President's message, and had agreed to pay Robert L. Barry and Joseph P. McClelland, employees of the National Road Stage company, \$50 for speedy delivery of the message at their office in Pittsburgh.

Brownsville was the distributing point for the United States mail at the time, and Barry and McClelland took the mail coach, the "Industry," famous along the route, at Uniontown and rode to Brownsville in it, to obtain the message and convey it to the Pittsburgh Gazette.

When the mail was opened, there was no copy of the message for the Gazette, and Barry and McClelland returned home disappointed, and the Gazette had to wait for the next mail.

In 1846, after the railroad was completed to Cumberland, Md., "Red" Bunting drove the great mail coach from Cumberland to Wheeling that carried the message of President Polk officially proclaiming war with Mexico. He left Cumberland at 2 a. m. and reached Uniontown at 8 a. m. He breakfasted there with the passengers at his own hotel—he owned the National house at the time—and then started off again. He reached Washington, Pa., at 11 a. m., and Wheeling at 2 p. m. He made the 131 miles in 12 hours.

"Red" was a firm friend and staunch admirer of Henry Clay, "father" of the National road, and Clay often stopped for days at "Red's" hotel in Uniontown. Bunting named one of his sons after the great Kentuckian. (© 1911, Western Newspaper Union.)

Jewish Surnames

The American Hebrew says that Jewish surnames date only from 1812, when Hardenburg, the Austrian, devised a specious and ingenious form of tyranny by which to afflict the Jews. Since they had never had surnames and had preferred to remain without them in the thousands of years of their existence, Hardenburg saw a new means whereby to inflict discomfort upon the Jews. In this wholesale naming of the two most common sources of names were the Bible and the occupation of the person.

Denote Time's Travel

The letter "M" stands for Meridian, the highest point attained by the sun in its daily course; hence, noon, or twelve o'clock daytime. A. M. stands for ante-meridian, or before meridian, which is morning, and P. M. stands for post-meridian—that is, after meridian, or afternoon.

Scraps of Humor

SELF-SERVICE

The telegraph pole gang had come into the restaurant straight off the job, and they were hungry. "What'll you have?" asked the lady in waiting to one of the gang's biggest and toughest. "Beer."

"How do you want it?" she persisted.

Joe waved an enormous and impatient hand. "Oh, drive in the street and I'll bite off what I want."

NARROW FLAT



Betty—He's very narrow.
Bess—What do you expect of a flat?

Meaning Just What?

She had just accepted him, and they were discussing the "might-have-beens."

"Darling," he inquired, "why didn't you accept that little donkey Smithers?"

"Because," she answered, dreamily, "I loved another."

The Old Snek

Dorothy, aged five, had her photograph taken recently and when the proof was sent home her mother said she looked too solemn and asked why she didn't smile.

"I did smile, mamma," replied Dorothy, "but the man forgot to put it down."

Making Sure

She—Tell me, George, do you love me?

He—Of course I do. Didn't I tell you so five minutes ago?

She—Yes, George, but, then, men are so changeable, you know—Brooklyn Eagle.

THOSE INVESTIGATIONS



"That congressman is sick, suffering from exposure."
"So? Didn't know he'd been investigated."

Meeting the Inevitable

Paul—Give me a kiss or I'll sock you over the head and take one anyway.

Pauline—Oh, I'll not give you a kiss, and don't you dare hit me too hard!

Good for Daddy

"Well, Joan, you have a baby brother!"
"Oh, doctor, I'm so glad! Daddy was getting so girlish with just mother and me about."

Education by Example

"Do you think the modern theater is educational in its influence?"
"It is," replied Mr. Stormington Barnes, "for anybody who happens to be taking dancing lessons."

Fifty-Fifty

"I bet my head that I am right," declared Thomson.

"I bet my pocketbook that I am right," retorted Johnson, just as sure. "But your pocketbook is empty."

Obedient

"Sh-sh, dear, you mustn't clap your hands in church, even if you do like the solo."
"All right, mother, I'll just clap my hands under my breath."

How He "Lubs" It

Rastus, on the first ocean voyage, was feeling the pangs of seasickness. "You are a land lubber for shod."
"Right, boys," said Rastus, weakly. "And I's jes' finding out how much I really lubs it."—London Humorist.

Actually the Limit

"Jones' wife thinks the world of her husband."
"Does she?"
"Yes; she even believes the parrot taught him to swear."

A Candle in the Wilderness

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"How dare you do this?" he asked. "I would not have you forget that I am a Christian," she answered. "And I do not forget that you are the best friend of Robert Heathers."

"I remember Robert used to tell me that he loved you."

"And I tell you that I love him. All my friends have been opposing me about it and saying hard things, but they do not shake my purpose. I think that you and I are the only friends of his in this new world."

"It is curious that we should meet as we do," said William. "I could love you myself for all this. The last time that Robert and I sat down for a talk together he was in despair because you were engaged to Rosewell."

"What a joy to hear you say it! I found soon that I could not love Rosewell and that I was deeply in love with Robert. I wonder if he has forgotten me."

"No. Wherever he is you may be sure that you are in every hour of his life. I know him as the eagle knows his mate. He was not easily moved. He scoffed at my enthusiasms. The love of a man for a maid had never touched him until he met you. Then, for the first time, he showed the white flag. I would bet my worthless, noosed neck that Robert has been thinking of you a hundred times this very day."

She turned to him with a look of joy and sympathy, saying:

"These are the sweetest words that have ever come to my ears. I have been starving for comfort with every one against me. My heart is stubborn. It would not give up. It would not even let me go home to my people. I have had to stay here and see this through. Is it the wisdom of a woman's heart that has sustained me?"

He answered: "It is all this opposition that has held you steadfast."

"At last I am rewarded with good news," she said. "The astrologer tells me that my lover will be coming soon."

William smiled. He had little faith in the arts of the astrologer in which the women of that time put a large dependence. He was, however, astonished at the greatness of her heart.

The two passed a number of ragged children who looked curiously at the rope on William's neck and soon began throwing pebbles at him. Peggy Weld put an end to their mischief. That was the beginning of the great things in the promise of Margaret Hooper and Roger Williams. Young Heydon had long been thinking of the children of the poor who were growing up in ignorance. They were the most pressing problem of the colony. There were a number of young ladies in Boston like Peggy Weld, with nothing to do. He made a plan for organizing the male children of the toilers into groups and for interesting the young ladies in the task of teaching them reading and writing, the love of cleanliness and decency and fair play.

Vane gave him hearty support. He and William supplied the money for a rough inexpensive structure in which the young boys were taught. It was equipped with benches and blackboards. The work began and prospered. The seamen, the goodmen and their wives brought their children to this haven of new hope. The young ones enjoyed the teaching, the play and the rewards. The church and the court were deeply interested. The ministers, deacons and magistrates were coming often to see the astonishing progress of the learners. Volunteers were offering help. Winthrop said that no better work had been done in the New World. The work was transferred to the ampler accommodations of the meeting house and Philander Porman and Daniel Maude—two learned men—were engaged by the court to do the teaching.

Meanwhile William Heydon, out in the bay with his boat, had saved two people from drowning. He was returning in his canoe from a visit to his friend Henry Blaxton. He went immediately to their relief. The panic-stricken pair upset his canoe and dashed him into deep water. Fortunately they were not more than a fathom's length from good footing. One of those saved was a daughter of the magistrate John Haynes. The girl, as fate would have it, clung to the rope on William's neck, while the other was dragged to shallow water in his left hand.

The next day Vane prevailed upon the court to pardon him. The rope was removed from his neck and again at last he was a citizen. He joined the military company. He visited and helped the poor. Their dialect, their droll and rugged humor interested him. The flavor of the soil and the salt sea was in it. He became a popular man, and even the church folk gave him a welcome in their homes.

Peggy Weld and her brother had taken ship to New Amsterdam and were going north from there to the Lake of the Iroquois and perhaps to Kebec to find Robert Heathers.

Those who could not accept the sanctity of all the ancient Hebrew teaching were driven out of the colony. The brilliant antinomian Anne Hutchinson still tarried, having won the favor of the ladies of the parish because of her wit and charm. Governor Vane was severely criticized for giving countenance and support to her theories. It was evident that even the friendship of the influential women could not long delay her exile.

Such a quenching of the sparks of contention was not to the taste of the

A Tale of the Beginning of New England

By IRVING BACHELLER

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generous John Winthrop. The church was filled with dark sayings—a pretentious babbling as to the merits of sanctification and justification.

Yet every Sabbath a warden drummed the people out of their comfortable homes and hailed them to church. All had to go and assume a look of piety while they shivered for hours in a dank cold atmosphere in no way improved by a dank and moldy theology. William and Vane and others were Gospel-glutted.

William Heydon rode across country to see Roger Williams. At his fireside he met the distinguished Thomas Hooker. He sat for a day in the company of these great, free-minded Puritans who upheld the right of the individual to find his belief without coercion. He aroused their enthusiasm by telling of his work. That day he saw these men chiseling the spiritual blocks which were to be the foundation of a structure, immense and wonderful. They were these:

"The beginning of authority is the free consent of the governed," said the courageous, brown-bearded, gray-eyed Hooker, who had worked his way through Cambridge as a sizar in his college dining room.

"And God knows neither Jew nor Gentile, rank nor caste," said the iron-gray, amply mustached Roger Williams. "The spirit of love manifested in the love of a man for his neighbor is the big thing. There can be no love of God without it. If neighbors are not loveable we must make them so."

Both agreed that the safety of the colonies lay in the education of the poor.

William went away encouraged by the friendship of these men. Their ideals had given him a new understanding of life and a new zest for it. Leaving there he took medicine and a nurse to a tribe of Indians who were dying, like rotten sheep, of the small-pox.

Meanwhile new evidence regarding Robert Heathers came to Governor Vane. Samp had brought some hint of it to Boston. James Rosewell had gone up the coast on the tavern ship. He went ashore at the fishing camp where Amos and Robert, fleeing from John Samp, had set out to cross the wilderness. He suspected that the fugitive was still lingering in that part of the woods. Moreover definite word had come to Boston that one Edward Mellowes, in that camp, had important information. Rosewell found him.

"I won't go down there and spend a week or two for nothing," said Mellowes. "I'm a poor man. I have to work for my living."

"If you have good evidence, I will see that you have a fair allowance for your time."

Mellowes answered: "While the tavern ship was lying here that time a shallop turned in from Boston. Her captain said that a man named Heydon was being tried for adultery and was likely to be hung in spite of his being a blue-blooded gentleman. The young chap, who was with Todkill, said to me: 'If they hang Heydon they will hang the wrong man. I know that he is innocent!'"

"How do you know that?" I asked. I reckon he didn't expect to be questioned. He chanced color and stammered a little and said: "The guilty man ran away that night."

"I didn't know or care who he was. I didn't know when the tavern ship left Boston. I was speering all night and went up the coast fishing next day."

Thus a gibbet was being erected for Robert Heathers.

CHAPTER VIII

The Capture

Peggy Weld and her brother took a ship north from New Amsterdam to Fort Orange while Robert Heathers and Amos Todkill were still in the pathless waste.

Robert was weary after ten days of climbing and crawling and sloshing and tiptoeing and whispering in this interminable wilderness beset with perils. He had grown thin and irritable.

