

Today
Harte's
Orchestra
Shows at
3, 7:30, 9

HARTE THEATRE

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SPECIAL, SPECIAL, SPECIAL—IT'S A PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION

Dorothy Dalton

"The Crimson Challenge"

A Western feature full of excitement in which a girl rancher vows to avenge her father's death and finally kills the terror of the valley.

Episode No. 4 of "PERILS OF THE YUKON"

Featuring WILLIAM DESMOND.

Tomorrow—LEAH BAIRD in "WHEN THE DEVIL DRIVES," and "Step This Way," An Educational Comedy.

BENNINGTON BRIEFS

News of the Town and Village and Advertisements.

Don't forget the Midsummer Prom at High school hall, August 29. Dancing from 9 to 1. Admission 60 cents.

We have four vacancies for men in our shipping department. Permanent inside job. Phone 47, or call at office, The Allen A. Co. * 9111

Leah Baird in "When The Devil Drives," with gorgeous gowns and some fine interior sets. Also "Step This Way," an Educational comedy Harte theatre tomorrow.

F. M. Harrington can take a load to Pittsfield Saturday, August 26th. He would also like a load to take to Boston or any station between here and Boston on or about September 1st.

In "Saturday Night" Miss Joy shares stelar honors with Edith Roberts, Conrad Nagel and Jack Mower. Such notable players as Theodore Roberts, Edythe Chapman, Sylvia Ashton, Julia Faye, John Davidson and others appear in the cast. A mammoth attraction. Opera House Friday and Saturday.

ON THE JOB

Willis—How is the efficiency expert coming on at your office?
Gillis—Fine. He was such a success for the boss that we employees hired him for a week.
"Did he make good?"
"Did he?" He showed us a new way to beat the time clock, taught us a lot of brand-new excuses for being late and how to hook the boss' cigars without being caught.—Life.

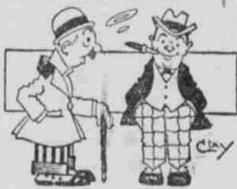
The Ruse.

"Is that an interesting book you are reading?" asked the garrulous traveler.
"Why, yes," said the crafty old gentleman, carefully concealing the title of the best seller he hid in his hand. "This is a book on relativity. Now, if you have an hour or two to spare, I'll explain the theory to you, so—"
But even as he spoke the garrulous traveler rose from his seat and fled to the smoker.

Loads of Time Yet.

"Well, Harry," remarked Uncle cheerfully, as he came upon the small dog of the house busy in the front room, "good boy this morning, I hope?"
Harry regarded the clock and perceived it was just 11:30.

"I don't know yet, uncle," he said doubtfully. "There's half an hour gone."



THE EXPLANATION

"Brown doesn't strike me as literary, yet he declares that he never feels so comfortable as when he is snugly settled in his library."
"Oh, that's not surprising. His bookcase is a folding bed."

A Sensible Name.

They chose a name for the baby first. "Archibald," he was called. So when he's old and straggly of hair they can call him Archibald.

The Bride Shops.

"The dealer calls it Hamburger cheese."
"I should have thought its odor would have deterred you from bringing it into our happy home."
"He suggested it over the telephone, dear."

Assistance Not Appreciated.

Lady of the House—And you are going to leave me, Lena! I who have been so nice to you! Haven't I always done at least half of your work?
Lena—Yes, that's true, Mrs. Daly, but you have never done the work so that it satisfied me.

Positively Vulgar.

"When did you first begin to suspect that the gentleman burglar was not as polished as he seemed?"
"Shortly after we became acquainted," said the eminent parlor detective. "Whenever the subject was mentioned he referred to the police conveyance as the 'wagon.'"

Sure Enough.

"What in the world are you musing at that married couple so intently for?" asked one young woman of another on the train.
"Oh!" said the other girl with a start and a sigh. "It's so natural for us girls to contemplate matrimony, you know."



