

THE COURIER-GAZETTE

EVERY-OTHER-DAY . . . TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY

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Rockland, Maine, Tuesday, May 31, 1921.

Volume 76 Number 65.

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The Courier-Gazette

THREE TIMES A WEEK

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Subscription \$3.00 per year payable in advance; single copies three cents. Advertising rates based upon circulation and very reasonable. Communications upon topics of general interest are solicited. Entered at the postoffice in Rockland for circulation at second-class postal rates. Published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning, from 469 Main Street, Rockland, Maine.

NEWSPAPER HISTORY
The Rockland Gazette was established in 1846. In 1874 the Courier was established, and consolidated with the Gazette in 1882. The Free Press was established in 1885, and in 1891 changed its name to the Tribune. These papers consolidated March 17, 1897.

Contentment, as it is a short road and pleasant, has great delight and little trouble. Epictetus.

AUXILIARY UNITS

Their Assistance Is Very Necessary To American Legion Posts.

In Maine at the present time are 119 American Legion Posts and 46 Auxiliary units. The need of more auxiliaries is emphasized in a circular just sent out by the state secretary, and endorsed by James L. Boyle, department adjutant of the American Legion. The following extracts from the circular are recommended to the attention of Winslow-Holbrook Auxiliary.

"No organization is effective unless it is organized on a permanent foundation. The auxiliary unit perfects its organization and adopts a constitution, the sooner it will be a potent factor for good in the country. The women eligible thereto should be proud that their husbands, sons, brothers and fathers were the ones largely responsible for the glorious victories of the armies and navies in the late war. They should remember that our women contributed largely to the ultimate success by their fortitude, splendid work and unceasing endeavors. The memories of the awful conflicts should not be allowed to fade and the causes leading to such a world combat should be kept in mind, so that the people of our country will not be allowed to forget that we made many sacrifices and that such sacrifices should not be made in vain.

"The assistance of the Auxiliary Units is so necessary to Posts that throughout the country all Legion members are of the opinion that a successful Legion Post must have a live and active Auxiliary Unit. No only will such a Unit assist a Post in carrying out the general aims and purposes of the Legion, but it will also serve a splendid purpose in making possible joint social gatherings and cooperative efforts which will materially help both organizations in financial matters. Throughout the land the Posts of the Legion and their Auxiliaries lead the way in the successful outcome of fairs, minstrels, entertainments, dances, plays, tournaments and like enterprises, and with a little effort and work, our Posts and units in Maine can likewise get effective results."

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IN KNOX COUNTY

Taxes Saved the Towns Under Governor Baxter's First Administration.

The following table gives a comparison of the State taxes assessed against each city and town in Knox county. The first column shows the tax assessed for the calendar year 1920 on basis of 1921 valuation; the second column gives the tax assessed for the calendar year 1921 and including the first six months of 1922; and the third column gives the pro rata tax for the 12 months of the calendar year of 1921.

Appleton	\$1,994.89	\$1,513.82	\$1,909.21
Camden	21,615.91	16,490.52	16,933.68
Cushing	1,106.81	839.96	539.97
Friendship	2,441.82	1,852.82	1,235.21
Hope	1,957.00	1,484.95	989.97
Isle au Haut	532.21	108.91	412.03
North Haven	4,165.86	3,113.29	2,975.73
Rockland	48,082.37	36,482.62	24,321.73
Rockport	10,354.59	7,856.12	5,237.41
So. Thomaston	1,557.57	849.94	584.94
St. George	4,341.84	3,294.99	2,196.66
Thomaston	1,557.57	849.94	584.94
Union	4,507.50	3,429.21	2,289.14
Vinalhaven	6,155.70	4,671.38	3,114.25
Warren	2,994.48	2,458.56	2,022.37
Orloughville	236.15	179.22	119.48
Madison	417.01	319.49	189.59
Total	\$139,057.89	\$98,683.53	\$65,789.91

In comparing these figures take the town of Appleton—the State tax for 1920 based on 1921 valuation would have been \$1,994.89 at 7 1/2 mills; the second column shows the State tax of \$1,513.82 for the 18 months, January 1921 to July 1922, at 5 1/2 mills for the full period; and the third column gives the tax of \$1,909.21 which is the actual pro rata tax for the 12 months of 1921. To show what was actually accomplished this last item should be compared with the item of \$1,994.89 appearing in the first column and this shows a saving to Appleton of \$85.68. Other towns are in a similar position.

From these figures it will be seen that the State tax assessed by the Legislature is 56% of what the 1920 tax would have been at the same valuation, or a saving of 44%. In arriving at these figures they are based upon the valuation of 1921 in order that a proper comparison may be made. The total saving to the towns and cities of Knox county alone amounts to \$65,789.91. To the saving in any particular town subtract the figures for that town in the third column from those in the first and the difference represents the tax saved that town for one year.

The chief accomplishment of the 56% Legislature under Governor Baxter's administration was the reduction in the state tax as above set forth.

It should be remembered that in the figures above given is included the one-mill bonus tax to pay the War Bonds authorized by referendum of the people of the State. This War Bonus item is not a regular charge against the government expenses and if this is deducted from the tax given it will be seen that an even greater saving has been made. War Bonds are properly charged against the usual expenses of Government. This item alone would amount to an additional saving of \$637,000 per year and this would make a total saving of \$2,682,421.08.

NORTH HAVEN CHURCH

The Island Baptists Raising Money For a New Building.

The Baptist church people of North Haven are making good progress on the work of their new church edifice at the village. Over \$6000 in contributions have already been received and more is expected. Pledges or cash can be sent to C. S. Staples. Below is a list of those who have thus far contributed to the work:

C. H. Young, M. R. Smith, Clara G. Gills, Dr. F. N. Lyonborg, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cooper, C. E. Waterman Co., Herman W. Crockett, Albert T. Adams, Florient Aray, Fred Carver, North Haven Musical Club, Rev. and Mrs. M. G. Perry, Garnet Thornton, Jennie Smith, Mrs. Elmita Beveridge, Mrs. E. B. Cooper, C. S. Staples, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ames, Albion Eaton, Foy W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Simpson, H. P. Stone.

Arthur Hopkins, F. W. Calderwood, W. H. Cooper, Malnard Greenlaw, Mabelle Stone, Mrs. Jennie Deacey and daughters Ethel and Hazel, Mrs. H. P. Stone, Olive Stone, W. S. Hopkins, Elmer Hopkins, Earl Marden.

Nellie York, Edgar York, Isaac Merrick, Mrs. Nathan Dyer, Cora E. Beveridge, Elta Beveridge, Mr. and Mrs. Herman G. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. Farman, F. Cooper, C. S. Staples, W. L. Ladd, Olive Carver, F. H. Mills, Lamar Lewis.

C. E. Mills, H. T. Duncan, F. O. Crockett, F. N. Duncan, R. M. Beveridge, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Brown, Joseph Cooper, George A. Harkness, Eliza A. Waterman, Isa E. Ames, J. H. Tabbutt, James Raymond, Owen S. Waterman, P. E. Tolman, Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Lermond, C. F. Ames, Rochester, N. Y., H. M. Leadbetter, Lewis York, E. W. Witherspoon, Isadore Young, Lenora F. Dole, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Dole, Dora B. Webster, Mrs. George Lewis, Elta F. Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Whitmore, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Staples, William F. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Beveridge, Lucy A. Carver, Linda E. Carver, Nettie E. Beveridge, Mrs. Ruth Beveridge, Mr. and Mrs. F. Beveridge, Orilla A. Ladd, Mrs. R. B. Cooper, Hiram Beveridge, Mr. and Mrs. A. Beveridge, Austin Brown, Jennie O. Beveridge, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Dyer, F. W. Waterman, F. Calderwood, Elizabeth Smith, Alfred C. Dyer, Mary R. Brown, Florence B. Brown, Mrs. Cushing.

Leon Stone, Mary Brown, Mrs. H. D. Deane, Lucy A. Deane, Xobie S. Mills, Mrs. Laura Brown, H. D. Deane, Edgar Hopkins, Ezra Merrick, Hance Joyce, E. E. Spear—and others.

These small ads in The Courier-Gazette are read by every body. That is why they are so popular and bring immediate returns.

TALENTED MUSIC PUPILS

Do Credit To 13 Knox and Waldo High Schools In the Sixth Annual Festival At Camden.

Camden Opera House was filled to capacity Friday evening. Extra seats were brought in but even then many were obliged to stand. The occasion was the festival, given by the representatives from 13 High Schools in Knox and Waldo counties. The rise of the curtain revealed the chorus of 300 pupils seated, rank above rank, on an immense staging, erected for the purpose. The boys were grouped in the center, with the girls in their white and bright dresses on each side.

Dr. Luce's orchestra of 40 players opened the program. The good doctor received an ovation, which he proceeded to justify by the fine showing of his musicians. Some of them looked hardly more than 10 years of age but they played the different music with the ease of veterans. Their last number, "The Call of Bagdad" was particularly well executed. The orchestra also accompanied the chorus. Miss Gertrude Saville, of whom Rockland High is justly proud, was pianist for both chorus and orchestra.

The chorus work showed great improvement over that of the previous years. This means that a truly high grade of excellence has been attained. Miss Margaret Ruggles the director, was both charming in her manner, and efficient in her handling of the students. She brought together for the first time at the afternoon rehearsal, 13 choruses which had been separately trained by nearly as many instructors, and welded them together into practically one voice, working with precision and harmony. The technique was practically perfect in "The Campbells are Coming," sung rapidly and with spirit. The Battle Hymn from "Aida" proved a very popular number.

The soloists were all pleasing. Miss Evelyn Lord's attractive manner and the purity and sweetness of her tone won hearty applause for her solo, "Who is Sylvia?" Miss Charlotte Knowlton of Belfast, who sang "Autumn," Wood, possesses a beautiful contralto voice. Miss Lucile Hall of Camden, who sang de Koven's "The Maid and the Rose," was listed

as a soprano, but her lower tones were pure contralto and equally as pleasing as the higher notes. Miss Bertha Luce of Thomaston gave a fine exhibition of difficult technique in her rendition of Adamowski's "Air de Ballet." Another Thomaston artist who was strenuously applauded was Ralph Oxtun. Mr. Oxtun has a baritone voice of power and excellent quality. He sang easily and with great spirit a martial song, "The Vanguard of the King," by Bailey. Perhaps the most truly artistic work of the evening was done by Tryve Heistad in his violin solo, Chopin's "Nocturne." Through the exquisite tones which he drew from his instrument he expressed an understanding of the spirit of music.

The quartets and semi-choruses added variety to the program. At its conclusion the students left off steam by giving their respective school yells.

This annual Music Festival stimulates musical education for the boys and girls, particularly in the smaller schools, and furnishes a good concert for the pleasure, and incidentally, the musical culture of their elders.

The program presented at Camden Friday evening follows:

Orchestra—The Eagle's Nest, Parker	Isenman
Chorus—Springtime Revelries, Parker	Chopin
Violin—Nocturne, Camden	
Chorus—Send Out Thy Light, Gounod	
Double Male Quartet—"My Man's Voice," Lewis O'Brien, Wendell Field, Ralph Glen-	
denning, Leo Harrington, Otto Record,	
Hiram Crie, Ira Curtis, Howard Rollins, all	
of Rockland	
Chorus—A. Annie Laurie, Belfast Quartet	
b. Flow Gently, Sweet Affection, The Campbells are Coming, Schubert	
Soprano—Who is Sylvia? Schuber	
Orchestra—Fifth Nocturne Op. 52, Leybaek	
Chorus—On the Deep, Molloy	
Soprano—Farewell, Sweet Flower, Seebach	
Violin obligato by Paul Brainard, Rockport	
Chorus—A Merry Life, Denza	
Baritone—The Vanguard of the King, Bailey	
Ralph Oxtun, Thomaston	
Margaret Hanly, Thomaston, at the piano	
Chorus—Barcarole from the Tales of Hoffman, Offenbach	
Semi-Chorus	
Alice Dugan, Daphne Winslow, Shirley	
Doherty, Frances Snow, Corie Thomas,	
Phyllis Brown, Ruth Burket, of Rockland,	
Mazel Burket, of Thomaston	
Contralto—Selected,	
Charlotte Knowlton, Belfast	
Chorus—Battle Hymn from "Aida," Verdi	
Violin—Air de Ballet, Adamowski	
Chorus—Bertha Luce, Thomaston	
Soprano—The Maid and the Rose, de Koven	
Lucille Hall, Camden	
Orchestra—Call of Bagdad, Boieldieu	
Chorus—Morning Hallel, Vezio	

SAFETY CARS JUSTIFIED.

When Alexander A. Martin, operator of a one man safety car of the Cumberland County Power & Light Co., fell from his seat and lost control of the car while suffering from an attack of indigestion, the car automatically stopped. The car operated by Martin was of the same type as

those in use on the local line of the street railway, and at no time were the passengers endangered by the sudden illness which caused him to lose his grip on the controller handle and the brake lever. The passengers made their exit easily, one of them notifying officials of the company of the operator's illness. Mr. Martin died a few hours later.

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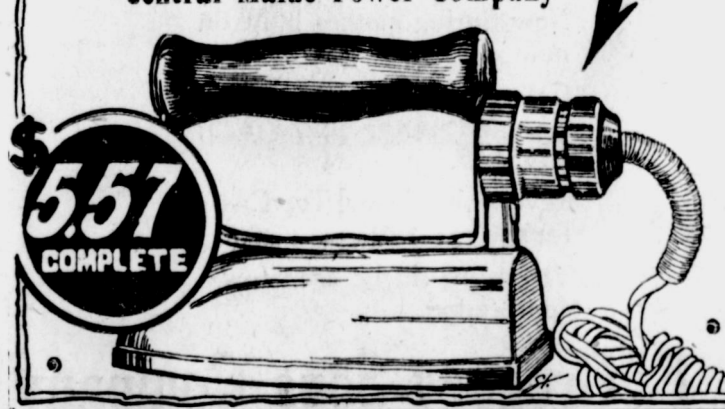


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VALUES THESE BOOKS

Judge Robinson Has Set Which Was Owned By Late Chief Justice White.

Chief Justice White was by no means a stranger to Camden. Years ago when Melville W. Fuller was Chief Justice he spent his summers here occupying Selbourne cottage, now the Collins place on Belfast road. Chief Justice Fuller was a native of Maine and a classmate of the late Hon. T. R. Simonton at Bowdoin college. Through Mr. Simonton's influence he came to Camden for the summer. This brought Mr. White, then an Associate Justice, here for one summer. He had the Leland cottage which then stood on High street, where the Misses Porter's residence now is. Because of the above associations both Chief Justice Fuller and Justice White used often to come to Mr. Simonton's office, and the writer then being associated with Mr. Simonton, saw much of them and found them most charming gentlemen, kind, simple and human in their characters and personalities.

While they were here, another member of the supreme bench, Justice Lamar, a Mississippian, came to visit them, and the Knox County bar organized an excursion for them, to which the members of the Maine Supreme Bench and Justice Webb of the Maine U. S. District Court were invited. This excursion was a sail up the bay to Castine, a dinner at the Arcadian House and return to Camden. The day was perfect and the occasion one of the most delightful within the memory of the Knox Bar. The distinguished guests were greatly impressed with the beauty of the scenery, and Justice Lamar remarked that Penobscot Bay with its wonderful surroundings was a great revelation to him.

The writer has in his office the 31 volumes of the first edition of the English and American Encyclopedia of Law, which originally belonged to Chief Justice White with the label "E. D. White" on the back of each, which he highly values, not only for their usefulness as legal reference books, but because they were once owned by the distinguished jurist who has now passed away. When Mr. White was here he told Mr. Simonton that he had purchased the second edition of the encyclopedia and if he (Simonton) would like his old first edition he would send it to him, which he afterwards did. After Mr. Simonton's death the set came into the hands of the writer—Reuel Robinson in the Camden Herald.

THE EDUCATIONAL CLUB.

The referendum for next Educational Club meeting is "How improve our Club? What features do I wish dropped? In what ways have I received greatest benefit from the club meetings? What suggestions can I offer? Have I paid my club dues for the coming year? Have I memorized both the American Creed and the Salute to be Flag?" The latter Oath of Allegiance as it is also called, follows:—

Salute to Flag.
"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

The American's Creed has recently appeared in these columns.

SEARSPORT IS RECOVERING.

Many Rockland motorists have visited Searsport this week and find that neither the newspaper stories nor the illustrations begin to do justice to the havoc wrought there by Sunday's cyclone. The sightseers brought home some amusing as well as graphic stories, one of which concerned a man who was walking across a field with an anchor in his arms when the tornado struck. He was blown hither and yon, but still clinging to the mud-hook. When he was finally able to breathe normally again his first question was, "where do you suppose I would have landed if it hadn't been for that darned anchor?" Mrs. Hannah Paine has this paper's thanks for photographs of the havoc wrought by the cyclone.

NOT MUCH PROFIT.

Lobster fishermen at several Nova Scotia ports are on strike against the price of \$4 per 100 pounds that buyers were offering for their products last week. There have been previous sporadic strikes against this rate which the fishermen declare is not enough to pay them for the trouble of setting their traps.

Nearly all of the coal which went overboard from Fred R. Spear's wharf with the collapse of the coal shed two weeks ago has been salvaged.

YOUR FAVORITE POEM

Whatever your occupation may be and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.

—Charles Elliot Norton.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drums' sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo.
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen foe
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.
No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No hailing horn or screaming life
At dawn shall call to arms.
Rest on, embalm'd and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps e'er shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.
—Theodore O'Hara.

The Courier-Gazette

THREE-TIMES-A-WEEK

Rockland, Maine, May 31, 1921.
Personally appeared Frank S. Lydie, who on oath declares that he is the publisher of the issue of The Courier-Gazette of May 28, 1921, there was printed a total of 5,831 copies.
Before me,
FRANK S. MILLER,
Notary Public.

MEMORIAL DAY OBSERVED.

Not in many years has the sacred anniversary of Memorial Day received in this vicinity more striking recognition, the rare summer beauty of the day providing a background against which the programs of observance yielded their fullest measure of satisfaction. The elimination of features that were generally felt to have encroached upon the field to which the day is dedicated seems to have contributed to the success of the anniversary.

The forenoon service at Achorn cemetery, participated in by a large body of citizens, was an innovation, not lessening the effectiveness of the purely military observance of the afternoon, but rather accentuating the solemnity of the spirit that should surround the anniversary. This paper has presented the details of the preparation for this event—how the work of beautifying the grounds has been done, the results of which brought great joy to the people. The beautifully decorated entrance, framing a striking painting of the Saviour, sounded a high note. In the open space east of the Bird lot the choir, directed by Mrs. Armstrong and with Mrs. Littlehale at the organ, sang a number of the fine old hymns, and Rev. Mr. Rounds of the Congregational church, in a brief but strikingly eloquent address, dwelt upon this feature of memorializing those whom we have lost awhile, and keeping alive a wholesome interest in God's Acre. Following the benediction Mrs. Browne very finely sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

The effect of the service was very marked. It is not too much to say that here has been inaugurated an additional form of celebrating the day that is likely to be extended into a custom. Nor should it be regarded as out of place to say a word in recognition of the gentleman to whose public spirit is due the suggestion, and to the carrying out, with the help of his associates and with devotion of his time and energy, of its details. With characteristic self-effacement he would prefer no allusions of this character, but this paper feels that not to give some expression of the appreciation that is in the hearts of all people for this thing done by Arthur B. Crockett would be in the highest sense unjust.

Photo postcards of Memorial Day parade and Boy Scout group on sale at Tyler's Photo Studio over Scott Tea Co.—Adv.

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States, a perfect Union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

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HOW ROCKLAND DID IT

Memorial Day Observance, Under the American Legion Auspices, Was One of the Best in City's History.

The Memorial Day exercises in this city passed off very smoothly and were a distinct credit to Winslow-Holbrook Post, which had them in charge. The weather was ideal, and a more fitting opportunity for the observance of the nation's most sacred anniversary could not have been found. The committee in charge, upon the part of the American Legion, comprised Capt. David L. Haskell, Capt. Ralph W. Brown, Lieut. Austin P. Day, Lieut. Earle McIntosh and Lieut. E. R. Veazie. The bulk of the work fell upon the broad shoulders of Capt. Haskell, chairman of the committee, and no detail escaped his vigilant attention.