"Don't get phesy," Amos said to him. "I reckon we'll be at the big lake soon. Then I'll give ye a ride and ye can rest yer nags."

Health Associated With Slimness and Laughter

The old advice, "Laugh and grow fat," is out of date. Not many years ago fatness was regarded as a sign of robust health, but we know now that it is undesirable even in babies or young children.

Dr. Lechmere Anderson, medical officer for Doncaster, England, claims that the phrase should be "Laugh and grow healthy." "Laughter," he says, "is essentially associated with good health, but adipose tissue, if at all undue, cannot be regarded as a favorable condition. Leanness of body is far more likely to be associated with strength and energy."

The fat person, he explains, has to make his heart and his muscles work far harder than they were designed to do, since they are called upon to deal

They came about nightfall to the edge of a small lake. It was about a quarter of a mile in width and some two miles long. The deep silence of its wild lonely setting was broken by the distant chattering of a porcupine. They drank the lake water and ate of their meat and meal.

"Oh, God! I'm weary," Robert whispered as he lay back and spread his arms to the mossy ground.

"I don't like the feel o' this," said Amos. "We'll push on a little and nose into a thicket and lie down."

They found a stand of young pine and spruce on high ground not a fathom-shot from the lake. Under its cover they lay down. Their heads were no sooner on the ground than they heard loud cries in the distant forest. Amos sat up and listened.

A loud splashing broke the silence.

"Two canoes!" Amos whispered. "The killers have come. It's savages driving game toward the lake on the farther shore," said he. "We're lucky not to be there. A band of red men—maybe fifty or more—start miles back about a hundred feet apart and drive shoreward. The killers are layin' in canoes on the lake. They have sharp lances o' ironwood. When the game takes water they thrust the lances to its heart and drag it out. They'll have a big fire and a feast down there. If there's meat enough they'll eat themselves stiff and sleep for two days."

The wild cries were coming near the lake. Weird echoes chased one another far and wide in the wooded solitudes. Suddenly they ceased. There was a great splashing in the water below. Then the angry roaring of a moose in his death struggles and a shrilling "like that of a stampede of demons in the dooryard of hell," to quote from a quill in the diary of Robert Heathers. The killing went on while the beasts groaned and strove, helpless in the water. It ceased in the space of a few minutes. The tumult dimmed to a low chatter. They heard the crackling of fire, and soon, through their close-knit lattice of pine needles, they could see the glow of its flames.

In a moment shrill cries of anguish leaped heavenward and sped away over the ridges. They sank into a frightful, sobbing, aspirated groans and rose again into a strained, tremulous far-reaching, bugle note of agony. It was mingled with a hoarse background of devilish and gleeful laughter.

"My God!" Robert exclaimed. "Are they torturing a white man?"

Amos answered: "I do not think so. I have heard the like o' that before. It were the voice of a savage. He were imitat' a white man under torture. Our nerves be like a huddle string. We holler when we are hurt to the bone. We can't help it. Groans are music to them fiends o' hell. They sing or make no sound when they be put to torture. If they show that they feel pain they die disgraced. I reckon they have no more nerves than a muskrat. That fellow give a good imitation. But I know it were fun-makin'. A white man would have had somethin' to say to God or he'd 'a' cursed 'em a murth in good French, Dutch or English. I reckon we better get away from this stinkin' hog wallow for fear they'll make a drive on this side tomorrow. I got the lay o' the land afore dark. This ridge goes north. We'll cat-foot to its top and grope along till midnight."

They shouldered their packs and cautiously moved on while the Indians were shouting and dancing and yelping around their fire. That night Robert carried the heavier burden. He got a reaction from the torture cries which he noted in his diary as follows:

"As I lay back on the ground and listened to the cries of agony they seemed to come from my own heart. God! I think it would relieve me if I could lie on my back and sob and yell for an hour as I used to do when I was a child."

Slowly, in the exciting days that followed, the sharpness of his worries wore away. But often when he slept he dreamed of the gallows and its rope.

The weather favored them. It was a time when snow and cold winds were overdue but still the Indian summer lingered. The days were pleasant, the hazy wooded peaks and ranges bathed in sunlight. At last from a mountain-top they saw the great Lake of the Iroquois, a long, water-filled basin reaching far north and south between two ranges, shown in the familiar map of Champlain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Picturesque Apron-and-Cuff Sets

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHEN the modern business woman with a family comes home at night and must turn immediately to the preparation of dinner, or when the Sunday night hostess must serve light refreshments without changing to kitchen attire, her first thought is of an apron that will protect her pretty frock.

To be sure, the apron itself is all right in its way, but it does not protect the sleeves and so, as always, necessarily becomes the "mother of invention" in that some clever brain has devised apron "sets" which include deep matching cuffs which are worn as you see in the picture.

It is not only the novelty and practicality of the cuffs as illustrated which attract, but the aprons themselves are very new and unusual. If there is one thing more than another which makes appeal to the home-sewing woman it is a new apron pattern. They are very easy to make, the aprons pictured, if you use a bias trim for bindings and decoration.

Make them of any suitable material. Organdie or dotted swiss is suggested for the more dressy affairs that are to cover the Sunday, night frock and its sleeves with gingham, percale or gay

cretonne for every day use. The bias trim comes in the proper width, cut on a true bias, ready to apply, and in bolliast colors.

Quite a new idea is the surplice front effect which fashions the apron to the left. Then, too, the skirt of this apron is sewed onto a V-shape waistline which is slenderizing. For this model the designer chooses a dainty flowered percale. In this instance the bias trim is used for binding only. For the other apron which, by the way, is made of gingham the bias trim also forms decorative bands at the front and on the cuffs. Note that circular-cut side sections are seamed into the skirt portion, achieving a graceful flare for its hemline.

Where sheer material such as organdie is employed, use sheer fabric thread in matching color to stitch down the bias bands. This fabric thread does not go by number although in reality it is equal to a number one hundred ordinary cotton. It requires the machine gauge set to about twenty-five stitches to the inch. It is excellent for seaming frocks of sheer material as the fine stitches and the fine needle prevents the seams from fraying. Paris couturiers are using it on silks and velvets (it has an exquisite luster). In fact, the use of exceedingly fine thread, very fine needles and little stitches is one of the sewing secrets learned from French dressmakers.

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AUTUMN HATS WORN HIGH ON THE HEAD

You will find that the new autumn hats are not easy to wear and that the hair must be beautifully done, as much of the head is exposed at one side. Tiny tiled brims, very shallow crowns; the hats worn high on the head, that is the style message of the very best milliners. And managers and buyers for the hat departments in the very smartest of specialty shops assure us that these hats will be the thing next autumn and that real millinery is back with us again. And that is something for which the really well-dressed woman will be profoundly grateful.

All too long we have been content with just a covering for our heads, and the covering was not too good-looking either. Nor were the tight little caps at all healthy for the scalp, as you have no doubt learned from your favorite hairdresser.

Little Things of Dress Which Count for Chic

Your new wide, soft-and-crushable patent leather belt, how are you wearing it? Not with the buckle at the front if you are fashionable, but fastened at the back—tres chic!

In selecting hosiery for midseason wear keep in mind that stockings of lacy open mesh is latest fashion decree.

Give distinction to your white sports frock or jacket suit by wearing belt and scarf in vivid tri-colors. Red, white and blue or green, orange and red or "say it" in pastel such as pale pink and light blue.

As to waistlines—"going up" is the message. It seems that the new French millinery is inspiring decided changes in costume trends, as, for instance, the now-so-modish Empress Eugenie hats are influencing the raising of the waistline in empire fashion.

Advance afternoon and evening dresses in early Paris displays reflect the styles of the 1830s to 1860s. Which is to say that the world of fashion is about to witness a revival of whims and follies of the old-fashioned sort such as ruchings, frills, longer skirts, peplums, little capes and tiny fur scarfs (maybe we will be using that quaint word "tipper" again) and ostrich boas too are in prospect, to match the trims on the new hats.

CHERIE NICHOLAS.

Fabric Hats

Be sure to include several of the new knockout hats in the summer wardrobe—one version is the flannel hat of the vagabond type with a soft crown and stitched brim. It comes in every color for town or country.

Light Blue for Evening



For dance and party frocks, light blue is a favorite color. The dress pictured is of ciel blue chiffon patterned with velvet flower motifs. The peplum effect adds to the grace of the silhouette. Pale blue satin is also favored by the smart Parisienne for her evening gown.

CHERIE NICHOLAS.

Scarf Becomes Bonnet by Simple Twist of Wrist

Not for a long while has there been a more practical and generally becoming bit of headgear than the sports scarf which, by a simple twist of the wrist, becomes a bonnet. Intended only for wear on the head, this scarf of wool or tweed-like mixture, matching the sports frock, is made so wide that by merely wrapping it around the head and pinning it, the bonnet is achieved. The ends, standing smartly out, from the only ornaments beside the pin.

White on Red or Navy
Sheer prints, showing white patterns on red or navy backgrounds are prominent in town costumes. The white and red print model looks surprisingly cool for hot weather and is a type alluring to the younger generation.

In NIAGARA FALLS CANADA The CLIFTON HOTEL



It was just child's play for us

"COULD YOU watch my little boy for me while I do some shopping?" phoned a guest one afternoon. "I'll be back in an hour and a half."

We've had so much experience in greeting grown-ups...with all sorts of likes and dislikes...amusing a six-year old didn't seem hard! We showed him the kitchens, the 18 big refrigerators (one for each kind of food), the head-waiter drilling waiters for a banquet. Junior had a grand time...and we performed another of those extra services you enjoy at United Hotels.

This year revisit Niagara Falls...see the gigantic rock slide of January, 1931. Enjoy the world famous hospitality of The Clifton Hotel. The Clifton is the only hotel with an unobstructed view of both The Falls and Gorge...and the spectacular illumination at night. You can dine on its veranda, or in its dining room...and look out on this world wonder. Splendid golf privileges and riding facilities are available! Plan now to vacation at The Clifton this year.

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	1 Person	2 Persons
30 Rooms without bath	\$3.00	\$5.00
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90 Twin-bed Rooms	\$7, 8, 9, 10, 12.	

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UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY's only United. The Roosevelt	
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. The St. Francis	
SHREVEPORT, LA. The Washington Young	
NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Roosevelt	
NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Bienville	
TORONTO, ONT. The King Edward	
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. The Clifton	
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KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. The Colonial Springs	

C. F. Butterfield

SPECIAL

Just Arrived
Men's Work Shirts!
50 cents

Italian Vases

PRICED AT FROM 50 CENTS TO \$3.00
Imported to be Sold at \$1.25 to \$7.50

Something happened to this shipment in transit; we do not know what it was; perhaps they were loaded too close to the boilers on the steamer; they look all right at just a little distance, and are perfectly all right to hold water and flowers. The importer asks us to offer them to you at a bit more than one-third their natural price. We think you will want them and want a lot more if you could get them, but if you do not then back they go.

Nippon Wall Vases

75 CENTS A PAIR . . . Imported to be
Sold at from \$1.00 to \$1.50 Each

All are beauties; all are in perfect condition; but they came late for this season's flowers. YOU get the benefit.