FAITHFUL COMRADES

at ex-Doughboy: Well George there was always something about a cootie that I admired.
2d ex-Doughboy: Admired!
1st ex-Doughboy: Yeah! They stuck with us through the thick of the fight and they never went A. W. O. L.

Useful.

Money does not make happiness. Nor drive our bills away. But it comes handy, none the less. When we have bills to pay.

"MONEY" NOT ALWAYS COIN

Various Parts of the World Have a Currency Quite Distinct From Dollars and Cents.

Poets and philosophers, both ancient and modern, unite in warning us against money—money-getting and money-hoarding. True, yet Solomon says that "money is a defense," which is also true, for without it we are indeed helpless. The first thing we do when we find ourselves in a foreign country, is to learn the coinage of that country. Whether it be francs, thalers or dollars, we lose no time in getting the relative value of them into our minds. The average traveler finds this no easy matter, but if his wander-

ing ruff had turned to a golden mist. Finally a policeman tapped Jack on the arm.

"What's the big idea?" he asked, laughing heartily in spite of himself. "Sun's been out for fifteen minutes April showers bring May flowers—so the saying goes."

Jack Denton closed his desk with a bang, jammed his hat down on his head and started for the door.
"Better take your slicker, Mr. Denton," suggested the office boy, "it's raining like the dickens."
Denton halted in his mad rush, right flanked and walked over to the window. "Humph!" he commented bitterly, half to himself. "Nature weeping for her sins!"
Ordinarily Denton wouldn't have thought of venturing out in such a downpour unless it was absolutely necessary.



Shell Money.

ings take him beyond the reach of francs, thalers and dollars, his difficulties increase tenfold.

For instance, if he finds himself in Central Africa his well-filled purse will be of no use to him, whereas with a handful of cowrie shells he can pay his way comfortably. Thus one discovers that money does not necessarily mean coin. Coin is the outcome of civilization. The earliest attempt of the savage mind in the way of commerce takes the form of barter, one article being exchanged for another; and it is a step in advance when he begins to use one article as an equivalent for any goods received. Hence cowrie shells, which are very good money all over Africa and in some other parts of the world. Cowries are usually threaded upon cords, many yards long. These are twisted into coils. A man who wishes to buy a fowl, or a basket of eggs, will cut off a portion of his shell rope and hand it over to the seller.

Rope money of a different sort is used in the South Sea Islands, where the natives carry long coils of rope cunningly wrought of flying fox fur or of tiny, brilliant feathers. This sort of money, if not convenient, is at least picturesque.—Montreal Family Herald.

Watch Lost Ten Years Keeps Time.

Rev. B. W. Bacon, a professor in Yale Divinity school, was traveling in western Canada, in 1911, and while in the deep snow of the Selkirk mountains, lost his gold watch, presented to him by the members of a church which he served in Oswego, N. Y. Last September the watch was found and the finder read the inscription and sent it to the church which had presented it. Thence it was sent on to the owner, who says the watch is now keeping good time after its silence and exposure of over ten years.

Horse Operates Family Pump.

The oddest procedure I ever witnessed, says an Ontario correspondent, was that of a horse which on becoming thirsty repeatedly whinnied for a drink. When no one came the animal seized the pump handle in his teeth and worked it up and down until he had enough water pumped for a drink. She says she has seen this horse do this numerous times.

King George's Life Insurance.

King George's life insurance policies are said to total something like \$10,000,000.

R. C. Reynolds' August Furniture Sale

Whether you adhere to periods in the furnishing of your home or whether you select comfortable pieces of furniture at random, R. C. Reynolds' present August Furniture Reductions are too outstanding to go unnoticed. Systematic buying of furniture tends to the realization of the highest ideals of what the home should be.

You will be pleased with the immense variety, and, in addition, you are getting the benefit of prices that you will not find duplicated anywhere in this or nearby cities for furniture of a like quality.