To Captain Brown and his aids, Lieut. Robert A. Webster and Fred M. Blackington, should be given much credit for the promptness with which the parade got away. Line of march was from Grand Army hall over Union street, down Park, up Main, up Cottage, down North Main, down Main, up Middle, over Union street, to the Grand Army, and the parade moved in the following order:

Chief Marshal Brown and Aids.
Platoon of Police.
Oakland Park Band.
Fifth Company, C. A. C.
Winslow-Holbrook Post, A. L.
Edwin Libby Post, G. A. R. and auxiliary.

Ralph R. Ulmer, S. W. V.
Ladies' Auxiliary to Winslow-Holbrook Post.
Campfire Girls.
Girl Scouts.
Boy Scouts.

The new National Guard company had 50 men in line and they showed the benefits of the strict and steady training which they have been receiving the past winter and spring. The captain Ralph W. Brown, was acting as marshal of the parade and the leadership of the company developed upon Lieut. E. R. Veazie.

Winslow-Holbrook appeared as a company of 40 men, but this did not represent its real strength in the parade, as some of the veterans were marching with the 5th Company, C. A. C., and others were driving cars which contained the Grand Army, Relief Corps, and guests. Three years of peace have not served to make the boys forget how to march and once more they appeared as a fine, resolute body of young men.

Commander William S. Healey was the leader. Members of the American Legion Auxiliary also marched, each carrying an American flag.

The religious march of Father Time was eloquently shown by fact that there were only 25 Grand Army men in the automobiles as against a body of 150 or 200 men seen in the Memorial Day parades a quarter century ago. Oscar Blunt is the present commander of the Post. Fourteen Spanish War Veterans were in line, with Walter E. Weeks as acting commander.

The parade halted opposite the Elks Home and a delegation of Campfire Girls was escorted by a detachment of the Post. Fourteen of Perry wharf where flowers were strewn upon the water in memory of the sailor dead. Prayer was offered by Rev. B. P. Browne and taps were sounded by Kenneth V. White.

The Campfire Girls who cast the flowers upon the water were Ethel Crie, Charlotte Simpson, Dorothy Hill, Mary Waskett, Winola Richan, Ruth Sylvester, Marion Richardson and Helen Leach. They were led in the parade, and in the strewing of the flowers by the guardian of the campfire girls, Mrs. H. D. Crie. It was a very pretty feature.

The exercises on the Grand Army premises took place on a temporary platform on the western side of the building. The background was decorated with flags and flowers, and a picture of the martyred Lincoln hung over the speaker's head.

Clerk of Courts Milton M. Griffin presided over the exercises, and welcomed the public on behalf of the American Legion. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Browne, and the public joined in the singing of Star Spangled Banner.

Albert M. Hastings read the necrology report of the Spanish War Veterans. The camp has lost none of its members in the past year, but mention was made of John Crowell, a Spanish War Veteran, who died elsewhere, and whose body was brought here for burial.

Col. E. K. Gould read two documents which occupy places of lasting fame in American history. One was the order issued by Gen. J. A. Logan in 1863, creating Memorial Day, the other was President Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg address. The American Legion Post ritual was read by Commander Healey. "Flanders Field" and the "Answer To Flanders Field" were recited very effectively, the former by Miss Dorothy Blaisdell; the latter by Miss Julia Young.

Greatly limited in time, because of the military funeral which was scheduled for 4 p. m. Rev. H. I. Holt of Camden was compelled to considerably shorten his Memorial address and the balance was delivered at top speed. The subject was "The Genius of Americanism," defining Americanism as a spirit that has come down out of human history; that no man can fully interpret it; that the expression "fair play" is the how the American Legion was honoring Georges Carpentier, the French pugilist who has come across the seas to wrest the world's heavyweight championship from Jack Dempsey.

The Legion has done this because for four years Carpentier offered his life on the battlefields of France. The American Legion is not honoring Dempsey for reasons the reverse. "We're facing the future, but the other nations do not want to go along without us," said Mr. Holt in conclusion. At one stage of his eloquent and impassioned address the speaker broke through the platform, but continued without interruption. "That's part of the program" he said in dismissing the incident.

The monument was decorated by five young women from the Relief Corps—Eva Rogers, Gladys Knowlton, Carrie Carr, Althea Miro and Bessie Harradine. This loving task was very gracefully performed.

On Memorial Sunday.

A most thoughtful and scholarly address was that delivered to the patriots assembled Sunday afternoon in the artistic and appropriately decorated auditorium of the Universalist church, by Rev. J. Stanley Crossland, pastor of Pratt Memorial Methodist church.

In addition to the affiliated bodies of women auxiliary to each group, the soldier groups—in whose honor this service had been arranged as an innovation to Rockland's time-worn plan of joining in the regular morning service at some selected church, represented the survivors of three mighty wars, covering in point of time the preceding half century.

The church choir did itself proud, the selections being rendered with rare sweetness and power.

"America, the Wonderland" was the theme of Mr. Crossland's remarks, to which the audience paid its silent tribute of closest attention. Many were heard at its close to declare the address to have had few equals here in point of eloquence and in forceful, pithy illustration, as well as in its depth of patriotism and knowledge of world-wide problems. Everybody bestowed highest praise upon it, for its admirable composition, its wonderful delivery, its splendid appeal to heart, soul, and intellect.

After paying a warm tribute to the Grand Army and other veterans for long him, and recalling conditions in the North in the sixties, when our present much heralded H. C. L., the orator of the day described first the "Standards of Yesterday." Our history as a nation is brief, but marked by the standards of righteousness and both political and personal liberty. The two vital steps toward the latter were marked by the War of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation.

The necrology report for the Grand Army, compiled by Adjutant C. C. Cross and read by Post Commander J. E. Rhodes showed that there have been six deaths in this jurisdiction since last Memorial Day. The combined ages of these veterans was 473 years, 7 months, 17 days. The oldest man 83, and the youngest was 74 years, 11 months, 17 days, the average being about 79. The list follows: Benjamin Burr, entered service June 15, 1861, Co H 4th Maine Infantry; discharged June 15, 1864; died June 19, 1920; aged, 83; buried in Port Royal S. C.

Samuel Derby, entered service Nov. 6, 1861, 2nd Maine Infantry; discharged June 16, 1865; died June 28, 1920; aged 73 years, 2 months, 1 day; buried in Thomaston.

William H. Smith, entered service Aug. 30, 1862, Co K 6th Massachusetts Infantry; discharged May 19, 1865, Co D, 50th Massachusetts Infantry; died Nov. 21, 1920, aged 81 years, 5 months, 27 days; buried in Sea View cemetery, Camden part.

William O. Steele, entered service 1861, Co D U. S. Sharp Shooters; discharged Dec. 7, 1863; died Jan. 17, 1921, aged 74 years, 11 months, 17 days; buried in Achorn cemetery.

James F. Tuttle, entered April 21, 1861, Co C 4th Maine Infantry; discharged July 19, 1864; died March 17, 1921, aged 79 years, 11 months, 17 days; buried in Achorn cemetery.

George M. Daggett, entered service March 18, 1864, Co B Maine Coast Guard Infantry; discharged June 24, 1865; died April 13, 1921, aged 76 years, 15 days; buried at Seal Harbor, South Thomaston.

The American Legion through Walter H. Butler as acting chaplain, reported one death—Laforest S. May, who served with Battery D, 5th C. A. C., Overseas, died in Oxford, Me., May 13, aged 25 years, 6 months, 1 day; buried in Achorn cemetery.

CHINA LIFE SAVING STAMP



Five dollars for the Chinese famine fund has been voted by the Woman's Educational Club. This makes \$20 recently contributed by this new organization for home and foreign mission work.

Capt. A. E. Wingfield, Rockland	1.00
Mrs. M. T. Amesbury, Thomaston	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Palmer, Rockland	1.50
Mrs. H. P. Rockland	2.00
Clara Anderson, Warren	2.00
Mrs. F. J. Bicknell, Rockland	1.00
Mrs. H. W. Keep, Rockland	1.00
A. Friend, Rockland	5.00
Isabel Little, Boston	5.00
Mrs. M. E. Stanley, Friendship	1.00
A. Friend, Rockland	5.00
Mrs. Lettie R. Simmons, Meduncook	7.00
M. M. Tatum, Rockport	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. E. Bradford, Warren	2.00
A. Friend, Rockland	1.00
Unknown, Matinees	.40
Robert Law, Jr., Rockport	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. William Wall, Elmora	1.00
B. B. U., Port Clyde	1.00
Grace Street, Rockland	1.00
E. H. Rockland	1.00
C. W. Greene, Rockland	1.00
A. Friend, Thomaston	5.00
A. Friend, Cushing	1.00
Capt. B. R. Simmons, Rockland	5.00
J. Lelan Hart, Boston Light	5.00
Mrs. Susan May Hart, Boston Light	5.00
A. Friend, North Haven	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Crockett, Dix Island	5.00
A. Friend, Cushing	2.00
A. Friend, Wadsworth	2.00
A. Friend, Rockland	25.00
Mrs. Annie Wallace, Friendship	2.00
E. T. Haskell, Rockland	5.00
A. Friend, Rockville	1.00
G. A. Harkness, North Haven	1.00

Millions Starving

"PICK A PAL IN CHINA"

The critical period of the famine in China has arrived.

With relief from every source allowed for, 5,000,000 famine victims are still destitute.

Only continuous and voluminous aid from America can save these 5,000,000 people.

Contributions sent to The Courier-Gazette will be forwarded to the American Committee for China Famine Fund, and will be actually saving life within two weeks.

Send What You Spend
One Day To China

Cut this out and mail with Contribution

The Courier-Gazette:

I hereby enclose \$..... to aid China Famine Victims.

(Name)

(Address)

sets Infantry; discharged May 19, 1865, Co. D, 50th Massachusetts Infantry; died Nov. 21, 1920, aged 81 years, 5 months, 27 days; buried in Sea View cemetery, Camden part.

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ROCKLAND FIRE ALARM

- 25 Main Street, Corner Limerock
- 27 Head of Railroad Wharf
- 29 Cor. South Main and Mechanic
- 33 Tillson Avenue
- 34 Cor. Fulton and Suffolk Streets
- 35 Main Street, Corner North
- 36 Pleasant Street, Corner Orange
- 37 Main Street, Corner Park
- 38 Broad Street, Corner Grace
- 42 Rankin Street, Corner Broadway
- 43 Lincoln Street, Corner Summer
- 45 Middle Street, opp. Fern
- 46 Main Street at Rankin Block
- 48 North Main Street, Cor. Warren
- 49 Camden and Front Streets
- 51 Head of Cedar Street
- 52 West Meadow Road
- 53 Camden Street near F. B. Church

The Local Merchant Who Fails to Advertise Is Losing Many Sales

V. F. STUDLEY'S 49c SALE 49c

Ringwalt's Felt Back Carpeting
Extra Heavy

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY. SALE BEGAN FRIDAY—AND IS GOING STRONG—GET YOURS BEFORE THE ASSORTMENT IS BROKEN

1400 yards at 49 cts. a yard

I HAVE JUST PURCHASED THESE GOODS AT THE FREIGHT HOUSE IN ROCKLAND. THEY WERE SHIPPED HERE BY MISTAKE.

I BOUGHT THEM SO I CAN SELL THEM FOR LESS THAN I PAY AT WHOLESALE FOR REGULAR CONGOLEUM.

THE CARPET THAT WATER DOES NOT AFFECT.

We include in this sale

ALL OUR ART RUGS
GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUMS
AND BAILEY'S

All sizes at Special Low Prices.

See Our Window Display.

V. F. STUDLEY

283 MAIN STREET

MADE BRITISH NAVY GREAT

According to Magazine, the "Round Pond" in Hyde Park Awoke Ambition of Youth.

Great Britain always has been a great business nation, but she only attained her position of sea supremacy in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

It came about in this way. A queen, Catherine, consort of George II., was interested in laying out royal parks, and in that end of Hyde park that is now called Kensington gardens she decided whimsically that a patch of water was needed. This is the famous Round pond, the germ from which the British sea spirit was born. London boys began to sail on the pond little boats of their own fashioning, but soon shops sprang up to supply them with "mass production pattern ships" and there is practically no amateur building today. It became the fashion for superior boys to wear sailor suits; and paintings of little boys in the early nineteenth century show that a jaunty ship in hand was considered artistic and proper, too.

It was sea imagination that the Round pond awoke in Great Britain, and without it the greatest of fleets would never survive. It is sea imagination as a national faculty that America needs and must have.

There should be a Round pond for boy ship experimenters in every part of the United States.—The Nation's Business.

Condor's Fighting Qualities.

Like many other greedy creatures, the condor after his dinner becomes incapable of flight, and it is only then that he can be approached with safety; but even now the hunter must be cautious and strong. A Chilean miner, who was celebrated for his great physical strength, once thought that without weapons he could capture a condor which seemed unusually stupid after its heavy meal.

The man put forth all his powers, and the engagement was long and desperate, till at last the poor miner was glad to escape with his life. Exhausted, torn and bleeding, he managed to carry off a few feathers as trophies of the hardest battle he had ever fought. He thought that he had left the bird mortally hurt. The other miners went in search of the body, but instead found the bird alive and erect, flapping its wings for flight.

Fish That Climbs.

Colombia has a species of catfish which has achieved a reputation for its climbing proclivities. One of these was watched by a naturalist and it progressed a distance of 18 feet in half an hour, making its way over a steep rock over which a stream of water was passing in the opposite direction. This is accomplished by means of a suction apparatus. There are other fish with which have no such apparatus, but which make their way against the current and up steep waterways, adhering to the rocks by their smooth ventral skin and enlarged lips.

Modern Girl.

A Clay Center physician sent the office girl out to do collecting, according to the Dispatch. She was back in less than an hour with a ring, a marriage certificate, a man, and \$1, all of which she had collected.—Kansas City Star.

The Moxie Butler Always at Your Service

His business is to carry to men, women and children the refreshing message of Moxie.

Pure, sparkling Moxie! The beverage which scientifically quenches thirst, tones up a jaded appetite, and tastes good all the year round.

The Moxie Butler represents only one of the unique and original methods by which the Moxie Company sends out the message of 100% purity and perfection.

Moxie
does the rest—it tastes so good and IS so good!

Moxie Butler

Calk of the Town

COMING NEIGHBORHOOD EVENTS
June 1—Concert by the Y. M. C. A. Club, Lottie McLaughlin, soprano, in First Baptist church.
June 6—(8 p. m.)—Address by Philip Davis before Woman's Educational Club, Methodist vestry.
June 7—United Baptist Convention of Maine meets at Baptist church, Camden.
June 9—Rockland High School Commencement in Park Theatre.
June 14—Annual Reception in Temple hall.
June 15—Opening of Ovis Head Inn.
June 17—Meeting of Rockland Lodge of Perfection, at 3 p. m.
June 20—Sparks' World Famous Shows at the circus grounds.
June 25—State teachers' examination, Rockland High School.
July 11—Community Chautauque in Rockland.
July 27—Thomaston: Knox Memorial benefit. Aug. 3—Thomaston: Baptist church office hold their summer sale.

APOLOGY FOR OMISSIONS.

The conclusion of Sunday and Memorial Day with the double holiday feature makes it difficult for a country paper to issue on Tuesday morning. This will have to explain to correspondents and readers the failure to appear in this issue of many items and articles that they will be looking for. Thursday's issue will repair the regretted omissions.

Knox Pomona Grange meets in Burkettsville Saturday.

Lincoln Academy plays Rockland High in this city tomorrow afternoon.

Men will have charge of the Universalist circle supper tomorrow evening, E. W. Berry chairman.

The Relief Corps are requested to be at the hall Thursday morning for work. Picnic dinner will be served.

John W. Watts of the Thorndike Hotel barber shop, was operated upon for appendicitis at Knox Hospital Saturday. Doing well, is the latest word.

The regular meeting of East Coast Benefit Association will be held Wednesday night at 7.30.

It is rumored that three new aspirants for the postmaster's office are grooming for the civil service examination, but no names are given.

Casco Encampment, I. O. O. F., passes through Rockland Friday, accompanied by the Gardner Band, bound for Belfast.

The Vinhaven boat is on the summer schedule of two trips a day, leaving Rockland 9.30 a. m. and 3 p. m.—standard.

Lakota, the well known pony, owned by Mrs. G. L. Crockett, died Saturday. The animal was sired by an Arabian horse and the dam was an Indian cayuse. Lakota came here with Cummings' circus about 12 years ago, caught Mrs. Crockett's fancy, and was bought from the proprietors. Intelligent, loyal and affectionate the pony became a general favorite in the community, appearing on many public occasions.

Neighbors are devoting many of their spare moments to admiration of the twins recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson. Leroy, albeit his nose has been placed out of joint, is among the worshippers.

County Agent Albert K. Gardner formerly of this city, is soon to leave Farmington, having been appointed assistant to Dean Leon S. Merrill of the University of Maine. He has bought a home in Orono and will take up his residence there about July 1.

Rear Admiral A. F. Fechteler, who formerly came to this city with the Naval Training Board, died at Norfolk Navy Yard last Thursday. He was commandant of the Fifth Naval District.

The remains of Herbert Scott Reed, who died of pneumonia Overseas, were brought to this city last week and taken to his home in West Tremont for burial. The deceased had many friends in Rockland and Ovis Head, where he was employed prior to the war.

At the annual session of the Grand Chapter, O. E. S. in Portland, week ending June 2, the Rev. W. O. Thomas was elected grand warden. The order now has 25,618 members in this State, its gain the past year has been the largest in the history of the order. Three chapters have been instituted during the year and there are now 179.

Miss Lisa Robinson of Waldoboro has sent to The Courier-Gazette office what appears to be an untold story of a maple leaf but of such extraordinary size as to lead us to envy the kind of shade they must have in the good old Lincoln county town. The leaf measured exactly one foot across in the widest part.

The advance agent of a circus was at the city clerk's office the other day, and served official notice upon Mr. Keene that summer has arrived. He also secured a license for Sparks' World Famous Shows, which will exhibit in this city June 20. Rumors are also current that there will be a circus here July Fourth, but no application has been made.

Herbert Walker Fifield of Vinhaven has been "trapped" as a member of the Senior Skulls at the University of Maine, a much coveted college honor, accorded to members of the Junior class who are considered as representatives in college activities and scholarship.

The Universal Ladies aid sold a cake sale at W. O. Hewitt's store Saturday, June 4. Sale open at 2 o'clock—adv. 65-66

Photo postcards of Memorial Day parade and Boy Scout groups on sale at Tyler's Photo Studio over Scott Tea Co.—Adv.

Wessawesic Inn South Thomaston, opens the first Sunday in June. Full course shore and chicken dinners will be served at \$1.50, with the season's delicacies included as fast as they appear. Meals will also be served on the European plan—pay for what you wish. Cold beer will be served with all meals. The proprietors will cordially welcome all their old friends and new patrons—adv. 64-67

FULLER-COBB-DAVIS.

TO MAKE SURE that our customers get the **MOST** and **BEST** for their investment, we have been searching the fur market for months and have succeeded in finding a manufacturer who was able and willing to make a Coon Coat from the right kind of skins and put in the right kind of workmanship that the coat required. We gave a tremendous big order; we have the coats in stock, and as long as they last our price will be as follows:

36 in. Coat	\$195.00
40 in. Coat	\$225.00
45 in. Coat	\$250.00

This may seem a little early to think of a next season's coat, but we assure you it is **NOT**. You make your selection; we do the rest—put it in storage for you until it is needed next fall. These prices are 40% less than 1920 prices and below what we will be able to duplicate them for in October.

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT

FULLER-COBB-DAVIS

WITH MILITARY HONORS

Burial of Private Clarence Burleigh Huntley, Who Died In France At the Close of the War.

At the conclusion of the Memorial Day exercises yesterday afternoon funeral services were held at St. Peter's church for Private Clarence Burleigh Huntley, who made the supreme sacrifice Overseas at the close of the World War. Bells in the city churches were tolled during the ceremony, and flags on the public buildings were kept at half staff for the remainder of the day. The burial at Achon cemetery was with full military honors.