It will pay you well to have a look at both these lots. We have a hunch a lot of these pieces will become Early Christmas Purchases.

If you cannot call, write or telephone 154-W

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Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
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Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1931

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"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

Antrim Locals

The Antrim band will give an open air concert on the Common, in Hancock, on Friday evening of this week.

FARMS—And Village Property for sale. Carl Johnson, Real Estate Agent, Hillsboro, N. H. Adv. 17

Mrs. Martin Vorse and daughter, Mildred, of Northfield, Mass., have been guests this week of Mrs. Fred E. Proctor.

Miss Amy Tenney and her nephews Forrest and Stanley Tenney, are taking a trip of a few days through the White Mountains.

Owing to rain in this section last Saturday, there was no playing of base ball in the towns comprising the Contoocook Valley League.

Mrs. B. G. Butterfield and Miss Elizabeth Tandy rendered vocal selections on Friday last at the Old Home Day gathering in Harrisville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Currier and children, who have been spending a season at Maplehurst Inn, have returned to their home at Preston, Canada.

Rev. Alba Marsh, D. D., and Mrs. Marsh, from Lawrence, Mass., are spending a brief season at White Birch Point, Gregg Lake, making their annual visit to town.

Mrs. Henry Raleigh was called to New York Wednesday of last week by the sudden death of her brother, Cleveland Cilley. She accompanied the body home by ambulance.

Miss Marion Nylander leaves town today for New York City, where she enters the Presbyterian hospital and school for nurses for a three years' course. The well wishes of her many friends go with her.

During a portion of his vacation, Rev. William Patterson and family toured a portion of Massachusetts, going down the north shore through Plymouth to Provincetown, and returning by way of the towns on the south shore of Cape Cod.

A touring car coming into the Main street from Concord street, on Saturday evening, was driven into a tree in front of the house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Everett Davis. The car was occupied by two men and two women, giving Wilton as their place of residence. The driver is reported to have said he dropped off to sleep. The car was not traveling fast, which probably was the reason no one was much injured; the car was damaged somewhat.

Gem Theatre PETERBORO, N. H.

Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 2 and 3

"Indiscreet"
with Gloria Swanson and Ben Lyon

Fri. and Sat., Sept. 4 and 5

"Fifty Fathoms Deep"
with Jack Holt and Mary Doran

Mon. and Tues., Sept. 7 and 8

"The Vice Squad"
with Paul Lukas and Kay Francis

Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 9 and 10

"Waterloo Bridge"
with Mae Clarke, Betty Davis, Enid Bennett and Kent Douglas

Antrim Locals

Born in Antrim, August 27, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Poland.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Thornton have recently visited for a short time in Pawtucket, R. I.

Mrs. Rose Wallace, of Northampton, Mass., visited relatives in town during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm E. French and Mrs. Hannah Turner were visitors to Randolph, Vt., last week.

Loyal Sturtevant and family are occupying a tenement in Mrs. Alice Graves' house, on North Main Street.

Miss Ann Hamilton, of Dorchester, Mass., is spending a week or so with Miss Ethel L. Muzzey, at her bungalow on West Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer D. Schene, of Swampscott, Mass., have been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Proctor.

Ernest Fuglestad was at the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, Concord, a couple days last week, where he had his tonsils and adenoids removed.

Mrs. Joseph Fluri and grand-daughter, Miss Barbara, have returned to their home here from a visit of several weeks in Massachusetts.

Ralph Proctor has returned to his home in St. Louis, Mo., after a few weeks' visit with relatives in town. His family will remain awhile longer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Roberts have returned to their home here, after a few weeks' visit with their daughter, Mrs. John Bass, in Quincy, Mass.

Charles D. White has sold the Hubley place so-called, in the east part of the town, to a Mr. Tripp, of Boston, who has already begun the erection of a bungalow. Coughy & Pratt are putting in the cellar.

Editor and Mrs. C. D. Eldridge, of Winchendon, Mass., entertained a party of some twenty friends from the Massachusetts town on Saturday afternoon and evening at their camp, "Point-o'-Woods," on the shore of Gregg Lake. The entire party did ample justice to the short dinner that was provided by the hosts. Everyone was loud in their praises of the treatment they received.

The regular meeting of the Antrim Rod and Gun Club will be held at Fireman's hall on Thursday evening of this week, at 7.30 o'clock. At this meeting will take place the annual election of officers, and other important business is coming up for consideration. The treasurer has given out that the dues for 1932 are now due. The activities of this club are of a nature to make them valuable along lines that appeal to the man with a rod and gun; attend this meeting and learn something that has been done and what is likely to take place.

The farewell banquet at Camp Gregg-mere a girls' camp at White Birch Point, Gregg Lake, was held on Monday evening of this week, since which time the girls have been leaving town for their respective homes. The pageant, which they have given annually, was not presented this year. The camp has been a busy place the entire season, but the total number was not quite as large as in some previous years. Soon the activities at this spot will resume its quietness and the many camp pleasures will await the coming of another season.

At the next regular meeting of Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, on Wednesday evening, September 9, Guest night will be observed; this will be at 8.30 o'clock, following the meeting. Members are privileged to invite one or more guests to accompany them at a charge of ten cents each guest. An entertainment will be furnished. It is hoped the members will interest themselves in this occasion more than usual and that a goodly number will be present, for it is known that arrangements are being made to make this a most pleasant evening.

On Wednesday evening, September 23, a part of the business of the regular meeting will be the election of officers for the next year. Here also it is important that a large number of the members attend.

Card of Thanks

The Antrim Band wish to take this way of thanking their friends and the public generally for their interest in attending the open air concerts, and for their generous contributions of each occasion.

Muzzey's Furniture Exchange

Buying and Selling Second-hand Furniture is a specialty with me. Will make price right, whether buying or selling. CARL H. MUZZEY, Phone 87-3, Antrim, N. H. Adv.

For Sale

Sweet Corn; any quantity, any time. Other Vegetables in season. FRED L. PROCTOR, Antrim, Tel. 18-3.

Annual Meeting of American Legion at the Weirs

The Department of New Hampshire and their valued helpers, the Ladies Auxiliary, held their reunions and annual business meetings at the Weirs last week, and most satisfactory and profitable gatherings was the result.

It was announced at the opening session, that 113 delegates and 24 alternates were present representing 48 of the 75 posts in the state. Past Department Commanders Cole, McCarthy, Davison, Blood, Caine, Manson and Stevenson were present for the business session and sat with Commander Drury on the platform.

Many matters of importance were considered and satisfactorily settled; one being that the next annual gathering will be held at the Weirs although a vote to meet elsewhere was lost by only one vote of the necessary two-thirds.

The Legion officers elected were: Commander, Wendell D. Crowell, Hancock.

Senior Vice-Commander, Samuel H. Edes, Newport.

Junior Vice-Commander, Eli Marcoux, Berlin.

Judge Advocate, Ernest L. Bell, Keene. Chaplain, Rev. Wm. H. Sweeney, Tilton.

Auditor, Robert M. Bruce, Portsmouth. Historian, A. J. Flourde, Manchester.

National Executive Committeeman, Maurice P. Devine, Manchester.

Alternate, Oscar P. Cole, Berlin.

At the annual convention of the New Hampshire American Legion auxiliary, held at the Methodist Tabernacle the officers elected were:

President, Mrs. Alma Pion of Littleton.

First Vice-President, Mrs. Alma Jackson Gallant, Woodsville.

Second Vice-President, Mrs. Josephine Adams, Derry.

Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Helen Saltmarsh, Concord.

Chaplain, Mrs. Helen Conant, Contoocook.

Historian, Miss Nellie Field, Exeter.

Antrim Locals

Concord street, between Main and Elm street, was closed to traffic the first of this week, while repairs were being made to the pipe line.

Mrs. Bertha Cross Russell, of Middleboro, Mass., called on friends in town the past week. She will be remembered as giving the Memorial Day address here a few years ago.

George Nylander and family took an auto trip to Cape Cod, Mass., last week, going to the end of the Cape—Provincetown. They also visited Mrs. Nylander's father, Mr. Guild, in Chatham.

In the list of Concord teachers given out by Supt. of Schools Rundlett on Monday, these names interested Antrim people most: Senior High School, Myrtle Brooks; School Cafeteria, Ruth M. Cutter, Supervisor.

The pastors of the village churches are back from their vacations and are again occupying their respective pulpits on Sunday next. Church prayer meetings will be resumed, and sessions of the different Sunday schools will be held. It is hoped the people are through with their vacations, and will be occupying their respective pews in the several churches, ready to welcome back their pastors and listen to their instruction.

For Sale

FOWL, 25 cts. pound live weight. Pullers' Eggs, 45 cts. dozen; Large Eggs, 50 cts. dozen. Delivered.

JOHN BRYER, Bennington, N. H. Adv.

For Sale

Desirable two-tenement house, on West Street, in good repair; near center of village. Price reasonable for a cash sale. For other particulars, inquire at REPORTER OFFICE, Adv. Antrim, N. H.

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

Bennington.

Congregational Church
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Sunday School 12.00 m
Preaching service at 11.00 a.m.
Christian Endeavor at 6 p.m.

Miss Natalie Edwards is at home from Concord for a vacation.

F. P. Jordan joined his wife here last of the week, for a vacation from duties in Wakefield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. James McLoughlin will occupy the house recently purchased by Miss Mollie Cody.

Mrs. Logan and Arnold Logan are at Old Orchard Beach, where Rev. Logan joins them for a few days.

There will be a supper in the chapel of the Congregational church on Friday, at 6 p.m., September 4; reasonable prices.

Rev. E. C. Osborne and family returned to their home in Ellsworth, Maine, first of the week, stopping a few days in Lynn and Boston en route.

Maurice C. Newton was in Worcester, Mass., one day recently. Mrs. Newton visited her friend, Mrs. Granville Whitney, in Antrim, the same day.

Mrs. Daisy Rawson, her son, Stanley, and friend, all of Worcester, Mass., were here for a brief visit with friends one day, at Birch Camp, Stoddard.

Miss Arlene Edwards is at home for her vacation from Briar Cliff Manor, New York; her friend, Miss Whitehead, is with her, also a remarkably smart new roadster, Miss Arlene is driving.

George Edwards' car performed quite a stunt the other evening. It was parked in the roadway near his house when it started, taking off one door of the garage and going down between two trees, then crossing the road, and coming to a stop in front of a rock in Knight's field without any damage.

At the last meeting of the Grange, there was an excellent literary program, it being New Hampshire night. Readings, instrumental music, and interesting talks by Rev. Logan and Rev. Osborne. Plans were made for the coming Fair on Friday, September 18, with both sale and entertainment in the Grange hall. Light refreshments were served at the conclusion of the evening.

Tax Collector's Notice

The Tax Collector will be at the Selectmen's Office, Bennington, every Tuesday evening, from 8 to 9 o'clock, for the purpose of receiving Taxes.
J. H. BALCH, Collector.

Antrim Locals

Here we are in Sept.'s first week. The vacation season is nearly over. Soon school bells will ring, and Labor Day will be here. And the finest season of the year is ahead. September and October in New England are peerless months.

A few of the Girl Scouts of this place have been spending a week on the shores of Gregg Lake. With them were Mrs. Mattie Proctor, Miss Dorothy Pratt, Miss Roanna Robinson and Mrs. Howard Hawkins, as teachers.