Wicker Furniture is lower Dining Room Furniture is lower Bedroom Furniture is lower Living Room Furniture is lower

If your cash is busy you are invited to open a contract payment account. It gives you all the advantages of our Big August Sale Reductions. You may include in your purchase everything to furnish your home complete—Stoves, Bed Blankets and Comfortables, Curtains, Dinner Sets, Cutlery, Table Silverware, Rugs, Carpets and Linoleums, Framed Pictures, Beds and Bedding, and all the furniture you need.

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TESTS FOR GEORGE

By LOUIS H. RAYBOLD

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"No, mother," and Constance shook her bobbed head vigorously. "I am not going to marry George unless I am absolutely sure of myself—and him. I'm too modern and well trained to make a leap in the dark."

"And how," began her mother mildly, "do you propose to make yourself any surer than I already supposed you were, and may I ask, what does George think of all this?"
"George?" Constance answered her mother's second question first. "Why, George won't know anything about it until it's all over. Then, if he has failed, I'll simply say everything is at an end."

Constance rose with dignity and the impudence of the present young generation. "This is my marriage, mother," she said coldly, "and I'll attend to it!"
Now her daughter's engagement to George Morse had come to Mrs. Peck as a blessing straight from heaven. That her restless, daredevil child should give herself to so splendid and dependable a man.

That evening Mrs. Peck contrived a moment alone with George as he waited for Constance to put a finishing touch or two before coming down to go with him to the annual ladies' night of the one club to which he belonged. And after a few moments' earnest conversation Constance's mother wound up almost tearfully, "Constance would never forgive me, George, if she knew I told you. But I did it for her good."

"Don't worry, mother," said George. "I'll never give you away. I'm a hundred times obliged and can promise you everything will turn out beautifully!"

At that moment Constance appeared, but, strange to say, she was not dressed for attending ladies' night. Clad in short sport shirt, heavy sweater and wooden togs she seemed ready for an evening out of doors.
"George," she began gently, "I don't want to go a bit tonight. Instead, let's go over on Bennett's pond skating. Will you?"

George had risen and, hands in his pockets, was glowering, actually glowering, at Constance.
"What do you mean by this, Constance? You know I came here to take you. I'll wait exactly half an hour for you. Otherwise I go alone."
Remarkable to say, Constance, assisted by a mother who was inwardly wondering if she had been mistaken in George after all, was ready at the end of the half hour, and head high and chin proudly set marched off with George. The evening was not a particularly happy one.

Nor did Constance's two other carefully planned experiments meet with any more conspicuous success. Surrounding herself with half a dozen youngsters and two dogs just prior to this call the next afternoon, she staged the scene for test No. 2.

George arrived, but instead of falling to and joining in their merry game, he rather peremptorily bade her "get rid of that gang and call off the confounded curs who were yapping at her heels!"

It was almost tearfully that Constance broached test No. 3. She hinted at it to George as they sat out in the couch hammock after the children had been dismissed.
"I couldn't marry anyone but a regular 'mum's man,'" she said, apropos of nothing at all. "I'm so glad you're that!"
"But am I?" said George easily. "I'm sure that isn't the sort of a reputation I have among the fellows in the office. They consider me a regular lady killer! Look at you, for instance! How easily I captured you. And that reminds me: Just when is to be our happy wedding day?"
For a moment Constance regarded

him queerly. Then, "I'm not sure we are ever going to be married," she said coldly. "I'm not sure it's not all a mistake that we've found out just in time."

"How come?" asked George pleasantly, and Constance thought he seemed very little upset.
"Well, I—I've been 'testing you.' She burst forth with the whole story, while George listened with a smile that was both tender and appreciative. When she had finished and was twisting her handkerchief into a tight little ball that was wet from sprinklings of tears which had accompanied the tale, George reached out with two strong arms and gathered Constance to him.