The martyred soldier lacked one month of being 26 years old. He was a son of Capt. Henry R. Huntley of Myrtle street, who served in the Civil War with the 14th Maine Regiment; and a brother of the late James Huntley, who served three years in the Navy, being with Admiral Sampson during the Spanish War. Prior to entering the service, Burleigh was employed as chauffeur by A. C. McLean & Co. He became a private 1st class in Co. C, 304th Field Signal Battalion, attached to the 78th Division. Oct. 16, 1918, the unit was under a heavy baptism of fire while dislodging the Huns from the Bois des Loges, and Private Huntley was severely gassed. In his report of the proceedings of the 78th division, Major Gen. James H. McTear says: "The enemy had established an interlocking system of machine gun nests which could sweep the terrain in all directions. At 6 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 16, the 78th attacked this area, supported by artillery of the 77th and 82d Divisions. It required two weeks to take Grandpre, through the Bois des Loges, and it was Nov. 3 before the enemy had fled the city."

Private Huntley was evacuated from his company Feb. 10, 1919, to the Camp Hospital at Semur, Cote d'Or, France, having a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia. He died Feb. 20 of bronchial pneumonia and was buried in the American Military Cemetery of that town. A touching letter from the chaplain subsequently received by the relatives in this city, said, in part: "He has endeavored himself to us all by his unselfish generosity and absolute disregard of personal danger. Clean living, athletic, sincere in his work and talking always of you and his boy the widow, net Nettie Heckbert, and son Edward, he was known throughout the company as a good fellow and a real man."

Private Huntley's last letter came

from Cannes, France, whither he had gone on a seven-day pass. It told of his expectation of having been home before that date, and said that he was "waiting for events to shape their own course."

The body arrived on the train Sunday noon and was escorted to the Episcopal church by a detail from the 5th Company, C. A. C., under the command of Sgt. F. W. Hall. The members of the company who acted as guards of honor: Sergeant of the guard, Francis W. Hall; corporals of the guard, Austin T. Philbrook, Charles A. Smith, Charles Collins; Privates Melvin Pendexter, Emory Strout, Vin P. Hall, Emil Coombs, Ira Ripley, Alfred Prescott, Clarence Burgh, Kenneth Smith, Francis A. Curtis, James Lindsey, Henry Thompson, Cecil Ames, Cecil Murphy, Francis Saville, R. W. Pettigill, Edward Elwell, Robert Cuthbertson, T. L. Benner, Clarence Ingerson, Arthur Duncan, Percy Young, F. L. Day, Charles Maddocks, Joseph Soffayer, Arthur Johnson, B. C. Winchenbaugh, Marcena Winslow and James A. Mitchell.

The impressive Episcopal service was held yesterday afternoon, with music by the full choir. The Rev. A. E. Scott officiated and the American Legion ritual service was conducted by Commander Healey and Past Commander Butler, the latter serving as acting chaplain.

The Legion verse, "Theodore Perry, Thomas Nassar, J. Raymond Fogarty, Donald Kelsey, Earl Alden, Kendrick Searles, Pearl Warren and Herbert Kalloch."

The remains were escorted to their last resting place by the Oakland Park Band, the 5th Company, American Legion and relatives. The gun carriage on which the flag draped casket was carried bore also many beautiful floral designs. The Episcopal and American Legion committee services were conducted at the grave. Midway of Chaplain Butler's prayer the American flag was removed from the casket by Commander Healey and Chaplain Butler, and given to the custody of the widow, this being in accordance with the ritual. Three volleys were discharged over the newly made grave by a firing squad which was in charge of Sergeant Austin P. Brewer, and which comprised Corporals Austin T. Philbrook and Charles A. Smith, Privates 1st class Joseph Soffayer and Frank A. Curtis, and Privates Charles H. Robinson, Cecil Ames, James A. Mitchell and Leon A. Halstead.

"Taps" was blown by Kenneth V. White, and from the outskirts of the cemetery reverberating over the silent throng, came the echo to "taps," sounded by Private James Lindsey.

NEAR TRAGEDY AVERTED

Martha Wasgatt Heroine In Near Drowning At Megunticook—Rockland Lawyer To the Rescue.

The week-end festivities at Megunticook Lake were rudely halted Saturday afternoon by a near tragedy, which might have involved the loss of three lives. That fatalities did not result is due to the heroism of a nine-year-old girl and a Rockland attorney, neither of whom has more than slight ability as a swimmer.

Young folks, who had gone from Rockland to spend the weekend and holiday at the Perry cottage, were at play on the float when the extension became overcrowded and the water rose over it. The children were panicked, and Lucille, the little daughter of David G. Hodgkins, plunged overboard.

To her rescue went Martha, the 9-year-old daughter of Dr. R. J. Wasgatt. The little girl has only a limited knowledge of swimming, but gave no thought to her personal peril. She reached the struggling Hodgkins child, and kept the latter's head above the

surface. John Andrews, the young son of Mrs. E. R. Teague, was also prompted by heroic instincts, but after reaching the two girls was seized with cramps, and had to make his way back to the float.

The outcries made by the terror-stricken children who were powerless to help their playmates, reached the ears of Charles T. Smalley, who was at work on his cottage nearby.

Mr. Smalley ran to the float, discarding coat and shoes, and though nearly breathless from his haste and excitement, dove overboard in the direction of the struggling children. When he reached them the Hodgkins child was practically under water and the Wasgatt girl was thoroughly exhausted.

The latter had rare presence of mind, however, and clung to Mr. Smalley in a way that did not impede his efforts. How they all reached shore safely is a matter which the hand of Providence was in the rescue.

CAMDEN

Mrs. and Mrs. H. J. Potter have been spending the week on a fishing trip to Cherryfield. They will be at their cottage at Lake Megunticook this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Elmore and Mrs. Helen Martin spent the weekend in Boston.

Miss Regina Cash has been the guest of Mrs. George Wardwell, Belfast, for a few days.

Ralph Lodge left Thursday for Gloucester, Mass., to be employed on the steam yacht, Miami.

The Loyal Legion, the National Guard, the Ladies of the G. A. R. and all veterans attended morning service at the Congregational church Sunday.

Albert Waitt and Mrs. Phoebe Kyle of Haverhill, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Howarth.

Mrs. W. A. Freeman of Rockland, spent the weekend with her niece, Mrs. A. J. Greene.

Miss May E. Upham of Lowell, Mass., is a weekend guest of Mrs. O. C. Meek.

The Baptist Ladies' Circle will meet in the church parlor Wednesday afternoon.

The Philathea Club meets in the church parlor Wednesday evening.

Annual Lodge held its annual Past Masters' night Friday with over 200 members present. A fine supper was served by the ladies of Seaside Chapter. Five candidates received the M. M. degree. A collection of \$18 was received from the brethren for the Chinese famine fund.

Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Barron are spending several weeks at their cottage, Hobbs' Pond. Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Tewksbury and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Clark have been their guests for a few days.

Mrs. Arthur Webster has returned from a visit with her husband in Gloucester, Mass.

Miss Marian Thomas of Castine Normal School is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. James Achorn are visiting their daughter, Mrs. E. A. Jones, at Duncan Lodge, Northport.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Parker have returned from Dona, Texas and will make their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Handy of Waltham, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mayling of Brighton motored through Saturday in the latter's Stutz car. The Maylings and Mr. Handy returned Monday, but Mrs. Handy remained for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Bucklin.

George F. Bason of Somerville, Mass., arrived Saturday, joining Mrs. Bason, who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Easton. They returned to their home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Trapp spent the weekend at their camp, Coleman's Pond.

Robert Gill of Boston has been the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Gill, for a few days.

Mast-Furnishing Tree.

In Canada and eastern United States the larch, a sturdy tree which belongs to the pine family, often grows 50 or 60 feet high, and is generally known as hackmatack, while in the Central states it is called tamarack. The European variety is even taller and has longer leaves which don beautiful autumn tints before falling. "The tamarack will go up the hillside," says a writer, "It can live on dry land, but it loves the swamp best of all. If, perchance, a small lake has so far dried up that a thin coating of soil covers it the tamarack creeps down and takes possession and soon the result is a tamarack swamp." On account of its long, tapering form, the tree is extremely useful for masts in sailing vessels, telegraph poles and a variety of purposes, and as it is common from the Arctic circle to the United States, it is easily found for the special use for which it is adapted.—Christian Science Monitor.

Wage Stick Battles.

Single combat in various forms survives all over the world, and different peoples have different methods of showing their prowess. In the island of Trinidad, for instance, the natives, who speak a mixture of French patois and English, call their method "playing bois" (literally stick fighting). The stick used is about a yard long and usually made from the "pile" tree, a very hard wood. This is held at each end diagonally in front of the body, and the blows are struck by releasing one hand and striking with either the left or the right. In the carnival season bands from the various districts are made up and contests take place whenever two bands meet. The stickmen are extraordinarily clever at parrying blows, and an expert will stop a cricket ball thrown at him.—Exchange.

Haunted Mountain.

The Matterhorn, in the Swiss Alps, enjoys a sinister reputation—although its fascination has lured many first-class climbers and guided to their death. Its conquest by climbers in 1865—just over 55 years ago—recalls the thrilling story of how on their exultant return from the summit the rope which tied the party together snapped, and four men were dashed over a 1,000 foot precipice. Lord Francis Douglas, Rev. Charles Hudson, Mr. D. Hadow and a guide were killed instantly, the bodies of the last three now resting side by side with many other mountaineers in the little churchyard at Zermatt. The body of Lord Francis Douglas has never been found.

Montaigne and His Cat.

When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I think my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to be given or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better? And who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her and laughs and censures my folly for making sport with her when we two play together.—From Montaigne's Essays.

MARRIED

Bailey-Wylie, Warren, 29, by Rev. Mr. Hutchins, Fred Mortimer Butler and Mrs. Augusta Wylie, both of Warren.

Aluminum Ware Sale

—AT THE—

ROCKLAND HARDWARE COMPANY

FRIDAY JUNE 3

Sale Begins at 9.30 a. m.

True to our promise to our many patrons who were unable to secure any of those items offered at our recent Aluminum Sale, we are putting on another sale of **QUALITY BRAND "WORLD'S BEST" ALUMINUM WARE.**

This is the same heavy gauged aluminum ware we have been selling for years, beautifully finished and every piece guaranteed to wear 20 years. If any piece does not, bring it back and we will exchange for another.

We know **QUALITY BRAND ALUMINUM WARE** cooking dishes are giving wonderful service, in at least 500 families in this vicinity, and we are giving 500 more an opportunity to get acquainted with **QUALITY BRAND** at prices that can only be obtained by buying and selling in large quantities.

Colonial Sauce Pan with cover	1.59
Colonial Kettle with cover, 6 quart	\$1.59
Preserving Kettle, 8 quart	1.59
Percolator, 6 cup	1.59
Double Boilers, 2 quart	1.59
Round Roasters	1.59
Set of 3 Sauce Pans, 1, 1 1/2, 2 quart	1.59
Colonial Kettle, 4 quart	1.59
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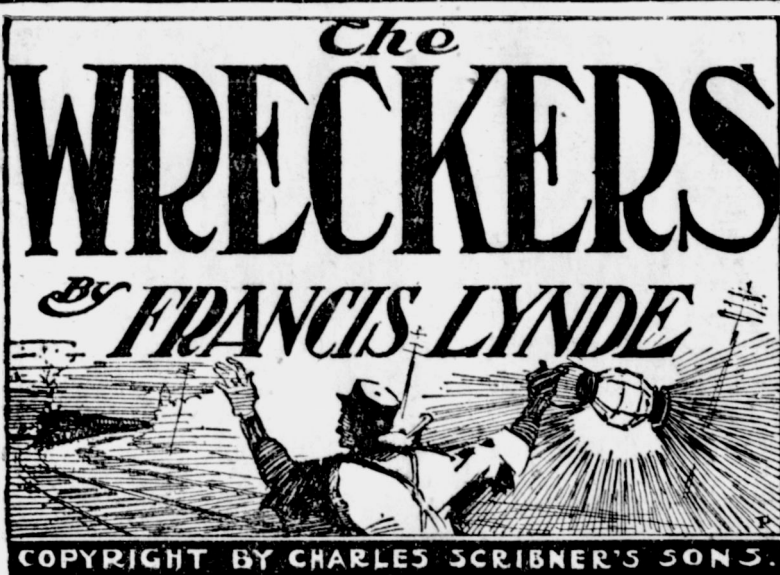
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Graham Norcross, railroad manager, and his secretary, Jimmie Dods, are marooned at Sand Creek siding with a young lady, Sheila Macrae, and her small cousin, Unseen, who witness a peculiar train holdup, in which a special car is carried off.

CHAPTER II.—Norcross recognizes the car stolen as John Chadwick's financial machine, whom he was to meet at Port City. He and Dods rescue Chadwick. The latter offers Norcross the management of the Pioneer Short Line, which is in the hands of eastern speculators, headed by Breckinridge Duntun, president of the line. Norcross, learning that Sheila Macrae is stopping at Port City, accepts.

CHAPTER III.—Dods overhears conversation between Rufus Hatch and Gustave Henckel, Port City financiers, in which they admit complicity in Chadwick's kidnapping, their object being to keep Chadwick from attending a meeting of directors to reorganize the Pioneer Short Line, which would jeopardize their interests.

CHAPTER IV.—To curb the monopoly controlled by Hatch and Henckel, the Red Tower corporation, Norcross forms the Citizens' Storage and Warehouse company. He begins to manifest a deep interest in Sheila Macrae. Dods learns that Sheila is married, but living apart from her husband. Norcross does not know this.

CHAPTER V.—Hatch, aware that Dods has knowledge of his and Henckel's participation in the Chadwick kidnapping, offers him inducements to leave Norcross. Dods refuses. Leaving the office, he is knocked senseless. Recovering consciousness, he learns that Norcross has disappeared and is believed to have resigned and gone east.

CHAPTER VI.—Dods connects Norcross' disappearance with machinations of Hatch and Henckel, and on recovering strength sets out to solve the mystery.

CHAPTER VII.—With Kirgan, the road's master mechanic, Dods gets a line on Norcross' disappearance. He follows a clue given them through a missing locomotive.

CHAPTER VIII.—The rescue party finds and releases Norcross from captivity to which he had been lured. Norcross resumes control of the Pioneer Short Line, refusing to give place to man whom Duntun has sent to take charge.

CHAPTER IX.—Dods follows an emissary of the Red Tower people, spying on Norcross, to a small garage where he discovers a plot to put Norcross out of business, and at the risk of his life frustrates it.

CHAPTER X.—At the home of Sheila Macrae Dods is witness of strange actions of a man who he believes has designs on the life of his friend and boss. He prepares to defend him.

CHAPTER XI.—The sudden return of Sheila's uncle drives the intruder away. Later Dods recognizes him as Howard Collingwood, nephew of President Duntun of the Pioneer Short Line. A series of wrecks on the line, impossible to explain, cause alarm to the management.

CHAPTER XII.—Duntun, night dispatcher, routes passenger and freight trains to meet on a single track. Disaster is narrowly averted. Duntun commits suicide, leaving evidence that he was bribed to bring about collision.

CHAPTER XIII.—Evidence accumulates that Norcross' enemies are plotting his death, but against all advice he decides on a trip on a special train over the line. A pilot engine, traveling ahead, discovers displaced rail which would have thrown the special down a mountain side. Norcross hears for the first time that Sheila Macrae is married. He refuses to believe it.

CHAPTER XIV.—Hatch and other owners of the Red Tower corporation call on Norcross and inform him they have proof that in the recent election the road has made use of bribery. Hatch gives Norcross proof that the actual bribing was done by Howard Collingwood. Hatch demands Norcross' immediate resignation as the price of silence. Norcross learns from Sheila that Collingwood is her husband, and feels the ground has been cut from under his feet.

CHAPTER XV.—Hatch secures control of Citizens' Storage and Warehouse company, and engineers a strike, to embarrass the railroad line. Norcross shows Collingwood how Hatch has used him for his own ends, to down him (Norcross), and Collingwood threatens to kill Hatch.

CHAPTER XVI.—Van Britt, general superintendent, Norcross' right-hand man, resigns, refusing to give any satisfactory reason for the act. Norcross begins to feel the situation is almost hopeless.

CHAPTER XVII.—Pioneer Short Line employees call sympathetic strike. Collingwood, drinking heavily and reported close to insanity, remains in hiding.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Past that, things looked until the hands of the big standard-time clock in the dispatcher's room pointed to midnight. Norris, who was holding down the commercial wire, came over to the counter railing just then with a New York message. I saw the boss' eyes flash and the little lurching body-swellings of anger came over the edge of his jaw as he read it, and then he handed it to me.

"You may inquire that 'No Answer' and file it when you go back to the office," he said shortly, and then he went on talking to Donohue, telling him how to handle the trains which were still out and moving to their tie-up destinations.

Of course, I read the message; I knew there was nothing private about it so far as I was concerned, since it had been given me to put away in the files. This is what I read:

"To G. Norcross, G. M.,

"Port City.

"Your administration has been a conspicuous failure from the beginning. Compromise with employees on any terms offered and prevent strike at all costs. That done, you are hereby directed to wire your resignation to take effect one week from today.

"B. Duntun, President."

It had hit me at last; not a decent request, mind you, but a blunt, brutal demand. The boss was fired. No word had come from Mr. Chadwick.

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and for Mr. Norcross, as well, I guess. When Mrs. Sheila came to the auto-drive part of it, the boss whirled and shot an order at me.

"Jimmie, chase into the dispatcher's office and find out the name of the man who chartered that following engine," he snapped, and I went on the run, remembering that in the strike excitement and hustle it hadn't occurred to anybody to ask the man's name or that of the particular "mine owner" who had chartered the special train.

Donohue got the Strathcona operator in less than half a minute after I fired my order at him, and the answer came almost without a break:

"Charter of special train was to R. Hatch, of Port City, and of engine 416 to man named Collingwood."

Gosh! But this did settle it! I didn't run back to the office with the news—I flew. It was like firing a gun amongst the three who were waiting, but it had to be done. The major groaned and said, "Oh, good God!" and Mrs. Sheila sat down and put her face in her hands. The boss was the only one who knew what to do and he did it: vanished like a shot in the direction of the dispatcher's office.

In about fifteen of the longest minutes I ever lived he came back, shaking his head. I knew what he had been doing, or trying to do. There was one night telegraph station on the branch—at a mining-camp halfway down the grade on Slide Mountain—and he had been trying to get word there to stop the wild engine.

"He has either bribed or bullied his engine crew," he told the major. "I wired and had a stop signal set for them at the Antonio mine, but they overran it, going at full speed down the hill."

It was plain enough now what Collingwood was trying to do. The murder mania had got a firm hold of his weapon. Collingwood knew that Hatch was on the special, and he was going to chase that one-car train until it made a stop somewhere and then smash into it for blood. After Mr. Norcross had talked hurriedly for a minute or two with the major he went back to the dispatcher's room and I went with him.

The boss grabbed up an official time-card and began to study it hurriedly and to jot down figures. I wondered if he wasn't tempted—just the least little bit in the world, you know.

Here was a thing itself up—a thing for which he wasn't in the least responsible—and if it should work out to the catastrophe that nobody seemed to be able to prevent, the chief of the gratters, and probably a number of his nearest backers, would be wiped off the books, and Collingwood's death, which, in all human probability, was equally certain, would set Mrs. Sheila free.

He must be thinking of it, I argued; he couldn't be a human man and not be thinking of it. But he never stopped his hasty figuring for a single instant until he broke off to bark out at Kirgan, who was standing by:

"Quick, Mart! I want a light engine, and somebody to run it! Jump for it, man!"

Kirgan, big and slow-motioned at most times, was off like a shot. Then the boss hurried back down the hall to his own offices, and again I tagged him. The old major was standing at a window with his hands behind him, and Mrs. Sheila was sitting just as we had left her, with the big terror still in her eyes and her face as white as a sheet.

"We can't stop him without throwing a switch in front of him, and that would mean death to him and his two engines," said the boss, talking straight at the major, and as if he were trying to ignore Mrs. Sheila. "I'm going to take a long chance and run down the line to meet them. There's a bare possibility that I can contrive to get between the train and the engine, and if I can—"

Mrs. Sheila was on her feet and she had her hands clasped as if she were going to make a prayer to the boss. And it was pretty nearly that.

"Take me!" she begged; "oh, please take me. It's my right to go!"

I saw that the chief was going to turn Mrs. Sheila down—which was

in just a few minutes we got the word from the Strathcona operator that the money was paid and the chaser engine was out and gone. Kirgan had come in to say that our good-natured strikers had thrown a guard into the shops and were patrolling the yard, when Fred May showed up, making signals to me. I heard him when he edged up to the boss and said:

"There's a lady in the office, wanting to see you, Mr. Norcross."