The Antrim band gave an open air concert on the band stand, on Concord Street, on Friday evening, and a good attendance was out to hear them. The boys play well and a lot of people are pleased to hear them.

Judge Frank B. Hall, of Worcester, Mass., was with Mrs. Hall, at the Bass Farm for the week-end. Mrs. Hall, who is recuperating from a hospital experience, is not making as satisfactory recovery as it had been hoped she would.

The boys at Camp Sachem, on the shores of Gregg Lake, have practically completed their stay in camp and returned to their homes in Arlington, Mass., and vicinity. They held their farewell banquet on Friday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Willis Brooks, of Bridgeport, Conn., were in attendance at the Cowell Reunion, in Franconstown, last week, with Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Downes, of this town. They also visited Mr. and Mrs. Roy N. Putnam, in Milford, before they returned to their Connecticut home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cornwell, of Waltham, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Cornwell, of Providence, R. I., called on Mrs. Eliza A. Eldridge and Mrs. H. W. Eldridge on Thursday afternoon; they were on an auto trip to Montreal. Mrs. Ray Cornwell is grand-daughter of the senior Mrs. Eldridge.

It's disappointing to call for a copy of The Reporter and not get one. Better subscribe for a year—\$2.00.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait, of Boston, and Major Arthur J. Pierce, of Bennington are directors of Silversmiths, Inc., which will soon begin operations in a part of the plant of the Page Binding Company, Concord.

Only about twenty-five more days of so-called daylight saving, then there will be no mixup in time from place to place. And while thinking about it, there are only about 113 days to Christmas! Now is a good time to do holiday shopping early!

The season of country fairs is now about to begin and will continue for some six weeks. We are told that over a hundred of such exhibitions will be held in New England. It is said that the interest in these fairs is greater today than ever before. We do not know just how this conclusion is arrived at but we hope it is true.

I can understand why there is such an enormous death toll among the wild animals. The other night up in Greenfield I was driving along about thirty miles an hour when a mother coon and four babies walked out into the middle of the road and defied me to run over them. I had to stop quick. She then took her time to take her family into the woods.—Proctor in Sportsman's column.

Charles Malchow, of Warner, deputy fish and game warden, is still confined to his home by illness, and is unable to attend to the duties of his position in this district. George S. Proctor, of Wilton, deputy in an adjoining district has had added to his territory for the present the towns of Antrim and Stoddard. George is well known to many of our people who will be glad to see him in our midst occasionally.

Concord is going to have a Dog Show, at Memorial Field, on Friday, Sept. 25, and promises good. Mrs. Arthur E. Hill, of New Boston, is Secretary, and George Proctor tells us he is very much interested in it. You know, George would say that about dogs, but cats—don't say a word!

The Last Day of School

Under the auspices of the Antrim Grange, Rev. William Weston, of Milford, well known to many of our people, will give his "talkalogue", at Grange hall, on Friday evening, September 4, at 8 o'clock. The subject of the talk will be "The last day of school," in which the speaker has gathered together a number of the interesting and amusing incidents connected with the closing day of school at an earlier period, and presents them in his own way; they will appear funny to many today. It is worth attending, more especially to those who know the speaker. Admission, 35 cents; children under twelve, 25 cents.

Here's Something Good!

Wouldn't you like to have the American Legion Auxiliary help you solve your baking problems for Saturday—housewives of Antrim? We are going to hold a Food Sale on Saturday, September 5, at 3 o'clock, on the Presbyterian church lawn. There will be tables of cake, pies, bread, rolls and doughnuts; also baked beans and home-made candy. If there is anything special you would like to have baked for you, leave your order with Mrs. Vera Butterfield not later than Friday morning, and she will try to have your order filled. If stormy, the sale will be held in the vestry of the church. Committee.

GREENFIELD

Donald Hopkins and family are vacationing in Paris, Maine.

Granville Davis, of Lowell, Mass., spent the week end with his sister, Miss Ethel Davis.

Miss Frances Hopkins with Mrs. Donald Hopkins and son David recently spent the day in Franklin.

Fred U. Walsh, of South Boston, Mass., has enjoyed the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn Smith.

Charles Chase, Jr., has been spending a week in Newport with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pollard.

Edwin A. Davis, of Dorchester, Mass., and Miss Constance Firth of New York, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gould.

Word has been received of the death of George Keith, of Hudson, Mass. Mr. Keith was a brother of Dr. Arthur Keith who has a summer home here.

The Misses Kate and Sylvia Hotchkins of Waterbury, Conn., Milton Orcutt of Milldale, Conn., and Merritt Pierpont, of Bristol, Conn., have been recent guests of Miss Ella Hopkins.

MICKIE SAYS—

WHEN YOU GOTTA HAVE A JOB OF PRINTING QUICK, WE ALL BUST INTO A RUN UNTIL IT'S DONE N' DELIVERED TO YOU—AND ALL WE ASK IS THAT YOU GIVE US PLENTY OF TIME ON JOBS THEY AINT NO RUSH ABOUT



CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Sunday, Sept. 6
The pastor will preach, and all services will be resumed.
The regular Thursday evening service will be held at 7.30 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. Chas. Tilton, D.D., Pastor
Sunday, Sept. 6
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor.
Sunday school at 12 noon.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, August 27
Mid-week meeting 7.30 p.m.
Thursday, Sept. 3
Church prayer meeting at 7.30 p.m. Topic: "The Voice of Jesus."
John 10:3-5.
Sunday, Sept. 6
Morning worship at 10.45. The pastor will preach on "A Man and His Brother's Burden."
Church school at 12 o'clock noon.
Union service at seven o'clock in this church. The pastor will speak on "The Art of Hearing."

Little Stone Church on the Hill
Antrim Center
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Sunday School at 9 a.m.
Sunday morning worship at 9.45.

DEERING

Miss Thelma Wood is at home for a fortnight's vacation, from her work in Manchester.

Miss Virginia Wilson of New York is visiting her friend, Anne Louise Poling, at the Long House.

Supt. and Mrs. A. A. Holden have returned from a trip by automobile which included Ausable Chasm, Lake George and the Thousand Islands.

Rev. Edwin Nylan has resigned his pastorate of the Community Church, in order to give his undivided attention to the last year of school work at the Boston University.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Garver and Miss Harriet Hardman, all of New York, Pa., and Miss Marguerite Hubbard of Hurllock, Md., have been guests at the home of Supt. A. A. Holden.

The marriage of Albert H. Brown and Miss Tilly Murray has been announced. Mr. Brown is a resident of North Deering. Miss Murray has also resided in North Deering, but more recently in Manchester.

At a meeting of the Community Club, held in the Town Hall, it was announced that contributions to the amount of several hundred dollars have been received toward defraying the cost of the addition to the Town Hall. A contribution of \$25 from the Old Home Day committee was among these announced.

A nominating committee was appointed, to report at the September meeting. A finance committee was also appointed. This comprises Robert Lawson, Chester McNally, Stanley Daniels, Mrs. Maurice Parker, Mrs. Justine Boissonade and Mrs. A. A. Holden. After the business session the club adjourned to the big barn at the Long House, Dr. Daniel Poling's summer home, and enjoyed moving pictures, depicting local scenes and people, taken and exhibited by Louis P. Elkins. Refreshments brought to a conclusion a very enjoyable evening.

52 weekly visits for \$2.00. Subscribe to The Reporter now!

List of New Books in James A. Tuttle Library

My Story
Silver Flute
Good Companions
Gay Bandit of the Border
Courageous Companions
Hot Countries
Coronado's Children
Daughter of the Seine
N by E.
Mexico
Red Horse Hill
Boy Scout Around the World.

Rinehart, Mary R
Larrimore, Lida
Priestley, J. B.
Gill, Tom
Finger, C. J.
Waugh, Alec
Dobie, Frank
Eaton, Jeanette
Kent, Rockwell
Chase, Stuart
Meader, S. W.

Huld, Falle
Oliver, Edith
The Book of Sports,
Charney, M. V.
Fletcher, Inglis
Bacon, J. D.
Kipling, R.
Aldrich, Bess S.
Morris, Ann
James, Will
Verne, Jules
Grove, John
Richmond, Grace
Bruere, M. B.
Spyri, J.
Wlster, Owen
Weston, G.

White Leopard,
Luck of Lowry,
Stalky & Co.,
White Bird Flying,
Digging in Yucatan,
Sun-Up.

The Omnibus,
Omnibus of Romance,
Red Pepper Returns,
Sparky-for-Short,
Jorli,
Roosevelt, the Story of a Friendship.

American Marquis,
Doctor of Lonesome River,
Cimarron,
Box of Daylight.

Marshall, Edison
Ferber, Edna
Hillyer, H. W.

The following books, which have recently been donated to the Library, are greatly appreciated:

Europe Revised,
A Sister to Evangeline,
Maid of Paradise,
Westways,
Pines of Lory,
This Freedom,
A Student in Arms,
The Fountain of Youth,
A Self-Supporting Home,
Voyage of the Mayflower,
Army of the Potomac,
Pierce Statue Dedication,
Fat of the Land,
Mankind at the Crossroads,
Billy Sunday,
Inside of Prohibition,
Behind Turkish Lattices,
Three Musketeers,
Notre Dame,
Travels in France and Italy.

The comparative figures given below show the increase in circulation since the Library has been open three afternoons and evenings:

February	1930	1931
March	500	619
April	549	704
May	439	609
June	422	622
July	383	661
	486	684

HANCOCK

Elwin C. Foster, a Hancock native and former president of the Manchester Tracton Light and Power company, died August 18 at Miami, Fla., where he had made his home since 1925. He was 78 years old and had been a visitor in this section at different times.

The Old Home Day celebration was a success, with two fine speakers, Prof. James A. Tufts of Exeter and Rev. E. W. Eldridge of Ashby, Mass. The community singing was led by Mrs. Woodman of Milford. The Winchendon, Mass. band gave a nice concert which was appreciated by a large crowd. The ball game and other attractions were good. The officers for the next year are: Dr. L. Vernon Briggs, president; D. O. Devens, vice president; Rev. C. Leslie Curtis, secretary; K. G. Upton, treasurer; the committee, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Barrows, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gitts, and Harold Stearns.

The Right Pitch

"A new motor horn has been invented which makes a sound like a chord on a harp." What's the idea? Giving the pedestrian the pitch?—Kansas City Star.

Canada's Oldest Journal

The Montreal Gazette is the oldest newspaper in Canada, having been founded more than 150 years ago.

LUMBER!

Have a quantity of New Lumber For Sale. Price right.

G. A. HULETT,
Antrim, N. H.

For Sale

Fully Accredited COWS; can go in anybody's herd, in any state: Holsteins, Guernsey's, Jerseys and Ayrshires. Fresh and springers.

Fred L. Proctor,
Antrim, N. H.

DRIVE IN Let us grease your car the ALEMITE WAY

Flush your Differential and Transmission and fill with new grease.

FREE
Crack Case and Flushing Service
A. L. A. Service Phone 113
Frank J. Boyd, Hillsboro

Yes! Nine Tubes and only \$89.75 COMPLETE! with tubes!