"There, dear," he whispered. "Cry on my shoulder. Do you love me?"
"Yes," said Constance.
"Going to marry me?"
"Yes," said the girl again.
"Well," said George triumphantly, "just see what that proves! I failed to meet your requirements and yet you love me! That shows I am the one and only man in the world for you. Now, if I'd only known! You see, as a matter of fact, I do like dogs and—but that's another story!"
And George's mother-in-law never told.

Degrees of Intimacy.
"Look here, waiter. You know me, don't you?"
"Oh, yes, sir, I know you quite well, sir. Will you have Scotch or rye?"

"I don't want a drink, waiter. I find that I have left my purse at home, and I thought perhaps—"
"Sorry, sir, but I don't know you as well as I thought I did."

Disappointed.
Belde—Sometimes I think that you don't love me any more.

Groom—Why, I love you just the same as ever.
Bride—Then I was right; you don't love me any more than you did and I thought your love would grow—Loo hoo!

What a Dreadful Mistake!
Jack Potts—Sorry I couldn't get home earlier, my dear. Poor old Pete Faraway is dangerously sick in bed and he sent for me to come and see him. Anyone here while I was out?
His Wife—Only poor old Pete Faraway. He dropped in to see you.

The Way of It.
"That young man is very flagrant about his preference for blondes or brunettes."
"How do you mean?"
"If he prefers blondes, he keeps it a dark secret, and when he's dining with brunettes, he makes light of it."

Only Thing His Own.
"I wonder will Smithers always allude to his wife so lovingly as 'my own'?"
"Well, she is his own. Everything else in his home he is paying for on the installment plan." — Pearson's Weekly.



BITTER THOUGHTS.

Mrs. Pester—Have you forgotten that this is our wedding anniversary?

Mr. Pester—What a pessimist you are to brood over such subjects.

Advice.
Remember this, when duty calls it never pays to shirk. You're dodging opportunity when you are dodging work.

Notice!

Absolutely no trespassing in the orchards at Pownal or Bennington.

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ESTATE OF MOSES WILSON

State of Vermont

District of Bennington ss.

The Honorable Probate Court For The District of Bennington

Do hereby certify that the will of the late of Moses Wilson late of Bennington in said district deceased, was presented to the Court aforesaid for Probate.

And it is ordered by said Court that the 21st day of August 1922 at the Probate Office in said Bennington, be assigned for proving said instrument and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Bennington Evening Banner a newspaper circulating in that vicinity in said district, previous to that time appointed.

WHEREFORE, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place aforesaid and testify to the probate of said will, if you have cause.

Given under my hand at Bennington in said District, this 7th day of Aug. 1922.

Edward C. Bennett, Judge.

APRIL SHOWERS

By BEE McDONALD

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Jack Denton closed his desk with a bang, jammed his hat down on his head and started for the door.
"Better take your slicker, Mr. Denton," suggested the office boy, "it's raining like the dickens."

Denton halted in his mad rush, right flanked and walked over to the window. "Humph!" he commented bitterly, half to himself. "Nature weeping for her sins!"
Ordinarily Denton wouldn't have thought of venturing out in such a downpour unless it was absolutely necessary.

At the corner he met Byther, undoubtedly the best friend he had on earth, who pulled him under an awning to say, "For the love of Pete cheer

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Pictorial Review

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE

COLLEGE BOYS REPRESENT PICTORIAL

REVIEW

A group of college boys are now in Bennington, who are earning their tuition and college expenses by soliciting subscriptions to the Pictorial Review during their summer vacation.

The boys carry credentials from the Pictorial Review Co., bearing their photographs and may be easily identified. Their names are

R. D. Rosenberger, Crew Captain, Penn State, '23.

A. T. Mijhorat, Columbia, '23.

M. D. Russell, N. Y. University, '24.

F. T. O'Donnell, N. Y. University, '24.

T. L. CORT,

Branch Manager, New Haven, Conn.