"Holy Smoke!" said I to myself. I knew it couldn't be anybody but Mrs. Sheila, at that time of night, and I saw seventeen different kinds of bloody murder looming up again when I tagged along after the boss on the trip down the hall to our offices.

The guess was right, both ways around. It was Mrs. Sheila, and she had the major with her. And the air of the private office was so thick with tragedy that it made the very electric lights look dim and ghostly. Mrs. Sheila didn't have a bit of color in her face, and her eyes had a big horror in them that was enough to make your flesh creep.

I won't attempt to tell all that was said, partly by the good old major and partly by Mrs. Sheila. But the gist of it was this: Collingwood had continued his booze fight in his rooms at the Bullard until he had worked himself up to the crazy murder pitch. Then he had gone on the warpath, hunting for Hatch. He learned that Hatch and a bunch of his Red Tower backers had gone to Strathcona on a mining deal, and had started to drive to the gold camp in an auto to get his men.

Before leaving Port City he had written a letter to Mrs. Sheila, telling her what he was going to do, and that when he got through with it, she would be free. The letter, which had been left at the hotel, had been delayed in delivery—had, in fact, just been sent out to the major's house by the night clerk who had found it.

Long before the story could get itself fully told, the different gaps in it were filling themselves up for me—

of course, exactly the right thing to do. But just then the major shoved in. "Sheila knows what she's talking about, Graham," he said quietly. "When you all find Howie, you'll have a madman on your hands—and she's the only one who can control him at such times—God pity her! Take us both, huh."

I suppose Mr. Norcross thought there wasn't any time to stand there arguing about it.

"As you will," he snapped at the major, and then to me: "Break for it, Jimmie, and tell Kirgan to get a car—any car—the first one he can find!"

Every issue of The Courier-Gazette carries the home news of Knox county to every State in the Union and to many foreign lands.

I broke, and came pretty near breaking my blessed neck tumbling down the stairs. Kirgan had found his engine and had picked up a yard man to fire it. I told him what was wanted, and in less than no time he had pulled out an empty day-coach from the washing track. While he was backing in with it, Mr. Norcross came down the platform with the major and Mrs. Sheila. He let the major help Mrs. Sheila up the steps of the coach and ran forward to call out to Kirgan:

"Donohue is clearing for you, and there'll be nothing in the way. Run regardless to Timber Mountain 'Y.' You have six minutes on the special's time to that point, if you run like the devil!" And then, as he was climbing to the cab, he ripped out at me: "Jimmie, you go back and stay with them in the car. Hurry or you'll be left!"

CHAPTER XIX

Under the Wide and Starry Sky.

I sure had to be quick about obeying that "get-aboard" order of Mr. Norcross. Kirgan had jerked the throttle open the minute the word was given. I missed the forward end of the car, and when the other end came along my grab at the hand-rail slammed me head over heels up the steps. Kirgan was holding his whistle valve open, and the guarding strikers in the yard gave us room and a clear track. By the time we had passed the "limit" switches we were going like a blue streak, and I could hardly keep my balance on the back platform of the day-coach.

You can guess that I didn't stay out there very long. The night was clear as a bell and pretty coolish, with the stars burning like white diamonds in the black inverted bowl of the sky. It was mighty pretty scenery, but just the same, after Kirgan had fairly struck his gait on the long western tangent, I claved my way inside. It was a lot too blustery and unsafe on that back platform.

The major and Mrs. Sheila were sitting together, near the middle of the car. I staggered up and took the seat just ahead of them, and the major asked me if Mr. Norcross was on the engine. I told him he was, and that ended it. What with the rattle and bang of the coach, the howling of the speed-made wind in the ventilators, and the shrill scream of the spinning wheels, there wasn't any room for talk during the whole of that breath-taking race to the old "Y" in the hills beyond Banta.

Knowing, from what Mr. Norcross had said, the point at which we were going to side-track and wait for the special and the wild engine, I grew sort of nervous and worked-up after we had crashed through the Banta yard and the day-coach began to sway and lurch around the hill curves. What if the special had been making better time than the boss had counted upon? In that case, we'd probably hit her in a head-on somewhere on one of those very curves. And with the time we were making, and the time she'd be making, there wouldn't be enough left for either train to be worth picking up.

A mile or so short of the "Y" siding I went up ahead and handed myself out to the forward platform to see if I couldn't get a squint past the storming engine. I got it now and then, on the swing of the curves, but there was nothing in sight. Just the same it was mighty scary, and I took a relief breath so deep that it nearly made me sick at my stomach when I finally realized that Kirgan had shut off and was slowing for the stop at the farther switch of the old "Y."

What was done at the switch was done swiftly, as men work when they have the fear of death gripping at them. If the special should come up while we were making the back-in, the result would be just about the same as it would have been if we had met it on the curves.

With our own engine silent, I could hear a faint sound like the far-away fluttering of a safety-valve. We were not ten seconds too soon. The special was coming.

Mr. Norcross, who was still in the engine cab, shot an order at Kirgan.

"Fling your coat over the headlight, and then be ready to snatch it and get off!" he shouted. "If they see it as they come up, it may stop them!" Then, catching a glimpse of me on the ground: "Break the coupling on the coach, Jimmie—quick!"

As I jumped to obey I understood what was to be done. The fireman at the switch was to let the special go by, and then the boss—just the boss alone on the engine—was to be let out on the main track to put himself between the chaser and the chased. It was a hair-raising proposition, but perhaps—just perhaps—not quite so suicidal as it looked. With skillful handling the interposed engine might possibly be kept out of the way by backing, and its warning headlight shining full into the eyes of the men in the 416's cab would surely be enough to stop them if anything would.

I had just finished uncoupling the day-coach and the boss was easing our engine ahead a bit to make sure that she was loose, when the car door

opened behind me and the major and Mrs. Sheila came out in the front vestibule. It was Mrs. Sheila who spoke to me, and her voice had borrowed some of the big terror that I had seen in her eyes while she was sitting in the office at Port City.

"Where—whereabouts are we, Jimmie?" she asked.

Before I could open my mouth the black shadows of the crooked valley beyond the switch were shot through with the white, shimmering glow of a headlight beam, and a second later the special flicked into view on the curve of approach.

As we looked, there was a short, sharp whistle yelp, the brakes gripped the wheels, the one-car train, with fire grinding from every brake-shoe, came to a jerking stop a short car-length on our side of the switch, and a man dropped from the engine step to go sprinting to the rear. And it was plain that neither the engineer nor the man who was running back saw our outfit waiting on the leg of the old "Y."

Kirgan was the first one to understand. With a shout of warning, he jumped and ran toward the stopped train, yelling at the engineer for God's sake to pull out and go on. Back in the hills beyond the curve of approach another hoarse murmur was jarring upon the air, and the special's fireman, who was the man we had seen jump off and go running back, and who, of course, didn't know that we had our man there, was apparently trying to reach the switch behind his train to throw it against the following engine to shoot it off on the "Y."

By this time the boss was off of our engine and racing across the angle of the "Y" only a little way behind Kirgan. He realized that his plan was smashed by the stopping of the special, and that the very catastrophe we had come out to try to prevent was due to happen right there and then. Whatever our man waiting at the switch might do, there was bound to be a collision. If he left the points set for the main line, the wild engine would crash into the rear end of the stopped special; and if he did the other thing, our engine and coach standing on the "Y" would get it.

"Get the people out of that car!" I heard the boss bellow, but even as he said it the pop-valve of the stopped engine went off with a roar, filling the shut-in valley with clatterings that nothing could drown.

Two minutes, two little minutes more, and the sleep-sudden bunch of men in the special's car might have been roused and turned out and saved. But the minutes were not given us. While the racing fireman was still a few feet short of the switch the throwing of which would have saved the one-car train only to let the madman's engine in on our engine and coach, our man—already at the switch—was too scared to know which horn of the dilemma to choose, the end came. There was the flash of another headlight on the curve, another whistle shriek, and I turned to help the major take Mrs. Sheila off our car and run with her, against the horrible chance that we might get it instead of the special.

But we didn't get it. Ten seconds later the chaser engine had crashed headlong into the standing train, burying itself clear up to the tender in the heart of the old wooden sleeper, rolling the whole business over on its side in the ditch, and setting the wreckage afire as suddenly as if the old Pullman had been a fagot of pitch-pine kindlings and only waiting for the match.

If I could write down any real description of the way things stacked up there in that lonesome valley for the little bunch of us who stood aghast at the awful horror, I guess I wouldn't need to be hammering the keys of a typewriter in a railroad office. But never mind; no soldier sees any more of a battle than the part he is in. There were seven of us men, including the engineer and fireman of the special, who were able to jump in and try to do something, and looking back at it now, it seems as if we all did what we could.

That wasn't much. About half of the people in the sleeping-car, six by actual count, as we learned afterward—were killed outright in the crash or so badly hurt that they died pretty soon afterward; and the fire was so quick and so hot that after we had got the wounded ones out we couldn't get all of the bodies of the others.

As you'd imagine, the boss was the head and front of that fierce rescue fight. He had stripped off his coat, and he kept on diving into the burning wreck after another and yet another of the victims until it seemed as if he couldn't possibly do it one more time and come out alive. He didn't seem to remember that these very men were the ones who had been trying to ruin him—that at least once they had set a trap for him and tried to kill him. He was too big for that.

After we had got out all the victims we could reach, there was still one more left who wasn't dead; we could hear him above the hissing of the steam and the crackling of the flames, screaming and begging us to break in the side of the car and kill him before the fire got to him. Kirgan had found an ax in the emergency box of our day-coach, and was chopping away like a madman.

The minute he got a hole big enough, the big master-mechanic dropped his ax and climbed down into the choking hell where the screams were coming from. Our fireman picked up the ax and ran around to the other side of the wreck where Jones, the engineer of the special, and his fireman were trying to break into the crushed cab of the 416.

The old major, the boss, and I stood by to help Kirgan, and the minute his head came up through the chopped hole we saw that he needed help. He had pried the screaming man loose, somehow, and was trying to drag him up out of the smoking furnace. It was done, amongst us, some way or other, Kirgan had wrapped the man up in a Pullman blanket to keep the fire from

getting at him any worse than it already had, and as we were taking him out the blanket slipped aside from his face and I saw who it was that the master-mechanic had risked his life

for. It was Hatch, himself, and he died in our arms, the major's and mine, while we were carrying him out to where Mrs. Sheila was tearing one of the Pullman sheets that I had got hold of into strips to make bandages for the wounded.

With the chance of saving maybe another one or two, we couldn't stay to help the brave little woman who was trying to be doctor and nurse to half a dozen poor wretches at once. But she took time to ask me one single breathless question:

"Have they found him yet?—you know the one I mean, Jimmie?"

"No," I said. "They're digging away at that side now," and then I ran back to jump in again.

Though the fire was now licking at everything in sight, Kirgan, who had taken the ax from our fireman, had managed to cut some of the car timbers out of the way so that we could see down into the tangle of things where the cab of the 416 ought to have been. There wasn't much left of the cab. The water-gauge was broken, along with everything else, but in spite of the reek of smoke and steam we could see that Hogan and his fireman were not there. But down under the coal that had shifted forward at the impact of the collision we could make out the other man—the murder maniac—lying on his back, black in the face and gasping.

That was enough for the boss. It looked like certain death for anybody to crawl down into that hissing steam-bath, but he did it, wriggling through the hole that Kirgan had chopped, while two or three of us ran to the little creek that trickled down on the far side of the "Y" and brought back soaking Pullman blankets to try to delay the encroaching fire and smother the steam-jets.

I couldn't see very well what the boss was doing; the smoke and steam were so blinding. But when I did get a glimpse I saw that he was digging frantically with his bare hands at the shifted coal, and that he had succeeded in freeing the head and shoulders of the buried man, who was still alive enough to choke and gasp in the furnace-like heat.

Kirgan stood it as long as he could—until the licking flames were about to drive us all away.

"You'll be burnt alive—come up out of that!" he yelled to the boss; but I knew it wouldn't do any good. With Collingwood still buried down there and still with the breath of life in him, the boss was going to stay and keep on trying to dig him out, even if he, himself, got burned to a crisp doing it. Loving Mrs. Sheila the way he did, he couldn't do any less.

It was awful, those next two or three minutes. We were all running frantically back and forth, now, between the wreck and the creek, soaking the blankets and doing our level best to beat the fire back and keep it from cutting off the only way there was for the boss to climb out. But we could only fight gaspingly on the surface of things, as you might say. Down underneath, the fire was working around in front and behind in spite of all we could do. Some of it had got to the coal, and the heavy sulphurous smoke was oozing up to make us all choke and strangle.

To be continued—Began March 31.

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TELEPHONE: Rockland, 41-4; Thomaston, 140.
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JOHNSTON'S DRUGSTORE

COMPLETE DRUG AND SUNDRY

LINE. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO

PRESCRIPTIONS. KODAK DE-

VELOPING, PRINTING AND ES-

LARGING.

YOUR OWN 400

Instead of Apeing Others Why Not Get Into One of Your Own?

[Boston Globe]

Why is it that the family account books say nothing about ladders? There is ample space for expenditures which come under the heads of rent, food, clothing, medical attention, amusements, vacations—but no page on which may be entered the amounts devoted to social climbing.

In spite of much anti-sweatshop legislation, ladder-building flourishes as one of the most important home industries—and the materials are extremely expensive, as ladders of great length are required for the climb into the 400.

What it means to "Get into the 400" varies widely. It may mean slipping past the membership committee of the Top Hole Country Club and may mean, however, the pinocchio game of the back room of what used to be Dennis's Place.

Whatever it means, an enormous amount of human energy is devoted to trying to break in somewhere. It is the great grown-up game of pretend, in which the players are always dropping the names of Big-Game-Lunched-With, and the female prayers are talking familiarly of Dear Mrs. Upmeyer.

There was a young man, sometime ago, who spent months maneuvering so that he might get into the 400. In the meantime his mother was engaged in running for a place on the board of an exclusive orphan asylum. Of course the asylum was not exclusive, but the board was. And in order to supply the sinews of war for wife and son the old man worked overtime downtown, where he frequently dealt from the bottom of the pack.

The methods employed by this energetic family were not exactly accidental, for the trouble with such a game of pretend is that it develops an unreality in which finer distinctions are blunted by an overmastering central purpose. Of course, where the desire is not so strong, the ordinary rules of human intercourse are more closely observed. People who move to a new town or to a new street and set out to break in, have a somewhat distorted view of life. The pathetic part is, they often realize how foolish the whole thing is, even after they have succeeded.

The yearning for satisfactory friends is the genuine article of which tuff-hunting is the counterfeit. Friends of the right sort are about the biggest blessing any person can have, but the way to find them is to seek them for their own sake and not for the places in which they happen to be. Those who are not in too much of a hurry can always collect a group of congenial people who will be worth living with and dying for.

The important quality in a person is not his purse, nor yet his ancestry, but his reality. Does he judge things by something beside their labels? Is he free from bondage of tradition? Is he unselfish? Can he discover new talent? Be host to a new idea?

After all, the richest fellowship must be with those who live their own lives instead of aping the standard of a clique. Living aloof is unwise, but so is the sordid scramble for invitations. The invitation wrung from an unwilling or lukewarm host does not mean a good time.

Why not make your own 400? Where the sole test is congeniality? The people most worth knowing have been, as the saying goes, somewhat backward about coming forward. That is a great recommendation. If both you and they are real and sympathetic, they will recognize you about as soon as you hold out your hand to them. What you would have then, would be people of the right sort.

TALES OF THE SEA

The five-masted schooner Rebecca Palmer, built at Rockland in 1901, and formerly one of the units in the famous Palmer fleet of Boston, has been sold and placed under the Greek flag.

United States Coast and Geodetic Survey announces the publication of a new chart, Quoddy Roads to Petit Manan Island, Maine. The chart is one of the new series of coast charts on the Mercator projection and replaces charts 101 and 102 of the old series. The soundings are expressed in feet, instead of fathoms as on the old charts. Also the following new editions of charts: Chart No. 246, Boston Harbor and Coast; Chart No. 247, Boston Harbor and Coast; Chart No. 1211, Block Island Sound, gives the soundings in feet, instead of fathoms, as on the previous edition.

Sailing vessels which were bringing fabulous prices three or four years ago are now selling at figures that must stagger their owners. In the New York papers of Monday the four-masted schooner Dustin G. Cressy, 862 gross tons, built at Bath in 1912, is reported as having been sold at public auction, to the bondholders at \$29,100. Another sale reported this week was that made by United States Marshal Noonan at Philadelphia when he sold the schooner Esther K. 1001 gross tons, which was built at Dennyville, Me., two years ago at a cost of \$140,000, to P. F. Martin for \$22,000. The schooner is in good condition, has a carrying capacity of 1800 tons of coal, and is adapted for coastwise or foreign trade. The court must confirm the sale before it becomes effective. Parties who sold their vessel shares during the height of the war boom must feel happy when they contemplate these figures.

KI-MOIDS
(GRANULES)
For INDIGESTION
Dissolve instantly on tongue or in water—hot or cold; do not have to wash.
QUICK RELIEF!
ALSO IN TABLET FORM FOR THOSE WHO PREFER THEM.
MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE
MAKERS OF
SCOTT'S EMULSION

SMALL KITCHENS CUT DOWN STEPS

Size and Location of Workshops Vary in Different Sections of the Country.

ARRANGE TO BEST PURPOSE

Room Should Be Well Lighted and Ventilated to Make Work of Women More Enjoyable—Morning Sun Is Most Desirable.

According to a conservative estimate, there are about 8,000,000 women working every day, and most of them many hours a day, in the farm kitchens of the United States. Making these kitchens the well-ordered workshops they should be, because of the importance and amount of work done in them, would result in lightening and making more enjoyable the work of a large proportion of these 8,000,000 women.

The best location for the kitchen is on a corner of the house, in a wing, or an ell, where there can be windows on at least two sides so as to obtain light from more than one direction and cross ventilation, says a revised Farmers' Bulletin issued by the United States Department of Agriculture on the farm kitchen as a workshop. Whether the chief exposure shall be north, east, south, or west is a matter governed by individual preference and local conditions. A kitchen that receives the morning sun is usually desirable. It should have a pleasant outlook if possible.

Points to be Considered. The kitchen, as well as all other rooms in the farmhouse, should be so located with reference to the barn and other outbuildings that winds will not bring unpleasant odors or flies from them. Also, if possible, it should be in a part of the house where dust will not be blown through the open windows and doors from the road. Seeding bare ground around the kitchen and making the necessary paths of cement or some similar permanent material will also keep much dust from being blown and carried into the kitchen as well as make the view more attractive. A tidy, well-ordered backyard cannot fail to give pleasure to the workers indoors. Undesirable features in the view can often be cut off by a hedge or a screen of vines.



Fig. 1—Large kitchen in which the convenient arrangement of sink and table makes it necessary to walk long distances in preparing and serving a meal.

While the kitchen is the center and workshop of the home, its work also extends more or less to other parts of the house. In planning or building a home it is of greatest importance that the relation of the kitchen to the other rooms be considered. The kitchen work is most closely associated with the pantry, the dining room, and the

cellar, woodshed or other storehouse. These should be as near and convenient as possible to the kitchen so that the journeys which must be made so often between these rooms will be short, thus saving steps and much time.

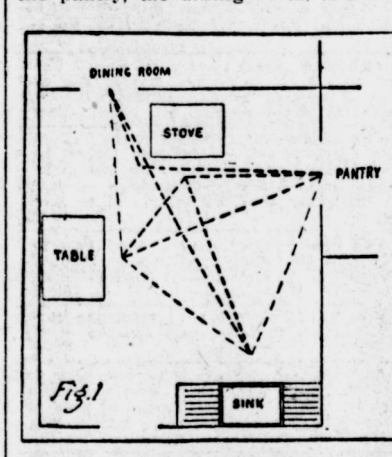


Fig. 2—Same kitchen as shown in figure 1. The distances traveled have been reduced and many steps saved by cutting another door into the dining room and by moving the table and sink nearer to stove and pantry.

Using Kitchen Space. Space should be provided in the kitchen and within easy access of the pantry and dining room for the worktable, sink, stove, ice box, and also for several chairs of different heights. One should be a rocker, in which the housewife can rest while waiting for the water to heat or for bread to bake. It is also desirable that provision be

made for filling the ice box from either the outside of the house or the entry, so that the person filling it will not be obliged to enter the kitchen. This will save much mopping and cleaning. Refrigerators can be purchased fitted with a door on the side or back of the ice chamber, and an opening corresponding to this door may be cut in the wall of the house and the chest filled from the outside. If a screen is provided the door may be left open in winter so that the food may be kept cold without ice. When this is done the window frame should be tightly joined to the refrigerator, so that cold air can not come into the kitchen as well.