YOU'VE never seen or heard such a wonderful radio before! Come in and see it!

It takes a Balanced Superheterodyne to fully meet present-day crowded broadcasting conditions. The new Philco 7, 9 and 11-tube Balanced Superheterodynes are priced at \$19.95 to \$295.00, complete with tubes.

PHILCO BALANCED SUPERHETERODYNE

JUST RECEIVED!

The new 5-tube TRF Baby Grand! With pentode tube and electro-dynamic speaker!

Also in a full-size lowboy at \$49.95 complete with 5 tubes.



EASY TERMS! Ask for a DEMONSTRATION!

Philco Balanced Tubes better the performance of any radio

PAUL G. TRAXLER
Radio & Electric Service
Bennington N. H.

PHILCO The World's Largest Selling Radio

REPORTER RAMBLINGS

The New York taxi driver who received a reward of \$2500 for returning a pearl necklace found in his cab has reason to believe that honesty is the best policy.

Someone gave this definition of the installment plan: "A dollar down, and fifty cents a week for the rest of your life."

The United States Bureau has collected statistics showing that the dollar of today will purchase 13 cents more than the dollar of six years ago, no doubt this is interesting from a statistical viewpoint. What interests most people, however, is that today's dollar is about 13 times as hard to get as the dollar in 1925.

George K. Chesterton has returned to England after a tour of the United States. He has had much to say about American towns which he is pleased to designate as "eyesores." What does he have to say about the slum sections of London, Liverpool and Birmingham?

John Polando, Istanbul flyer, predicts that before much longer people will be flying around the world in airplanes without a single stop. Well, that may be one way to avoid payment of fines in case the aviators are so careless as to photograph Japanese fortifications while en route!

This would seem to be an ideal time for building and furnishing homes. Government housing experts declare that today's dollar will go further in building and furnishing than for the past nine years. So if you have been holding off for nine years, now is your chance to start building.

The cost of one day's education for a child in the average city public schools just about equals that of a pound of candy or a golf ball, according to educational leaders. But there is little comparison between the fun which father gets with one golf ball and the sport (?) which sunny gets from one day's education.

The California grape industry, considerably subsidized by the government, has now produced the grape brick, which is said to be growing in popularity by gulps and swallows. Perhaps this latest fruit of the vine may cause a prohibition of the raising of grapes.

Business may be dizzy from turning corners is the suggestion of National Committeeman Louis K. Liggett. He did not state whether the final corner has yet been turned, so dizzy business may be expected for some time longer.

Speaking at Berlin recently Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald of Great Britain declared that high tariff walls will lead to universal bankruptcy. Why not declare a general moratorium on all tariffs and see what happens?

Will it help you any to know that temperatures four degrees below freezing have been reported in England this summer?

A 52-foot yawl sailed all the way from Newport, R. I., to England in 17 days. How many know just what a yawl is anyway?

Officials of the Kansas State college recommend a reduction of 20 per cent in the state's wheat acreage. Would that mean an increase of 20 per cent in the price of wheat?

The frills and fripperies of the frivolous fifties and the sophisticated sixties are being favored by Paris for the 1932 fashions. Shall we live long enough to see the bustle in style again? What a help it would be to the feminine riders in the rumble seat.

Secretary Morrison of the American Federation of Labor predicts the approach of the 21-hour-week for organized labor in America. There's many a laborer who would welcome an opportunity of obtaining 21 hours of labor every week.

The heat or the humidity may be responsible for this: A prominent Parisian dressmaker has brought out a suggestion of fur from head to foot for milady's costume this winter. How soon before such a costume may be suggested for August wear?

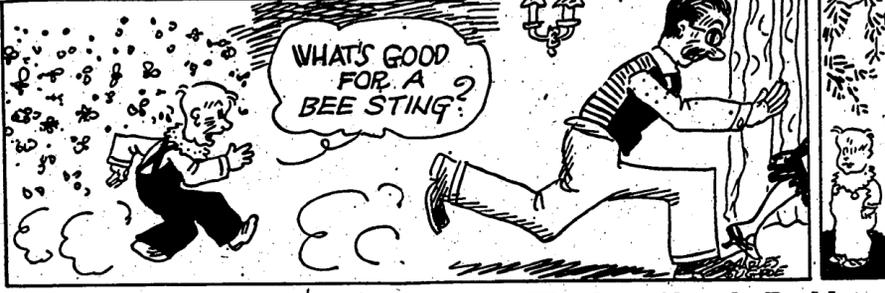
Mayor Curley asks President Hoover to exercise the same charity on the people of America that he advocates for Europeans, and suggests that the President ask for a Federal contribution of a billion dollars to be used for the relief of unemployment in the form of work. A splendid idea until you begin to consider "from whence comes this billion dollars?"

An architect in Atlantic City has lost \$750,000 on account of the terms of his uncle's will. The uncle died in Scotland and decreed that this sum should not be willed his nephew on account of the latter's United States citizenship. How many U. S. citizens would sell their birthright for \$750,000 or less.

The American Automobile Association has gathered statistics showing that automobile owners paid 18.3 per cent of the valuation of their cars in taxes in 1930. "A tax of nearly 20 per cent per annum on any form of property is almost prohibitive" says the committee. And every year in nearly every state the legislators seek by various means to add to the motorists' load of taxes!

SUCH IS LIFE—Just Another Question

By Charles Sughrue



Many Mysteries of Ocean Unsolved

Whirlpool That Spins Outward Latest Oddity

Washington.—Discovery of an outward spinning whirlpool in the Atlantic ocean is reported by a vessel of the coast and geodetic survey. While charting the Georges banks, 150 miles east Cape Cod, the survey vessel Hydrographer encountered the strange whirlpool, which was strong enough to throw the vessel off its course. The cause of the phenomenon is unknown, but further investigation will be made. It differs from other whirlpools known to navigators in that it spins outward instead of toward its center.

of unexplained mysteries of the sea," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. "It is half in jest and half in awe that old tars refer to the bounding main as 'that old devil sea.' In olden days the sea was believed to be peopled with strange monsters which devoured both ships and men. Even today, with all the safeguards and comforts of modern travel, a ship voyage is not without its hazards. Mother ocean constantly plays new and unexpected tricks because man's knowledge of the sea, for all his centuries of study and experience, is extremely meager.

"Explorers and geographers who

have been sighing for new lands to conquer may find their best field, paradoxically, in the sea. When it is realized that nearly three-quarters of the surface of the globe consists of water, it is rather remarkable how little we know of the vast surface of the solid sphere which lies under this screen of liquid.

"Little wonder, then that man marvels at how much has been learned about the seas, the while he realizes that what he knows is much less than the proverbial drop in the bucket as compared with what remains a mystery.

"The most impressive thing about the sea is its shallowness as compared with the size of the earth, and its depth as compared with the height of the land. If one were to take a globe six feet in diameter and excavate the deepest trench of the ocean thereon, it would be a bare pin-scratch deep—about one-twentieth of an inch.

"Among the sea's unexplained mysteries are the origin and actions of storm waves, commonest of nautical phenomena. Often storm waves travel much faster than the storm itself, meaning the storm as a whole, and sometimes they break with great force on a short-line where conditions otherwise are very quiet and serene.

"There is a curious superstition, varying in various parts of the world, that every seventh, or every ninth, or every tenth wave is larger than the ones that precede it. Writers often take advantage of this belief, not supported by scientists, to illustrate definite periods or sequences in ideas or lives.

"Much is still to be learned about the vagaries of ocean currents. Vessels and debris caught in these natural sea lanes often play uncanny tricks."

Weds Real Prince



Aileen McFarland, daughter of Mrs. Charles McFarland of New York and Weatherford, Texas, who, it is revealed, has become the bride of Prince Johann von Zu Lichtenstein, a member of the reigning house of the principality of Lichtenstein. The ceremony was performed at the church of Our Lady of Assumption in London. The couple will come to the United States for an indefinite stay.

Father Sage Says:

Other people's burdens may be a tax on us, but a man's good opinion of himself never gets too heavy for him to carry around with him.

Solves Hot Weather Church Problem



When it gets too hot for folks to go to church the church can now go to the people. Seven Baptist ministers of the Calumet region of northern Indiana put their heads together to solve the problem and devised this "traveling church" mounted on the chassis of an old seven-passenger car. The motorized church has a twelve-foot belfry containing a bell. The roof, thrown back, discloses a pulpit and an organ, and amplifiers with radio equipment make it possible for a great audience to hear the entire service. The church is 22 feet long, 8 feet wide, and has interior seating capacity for 12 persons.

Earnings for 184 Companies Show Gain

New York.—A distinctly better trend in earnings as second-quarter reports continue to appear is noted by Moody's Investors' service in an analysis based upon results announced by 184 large industrial companies, which show aggregate profits for the June quarter 35.6 per cent higher than in the preceding three months. The extra-seasonal character of this advance, the survey states, contrasts with a gain of only 5.1 per cent for the same quarter of 1930.

Including 171 railroads and 46 utilities which have reported on a five-month basis, total net of 629 companies for the first half of this year was 44.9 per cent.

"Further reduction of operating costs doubtless contributed in large measure to improved second-quarter industrial earnings," Moody believes. "The picture is more shadowed when comparison is made with the same period in 1930, and a 38.2 per cent decrease is seen. Nevertheless the substantial average gain over the early months of the year indicates that business has been operating somewhat more profitably than many have realized."

Industrial groups which made the best contrast with 1930 on a half-year basis included 12 automobile companies, with a drop of 19.9 per cent; drugs, with a decrease of only 5.1 per cent, and biscuits, where earnings were off 6 per cent. Poorest results were found in the case of automobile accessories (with a decrease of 68.4 per cent), cement (66.3 per cent), machinery (71.7 per cent), steel and iron (88.2 per cent), petroleum (95.2 per cent) and copper (with a 1931 deficit for five companies).

Dress and Jacket Comes

Into Favor Among Women A short-sleeved silk dress, plus a silk jacket is a uniform that American women en masse rise up and call blessed. Hardly a woman of any age or any stature can fail to look well in it. And it fits into our many-sided, many-temperamented life with perfect tact. We may have neglected to say that it is smart, but we have so many times extolled the smartness of jackets, we assume you will take this for granted.

Slot Typewriters Are Used in Berlin Cafes

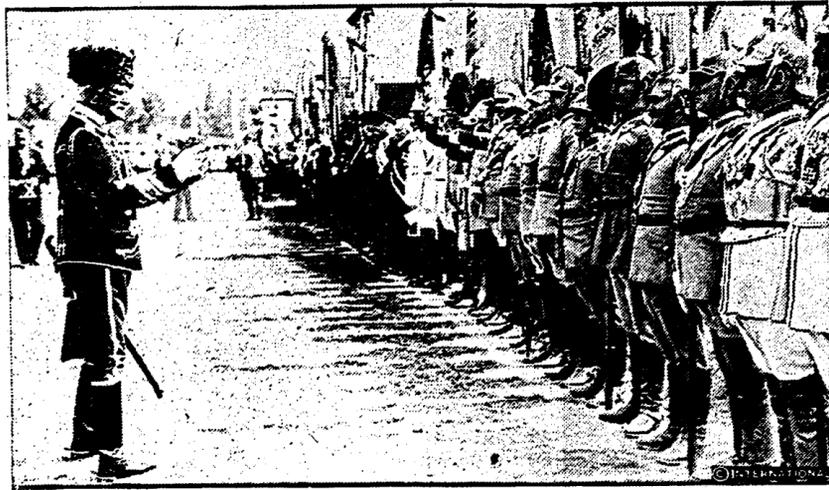
Berlin.—If you wish to type a letter in Berlin just drop into a cafe, deposit a coin in a slot, and use a typewriter. Public machines are being installed in public places of the German capital. For the equivalent of 2 cents one may type 1,000 letters or spaces, then another coin must be inserted for further service.