Wherever possible a separate room should be provided for laundry purposes, and may be combined with a wash room and place for those coming in from out of doors to leave their coats, overalls, and muddy boots and overshoes. Such a room should be on the shortest and most direct line of travel from the barn to the dining

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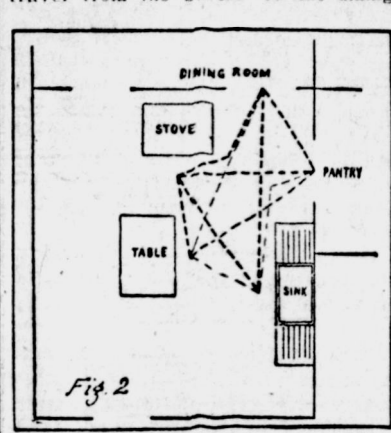


Fig. 2—Same kitchen as shown in figure 1. The distances traveled have been reduced and many steps saved by cutting another door into the dining room and by moving the table and sink nearer to stove and pantry.

room, so that there will be no temptation to use the kitchen instead for these purposes. Brooms, mops and other cleaning equipment may be conveniently stored in this room or a closet leading from it. For sanitary, esthetic and other purposes, a bedroom or bathroom on the ground floor should not open directly into the kitchen or the dining room.

CO-OPERATIVE EFFORT OF GREAT ADVANTAGE

Prosperous Dairying Community Is One Result.

Small Group of Tennessee Women Demonstrate Benefits Derived From Improved Production and Marketing Methods.

"It was only a little object lesson in co-operative marketing," is the modest statement of a Tennessee woman whose activities have produced a prosperous dairying community.

In 1909, 14 women were organized at Pulaski, Tenn., to demonstrate the theory of co-operative effort. Butter and eggs from the relatively few cows and fowls of the community were assembled and marketed. The quality of the products, due to the care taken in selection and preparation, was such that they commanded the highest prevailing prices. The women's husbands began to take notice and soon interested themselves in dairy cows. This led to the introduction of Jerseys, separators, silos, milking machines and the shipping of whole milk and cream.

Similar results are being secured in many sections of the country, state experts of the bureau of markets, United States Department of Agriculture. The movement frequently starts with a small group of farmers, farmers' wives, or boys and girls, who quickly demonstrate the advantages of improved production and marketing methods. The county agents advise those interested in the formation of such organizations and the administration methods to be adopted and are glad to render every assistance upon request.

DRY TIN THOROUGHLY
For ordinary care, tin utensils should be washed in hot soapy water, rinsed in hot clear water and dried thoroughly. A tin utensil that has been dried on it should be covered with a weak soda solution, heated for a few minutes and then washed. Scrapping scratches tin and may expose the iron or steel surface underneath, which may rust. Tin darkens with use, and this tarnish protects the tin; therefore tin utensils should not be scoured simply for the sake of making them bright.—United States Department of Agriculture.

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Line the heels of your slippers with velvet to save your silk stockings.
Let sugar cookies cool in a covered earthen jar lined with a clean cloth.
Keep a button bag near the electric washer for any buttons that are wrung off.

Every Issue of The Courier-Gazette carries the home news of Knox county to every State in the Union and to many foreign lands.
You Know What You Are Doing. Other People May Not.
Tell Them Through an Advertisement in This Paper.

GLORY BELONGS TO PIONEER

Man Recognized as the First to Do Things Is Sure of Recognition of Posterity.

Adam's glory was in being the first man, and Eve's in being the first woman. They have been talked of through all the centuries for nothing except that they were the first to live, the first to be tempted and the first to fall.

And so it is with many other persons and events that find their places in history. Always it is the beginnings of things that shed glory on the participants. Christopher Columbus has just been honored again because he was the first to discover America, and the landing of the Pilgrims is celebrated because they were the first to colonize Massachusetts. Harvard rejoices in being the first institution of learning in what is now the United States and having set up the first printing press. The first settlers of any community are always persons of prime interest, and the first man to wear pantaloons or carry an umbrella, if he were living today, could coin money by putting himself on exhibition.

If one wants to be remembered one has only to pick out the spot where a great city is to be built, or connect himself with an industry that is bound to grow, or do something that is bound to become the fashion. He is at once immortalized. Generation after generation will speak his name and on anniversary occasions orators will sound his praise. He may be individually no greater than thousands who have come after, but the glory of having been the first will be upon him forever and a day.—Columbus Dispatch.

MEMORIES CLING TO CHAPEL

Old House of Worship in Santa Fe, New Mexico, Worthy of Reverent Attention.

The chapel, in Santa Fe, N. M., is one of the oldest in the United States, and is fraught with quaint, old-time legends, interwoven with tales of the padres' trials and the Indians in days long past. To enter, one rings a large, old-time bell, which clangs out harshly. An aged man appears in answer to this summons, and leads the way into the dim, whitewashed chapel. Great wooden beams bear testimony to the solidity of building in those days, one bearing the date 1710, this being the date of its restoration after having been badly wrecked by the Indians, who preferred their "Great Spirit" to the white man's religion, and too-often his padres. On both sides of the altars are ancient paintings, faded now and worn, but one may decipher on one the date, "1287." This church also has a huge old bell, said to have been cast in Spain, the tones of which are clear and very loud. The adobe walls, at least four feet in thickness, bear evidence of the time when even the churches must be so constructed as to stop the flight of arrows and bullets. San Miguel carries one from the present into the far-off past, when roads were trails and danger was near.

Condor's Method of Killing.

Up among the cold white peaks of the Andes, higher than human foot has had the daring to tread, is sometimes seen a dark speck slowly circling in the clear air. The speck gradually descends, and we see that it is the largest bird of the air, the condor. Its flight is swift and the eagle's. Nothing but the distance could have made the condor of the Andes seem small and slow on the wing. Swiftly descending, cruel, hungry, he fastens his eye upon some luckless lamb or kid. Rarely it is able to escape; successful resistance is impossible.

The condor cannot carry off its prey in its talons, like the eagle, for it has not the eagle's power of grasp, and the sharpness of its claws is in time worn off on the hard rocks which are its home; so, standing on the struggling animal with one foot, the condor kills the poor thing with its powerful beak and his other foot.

No Self Starter.

A wealthy New Yorker invited a party out to his summer home at Great Neck, Long Island, to see his horses and go for a ride. One of them, a banker, though dressed for the part, knew nothing of horses, had never been on one.

Having been properly mounted, with the assistance of a groom, the banker took the reins as per direction and sat motionless. He did not know how to start; still, he realized with embarrassment that his inaction was attracting the attention of the other riders.

"Well," he said to the horse, with some irritation, "commence!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Johnson's Thwarted Ambition.

Andrew Johnson, after his term in the White House, returned to Knoxville, where, as an ex-President, he lived for six years in democratic simplicity among his old neighbors. With a farm, a mill, a country store and other interests, he managed to keep himself sufficiently occupied. But he had an ambition to get back into the political game, and after one or two unsuccessful attempts managed to obtain an election to the United States senate. He died less than a year later, having served only a few days of an extra session.

No-Burn Linoleum.

Non-combustible linoleum of European invention includes in its composition a chemical which gives off a flame-quenching gas should it be ignited.

Never Change.

Some men are like photographs—every day they roll off exactly the same records.—Boston Transcript.

HAD SUFFERED FOR 12 LONG YEARS, SHE SAYS

Portland Woman Had Rheumatism So Bad She Could Hardly Get Around—Tanlac Completely Restores Her Health.

"When a person suffers as I did she certainly knows how to appreciate as wonderful a medicine as Tanlac is," said Mrs. Mary E. Burnham, of 52 High street, Portland, Maine.

"I suffered so intensely with rheumatism for twelve years I could hardly get around to do my work and I rarely ever got any sound sleep. My arms hurt me to my finger tips and my legs to the very end of my toes and I could not go upstairs without help. My knee was in such a bad condition I was compelled to wear a rubber cap, and

the joints in my hands swelled up and pained me so I couldn't write a letter. I suffered awfully with an acid stomach, and at times was so nauseated I could barely retain a glass of water. I spent a great deal of money trying different things, but instead of getting better I gradually became worse.

"Tanlac was just the thing I needed, as it helped me from the very first, and now I am feeling just fine. I can eat anything I want and it does not hurt me. I took the rubber cap off my knee before I finished the second bottle, and I am so strong I can go upstairs almost as good as I ever I could, I never intend to be without a bottle of Tanlac in my house. I haven't words to express my gratitude for what it has done for me, and I take great pleasure in recommending Tanlac to others who suffer as I did."

Tanlac is sold in Rockland by Corner Drug Store; in Washington by F. L. Ludwig; in North Haven by W. S. Hopkins; in South Thomaston by L. O. Hanley, and by the leading druggists in every town.—adv.

SUMMER COTTAGES AND BOARD

About this time of year The Courier-Gazette begins to have inquiries by mail from persons who wish to visit this part of Maine during the summer season. They seek to rent a cottage or to find board. There is no prepared list of such accommodations anywhere to be had, but there ought to be. We purpose carrying in our column of classified advertising announcements of this character, which the paper will convey to distant points and copies of

which we can mail in response to inquiries for information. The attention of those with boarding accommodations, or cottages for rent or sale, is invited to this opportunity to obtain publicity at very small cost.

Proper Pride Necessary.

Pride, like laudanum and other poisonous medicines, is beneficial in small, though injurious in large quantities. No man who is not pleased with himself, even in a personal sense, can please others.—Frederick Saunders.



The Moment of Need

In emergencies you run to your local drug store for a quick prescription. Or, to finish a dress before going on a trip, you find you need just a wee bit more cloth and run to the dry goods store to purchase it. Or, in numerous other ways you find your local stores convenient and ready to supply an urgent need.

But if you patronize these stores only when you need something in a hurry—if you habitually send money away to out of town concerns—the local stores cannot continue to exist. They must have your support at all times if you want them here in time of urgent need.

There are many ways in which local stores can serve you and save you money. Give them a chance. Your patronage is what they need.

TRADE AT HOME

Support the Town that Supports You

STATE OF MAINE.

Treasurer's Office, Augusta, May 11, 1921.
Upon the following townships or tracts of land in Knox County not liable to be taxed in any town, the following assessments have been made for the State and County Taxes for the year 1921.

	State	County
	Tax	Tax
ANDREWS ISLAND, part of, being all of said island, excepting "The Neck," so called. Said island, with the exception noted, is reported to be owned by Thomas Dwyer and contains one hundred acres, more or less.	\$8.25	\$2.67
ANDREWS ISLAND, part of, being that part of said island known as "The Neck," with building thereon. Said part of said island is reported to be owned by A. F. Rackliff and contains twenty-five acres, more or less.	6.60	2.14
BAR ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by E. V. Shea and contains five acres, more or less.	1.38	.45
BIRCH ISLAND. Said island, with the buildings thereon, is reported to be owned by Mabel C. Jennings and contains eight acres, more or less.	2.75	.89
CAMP ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by the estate of S. M. Bird, et al., and contains one acre, more or less.	.14	.04
CROW ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by Alden C. Shea and contains four acres, more or less.	.55	.18
DIX ISLAND. Said island, with buildings thereon, is reported to be owned by Thomas Dwyer and contains thirty acres, more or less.	6.60	2.14
FISHERMAN'S ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by Alvin Hurd and contains five acres, more or less.	.69	.22
FLAG ISLAND. Said island, with the buildings thereon, is reported to be owned by Alden C. Shea and contains four acres, more or less.	1.10	.36
GRAPTON ISLAND. Said island, with buildings thereon, is reported to be owned by E. V. Shea and contains fifty-four acres, more or less.	4.12	1.33
HENRY'S ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by the McLean Heirs and contains one hundred acres, more or less.	5.50	1.78
HIGH ISLAND. Said island, with buildings and improvements thereon, is reported to be owned by the Consolidated High Island Granite Company and contains forty acres, more or less.	5.50	1.78
HURRICANE ISLAND. Said island, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is reported to be owned by the Hurricane Isle Quarries Company and contains one hundred acres, more or less.	55.00	17.83
INNER POND ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by Mrs. Olive Rackliff and contains two acres, more or less.	.27	.09
LANSIE ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by Grace Cilley Tibbitts and contains one hundred forty-eight acres, more or less.	8.14	2.64
LITTLE BERMUDA ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by Grace Cilley Tibbitts, and contains one acre, more or less.	.14	.04
LITTLE GREEN ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by Thomas Dwyer and contains ten acres, more or less.	1.38	.45
LITTLE HURRICANE ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by E. V. Shea and contains one acre, more or less.	.14	.04
NETTLE ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by E. Brown and contains one acre, more or less.	.14	.04
NIT ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by Julia Rackliff and contains one acre, more or less.	.14	.04
OTTEL ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by Thomas Dwyer and contains fifteen acres, more or less.	2.06	.67
OTTER POND ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by Mrs. Olive Rackliff and contains two acres, more or less.	.27	.09
PLEASANT ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by the Jordan Estate and contains eighty acres, more or less.	5.50	1.78
POVERTY NTR ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by Alvin Hurd and contains one acre, more or less.	.27	.09
SABLE ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by Grace Cilley Tibbitts and contains forty-seven acres, more or less.	2.75	.89
SHEEP ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by Grace Cilley Tibbitts and contains one hundred acres, more or less.	5.50	1.78
WOODS POND ISLAND. Said island is reported to be owned by the estate of S. M. Bird, et al., and contains three acres, more or less.	.41	.13

W. L. BONNEY,
Treasurer of State.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD

Trains Leave Rockland for
Augusta, A. 7:00 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 11:10 p. m.
Bangor, A. 7:00 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 11:10 p. m.
Bath, A. 7:00 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 11:10 p. m.
Boston, A. 7:00 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 11:10 p. m.
Brunswick, A. 7:00 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 11:10 p. m.
Leicester, A. 7:00 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 11:10 p. m.
New York, 12:25 p. m.
Portland, A. 7:00 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 11:10 p. m.
Waterville, A. 7:00 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 11:10 p. m.
Woolwich, 7:00 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 11:10 p. m.
12:25 p. m., 4:30 p. m.
Daily, except Sunday. (Sunday only, a Passenger train leaves from Waterville and Bath.)
D. C. DOWGLASS, M. L. HARRIS,
4-21 V. P. & Gen'l Mgr. Gen'l Passenger Agt.

Eastern Steamship Lines, Inc.

STEAMSHIP CAMDEN
Leave Rockland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 8 P. M. for Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Leave Boston Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 P. M. (Daylight Saving Time) Leave Rockland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5 A. M. (Standard Time) for Camden, Belfast, Backport, Winterport and Bangor. Leave Bangor 2 P. M. (Standard Time) for Rockland, Boston and way landings.

MT. DESERT & BLUE HILL LINES
BAR HARBOR LINE
(Standard Time)
Leave Rockland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5 A. M. for North Haven, Stonington, South Haven, Northeast Harbor, Seal Harbor, due Bar Harbor 11:45 A. M. Return—Leave Bar Harbor 1:00 P. M. for Rockland and way landings.

BLUE HILL LINE
(Standard Time)
Leave Rockland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5 A. M. for Bar Harbor, Eggemoggin, South Brookville, Scarborough, Deer Isle, Brookline, South Blue Hill, due Blue Hill 11:45 A. M. Return—Leave Blue Hill 12:30 P. M. for Rockland and way landings.
Connects at Rockland with steamer from and for Boston.

SUMMER SCHEDULE EFFECTIVE JUNE 7
Leave Rockland daily except Sunday at 8 p. m. (Standard Time) for Bangor. Leave Rockland daily except Monday at 5 a. m. (Standard Time) for Camden, Belfast, Backport, Winterport and Bangor. Return—Leave Bangor daily except Sunday at 6 p. m. (Daylight Saving Time) Leave Rockland daily except Sunday at 2 p. m. (Standard Time) for Rockland, Boston and way landings. Landing will be made at Northport commencing June 21. Commencing July 1, service will be daily including Sunday in each direction.
BAR HARBOR LINE—BLUE HILL LINE
(Standard Time)

Commencing June 8, leave Rockland daily except Mondays at 5 a. m. for Bar Harbor, Bluehill and way landings. Return—Leave Bar Harbor at 1 p. m., Bluehill at 12:30 p. m., daily except Sundays for Rockland and way landings. Commencing July 4, service will be daily in each direction.
At Boston, connection is made with the Metropolitan Line passenger and freight steamers for New York via Cape Cod Canal.
P. S. SHERMAN, Sup't. E. S. SHERMAN, Agent
Rockland, Maine. 1219, Rockland, Maine.

Vinalhaven and Rockland Steamboat Co.

The direct route between
ROCKLAND, VINALHAVEN, NORTH HAVEN, STONINGTON, ISLE AU HAUT AND SWAN'S ISLAND

Commencing THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1921.
Steamer will leave for Vinalhaven, at 9:30 A. M. and 3 P. M.
For North Haven, Stonington and Swan's Island at 1:30 P. M.
(Standard Time)
W. S. WHITE,
General Manager.

NOTICE

STEAMER "CASTINE"
Will be kept running on the
CAMDEN, WEST ISLESBORO AND BELFAST LINE
Year Round Service, Standard Time
Leaves Camden every morning on arrival of electric car from Rockland at 8:00 A. M., Sunday excepted.
Returning, leaves Lewis Wharf, Belfast, at 1:30 P. M. for West Islesboro and Camden, arriving at 3:45 in time for the car for Rockland.
COOMBS BROS., Belfast, Me.
14-17
Managers

STATE OF MAINE

County of Knox, ss.
May 26, 1921.
Taken this twentieth day of May A. D. 1921, on an execution dated the 12th day of May A. D. 1921, issued on a judgment rendered by the Supreme Judicial Court for the County of Hancock in said State, at the term thereof begun and held on the fourth Tuesday of April, to wit: on the sixth day of May A. D. 1921, in favor of Lynwood F. Giles, of Ellsworth, in said County of Hancock, against Almonzo F. Thompson, of Thompson, in said County of Knox, for two hundred sixty six dollars and eighty cents, debt or claim, and seven dollars and forty cents, costs of suit, and will be sold at public auction, at the Sheriff's office in Rockland in said County of Knox, to the highest bidder, on the 26th day of June A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following real estate, and all the right, title and interest in and to the same, which said debtor has or had on the fourth day of April A. D. 1921, at 10 o'clock and fifteen minutes in the forenoon, the time when the same was attached on the writ on the same suit, to wit:
A certain lot or parcel of land situated in said Thompson, with the buildings thereon, and bounded and described as follows, to wit: on the east by the road leading past the burying ground; on the south by land in possession of Thomas Fahy; on the west by land of Singer and Robinson; and on the north by land in possession of E. D. Demuth, and being same conveyed in deed, to wit: from E. D. Demuth to Thomas Fahy, and from E. D. Demuth to E. L. Hammons to said Almonzo F. Thompson, dated Sept. 22, 1918, recorded in said Knox County registry of deeds in Book 181, Page 230.
62768
C. E. HARRINGTON,
Deputy Sheriff.

PRINTED BUTTER PAPER PRICES

REGULATION SIZE WITH NAME AND ADDRESS OF MAKER AND NET WEIGHT, IN ACCORDANCE WITH FEDERAL LAW.

THOMASTON

Maynard Linken short stop of the T. H. S. ball team, while playing in Camden Saturday afternoon, had the misfortune to twist his knee and is now confined to his bed. Mr. Linken has done excellent work for the team, as captain and short stop this season and is a member of the Senior class.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Copeland have returned to Cambridge.

Maurice Metcalf of Somerville is a guest at the Knox House.

Capt. Wilbur Wilson has returned from a visit of several weeks with his daughter, Mrs. Eldridge in Orleans, Mass.

Mrs. Arthur Elliot and daughter Barbara, Mrs. A. P. Head and Miss Gladys Head, motored Thursday to Portland where Mrs. Elliot attended a trustee meeting of the State School for Boys at South Portland.

Mr. Fred Andrews and family of Denver, Colo., have been guests of Mrs. Henry B. Shaw for the past few days.

Miss Leola Robinson of Wilkes-Barre is the guest of her brother Bernard Robinson.

Miss Nellie Sawyer is home from Farmington.

The 10th annual ball of the T. H. S. Alumni Association will be held in the hall, Friday evening, June 10, with music by Kelley's Orchestra from Gardiner. The reception and banquet to the High School graduating class will be given by the Alumni Association at Knox Hotel, the preceding evening at 7 o'clock. The banquet tickets will be \$1.25 per plate. Kindly notify secretary if you are present on or before Monday, June 6.

There will be an entertaining program and speeches by prominent members of the Association. Annual dues of 25 cents, still unpaid, should be remitted at once to the secretary, Lella M. Clark. Each alumnus is urged to be loyal to the Association, and to attend the banquet, thus making the annual gathering a success.

There will be an all-day session of the Ladies Circle Wednesday at the Baptist vestry. A box lunch will be served at noon. A large attendance is desired as there is business of importance to come before the meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McGonigle spent the weekend in Portland and Augusta.

Miss Doris Ham was pleasantly surprised Friday evening by a party of friends in honor of her birthday. Refreshments were served including a birthday cake and Miss Ham was presented with linen napkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald George are occupying a cottage at Megunticook Lake.

Mrs. J. Edward Mayberry and little son returned to Brockton Saturday, after visiting her sister, Mrs. Hattie Counce.

Mrs. F. F. Doane and daughter, Miss Gladys Doane, of Quincy were guests Sunday of Mrs. Amos Dow.

Capt. Frank P. Robinson of the S. S. Ossabaw of New York is spending two weeks with his father G. W. Robinson.

Dwight and Fred Waldo of Boston have been visiting their mother, Mrs. Mary Waldo, for a few days.

Capt. Obed Andrews of Glenhurst Memorial Day with Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Shaw.

Mrs. Charles Morse and Mrs. Phoebe Brown of Rockland and daughter of Fred Waldo, Sunday with Miss Nellie Fenton for Memorial Day.

Fred Gilchrist and son Wendell of Camden spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Earle Starrett left for New York Saturday where she will join her husband of the S. S. Oswego.

Miss Anna Dow of Boston is in town for the holiday, the guest of her parents.

Donald Hanley of Bangor is the guest of his parents over the holiday.

Miss Helen Thomas left Thursday for Boston for a few days' visit.

Harold Gleason is driving a new Ford.

Miss Goldie Young is the guest of her parents for a few days.

William Brazier and Leslie Clark returned to Portland Monday by motor after spending the weekend at home.

Charles Beverage and a party of friends motored from Boston and spent Memorial Day with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beverage.

When Miss Mary McPhail took the chair of the newly-elected president of the Parent-Teachers' Association she immediately set aflame the enthusiasm of those present by her virile speech full of hope for the future, and by her presentation of a definite purpose for which all might work—the much-needed and longed-for new school building. "We know that the need exists. Now let us do something about it," said Miss McPhail. "Let us make a beginning, let it ever so little." And in response to this call and to a widespread request from Thomaston people generally, Miss Elvira Gardner, and the Grammar School body have consented to repeat the delightful operetta, "Princess Chrysanthemum," which was received with such favor a few weeks ago. New specialties will be introduced and everything points forward to a most successful performance. While the first presentation was essentially a school affair, this

second production will become of town interest, since every penny earned will be banked as the nucleus of the building fund—the cornerstone, as it were, of the building itself. Let every citizen who cares for the coming generation and the welfare of the future citizens of Thomaston help by his presence and support. His initial endeavor, on the part of the children themselves, to be safely and healthily housed during their school life.

Miss Annie Flint is in town for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCallum of Waterville were in town for the weekend.

The following program for Memorial Day was given as a tribute to the veterans of the Civil, Spanish and World Wars. The parade, formed at the Legion, was headed by Commander E. J. Starrett, followed by the band, firing squad, Fourth Co., Spanish war Veterans, members of the Red Cross Relief Corps, Auxiliary, Ladies of the G. A. R. and citizens.

They proceeded to the Mall where a service was conducted by the G. A. R. in memory of their departed comrades. Wreaths were placed on the soldiers' monument and prayer was offered by the Rev. Roy H. Short.

From the Mall to the cemetery, where the service was completed by the G. A. R. and further exercises were held by the American Legion, the impressive ritual service being read by Com. E. J. Starrett, presided by Chairman Webber, music by the band followed by a salute from the firing squad and taps the soldiers' farewell.

Returning from the cemetery to the American Legion, the American Legion ritual and Chaplain Webber delivered a fine address and closing remarks by Alfred Strout expressed thanks to all for the effort they had made. Prayer was offered by Rev. D. P. Pelley and benediction by Rev. Roy H. Short.

EAST WALDOBORO

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Flanders and daughter Marion and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Smith of Portland were weekend guests of Mrs. J. Flanders.

Mrs. Lucretia Kaier visited last week with her granddaughter, Mrs. Burleigh Mank at North Warren.

Mervyl Dow of Revere, Mass., was a guest at James Mank's Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alice Keene and son, Merrill were at Winslow's Mills Tuesday night.

Mrs. Inez Shuman of Portland is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. L. L. Mank.

Mrs. Nellie Beecher spent Friday with Mrs. Addie Snow Waltz.

Mrs. John A. Rines has much improved from an attack of measles.

Fred Trowbridge of Boston was a caller here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lawry of Rockland called on his grandmother, Mrs. Lawrence, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilson and Reginald Monahan were in Rockland Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Achorn are moving from Bath into Edwin Hoffes' house.

Mrs. L. A. Mank was in Rockland Saturday.

Mrs. Augusta Bowers, Mrs. L. L. Mank and Master Charles Bowers were at Mrs. Alonzo Sidensparkers' Tuesday.

The Social Club observed husband's night May 14. Ten members with their families and invited friends met at the home of Mrs. M. J. Studley and enjoyed picnic supper.

The evening was spent in music, reading and recitations. Mrs. Ralph Robinson and Judson Benner won prizes in the guessing contest.

The Social Club met with Mrs. J. Sidelinger at Warren, May 19. Six members were present. The program consisted of readings and recitations and refreshments were served. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Charles Creamer, Winslow's Mills, as her daughter Miss Hazel Day of Washington, D. C., will be present. Picnic dinner.

Preserved Husband's Heart.

The heart of John Balliol, lord of Barnard castle, who died in 1293, was embalmed and inclosed in an ivory casket richly enamelled with silver. His affectionate widow, Devorgilla, used to have this casket placed on the table every day when she ate her meals, and ordered it to be laid on her own heart when she was herself placed in the tomb. She was buried, according to her own direction, near the altar in New Abbey, which she herself had founded in Galloway, and the casket containing her husband's heart was placed on her bosom. From this incident the abbey received the name of Dolce Cor, or Sweetheart Abbey, and for its arms "three in chief a heart over two pastoral staffs, and in base three mullets of five points."

Elephants Killed for Tusks.

The tusk of the African elephant is the best and greatest source of the ivory of commerce, and it is estimated that 70,000 of these animals are killed annually for the purpose of securing the tusks. Some tusks reach the length of nine feet and weigh more than 200 pounds.

Extremes.

"Young Miss Flayaway has no sense of the fitness of things in setting a table."

Why not?

"She'll put angel cake side by side with devil cake."

The Time.

"Is it admissible at any time for a man to pay attentions to a married woman?"

Certainly, if she is his wife.

Hair Dyes Not Needed.

Hair dyes are unknown among Chinese women, as their hair is uniformly black, becoming gray only in extreme old age.

A Well Written, Attractively Displayed Advertisement Pays Every Time

BOLIVIA SOURCE OF COCAINE

South American Country Produces Supply of Anesthetic That Fills Recognized Place in World.

The most profitable agricultural product of Bolivia is the coca plant, from which the anesthetic cocaine is derived. The world depends mainly for its supplies of coca leaves upon that South American country.

The Bolivian natives commonly chew it for its narcotic effect. It enables the Indian burden bearer to go without food for a long time, and to work long stretches without rest. Unfortunately, its continued use is injurious to the nervous system, and is supposed to have much to do with the degeneration of the native race of the Bolivian plateau.

The coca plant is a shrub three or four feet high. Its leaves are of an oval shape and light green. The shrub is grown on terraces built on the hillsides. These terraces are about ten inches wide and are protected by ramps of earth faced with stones or cement. The terracing prevents the heavy rains from washing the whole plantation down the mountain side, and also holds the moisture about the roots of the plant.

Young shoots are grown under a cover of dried banana leaves, and when sufficiently advanced are transplanted to the terraces. The plants begin bearing when two years old. After the leaves are picked they are dried in the sun on a floor made of slabs of slate. They are then pressed into bales weighing fifty pounds each, and wrapped in banana leaves and burlap to protect them against weather and rough handling, and carried to La Paz by mules. In La Paz they are at present worth 47 cents gold per pound.

Bolivia manufactures no cocaine. The leaves are exported to other countries for the extraction of that active principle.

PART OF RELIGIOUS WORSHIP

Decorative Church Windows Have Long Been a Form of Ornamentation Beloved by the Faithful.

The art of glass decorating is not a modern Bohemian accomplishment. The Roman cathedral of Prague contained in 1270, two windows which were decorated with Old and New Testament scenes. Decorative windows soon became a favorite form of church ornamentation. Asnes Sylvius, who subsequently became Pope Pius II and incidentally was a very close student of contemporary affairs of Bohemia, records that the churches of the Czechs possessed many "high and wide windows which were brightly and artistically decorated, and such style of decorating was not confined to the churches in the large cities and towns, but even the distant hamlets prided themselves on churches containing windows ornamented in a similar fashion."

The curriculum of the division of technical arts of the University of Prague included courses in painting, wood carving and glass ornamentation. No degree was ever conferred on a student unless he could exhibit sufficient aptitude as a "glass man" or quality in "glassery," a practical demonstration of the high esteem in which this branch of the arts was held.

The Last, Best Hope.

Edmund Burke called the American Constitution "an event as wonderful as the appearance of a new star." William Gladstone called it "the greatest political instrument ever struck off by the unaided genius of man." Lincoln called this republic "the last, best hope of the earth." The American system of individual ownership of property, now and then an anarchistic idealism, has misused his gifts, exploited the resources of nature, oppressed the workers. Now and then an engineer fails; shall we give up the locomotive and go back to the mule and two-wheeled cart? Now and then a farmer chafes; shall we chop down our orchards? To give up this system . . . and go over to socialism is like exchanging wheat bread for a chunk of fog bank or an electric light for a tallow candle.—Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.

Banish Melancholy.

Following is the quotation which was Sidney Smith's remedy for melancholy: "I once gave a lady two and twenty receipts against melancholy: One was bright fire, another, to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugar plums on the chimney-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this more trifling at the moment, but have in after years discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects, and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or in others."

Adhesive From Snails.

Many of the larger snails have at the extremity of their bodies small white bladders filled with a gelatinous substance. The Scientific American claims that this is the strongest adhesive known for the repairing of porcelain, glass, etc. The substance is applied thickly to both sides of the fracture and the broken pieces tied together so that all is held in place. A rather longer time for drying should be given than in the case of ordinary adhesive so as to allow the natural glue to acquire the greatest degree of strength.

Duly Announced.

Mary, upon answering the door bell found a couple of women who had stopped to call. As she let them in she called to her mother: "Mother, you have a couple of customers."

Read Our Advertisements And Profit by Them

When to Leave People Alone.

It's a mark of generosity to know when the other fellow is touchy. It is an evidence of mastery to be able to keep hands off when you have such fine opportunities for prodding him up a bit. It's human nature to "put it to a fellow" when you have the chance. You argue he would do it to you if he could. Yet what's the gain in such conduct? Any one can do the mean petty things that ruin peace and disrupt routine. The world has thousands in it who are feeling themselves the continual butt of ridicule. Everything that is done seems to be a direct attack on their conduct. They are constantly miserable and seeking for some one to tell their troubles to. They are mad at themselves most of the time. The wise man lets them alone even when he has a chance to even up some of their pettiness.—Griff.

Monarch Enthusiastic Dog-Lover.

One of the greatest griefs of King Henry IV of France arose each morning when he got up, over his inability to decide which dog or group of dogs could accompany him during the day. He never received a foreign minister without having two or three, or even a dozen of the dogs rolling about his feet orolling on his lap. When the minister's words did not please him he would slyly pinch one of the pets, and in a minute all would be in an uproar so loud that it would be impossible for the angry visitor to proceed. His greatest expression of friendship consisted in bestowing a dog upon the man or woman who had pleased him, and he never gave away a dog without kissing him a number of times as if he was parting with a beloved child.

Art in A. D. 650.

"The Book of Kells" gives the world a glimpse of one of the most magnificent and mysterious books in existence. Of undetermined age, "The Book of Kells," a marvellously illuminated manuscript of the Four Gospels, was old in 1006, when it was stolen from the Abbey of Kells (Co. Meath), and stripped by the thieves of its jeweled binding, and buried. After some months it was recovered. Some 339 leaves of the manuscript survive at Trinity College library, Dublin, and 24 of these, reproduced in the new volume, give an idea of the extraordinary command of design and wonderful color of the old Irish illuminator, whose work may date from 650 and is certainly not later than 850.

Chicago Does Not Boast of This.

The real meaning of the word Chicago is one that residents of that proud city are more than anxious to keep under cover. It came from an Indian word "shegane" and when it was adopted it was believed to mean "mighty" or "strong." In a way it did, but not in the way the founders of the city believed. It was "mighty" or "strong" only in relation to unpleasant smells and was first used to designate the skunk. Later it was given by the Indians to a wild onion so violent in its smell as those of garden cultivation. When the French first came they found the Indians had still further enlarged the meaning of the word to include the thunder and the voice of the Great Spirit.

Relics of Famed Irishman.

Hanging in the great hallways of the present mansion of Sir Robert Robinson, Holyrood, Ireland, where Robin Adair lived, played, sang verses, is his harp. Robin Adair was a successful who merchant in Dublin. He it was who built Holyrood, where he entertained lavishly. The original song of "Robin Adair" which dates back to the year 1730, was written to commemorate a visit he paid to some sporting friends at Puckstown, near Dublin. In spite of his convivial habits, Robin Adair lived to a green old age, and died in Dublin, 1787. In addition to his harp, two of his wine glasses, which held a quart of wine each, are still preserved in this same mansion.

Man's Small Importance.

Following is by Samuel Johnson: "The truth is that no man is much regarded by the rest of the world. He that considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself. While we see multitudes passing before us of whom, perhaps, not one appears to deserve our notice or excite our sympathy, we should remember that we, likewise, are lost in the same throng; that the eye which happens to glance upon us is turned in a moment on him that follows us, and that the utmost which we can reasonably hope, or fear, is to fill a vacant hour with prattle, and be forgotten."

Old-Time Horn Books.

One of the few specimens of horn books still in existence has the alphabet in large and small letters, the vowels and consonants, the Lord's Prayer and the Roman numerals. The first line in horn books was always known as the cross line, as a picture of the cross ended it, symbolic of the theory that the end of learning is piety. The horn books were generally about nine inches long and five inches wide. One of the reasons for their disappearance is that they formed handy weapons in school-boy disputes, and even oak boards break when brought into contact with the bullet heads of youth.

Something to Go For.

"Is Charles Gracelon taking much interest in his father's business since he became a member of the firm?" "No, but he began to keep regular office hours when Mr. Gracelon hired a new golden-haired stenographer who lisps."

Discipline Gods.

The Polytheists have a peculiar habit in dealing with their gods. They worship them, of course, even though their gods are but idols, which they have placed on pedestals. But once a year or so, when things have not been going quite well with them, they pull their gods down from their pedestals and administer to them a sound thrashing. Their theory, apparently, is that, if their gods are well beaten, they will be more considerate in the future.

THE SUIT CASES

By MARION E. LEIGHTON.
(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Bessie flung an old waist on the little pile of cast-off clothing in the open suit case, jammed the bunch down savagely, snapped the cover shut and indulged in a discontented monologue while she tested the weight of it.

"I may be foolish; I probably am, but I don't care. I'm going to have one day off and go somewhere—like other folks. You're not heavy enough"—to the rather battered suit case—"I want you to feel as if I were going somewhere for a month's vacation."

She put the case down again and threw in an old sofa pillow. Bessie was doing her packing in the attic. She continued the one-sided argument:

"I don't care! Fay and Laura go to places and have pretty clothes and meet nice people," punching the pillow viciously, "and I stay home and cook and scrub for them"—more punching—"and get found fault with if I scorch the biscuits or get too much starch in their white waists—and everything! I'm going for an outing and make believe it's a vacation at the seashore or some place. Fay and Laura can get their own dinner for once."

Unconsciously Bessie was stating a deplorable fact that had long been a subject of heated discussion among the neighbors.

"Why did Bessie—sweet little Bessie—drudge for her frivolous and thoughtless sisters and receive hardly a kind word of thanks? Why didn't she rebel?"

And now Bessie had rebelled—a sort of mild little rebellion, truly—but it might lead to better things.

Thoughtful and kind-hearted, even in a state of rebellion, Bessie left a note for her sisters telling them there was plenty of food cooked and assuring them she would be home that evening. Not a word of discontent appeared in the note.

Then, with a whimsical little smile, she labelled her suit case with her name and address and took her scanty savings from the jar in the kitchen cabinet. When counted the grand total was one dollar and seventy-three cents.

With another little smile she pocketed the money, picked up her suit case and took a suburban car for "The Lake."

She spent one delightful day watching the motor boats and listening to the gentle lapping of the little waves; then at dusk boarded the car for home.

The only vacant seat was near the rear door and Bessie placed her suit case in the space between her seat and the next and prepared to enjoy the ride across country.

At a stop beside the highway a young man swung aboard with a suitcase, very much like Bessie's and in a very pleasant voice—Bessie thought it very, very pleasant—asked the conductor if he could make the 9:15 train West. Being assured that he could the young man dropped his suit case beside Bessie's and hung to a strap.

"Car broke down," she heard him tell the conductor—"take the chauffeur an hour to fix it and I've got to make that train."

Bessie furtively watched and admired him during the short journey to town and when he seized the suit case and rushed for the train, which was already in when they arrived, she breathed a sigh of regret.

Tired, but happy, she trudged homeward, to answer the questions of her amazed and indignant sisters, and listen to what reproaches might be thrown in for seasoning.

The suit case reposed in the attic unopened, and Bessie lay a long time and thought of her wonderful day.

"I don't care," she finally murmured sleepily. "It was a great way to break the monotony."

One month later the door bell rang and there stood the pleasant-looking young man with Bessie's suit case. There was nothing for poor, confused Bessie to do but invite him in while she resurrected his own case from the attic, and that gave her time to regain some of her lost composure and realize that she must explain the sofa pillow and cast-off clothing.

His hearty laughter put her more at ease and he stayed a few minutes chatting.

"It was my own fault," he said while taking his leave, "but it really caused me a lot of trouble and I think you owe me something. I'm coming around with my roadster this evening and take you for a ride in the fresh air. Will you go?"

Bessie would—and did. Not only that evening, but many others as well.

Then one day the young man told Bessie's sisters they would have to look for another housekeeper as he had spoken for Bessie himself.

Now Bessie didn't have to make believe and that old suit case is still packed with old clothes and a sofa pillow. Fred tells his wife he wouldn't throw it away for the world, for it also helped "to break the monotony" for him.

Just Shopping.

"Yes," I can fix you up for Call, fornia all right," said the ticket agent after spending an hour looking up berths and timetables.

"How nice!"

"When are you going?"

"Some day when I can afford it," replied the lady. "Thank you so much."—Louisville, Courier-Journal.

You Can Talk to Practically All the People in the Town THROUGH THIS PAPER

BE A BOOSTER! TRADE AT HOME! TAKE THE HOME PAPER!

May 31, 1921.

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN

Advertisements in this column not to exceed three lines inserted once for 25 cents, 3 times for 50 cents. Additional lines 5 cents each for one time, 10 cents 3 times. Six words make a line.

Wanted

WANTED—An auto repair man. State reference; wages desired. P. O. BOX 193, Union, 65-97.

WANTED—1 want to buy boat traps and other equipment for lobstering. What have you got? FRANK C. BARANS, General Dealer, New Haven, Conn. 60-97.

HOUSEKEEPER—A young woman desires a situation as housekeeper, or will care for children or elderly people. Address "O," care of The Courier-Gazette. 65-97.

WANTED—At once, chambermaid. Apply at HOTEL ROCKLAND OFFICE. 65-97.

WANTED—Medium weight rowboat for pond; medium price. BERT BACHELDER, Puller-Cole-Davis. 65-97.