Watching the Game



For spectator sportswear, this neat little jacket of pressed caracul, topped with charming bicorne boasting an individual flower trim, is worn by Lily Damita, Radio Pictures star. A manish scarf, purse, belt and gloves of black, give the final touch.

Germany's Cavalry Units Reviewed Once More



For the first time since the close of the world war the officers of Germany's cavalry units were reviewed and their colors unfurled in Berlin. General Von Mackensen was the reviewing officer and is seen at left wearing his famous shako.

Monument Cleaning Begun Again in Rome

Rome, Italy.—The municipality of Rome has started the customary annual cleaning of the monuments and antiquities of the city from the plague of weeds which infests them. Weeds grow with extraordinary fertility in the cracks and crevices of the obelisks, statues and church facades here. As soon as the wind deposits a little dust into a likely crevice of some ancient monument, weeds begin to grow. The work of keeping the monuments clean from these growths costs the municipality many thousand lire a year.

Carried a Souvenir of 1899 Tornado

Tulsa, Okla.—For thirty-two years Pat Malloy unknowingly carried a souvenir of a tornado that swept Iowa back in 1899. Malloy, then a fourteen-year-old youth, escaped from the Salix (Iowa) tornado with a fractured collar bone and two small scars on his back. He had forgotten the scars until one of them became sore and a small lump formed on it. Physicians opened the lump and found a wedge of plate glass between the ribs.

SMILES



"A relative may be a cousin or a wife once removed." (WNU Service.)

Red Shades Are Favored for Late Summer Wear

Red increases in popularity as the summer advances. Red jackets, red straw or embroidered linen hats, red pocketbooks and shoes provide a gay dash at garden parties and even on the street. It comes out strongly, too, in evening costumes. A yellow chiffon dress has a red-beaded jacket reaching to the waistline. A great red flower splashed on the skirt and red satin slippers still further brighten it.

POTPOURRI

Origin of Tuning Fork The tuning fork is the invention of John Shore, trumpeter for George I of England. Its pitch varies according to the thickness and length of its two steel prongs. The usual instrument sounds only one note, middle C or the A below it, although the German model has a slide on each prong which regulates the pitch. (© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

Ambition and Talent

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

Ambition and persistence will carry us a long way in the ordinary affairs of life, and in most of the professions for that matter, but not in matters artistic unless there be combined with these other qualities some trace of talent. It is said that Matthew Arnold learned to be a poet through hard work, and that Stevenson so learned the art of literature, but there was talent combined with the other very necessary qualities which these men had.

It was Saxton's ambition to be a writer from the time, when he was a boy, he had been thrilled by the tales of Scott and Cooper. Adventure, the romantic, appealed to him in the strongest way. He labored at his compositions in school and college with the greatest persistence and the most swelling ambition. Try as he would he could never get higher than a "B" and that only rarely.

That was twenty years ago or more. He is dubbing along today on a small salary as a newspaper reporter, still trying to write, but never getting anywhere. Possibly he might have made a business man; maybe he could have been a lawyer or a physician, or he might even have taught other people how to write—it often does not seem essential that one should know how to do a thing himself in order to teach others—but he could not write himself. He had no talent for it, though he had immeasurable ambition.

I saw in a great art center some time ago scores of men and women whose feverish ambition was to be great painters. Some of them were young and healthy looking, but the thing that seemed to me the saddest about it all was the fact that many of them were old, gray, pale-faced, who were possessed of this high ambition to do something outstanding, and yet who had grown old doing only the commonplace.

Jacobs has just asked my advice as to his taking up music as a profession. "Learn all you can for your own pleasure and the pleasure of your friends. You'll need to make a living, so I'd sell gasoline or automobiles." (© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Young Tommy" Opao



"Young Tommy" Fernando Opao, the new Filipino flyweight boxer whose sensational battles since his debut less than two years ago, have led his own countrymen to call him a successor to that other great Filipino boxer, the late Pancho Villa, world flyweight champion, has arrived in the United States. He came by way of the Hawaiian Islands, where he stopped long enough to defeat all comers.

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Here is a figure reducing garment made WITH-OUT elastic webbing for support and adjustable to ANY figure. It definitely eliminates "diaphragm bulge" and IMMEDIATELY reduces your hip-line by INCHES. It creates smooth slender, stylish lines, and has all the support of the COMPLETE COMFORT of a corset; yet it is neither.

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Ladies' Pure Silk Full-Fashioned Hosiery, newest colors in chiffon and service weight, best values. Write for catalogue, Hester Cattery, 11 S. Russell St., Boston, Mass.

Says Animals Will Talk

That animals may learn to talk is the belief of Dr. Bastian Schmid of Germany, who has been studying photographs of the dog's bark and other sounds made by supposedly dumb beasts. He has found evidence that animals have the beginnings of words like those of human language.

One Way—If It Works

"Young man, are you working hard to win a fortune?" "Yes, sir; I am writing love poems for an heiress."

STOP Mosquito bites!



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Boss—I had to fire the secretary I hired this morning. Assistant—Didn't she have any experience? Boss—None at all, I told her to sit down and she looked around for a chair.

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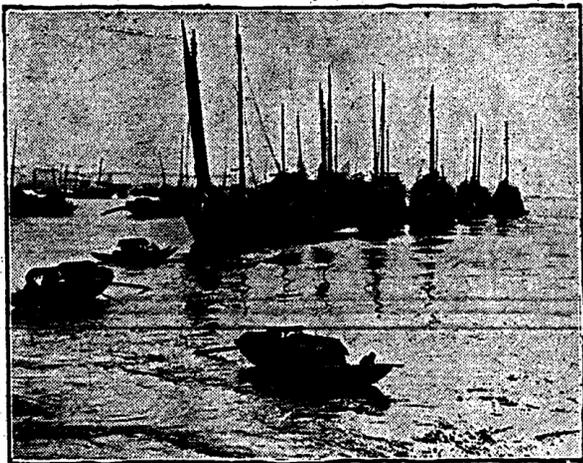
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FOOCHOW COMING BACK



Crowded Shipping on the Min River at Foochow.

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

FOOCHOW, which once ranked among the tea ports of the world and then, two decades ago, bowed to Ceylon and Japan, is staging a comeback.

The steep slopes of Fukien province, of which Foochow is capital and leading city, again are covered with thriving tea bushes; big-batted men, women and children through the plantations, plucking tea leaves from dawn to dusk; tea-laden porters form an almost endless parade from the plantation to the tea warehouses, and boats on the Min piled with packages of tea recall the days when Yankee clipper ships cleared Foochow with cargoes of fragrant leaves, destined to American teapots.

Foochow port is really not in the city's suburbs. The nearest gate in the city's five-mile, vine-clad wall is more than three miles from the north bank of the Min, about 34 miles from the sea.

Few travelers visit Foochow. To reach the port, one must go by boat, for railroads and good roads are not to be found in this region. Ocean-going vessels from Shanghai and Hong Kong make regular trips up the Min which penetrates the Chinese coast opposite the north end of Taiwan (Formosa). The vessels may steam up the river as far as Pagoda Anchorage. There passengers are transferred to launches which, after nine miles of dodging matting-covered sampans and grotesquely carved, high-pooped junks, deposit their human cargo at the city's suburban docks. If one wants to "go native," however, he may board a native boat with the owners' family, fowls, dogs and pigs and travel in the unwhitened atmosphere of the Min.

The river's obstruction at Pagoda Anchorage is artificial, formed when stone-laden barges were sunk there to prevent a French fleet from reaching the city during the Franco-Foochow troubles in 1884. It is the characteristic of the Chinese love for things as they are that Foochow business men have waited so long to take steps to clear the channel and thus avoid the endless annoyance of re-loading of cargoes.

From River to City.

The journey from the river to the city may be made by bus, jinrikisha or sedan chair. Frequently travelers prefer to be landed on the south side of the river where they get a glimpse of the most modern portion of Foochow—the foreign settlement. On a small hill are foreign consulates, western churches, hospitals and handsome residences which constitute a community almost independent of the Chinese city, while below is a business district with streets lined with foreign and native-owned shops where eastern and western merchandise is on display. Commodious clubs, wide sweeps of grassy lawns dotted with flowering gardens, a race track, tennis courts and pleasure craft on the Min tend to keep the small foreign population contented.

The visitor should not hurry into Foochow proper, even if he could, for to do so would be to miss the physical beauties and fabled history that accentuate each step of the journey from the ocean to the port. Along the Min one may see pearl divers. Should a diver be drowned his fellows stoically conclude that he has fallen a victim to the sea-turtle, Chinese equivalent for the legendary sea-serpent of the West.

Near Pagoda Anchorage rises Sharp peak, capped by a tower built by a wife to welcome home an oriental Enoch Arden who, when he saw it, thought he had mistaken the river, and sailed away again, never to return. A mandarin's footprint in a rock commemorates the summary punishment of quartermen who kept right on chopping away its companion footprint, despite the flow of blood that spouted out at each stroke. When removed to a place in a bridge it registered a protest by kicking its bearers into the river, so the companion was not molested.

Inside the Foochow wall a few modern schools and government buildings have punctuated an otherwise low, flat sky line of rather dingy buildings. Telegraph keys click in telegraph offices, electric lights are available to those who can afford them, a few automobiles may be seen on the main

streets, and western fashions vie with those of the Orient.

But if the traveler steps into a Foochow side street, he steps into an era several centuries past. Streets that twist and turn and come to abrupt stops were marked features of Foochow's early city planners. For example, the tortuous route of one street might be visualized by drawing a diagram. It begins by running eastward and then northward, eastward, northward, eastward, northward, eastward, southward, westward, southward, southeastward, southward, westward, southward, eastward and southward.

Travelers Use Sedan Chairs.

The whole course of this thoroughfare is equal to but a few American city blocks in length and nowhere is it wide enough for even a jinrikisha to pass without driving playing children and their playmates—filthy dogs and pigs—into bordering doorways. The sedan chair is used by most travelers to penetrate the Foochow passageways where the odors permeating the atmosphere are so overwhelming to foreign nostrils that chair bearers are urged on to the nearest breathing spaces.

Ancient as Foochow seems to be to the westerner, it is a sort of wild west of China to the natives of Canton and Peking. In the days of Confucius all China looked upon the region that now is Fukien province as the balliwick of barbarians. The wall that encompasses the city did not rise until the Ming period which covered the years that America was discovered and colonized.

While poor transportation facilities for reaching Foochow have constituted an important factor in keeping the city truly oriental, cholera and the bubonic plague have also caused outsiders to give it a wide berth.