WANTED—Clerks (men, women) over 17, for Postal Mail Service, \$120 monthly. Examinations June. Experience unnecessary. For free particulars of instruction, write J. LEONARD, (former Civil Service Exam. Officer, 1057 South Main St., Washington, D. C. 64-96.

WANTED—To buy all kinds of antique furniture as well as old fashioned goods of every description. Big money paid. Address or call upon ELIAS NASSAR, 137 South Main Street, at once. 63-47.

WANTED—Men or women to take orders among friends and neighbors for the genuine guaranteed hosiery, full line for men, women and children. Eliminates darning. We pay \$10 an hour spare time, or \$20.00 a week for full time. Experience unnecessary. Write INTERNATIONAL STOCKING MILLS, Norristown, Pa. 50-17.

WANTED—Piano and violin players at once. Two young people preferred; steady engagement if satisfactory. TEL. 425-4. 63-45.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply Mrs. J. E. COMAN, Monument Square, Camden, Tel. Camden 5-4. 63-45.

WANTED—Woman for general housework in small family. Mrs. A. L. HOWARD, West Rockport. 63-45.

WANTED—Furnished house in a village near Rockland. One with water and electric lights in house preferred. For information address BOX H, Rockland. 63-45.

WANTED—All kinds of work, mowing, lawns, etc. 25c per hour. GEORGE E. SMITH, Ingham Hill. 62-95.

WANTED—Men, women over 17 needed. Postal Service. Examinations June. Salary \$1400. Experience unnecessary. Write for free particulars about positions and examinations. GEO. ROBINSON, formerly with Government, Civil Service expert, 16 Pope Ridge, Washington, D. C. 62-95.

WANTED—Pastry cook at the COLONIAL RESTAURANT. 60-47.

WANTED—A waitress. Apply at the BEE-HIVE, Laurel Street. 62-47.

WANTED—Your property to sell. I have customers for all kinds of property. R. U. COLLINS, Real Estate and Insurance, 375 Main Street, Tel. 77. 62-47.

WANTED—35 shaggy cats and kittens, male and female. Highest prices paid. JOHN S. RANLETT, Rockville, Me. Tel. 355-14. 15-47.

WANTED—Chefs, cooks, waitresses, chambermaids, laundresses, etc. Apply to the Rockland Hotel, Tel. 725. 100-47.

WANTED—House boat and power boat. Will sell one or both cheap. Apply on houseboat, Littlelake's wharf, foot of Winter Street. JUDSON POSTER. 62-47.

FOR SALE—Ford, 1917 model, excellent condition all through. Eastford Ford-Whitten Price \$300. Will demonstrate. PHOEBE 115-11. 62-47.

FOR SALE—Baby upright refrigerator. Call any day but Thursday at 133 Rankin St. Mrs. CLARA E. CLARK. 65-47.

FOR SALE—House, 7 rooms and bath. Hot water heat, excellent condition. Call Mrs. B. B. HANSCOM, Fluker St., Thomaston. 64-96.

FOR SALE—House of eight rooms, all modern improvements; small barn, summer house. Apply to W. H. BREWER, 55 Crescent Street, Glen Cove, Tel. 44-21. 63-47.

FOR SALE—All variety cabinet, plates, early and late, also small LIBBY PALADINO BARBER SHOP, over Burpee Furniture Store. 62-45.

FOR SALE—One water cooler, one vacuum cleaner, all in good condition. For sale cheap. TELEPHONE 275. 63-45.

FOR SALE—Household goods. Everything complete for housekeeping. E. W. GROSS, 7 Fern St., Tel. 44-

In Social Circles

In addition to personal notes recording departures and arrivals this department especially desires information of social happenings, parties, musicals, etc. Notes sent by mail or telephone will be gladly received.

The Harmony Club will have a final rehearsal at the Baptist church tonight at 8.30. All members must be present in order to secure their seats in the chorus.

Miss Myra Maxwell of Bangor is visiting relatives and friends in this city for a few weeks. She is the guest of Mrs. David Connors, South Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Kallach left Saturday morning on an automobile trip to New Haven. In Portland they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Walker. The week will be spent camping leisurely through the mountains. On Mr. Kallach's return he will be joined in Sanford by his mother, who will make a month's visit with him. Mrs. Kallach extending her visit with her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Leighton and E. M. O'Neill motored to Moosehead Lake for the holiday fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard S. Bird of Portland motored to this city Sunday, accompanied by Mr. Bird's mother, Mrs. Annie E. Bird, who has been their guest for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Bird, who have lately returned from the Orient, say that there were comparatively few American tourists in Japan, although their visit was timed at the ideal season of the year. They found no evidence there of anything that would savor of strained relations between the two countries. On the other hand their greeting was everywhere marked by extreme courtesy. Mr. Bird found China more interesting than Japan. A fortnight was spent in Honolulu.

Miss Lottie McLaughlin, who is to be a soloist at the Harmony Club tomorrow evening, has arrived for her annual summer visit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Jones and daughter Nathalie arrived from Boston Saturday night to spend the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jones. Miss Nathalie's fifth birthday was celebrated Sunday in a very happy manner. The Jones' were accompanied by Edwin H. Richardson, manager of the Boston branch of the Apperson Automobile Co., and friends.

Miss Ida H. Rokes and Miss Goldie Young were home from Boston over Sunday, returning yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Knevelton have been spending a few days at Frank Keizer's National Camps and Hotel in South Casco. They were accompanied by Miss Edna MacAllister, who plans to spend the month of June there.

Capt. Israel Snow has returned from a business trip to New York. Herbert N. Nute of New York, who has been his guest, returns today.

Tomorrow evening at 8.15 o'clock, in the First Baptist church, occurs the concert by the Harmony Club, an occasion of such unusual character as should make appeal to everybody, who delights in music of the elevated class. Particulars have already appeared in these columns, to which is added now the program to be presented:

Chorus—May, Carl Busch
Life, Harmony Club, Paul Curran
My Soul is an Enchanted Boat, R. Huntington Kloodman
Vale, R. Huntington Kloodman
Song of the Open, Kennedy Russell
Prædium, Miss McLaughlin, MacDowell
Caprice Espagnol, Moszkowski
Hymn to the Sun, Alexander Georges
"Bird Song" from Pagliacci, Leoncavallo
Crescendo at Silhouette, Schmitt
Serenade à La Poupée, Debussy
Polichinelle, Mrs. Nelly, Rachmaninoff
Dawn, Campbell-Tipton
The Crying of the Water, Roland Farley
The Night Wind, Rolande Feltz
Serenade, Rolande Feltz
There is No Death, Geoffrey O'Hara

Miss Lottie McLaughlin returns to her Rockland home from a series of successes won on New York platforms. A special point of interest in connection with her appearance is the fact that her accompaniments are to be played by another talented Rockland girl who also has achieved a name in New York—Miss Elizabeth Carlin, a young performer who is destined to attain still further prominence as a piano artist. Mrs. Anne Nelly of Portland, solo pianist of the program ranks among the leading musicians of Maine. The young women of the Harmony Club, in their zeal to promote the musical interests of Knox county have essayed a highly ambitious undertaking and deserve a warm recognition on the part of the public. The concert by artists of this class the price of tickets (55 cents) is ridiculously small.

I. Berliawsky is visiting his daughter in New York, and upon his return will be accompanied by his wife. They will spend a few days in Fall River.

Mrs. Ernest Eldred of Waterville is the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. E. Aylward.

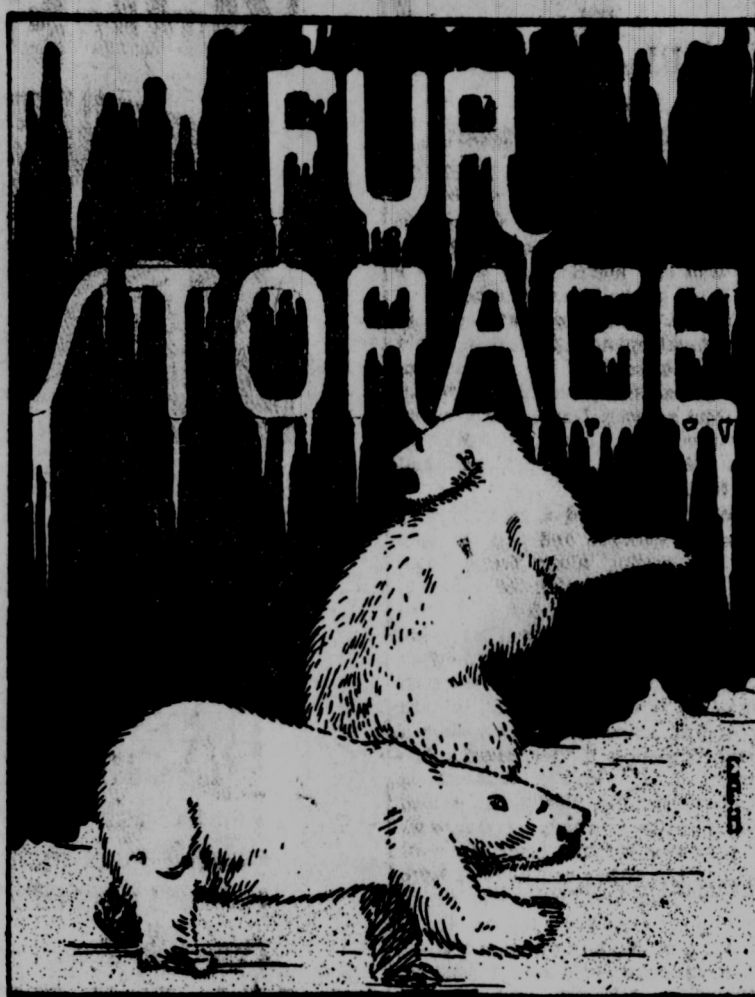
Capt. Albert C. Tibbetts of Eureka, Calif., arrived Saturday and is the guest of his brother, William F. Tibbetts, Union street. Capt. Tibbetts went to the Pacific coast in 1868, at the age of 18, and this is his first visit to the old home, of which he retains the keenest recollections, which he is now reviewing with old-time intimates. The years have scarcely touched him.

Mr. and Mrs. Israel Snow, Jr., have been guests for a few days of Mrs. H. A. Cross in Guilford.

Walter A. Shuman of Portland spent the holiday at his former home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wight and William P. Burpee who have spent the winter in New York arrive at their Park street home tomorrow.

Dr. R. J. Wasgatt leaves this afternoon for Philadelphia, to attend on June 1 the 25th reunion of his class of 1896, Hahnemann Medical College which takes place at the Union League Club. The next day occurs commencement, with alumni banquet at Hotel Stratford. With the exception of the reunion of five years ago this is the first time Dr. Wasgatt has met with his class since graduation. Being away from home he will extend his stay to take in the sessions at Wash-



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FULLER-COBB-DAVIS

ington of the American Institute of Homeopathy, June 19-25, which Gen. Charles E. Sawyer, the personal physician of President Harding, is a past president. The time between will be spent by the doctor in the hospitals of Philadelphia and Washington.

Bigelow Healey was home from Haverhill, Mass., to spend the holiday.

G. B. Staples of Monroe is in the city, called here by the serious illness of his sister, Mrs. Lizzie Cummings. Mrs. Cummings has a daughter, Blanche Harrington, who went to California three years ago and when last heard from was located in Los Angeles. If any of our California readers will aid in locating Blanche they will confer a great favor.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Becker of Dorchester, Mass., who have a summer cottage at Ginn's Point, have been spending a few days there. They came again the middle of the month to spend the season.

Ladies' eyelashes have become salable articles. The dainty table in midday's boudoir which is arrayed with articles which mere man is supposed to suppose are natural, is now adorned with artificial eyelashes which paste over the regular ones. This feminine article was on display in feminine attractions in the American Hairdressers Association exhibition. Another nature saver included a half bobbed wig to cover over the old-fashioned long hair, thus saving the cutting of it. A parable in moving pictures showed how a man became tired of his wife and how she won him back again by restoring her rose petal cheeks.

Carl A. Blackington of Waterville spent the holiday at his former home in Limerock street. On the way to Rockland the car in which Mr. Blackington was a passenger skidded into a telephone pole, and one of Mr. Blackington's thumbs was badly jammed.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira W. Feeney spent a few days in Portland last week.

Mrs. H. E. Gribben of Portland and Miss Helen Webster of Bangor have been guests for a few days of Mrs. F. A. Winslow.

Mrs. H. N. McDougall and daughters Evelyn and Frances motored from Portland the last of the week to spend a few days at their magnificent Lake cottage, which they will occupy for the season after June 10.

Manager James Burns of the Western Union office in Salem, Mass., came home to spend the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Duncan came home from Bangor to spend the week-end holiday.

Mrs. Kenneth P. Lord and sons Kenneth and Herbert have arrived from Washington, D. C. to spend the summer with Mrs. Lord's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Cooper. Major Lord comes the first of July to spend the balance of the season. Miss Christine Cooper, of North Haven, who has been with the family in Washington, is meantime visiting at her home. Gen. and Mrs. H. M. Lord are also planning to spend the latter part of the summer in the North, and will occupy a cottage near Rockland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ginn of Portland drove to Rockland Saturday in their motor car and spent the weekend with Mrs. Ginn's brother and sister, L. C. Blackington and Mrs. Gardner Tolman at The Meadows. Mrs. Ginn returned Monday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Turner. Mrs. Ginn will remain the rest of the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter M. Spear and Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Spear are at Capens', Moosehead Lake, for a week's fishing.

Clarence Jenkins and family of Lynn, Mass. and Mrs. Clayton D. Williamson of Portland have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Jenkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Sullivan and child of Bath have been visiting Mr. Sullivan's former Rockland home.

E. H. Doughty of Portland, formerly with the East Coast Fisheries Company, has been spending a few days in the city.

DREW LESSONS FROM NATURE

College Professor Who Had Some Original Views Kept Students Awake.

At college we had a professor of machine design who was as original in his views as he was able in his subjects, writes John H. Van Deventer in *Industrial Management*. One of his pet theories was the interrelation between nature and correct design. "Boys," he would say, "there has been only one designer who never made a mistake, and the more we study His work the better machines we will build."

"When you put legs under a machine think of a horse or a cow, and get them as far apart as you can—don't get too much overhang at either end."

And, speaking of a counterbalance, "Study the kangaroo; there is not a prettier example of equilibrium in all positions. The further over he leans the more his tail comes into action off the ground."

And again, in speaking of general design, "Wherever possible, try to work for elasticity as against rigidity. You find very little of the rigid in nature and little trees often survive a gale by bending, where big ones are blown down."

All of which was undoubtedly very true, and made more of an impression on his hearers than some of the more complicated mathematical demonstrations that followed.

HELD FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL

Englishman the Founder of Institution Now Recognized as a Force of Our Civilization.

The first known Sunday school was started in 1812 in a little village in England by Robert Raikes, a man of moderate means, and with no official church connections. Raikes lived in Gloucester, and was a regular attendant at Sunday church services. One Sunday morning he left his door step to make his slow and calm progress to the place of worship when he was halted by a burst of profanity from the lips of a small boy about to be engaged in fist battle with a playmate. The fight was on before Raikes could reach the spot, and the original burst of profanity was added to by the excited spectators.

Raikes stopped the fight, and persuaded the entire group of boys to go to his home. He abandoned his intentions of going to church and spent the morning with telling Bible stories in a simple fashion, and in getting the boys to help him in a singing program. The next Sunday the entire crowd came back and brought their friends with them. The Sunday school was established. The idea spread to other English villages, jumped to France, and then Germany, and lastly to the United States. Sunday schools are now in operation in every civilized nation in the world.

Independence. Independence is a good thing when you know just how to use it. No one with the right red blood in his veins wants to be dependent upon some one else. Men who have made the world move are the fellows who are known to be governed by a spirit of independence that has made them different from other fellows. And yet in spite of it all we are more dependent today than we have ever been. Our grandfathers used to raise the cows, kill and skin them, tan the leather and then make the shoes that went on the little feet of the children. Grandmothers carded the wool, spun the yarn, wove the cloth and made the clothes that kept the family warm. They were an independent lot. They could get along with less help from others than can modern civilization. Yet they were far from exercising a spirit of independence. They were the very essence of hospitality and good will. They worked hard, but their lot was better than they knew.

This Week

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

A review from the columns of this paper of some of the events which interested Rockland and vicinity for month ending May 26, 1896.

Memorial Sunday services were held in the Universalist church, and the sermon was preached by Rev. Thomas Stratton.

W. A. Moody located in this city, buying an interest in A. B. Crockett's livery stable.

A special committee from the school board, comprising C. E. Weeks, A. S. Littlefield and Freeman W. Smith, reported in favor of abolishing the Grace street school as being unfit for occupancy on account of sanitary reasons.

The Sea street extension of the Street Railway was being completed. Albert, 2-year-old son of Capt. F. A. Peterson, fell from the window of the barn chamber, and was rendered unconscious. No bones were broken.

The Rockland Wheel Club disbanded, and most of the members joined the Central Club, where a new organization had its headquarters.

Princess Bonnie was given with much success by the Wight Philharmonic Society. The principals in the cast were A. Ross Weeks, James Wight, Dr. T. E. Tibbetts, W. O. Fuller, Jr., Dr. Samuel Tibbetts, R. H. Crockett, Mervyn Ap Rice, Mrs. G. M. Barney, Miss Grace Emery, Mrs. W. C. Pooler, Mrs. F. M. Shaw and Miss Winifred Shaw.

C. F. Prescott's Great Eastern Shows opened their season in this city.

Thomas Benner bought the Edward Bartlett house on Middle street.

The incendiary's latest work, was an attempt to burn the shed at the rear of the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Women were given the power of franchise in the meetings of the First Baptist parish. H. H. Crie was elected moderator, treasurer and assessor, and E. H. Lawry was elected clerk.

Pearl, son of George W. Ames of Oliver street, was thrown overboard from his bicycle at Tilson wharf, when attacked by a dog.

These recruits were mustered into Tilton Light Infantry by Major Ralph R. Ulmer: H. D. Ames, G. M. Barney, A. B. Bachelder, Henry Bird, John Bird, A. S. Black, L. E. Blackington, F. E. Carr, J. F. Carver, L. E. Cobb, Leroy Cole, C. H. Crockett, R. H. Crockett, G. E. Cross, T. H. Donohue, A. B. Duncan, W. T. Dunn, Eaton Day, George W. Fernald, H. M. Flint, J. C. Flint, Elton B. Gilchrist, W. A. Glover, S. D. Graves, W. W. Graves, F. E. Holman, A. P. Hunt, C. F. Jones, F. E. Keizer, J. F. Knight, E. B. MacAllister, Frank Magee, Harry R. Marsh, H. A. Mather, E. S. May, P. McAuliffe, A. C. McLean, W. H. McLean, K. E. Packard, Fred A. Parker, W. W. Parmenter, John L. Payson, A. O. Pillsbury, D. Walter Ramsdell, John D. Rankin, M. A. Rice, Judson J. Richardson, E. O. Russell, H. J. Shaw, F. J. Simonton, Jr., H. L. Simonton, G. L. St. Clair, O. W. Storer, E. C. Thomas, H. W. Thorndike, Walter E. Weeks and E. H. Wheeler. John Bird was elected to fill the vacancy caused by Capt. R. R. Ulmer's promotion to major, and M. A. Rice was elected second lieutenant to fill the vacancy caused by J. Warren Gray's resignation.

Strawberries, 15 cents a box.

C. A. Packard and J. T. Lothrop took charge of the Wade & Heald produce business.

Mrs. Mary Norton was to build an \$8000 house on Beech street and where a site was being provided by cutting the Cobb residence in two and moving it to Grove street.

J. H. Simonton moved the dancing pavilion at Oak Hill Grove.

The building occupied by Theodore Rosen's store, and by Fred Atkins as a tenement, was badly damaged by fire.

A mass of rock falling from the cliff of the Cobb Lime Co.'s quarry struck in the midst of a group of workmen breaking one of Edgar Butler's legs in two places.

L. E. Marsh took the Clinton House, Thomaston.

Work was begun on E. L. Hewett's new residence at Ingraham Hill.

J. F. Gregory & Son closed their riding school at the Spring street rink.

The building occupied by the Postal telegraph office in Gardiner.

The new schooner Methebesse, 376 tons, was launched by I. L. Snow & Co. Capt. John I. Snow was to command her. A German band furnished music.