Perhaps the pleasantest portion of a Foochow tour is a visit to the tea factories and warehouses where tea leaves, scented with jasmines, roses and chrysanthemums are sorted from dawn to dusk by Chinese women and children. Last year Foochow exported more than 7,000,000 pounds of Fukien tea and re-exported an additional 5,000,000 pounds which were shipped to its "tea perfumeries." There are more than forty tea factories in the city.

The open shops along the Foochow streets reveal thousands of natives eking out an existence in various industries. Before one's eyes artisans make wooden pillows and images of gods and odd-looking beasts; cabinet makers turn out fancy furniture; potters shape and fire handsome vessels; brick makers fashion their products in all shapes, sizes and colors; both men and women sit silently embroidering, or weaving the dark cloth usually worn by peasants; and dyers, with ink hands, seemingly turn old garments into new of a different color.

Trade with 27 cities and many small villages above Foochow which are reached by river boats accounts for much of Foochow's commercial activity. It was not until 1861 when the Min was opened to foreign shipping that the city's "suburbs" spread out along the Min banks and Foochow merchants beckoned to world trade. Since then Foochow's annual output of tea alone once reached nearly 100,000,000 pounds and it bids fair to repeat.

The Dog Worshipers.

On a mountain not far from the city one encounters the dog worshipers—easily distinguishable by the peculiar coiffure of their women; a scaffold-like effect with a cord dangling before the face. This is worn because of a myth which holds that a dog once saved the city and the gods rewarded him by subjecting him to a process by which he was to become human after his incarceration for seven times forty days. An impatient provincial Pandora lifted the cover when all but his head had been transformed and thus left a dog-headed man. In going to claim his bride his face was covered so his canine features might not offend her. So, to this day, the women of the mountain wear the headdress in honor of him and, on New Year's day, they worship the image of a dog.

Near the city is Doctrine hill, which derives this one of its many names from the residence there of a certain learned man who accumulated a library—a 540-volume shelf—known as the "Doctrine of the Universe."

LUCK IN TURNING THE MINING WHEEL

Fortune Always Just Ahead of Gold Seekers.

Gold was California's first love and try as we may we cannot forget her. For instance, there is the Shasta county copper belt which, after a long period of phylandering with other metals, has gone back to the blond charmer.

In the beginning Bully Hill and the big properties at Keswick, Kennett and Coram were gold mines, worked for the yellow metal in the gossan cappings. Then the copper deposits under the gossan came to light. For years their owners worshipped the auburn-haired goddess and the Shasta copper belt was one of the largest producers in the country. Then copper lost its charm and Bully Hill set up a new shrine to the pale zinc. Now gold has been re-throned at Keswick and once more the gossan is being searched for yellow loot. Thus turns the mining wheel.

What curious turns it makes! In the Klamath mountains is a celebrated early day gold mine. It was supposed to be worked out. However, there was a good boiler in the abandoned plant. Some mining men who needed a boiler bought the mine for a song, merely to get the boiler. While they were about it, though, they thought they might give the old mine a tentative whirl. They were pleasantly surprised. For years thereafter the old mine presented them each month with a brick worth \$40,000. Not the biggest kind of mine, but very reliable.

Then came the war and high prices of everything. The mine, too, had gotten pretty deep. Costs swallowed the output. The owners gave it up. They were glad to let him have the mine and all for a second-hand price for the boiler. The boiler was all the purchaser wanted, but he, too, was tempted to give the old mine a whirl. At last accounts he was still whirling it at a profit. Naturally every one is now watching for the day when the old mine will play out

for its present owner and he will let the property go to some one who needs a boiler. Then perhaps the story will be repeated—a tale of a boiler.

All this goes to show how short is the distance man can see into the ground. You can drift a thousand feet expecting to strike the vein with each shot and quit disgusted when one more blast would show the yellow treasure. It is this that makes the fascination of gold mining.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Got Whole Owl Family

At Kinston, N. C. Jacob Deaver caught and caged a baby owl, and parental love resulted in catching the owl's father and mother. The birds found their offspring in the cage and visited it at night. Deaver trapped the male owl and found beside the cage a mangled chicken, parts of which had been thrust through the cage to the infant. Deaver caged the old owl and set the trap again. The next morning he had caught the mother owl. A dead chicken and a headless rabbit were close by. Now the owl family lives in Deaver's cage, apparently peaceful and contented.

Deer's Odd Antics

Diving through a rear screen door, a small deer entered the home of Prof. John J. Martin, of Bangor (Maine) Theological seminary. The deer raided two or three of the downstairs rooms, including Doctor Martin's study, and a member of the family was compelled to seize it by one of its legs and drag it to the outdoors before it would depart.

Bitter Talk

Novelist Carl Van Vechten was talking bitterly in Greenwich Village about the poor returns that novel-writing brings in.

"The only truly successful novelist," he said, "is the one who is able to make a living at something else."

When you get so mad at a man that it makes him laugh, the sky clears up.

Every man has to pass through experiences that test his faith.

RECALLING SOLOMON AND SHEBA'S QUEEN

If the queen of Sheba could behold the million-dollar crowns of gold which were placed, October 21, upon the heads of her reputed descendants in Abyssinia, and witness the ceremonious splendor of the homage paid to her country that has now been admitted to a seat among independent nations, she might be expected to exclaim, as she did in the presence of Solomon's glory, that the half had not been told her. But when it is remembered that one of her gifts to Solomon amounted to approximately \$4,000,000, in addition to spices of great abundance and precious stones, the crowns of gold and the Kaiser Wilhelm coach and the gifts which the duke of Gloucester bore from the only other emperor in the West would seem meager to her, however lavish in the eyes of a modern democracy.

Though Christianity was not adopted before the Fourth century, the first dweller in the part of the world to be baptized as a Christian was the treasurer of Queen Candace, whom Phillip saw sitting and reading in his chariot on the road to Gaza. So the emperor who kept vigil in meditation and prayer at St. George's cathedral at Addis Ababa should have recalled in his litany of thanksgiving not only the queen of Sheba but also the nameless man who "had great authority" under Queen Candace, who went to Jerusalem "for to worship" and who on his way back to Ethiopia went down into the water with Phillip and was baptized.—New York Times.

Appeal to Ambition

"Tommy," pleaded his teacher, "why won't you practice your writing?"

"Ain't no excitement in being a bookkeeper."

"But you might get to be a sky-writer."

His Reaction

Judge—What did the officer do when you called him a lobster? Prisoner—He pinched me.



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Don't be misled by the claims of mail order houses whose special brand tires are made by some unknown manufacturer as part of a miscellaneous assortment of production and sold to you without the manufacturer's name or guarantee. Buy on facts.

Drive in to the Firestone Service Dealer in your community and see cross-sections cut from Firestone Tires and special brand mail order tires. Make your own comparisons. See for yourself the Extra Values Firestone build into their tires and give you at no extra cost.

COMPARE PRICES

MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Special Brand Mail Order Price Per Pair	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Special Brand Mail Order Price Per Pair	MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Special Brand Mail Order Price Per Pair	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Special Brand Mail Order Price Per Pair
Ford	4.40-21	4.98	4.98	4.35	4.35	Marguerite	5.25-18	7.90	7.90	15.30	15.30
Chevrolet	4.40-21	4.98	4.98	4.35	4.35	Auburn	5.50-18	8.75	8.75	17.00	17.00
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.00	5.00	4.78	4.78	Jordan	5.50-19	8.90	8.90	17.30	17.30
Ford	4.50-21	5.00	5.00	4.85	4.85	Gardner	6.00-18	11.20	11.20	21.70	21.70
Ford	4.75-19	6.65	6.65	5.65	5.65	Marmont	6.00-19	11.45	11.45	22.30	22.30
Chevrolet	4.75-19	6.65	6.65	5.65	5.65	Oakland	6.00-20	11.47	11.47	22.30	22.30
Whippet	4.75-19	6.65	6.65	5.65	5.65	Packard	6.00-21	11.65	11.65	23.00	23.00
Erskine	4.75-20	7.56	7.56	5.75	5.75	Stutz	6.50-20	13.35	13.35	25.40	25.40
Plymouth	4.75-20	7.56	7.56	5.75	5.75	Cadillac	7.00-20	15.35	15.35	29.00	29.00
Chandler	5.00-19	9.98	9.98	8.95	8.95						
DeSoto	5.00-19	9.98	9.98	8.95	8.95						
Dodge	5.00-19	9.98	9.98	8.95	8.95						
Durant	5.00-19	9.98	9.98	8.95	8.95						
Gray	5.00-19	9.98	9.98	8.95	8.95						
Hoover	5.00-19	9.98	9.98	8.95	8.95						
Willys	5.00-19	9.98	9.98	8.95	8.95						
Willys	5.00-20	10.77	10.77	9.10	9.10						
Willys	5.00-21	13.37	13.37	11.40	11.40						
Willys	5.25-21	15.76	15.76	13.37	13.37						



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More Thickness, inches658	.605	.598	.561
More Non-Skid Depth, inches281	.250	.250	.234
More PLYS Under Tread	6	5	6	5
Same Width, inches	5.20	5.20	4.75	4.75
Same Price	\$6.65	\$6.65	\$4.85	\$4.85

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Junius T. Hanchett Attorney at Law

Antrim Center, N. H.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tuesday evening of each week, to transact town business. Meetings 7 to 8 ARCHIE M. SWETT JOHN THORNTON ALFRED G. HOLT, Selectmen of Antrim

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the Last Friday Evening in each month, at 7.30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties. ROSS H. ROBERTS, ROSCOE M. LANE, ALICE G. NYLANDER, Antrim School Board

For Sale

I have for sale the following articles which are in very good condition, that will be sold at a fraction of their cost. They should be doing some one some good: Lot Curtains, most of them in good condition. Two Electric Light Fixtures, which have just been replaced by others. Mrs. H. W. Eldredge.

Jim's "Bad" Dime Proved Lucky

By LEETE STONE

JIM McBRIDE had a real problem on his hands, or rather on his mind and the solution was more than elusive—it simply was not anywhere visible on the horizon.

Jim was a conductor on one of those buses, the shiny, green levitans that career gracefully up and down Fifth avenue. And Jim was in love with Margy Shaughnessy; who was a manicure in a swell hotel beauty shop. Jim had saved some money—he had worked a long time; and he knew that Margy was just on the point of saying "yes" to a marriage license and a little two-room flat in the Bronx, or down town somewhere in the village, which would be better for him, because nearer his headquarters.

All that he needed was to make a sweeping gesture of love to win her; he felt sure of that. Sunday was her birthday. Jim knew that if she found a big bunch of American beauty roses on her doorstep Sunday morning, and if he could take her to dinner in a taxi Sunday night after he got through—well, Margy Shaughnessy would be his for life. But how to do it without breaking into that treasured bank account?

To be or not to be was Hamlet's question; but this was another very different one for Jim McBride. He had but two days left. He decided to trust to luck for one more day; and then, if luck turned her back on him, to get off for an hour on Saturday morning and draw \$25 from the \$500 bank account on which he hoped to provide Margy with a home.

But Jim did not want to break into that account. He possessed that quota of superstition that is part and parcel of all good Irishmen; he felt it would be bad luck. And he believed in "hunches." This was only Tuesday, and all day long he had had, strong within his soul, a conviction that he was in for a carass from Lady Luck in person.

Deciding to miss nothing in the way of those queer little chances that sometimes present themselves so casually, Jim picked up an ornately-bound little book from one of the empty seats in his bus that evening and pocketed it. Who knows? Somebody might care a lot for that glossy little book with the strange, unpronounceable name on its cover; might look for him if the owner remembered leaving it, or might advertise for it with a reward. Jim McBride never passed up a chance.

Finishing his evening paper that night he decided to have a peep at the book. Disregarding the jaw-breaking name of it he studied the pictures and the wording under them with an interest that mounted every moment. Finally he rose from his chair, a strange light in his eyes, went to his closet, and carefully brought out a grimy-looking little canvas bag. The contents of this bag he spread out on his little table and examined minutely.

At last, with the light of hope and high adventure in his eyes, Jim McBride lay down to sleep. He dreamed of sending Margy Shaughnessy a stack of American beauties that would sweep her love right into his lap. More than that, he might even take her to the reigning musical hit on Broadway. Margy would fall for that, he knew.

Thursday morning arrived. This was when there were still a lot of conductors on Fifth avenue buses. A little man with a very big derby swung nimbly on Jim's big carriage at Tenth street. He looked like a foxy egg. Jim could sense that at once.

Perhaps it was a certain cocky, nervous air the little man carried. Or maybe it was the furtive, uneasy glances he cast about here and there, and over his shoulder, as he lurched through the rocking conveyance for a seat, after having pressed into Jim's little dime box, courteously held forth, the required fare. Jim tumbled; it never took him long. After that second scared look the little foxy one bent over a shoulder at him. Then he clicked the contents of his face gadget into his palm and examined each dime carefully. Then, finally, he realized that Lady Luck had stopped right in his path.

Result:—A conversation between Margy Shaughnessy and Jim McBride Sunday afternoon, her birthday, when Jim dropped in with an armful of American beauties. "Hello, Marge, mavourneen, here's something for you!" "Jim darling! You shouldn't do that!"

"Why not, my dear? And more than that; here's two seats to the 'Bandoliers of Broadway' for tomorrow. It's your birthday, my dear."

"Oh—oh, Jim McBride! I think I love you enough to marry you."

"I was hopin' so my dear. Let's make it tomorrow at lunch time. Say here's a funny thing, Marge. I find a book on a seat the other day—see? Can't tell you the name—noom, mus." Jim struggled bravely, "mus—mat—ticks . . . somethin' like that. Any way it's all about old coins. An' today, Marge, a foxy guy passes me one dated 1802. Whaddayaknow, girlie? I cashed in on that for 30 bucks, an' got 50 bucks for the rest of my collection that's been passed me and I had to pay the company for."

"Jim!" Her arms were around his neck. "Let's go!" from Jim. "Tomorrow you marry Jim McBride."

Allenby's Great Victory Justified Arab Proverb

An old Arab proverb says that "not until the Nile flows into Palestine shall the prophet from the West drive the Turk from Jerusalem."

But that is exactly what took place when Allenby's British army of 96,000 fighting men with 48,000 horses, 40,000 camels and 13,000 mules fought its way north from the Suez canal. It defeated and drove out the Turkish army, which opposed every step of the advance.

The British forces were closely followed not only by a swiftly laid railway, providing commissariat facilities, but also by a huge pipe line to water that host. That Nile water drawn from a canal in Egypt was filtered at the Kuntara water works and then pumped underneath the Suez canal to reservoirs on the east bank. Here it was chlorinated and then, thanks to seventeen auxiliary pumping stations, carried through the pipe over 200 miles of arid desert.

Word "Grimace" Matter for Scholarly Dispute

"Grimace" is a word with which our scholars have loved to play. One of them derived it from grim. Menage claimed for it agrimensor, a land surveyor. Thomson looked to the Italian grimmacia, and if this be reliable, then it may come from the Spanish gimio, monkey, in Latin simia, but it should not be forgotten that grimacers were formerly a company of artists whose duty was to carve the fantastic heads used in architecture, such as are frequently to be seen in our gargoyles, and Randle Cotgrave draws attention to this fact. But, in Old Saxon we have grima, a mask, whence hergrima, a war-mask, including the vizor of a helmet that concealed the warrior's face.

Despite this explanation, modern scholars claim that its origin is unknown. Undoubtedly it came into our speech from the French, and the French trace it to the Spanish grimo, an extraordinary position in a picture. Dietz drew it from the Anglo-Saxon grima, a mask, a fantom, yet it may come from the Italian grimo, wrinkle.—Literary Digest.

The Mountain's Appeal

In summer thousands of tourists find their way to the famous monastery of St. Bruno at Chartreuse, which, until a quarter of a century ago, made the just as famous cordial. In winter, close to the monastery the tourists flock to St.-de-Chartreuse and its wild and beautiful skilands. The village is in a hollow bounded by the Pic-du-Grand-Som, the slopes of the Cucheron pass and the peaks of Channechaude, nearly 7,000 feet high. This makes it a sheltered winter resort, while the hills provide most unusual ski fields. The landscape, at all times of the year, is one of the most beautiful in France, but in winter the sleigh parties and skiers find a country of indescribable beauty.

Parthian Shots

The Parthians were a very warlike people of ancient times, who flourished about 250 B. C. in the area covered by the Persian empire. They were especially celebrated as horse archers. Their tactics became so famous that they passed into a proverb. Their mail-clad horsemen spread into a cloud around the hostile army, poured in a shower of darts and then evaded any closer conflict by a rapid flight, during which they still shot their arrows backwards upon the enemy. A "Parthian shot" is a sharp remark to which no opportunity is given to reply.

In Favor of Greek and Latin

Nothing can take the place of the examples and the lessons which ancient history and the ancient writers give of patriotism, courage and all the manly virtues. One of the leading men in the economic life of Germany, Albert Ballin, once said to me: "If I had two candidates for a post in the Hamburg-America company and one could read Homer and Vergil in the original and the other knew all the intricacies of double bookkeeping and was experienced in stock business as in exchange discounting, I would prefer the former."—From the Memoirs of Prince Von Bulow.

Need Created by Printing

Our medieval ancestors did not need eye-glasses. There was so little chance of acquiring and using knowledge in the older days that only a few persons ever learned to read or write. Occupations were of a general nature and did not require the close application of the eyes that modern vocations demand. A real need for visual attention in the world came after the introduction of the printing press. People then began to read and learn to do things for themselves.

True to Form

"He looked so stupid when he proposed to me." "Well, darling, look what a stupid thing he was doing."

Burning Potatoes Gave Them Away

By CORONA REMINGTON

AT THE sound of footsteps in the front yard, Mrs. Martin looked out of the window just in time to see the top of a straw hat disappearing to the porch below.

"Great land, Madge, it's that collector again as sure as I'm alive," she whispered to her daughter.

Madge put a warning finger to her fresh young lips and tiptoed over to her mother. "Keep real quiet and he'll think we're out," she said.

Tense and silent they waited for the peal of the doorbell. It came at first timid, then loud and strong, then long and persistent.

After a while the doorbell was silent but they were not rewarded by a glimpse of a straw hat retreating gateward and terror seized them when the rhythmic squeak of the porch swing below told them that their visitor had settled himself comfortably for the afternoon.

"We'll stay right here till he leaves, if it's midnight," said Madge defiantly, as she noiselessly seated herself on the bed and began basting a hem.

"But I've got so much machine work to do," complained Mrs. Martin. "Can't do it now. Here, you can unpick this sleeve. It doesn't set." She tossed the garment toward her mother and they worked silently for a while.

"Ninety dollars is too much for the old machine anyway," said Madge at last. "If I'd been here I never would have let you sign for it. I could have bought you a good one for forty-five." "Maybe so, Madge, but I wouldn't have anybody know we were trying to get out of paying the balance for anything. Folks would think we were crooked. Besides, I paid \$75 on it and I don't aim to lose it." She passed a worried hand over her forehead.

An hour or more passed thus in silence. Madge was busy and contented, her mother hungry, but silent. Suddenly the girl dropped her sewing and exclaimed in a tense whisper:

"Mother, what do I smell?" "Land, it's the potatoes I put on to boil," said Mrs. Martin, starting toward the door. But Madge restrained her.

"Here, I'll slip down." She quickly unbuttoned the strap of her shoes and, slipping out of them, hurried noiselessly downstairs.

A suffocating odor greeted her and as she approached the kitchen the smoke was almost alarming. Mrs. Martin, glad of the chance hurried down behind her daughter. What had once been potatoes was now only a few bits of char giving forth smoke like a soft coal engine.

"The beans are burnt up, too," said her mother, grabbing another odoriferous kettle from the stove. We'll never get these pans cleaned as long as we live."

"Sh-h-h-h," warned Madge moving toward the sink with her pan. Suddenly they were alarmed by the sound of scurrying feet in the hall and stood transfixed at the sight of a terrified young man. Upon seeing the two women, he stopped short.

"Oh-ah-I-er-um," he said lamely. "I-er-thought the house was on fire and believing no one was at home I took the liberty of coming in."

Madge dropped the potatoes and sat down on her feet. "I-oh-I," she stammered.

Ignoring Mrs. Martin the young man went over to Madge and took her limp hands in his.

"You knew all along I was out on the porch. Why wouldn't you receive me? When a man comes over two hundred miles to see a girl, it isn't a very nice welcome to leave him waiting outside for nearly two hours. If you have anything to say, Madge, say it now. I think you owe me an explanation. What were you afraid of and why were you tiptoeing around with your shoes off?"

Madge blushed. She had hoped he hadn't seen her feet. "Look at me," he commanded severely. "Why did you do it?"

Suddenly her face relaxed and she was a pathetic shy little girl struggling with a painful confession. "I—I didn't know it was you, Jimmy. Honest. I thought it was that hateful old Willingham man. He's been coming here every day and I can't stand him, so I told Mother I simply wouldn't see him again. I—I hate him!" She was on the verge of tears.

Jimmy's arm slipped protectively about her. "Next time he comes hanging around here tell him you're engaged to Jim Hastings," he said.

"All right, I will," she answered demurely, "and now I want you to meet my mother. This is Jimmy Hastings, mother. You know I told you about meeting him when I visited Elizabeth in the spring."

Vestal Worship

The origin of the worship of Vesta is very simple. In prehistoric times, when fire could be obtained only from the friction of two sticks of dry wood, or from sparks of flint, every village kept a public fire burning day and night in a central hut, at the disposition of each family. The care of watching the precious element was intrusted to young girls, because girls, as a rule, did not follow their parents and brothers to the far-away pasture grounds, and did not share with them the fatigues of hunting or fishing expeditions. In due course, this simple practice became a kind of sacred institution, especially at Alba Longa, the mother country of Rome.

If you Want what you want When you want it ==

Get the habit of looking for it always in the place where you want it to be ---

The place of the greatest convenience to you when you want something in a hurry, is your local store. By patronizing your local merchant consistently, even when you are not in a hurry, you make it possible for him to serve you better and with a more complete line.

Buying at home benefits YOU

Make it worth his while for your local merchant to provide --

WHAT you want WHEN you want it, and WHERE you want it.