Keyes Division, U. S. K. of P., named in honor of Samuel A. Keyes, was instituted by Col. Edwin Parsons of Kennebunk. The officers were R. R. Ulmer, S. A. Keyes, W. O. Abbott, John W. Titus, L. E. Wade, George P. White and L. E. Cobb.

Work was commenced on H. C. Clark's new residence, Rankin street.

Capt. William Sawtelle bought the grocery stock of the Farmers' Exchange, A. H. Newbert retaining the grain department.

Henry C. Day was elected superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school, with Mrs. George Lurvey as assistant.

Capt. Alden T. Sherman died at his home on Fulton street, aged 65 years.

Oliver B. Lovejoy was elected secretary of the Maine Letters Carriers Association.

The Great Council of Maine, Improved Order of Red Men, met in this city. Otis W. Bailey of Calais was elected Great Prophet.

Bailly of Calais was elected Great Prophet.

The following births were recorded: Rockland, May 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Patterson, a son.

Rockland, May 18, to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Britto, a son—Walter Franklin.

Vinalhaven, May 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Young, a daughter.

Rockland, May 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence L. Frost, a daughter.

Rockland, May 14, to Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Jackson, a son.

Union, May 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Millay, a daughter.

Rockland, May 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Patterson, a son.

Rockland, May 18, to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Britto, a son—Walter Franklin.

Vinalhaven, May 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Young, a daughter.

Rockland, May 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence L. Frost, a daughter.

Rockland, May 14, to Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Jackson, a son.

Union, May 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Millay, a daughter.

Rockland, May 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Patterson, a son.

Rockland, May 18, to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Britto, a son—Walter Franklin.

Vinalhaven, May 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Young, a daughter.

Rockland, May 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence L. Frost, a daughter.

Rockland, May 14, to Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Jackson, a son.

Union, May 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Millay, a daughter.

Rockland, May 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Patterson, a son.

Rockland, May 18, to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Britto, a son—Walter Franklin.

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Rockland, May 18, to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Britto, a son—Walter Franklin.

No Extra Charge If you buy on divided payments

If you buy securities on divided payments from the ordinary utility company or investment house you pay an extra charge for handling the divided payments.

If you buy from us you pay no such extra charge.

YOU GET EXACTLY THE SAME PRICE THAT YOU WOULD IF YOU BOUGHT A THOUSAND SHARES FOR CASH.

Yes, and you get 6½% interest on your divided payments, too.

Perhaps that is why 993 Maine men and women are today buying our stock on divided payments—and the number is steadily increasing.

Why don't you too invest on the savings plan, and have your money earn 6½%.

Anyway, send for information about this plan of piling up money for the future.

Central Maine Power Company

(of which Knox Electric Co. is a part)

AUGUSTA, MAINE

C. G. 5-31 21

1871
1896

Nathaniel Ward, a son—Edward L. Ward.

Clark Island, May 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stevens, a son.

Thomaston May 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Anderson, a son.

Camden, to Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Crockett, a son.

Rockport, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bickford of Vinalhaven, a son.

Camden to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Heald, a daughter.

Eldon Morton, a daughter.

North Haven, May 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beverage, a son.

Appleton May 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Perry, a son.

South Thomaston, May 5, to Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Horn, a son.

Appleton, May 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lancaster, a daughter.

The month's marriages were: Rockport, April 27, Fred W. Copeland and Bertha H. Morang.

St. George, April 25, Harvey W. Kenney and Grace B. Caddy.

Boston, April 20, Fred H. Speed of Providence and Lella E. McAllister of Rockland.

Rockland, May 15, George M. Burton and Georgie M. Linscott.

South Framingham, Mass., April 29, William J. Welch of South Framingham and Jennie L. Hanlon of Ash Point.

Rockland, May 18, Albert W. Ulmer and Miss Jennie A. Smith.

Camden, May 16, Charles A. Spear and Miss Fannie L. Philbrook of Rockland.

Rockland, May 15, Wilbur C. Marsh and Eva Burkett, both of Rockland.

Rockland, May 14, Sewall W. Heywood and Mrs. Emily Bryant.

PARK THEATRE

Bashful Charles Ray has an appealing role today in "An Old Fashioned Boy." He displays his well known mannerisms as a sailor for the hand of rather a snobbish girl. How he finally wins and wins her makes an interesting story.

Have you ever felt the corroding effects of time? Do you feel old at 35 or thereabouts? Have you lost your youth? If so, how are you to regain it? If you don't know you should see Thomas Meighan in his latest William DeMille Paramount picture, "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" which will be shown Wednesday.

The picture is delightful and not only does the hero again regain the state of being he seeks, but a romance, Conrad falls in love with the realization that he is in love, comes the restoration of his youth.

Every reader of current literature will recall the sensation caused by the publication several years ago of Winston Churchill's powerful novel, "The Hunch of the Cuernet." The story of the alleged hypocrisy of certain clergymen and men of wealth identified with churches as vestrymen. The philosophy of the book was criticized by churchmen in this country and in England as an unwarranted attack upon religion and the cloth. The picture rights having been obtained by Cosmopolitan at great expense, the story was pictured by Albert Capellani, a famous director and the film version will be shown here Thursday and Friday.

The story deals with the rector of a fashionable church who turns upon his wealthy parishioners when he discovers them parading under a mask of hypocrisy and invites the common people to attend his church. Eldon Parr, a vestryman, unscrupulous and tyrannical, alienates his son and his daughter and is finally killed by a man whom he had ruined. There is a pretty love romance between the rector and Parr's daughter which ends happily. The leading roles are played by William P. Carleton and Edith Hallor—adv.

Rev. H. R. Merritt, pastor of the Methodist church in Friendship, died at the age of 29.

Summed up in the notice posted in Room 1 is the result of the Junior-Freshman game played at Broadway ground, Wednesday.

Unknown Juniors, 10
Confident Freshmen, 2

The first word unknown is especially appropriate, since few of the Juniors ever go out for any sport. The word confident also applies well to the Freshmen, for they were a little confident of success, which might have been possible had all their efforts been eliminated. Five of the nine innings were held scoreless by both sides, the sixth inning being the unlucky one for the Frosh.

R. H. S. Juniors: Glendenning c. F. Kirkpatrick p. Titus 1b, Hall 2b, Curtis 3b, Rogers ss, Aylward rf, H. Snow of, Hollins lf.

R. H. S. Frosh: Baum c, Rising p, S. Snow 1b, Maslin 2b, R. Snow ss, Perry 3b, Knight rf, Winchenbach cf, Ames lf, Ludwig cf, sub.

Struck out, by Kirkpatrick 4, by Rising 10, Bases on balls, off Kirkpatrick 2, off Rising 3, Umpires, W. Kirkpatrick R. H. S. '21, and Miller R. H. S. '23. The Class Standing:

Played Won Lost P. C.
Juniors 2 1 0 1.000
Sophomores 1 1 0 1.000
Freshmen 3 0 3 .000
Seniors 0 0 0 .000

Every time a newspaper

it does a direct injury to the
entire newspaper business



At your Grocer
Fresh For You
The Morning Glory
of the Breakfast
Table

THE PAST WEEK IN REVIEW

The Courier-Gazette's Brief Glance At the Most Important Things
Engaging the World's Attention.

Congress Making Progress.

Congress is making some progress with its work. The emergency tariff bill which, as recorded in this column last week, was sent to conference, after it had been passed by the Senate, with some slight changes, by a vote of 63 to 28, was sent to the President May 23, after the House had concurred in the Senate amendments by a vote of 245 to 97. The permanent tariff bill is expected to be reported by the House ways and means committee early in June. The committee has reported a very unusual joint resolution under which rates reported by the committee would become immediately effective, without waiting for debate and action by the two houses, simply by incorporating an emergency clause. This resolution is certain to encounter strong opposition.

The Present Congressional Program.

The Congressional leaders are desirous of disposing of as many measures as possible in the next two weeks, in order to clear the way for the permanent tariff and tax revision. Prominent among the measures scheduled for completion within the fortnight are the Knox peace resolution, possibly in some modified form, the army and navy appropriation bills; the Good-McCormack bill for a Federal budget; and the deficiency appropriation bill. The latter is certain to be considerably reduced from its original proportions, for there is an increasing resentment against the tendency of department heads to exceed the appropriations made for them and to cover the difference by deficiency appropriation.

The Budget Bill

The House and Senate conferees reached an agreement May 23, upon the budget bill. The differences at issue had no relation to the essential features of the bill, but to the machinery for its operation. It was a somewhat similar question which occasioned President Wilson's veto of the bill about a year ago. President Wilson approved of the principle of a budget, but was disturbed because the bill as sent to him permitted the removal of the special officers created by it, by Congress. Under the bill as now agreed upon, the bureau of the budget is placed in the Treasury Department, with a Director and Assistant Director to be appointed by the President without confirmation by the Senate. The Controller General is to hold office for 15 years and to be ineligible for reappointment.

The Pope's Appeal for Ireland.

Pope Benedict, on May 21, made an earnest appeal to all factions and parties for peace in Ireland. His appeal was distinctly neutral. He urged that the present bitter strife could not profit either party "when property and homes are being ruthlessly and disgracefully laid waste, when villages and farmsteads are being set aflame, when neither sacred places nor sacred persons are spared; and when on both sides a war resulting in the death of unarmed people and even of women and children, is being carried on." These words describe accurately what is daily happening in Ireland to the amazement and horror of the civilized world. The Pope insists that the time has come for a conference of influential men of both parties to determine by common consent on some means of settling the question in a sincere spirit of peace and reconciliation. The appeal is communicated through Cardinal Logue who has more than once urged moderate measures.

Peace in Cuba.

General Gomez, who, only a few weeks ago, was urging the United States to intervene in Cuba, and to establish a provisional government until there could be a new election, finally abandoned his opposition when he was convinced that the United States would not espouse his cause; and not only that, but sent a message of congratulation to his successful rival, Alfredo Zayas. On May 29, the new President was inaugurated; and, in his address before a joint session of both houses, urged economy in governmental administration and a number of constitutional reforms, including the election of President by direct vote of the people; the non-re-election of a President; and the abolition of the constitutional immunity for members of the Legislature. He would cut the proposed budget for the next fiscal year from \$128,000,000 to between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000. The new administration faces some serious problems, but it has made a good beginning.

The Silesian Situation.

The Silesian situation has become more and more acute as it has become more evident that the German forces which are fighting against the Poles are not mere volunteers or representatives of the local German population but men from the regular army. On May 22, Premier Briand notified the German government to end definitely all attempts at aggression in Silesia. If Germany did not want to expose itself to reprisals by the Allies; and on May 23, it was announced that, as the result of interchanges between France and Great Britain, a British force would be sent in the near future to reinforce the Allied contingents in Upper Silesia. The Polish Diet has passed a resolution expressing the conviction that France will watch over the strict execution of the Treaty of Versailles in accordance with the results of the plebiscite in Upper Silesia.

Premier Briand Satisfied.

On May 24, Premier Briand received assurances from the German Government that it would close the frontier between Germany and the plebiscite zone and would also see to the disarmament of the bands in Silesia; and on the same day, addressing the Chamber of Deputies, he expressed confidence in the good faith and loyalty of the government of Chancellor Wirth, which had given these assurances, and made it clear that, unless there were some flagrant violation of the disarmament or repatriation clauses by Germany, the troops on the Rhine would not be ordered to advance into the Ruhr region, and then only conditionally on agreement with the Allies. He added: "France did not have to use force. France identified its will to Germany, and was obeyed."

The Question of Yap.

Announcement is made from Washington that the State Department received May 23, a communication from the Japanese Government, bearing on the controversy over the status of Yap, concerning which Secretary Hughes sent a letter to the Allied Powers on April 6. The contents of the Japanese communication was not disclosed, but it is understood that he began saying over and over to himself, "Now look here, Camel, no matter what Camel Three says, you mustn't get excited." "You don't have to," said Camel Three. "But if you say things like that I must," said Camel One. "You don't have to at all," said Camel Three. "Just say to yourself, 'Now look here, Camel, no matter what Camel Three says, you mustn't get excited.'"

"I'll try that," said Camel One. And he began saying over and over to himself, "Now look here, Camel, no matter what Camel Three says, you mustn't get excited." "Ab," said Camel Three, "they couldn't have had this play without us. We have gone into circuses it is true, but now we have also gone on the stage. We've been a part of a play and a most important part."

"A most important part," said Camel Two, "sometimes like the scenery. Most important." "We aren't scenery," said Camel Three. "We're camels." "Well, I know that," said Camel Two. "No one knows better than I do that I am a camel. But still I heard some one say we were a part of the scenery. So we must be. We are part of the scenery as well as being camels. We're more than we thought we were."

"For some one said, 'Those camels are such a beautiful part of the scenery.' Now what do you make of that?" "I make of that," said Camel Three, "that we made the scene much more real. Just as if they were giving a play with a scene in a children's nursery. It would be suitable, wouldn't it, to have a few children around now, wouldn't it? In the same way it is suitable to have us in this play."

"What does suitable mean?" the other camels asked. "The thing," said Camel Three. "Fine," the other camels agreed, as they trudged into their stable for a good night's rest.

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THE THREE CAMELS.

"Hello," said Camel One, "here we are in the big city. It is quite a contrast from our desert home."

"It is indeed," said Camel Two. "But I am glad the weather is a little milder. The other night when we were walking down to our stable home it was snowy and rainy and very chilly."

"It seems strange," said Camel Three, "that they cannot get enough people to act. It seems strange that they need us too."

"That shows how important camels are. And they've always said we weren't very bright. If we weren't very bright we could never have gone on the stage."

"We didn't go on the stage with our brains," said Camel One. "We walked there with our long legs."

Now the three camels belonged to a theater which was giving a play about the desert. Every day the Camels were walked up to the theater and every evening after the theater was out they were walked down to their stable.

"Ah," said Camel Three, "we must have some brains or we couldn't have gone on the stage. I don't mean that we couldn't have walked on it but we couldn't have really acted on it."

"We have some brains," said Camel One, "but not many. They are what you call few and far between."

"Brains aren't few and far between. What brains a creature has are near together, in the head," said Camel Three.

"Oh, very well," said Camel One. "I think," said Camel Three, "it takes a great actor to be able to walk across the stage properly. Poor actors and actresses look like sticks."

"I have never seen one look like a stick," said Camel One. "All the



Look Like Sticks.

actors and actresses I've seen have had arms and legs and faces and hair too. Sticks don't have all that."

"You're absurd," said Camel Three. "I mean that actors and actresses who are poor at their work are just about as awkward as sticks. Of course they aren't really sticks."

"Then I wish," said Camel One, "you wouldn't talk in that way. I got quite excited thinking about actors and actresses who looked like sticks, quite excited. And I don't wish to get excited."

"You don't have to," said Camel Three. "But if you say things like that I must," said Camel One.

"You don't have to at all," said Camel Three. "Just say to yourself, 'Now look here, Camel, no matter what Camel Three says, you mustn't get excited.'"

"I'll try that," said Camel One. And he began saying over and over to himself, "Now look here, Camel, no matter what Camel Three says, you mustn't get excited."

"Ab," said Camel Three, "they couldn't have had this play without us. We have gone into circuses it is true, but now we have also gone on the stage. We've been a part of a play and a most important part."

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True.

Teacher—Now, children, what is it we want most in the world to make us perfectly happy?

Bright Youngster—The things we ain't got.—Stray Stories.

Meanest Yet.

Sales Manager—"Well, Jobbie, how did that last prospect turn out?" Vacuum Cleaner Canvaser—"The original Mrs. Gaspard, the well-known miser's worst half! That dame let me demonstrate the machine till I made her best rug look like new, and then all I got was a demand for a quarter of a dollar to pay for the electricity she estimated I'd used."—Buffalo Express.

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The Black Sheep

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

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Old Abner Randall had written six letters to as many sons and daughters who had married and were settled down in their own new homes at a distance. There was a motive in the unusual epistolary incident. Just previous to sending the communications he had consulted his old friend and legal adviser, David Rowe, whom he trusted, and whose advice was always asked and followed, and had said to him:

"Rowe, I have had a great longing to see the children and find out how they are getting along for quite a time back. I am getting old, I long to have some of them with me. I have hinted to each one of them my wish, and they must all be aware of the fact that I am prepared to give them a portion of my fortune if they fall in with my desires. Now Alan has become a doctor, Marcus a lawyer, Martha has married a city broker, Jeanette is prominent socially, Norine has gained some celebrity as a lady lecturer, and, ah, poor Harold! 'the black sheep of the family,' as they call him! I have not heard from him for over ten years, and I do not even know what my letter reached him, for he is a rolling stone and a wanderer. He was a restless, independent character, probably has not made any great progress in the world, but he is the only one of the group who has not at some time or other borrowed or begged from me and had his eye on what he could get from me. I can't leave him out in the cold, for with all his uncertain rambling ways, I think he was true blue as to his regard for me. I have invited each one of the six to visit me in turn."

Mr. Rowe made no comment. His eye had glowed as Harold Randall was named. He recalled the handsome, accommodating lad who had been his prime favorite when a lad, and felt that he deserved the enormous bequest bestowed by his father. He doubted not that the proposed unique experiment would develop Harold as the best one of the lot, as he mentally designated it. He liked the boy and wished him well. Yet the lawyer was somewhat curious and expectant when a week later he called upon his eccentric client.

"Heard from the family?" he inquired casually.

"From all of them. Alan writes that his professional duties make it impossible for him to leave his patients. Marcus the same, Martha and Norine will be here next month. Jeanette's husband writes that he is having some monetary difficulties and as usual indicates what a favor a loan would mean to him."

"And Harold?" ventured the lawyer eagerly.

"He has set a date a few weeks ahead for himself and his family, he writes. I wonder how many there are, for I did not even know that he was married. In his candid, impetuous way, he informs me that he has not been very successful in his business career, and hopes I could get him a position in the old home town here among the friends he still cherishes."

It was a month later that Mr. Rowe again called upon his client. He found the latter a good deal disappointed, for his daughters had come for a few days' visit only, and had not made a very favorable impression.

"They are all a distinct disappointment," reported Mr. Randall. "Each one seems wedded to a self-centered life away from the old home nest. Norine is absorbed in her own affairs among a set of reformers and literary prodigies, and Jeanette is engrossed in making her way as a social leader. They were not at all effusive at settling down in a dead country village, as they termed it. The old home has no charm for any of them, it seems. They were hopeful and willing to accept a share of my little fortune, but the glare and variety of city life held them firmly, and among them all there are no children, and I had hoped to fill the house with little ones who would be a comfort to me in my old age."

"But Harold," reminded Mr. Rowe. "He will be here tomorrow, he wrote me, and the next morning as the lawyer was shown into the library of the Randall home it was to be greeted by the lad who had been an old-time favorite. He greeted the prodigal son warmly and was pleased to note the glow of satisfaction and hope in the eyes of his client."

"And the family you wrote about?" observed Mr. Randall to his welcome son.

"Oh, I left them at the hotel, the wife and six little ones. I couldn't think of imposing upon you with that noisy brood. The truth is, father, I only hope you could get me a steady position here. I am tired of knocking about the world with no luck or prospects."

"Six children!" cried the happy grandfather. "My dear boy, you will bring them up to the house at once. There is room, love and comfort here for all of you in a home that shall be yours some day."

And this was the welcome back to the old life and the love with which it was filled, the homecoming of the black sheep of the family, who steadily made good with the kind-hearted parent who found a new joy and peace surrounded by the little brood who knew their indulgent grandfather for the first time in their experience.

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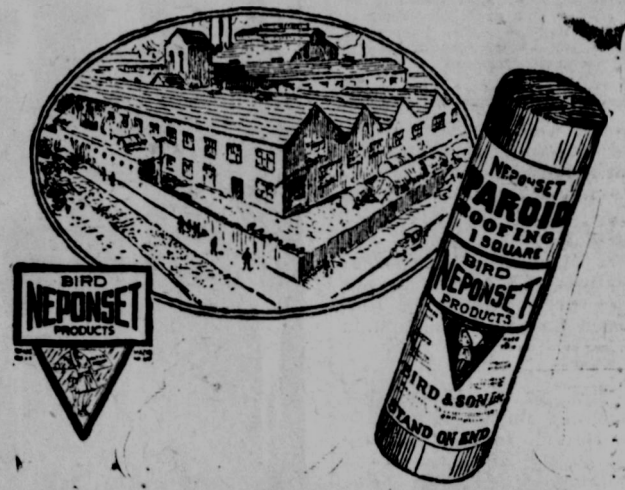
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