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NEWPORT LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. George Perkins, who have been visiting Mrs. Perkins' sister, Mrs. Howard Lindsay returned to their home in Lowell, Mass.

Leonard Carrier has been taken to the Sherbrooke hospital where he is to undergo an operation.

NOTICE I hereby forbid anyone trusting my wife or any other person on my account. GEORGE LAPLANTE, Newport.



Today Tomorrow Every Day

You are insured against scarcity or inefficiency of help if you acquire the very simple habit of going to the classified pages of this paper for a solution of your difficulties.

Here can be found every class of help, from the humble chore boy to the efficient business executive—the model parlor maid, and the cool, who knows how to prepare the dishes "mother used to make."

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Read the Want Ads in the CALEDONIAN-RECORD

"You've Got A Crust" "Yes, A Loaf of Golden Crust Bread" -From- COOLEY & SMITH East Main St., Newport

Developing, Printing and Enlarging for Amateurs. Special attention paid to mail orders. 24 hour service. All orders forwarded, postage prepaid. Send for price list. PHOTO-CRAFT SHOP 37 Main St., Newport, Vt. "Everything Photographic" Eastman Kodak Agency

YOU CAN TURN TIME INTO MONEY

The money you place in this bank at compound interest is growing greater day by day, week in and week out, year after year. On the other hand, every day that your funds are idle represents a real loss.—Just as real as though an amount equal to your interest slipped through a hole in your pocket. This bank, as you see, is a medium for turning time into money.

Orleans Trust Company Newport, Vermont

St. J. Girl Visits "Painted Desert" and "Bad Lands"

(Continued from page one) to the mad fantasies of color. Thirty distinct colors of sand gleamed in the intense sunlight. Below the black cliffs, the desert twisted into an agony of contortions and writhings. Exquisite agony, shot by streaks of marble white whose tipped upheavals flushed in the scorching sun. Pink chasms yawned for miles and miles. Drifting clouds in the heavens cast deep, black shadows that cut the rosy monotony. Mother Earth was indulging herself with a magnificent orgy of color.

Lying in and around the "Painted Desert" is the Petrified Black Forest. None of the trees are standing, but lie scattered in all conceivable positions and in fragments of all sizes. It is believed by geologists that these trees once grew beside an inland sea, before the Stone Age.

The new country into which we came seemed almost colorless in comparison with the "Painted Desert". Green distances stretched away into blue misty expanse of sky line and mesa. Holbrook is a rather uncomfortably warm oasis in the desert, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, it was especially so. Not having eaten since six o'clock that morning, however, we reached it and its hotel with great enthusiasm.

Early the next morning we left for the famous Spanish province of Tusayan, the home of the Hopi Indians. It is here that the marvelous snake dance takes place every August between the 29th and 30th day of the month, (the exact date being determined by the moon). This dance has attracted sightseers from all quarters of the globe. We found it a strange country of shadowy sands and of the oriental appearance with its pyramids and fantastic white rock formations. A native Rebecca watered her flocks at a water hole. Now and then we caught a glimpse of a mounted Western Bedouin in his gay head dress. We had lunch in Keon's Canyon and pushed on into the heart of the Reservation.

At Arabi the beating of the tom-toms and the sound of the Indian chanters were heard. The Indians were holding the Buffalo Dance, pleading for rain. Of the four central figures, the two men had blackened their faces, while the two girls wore their shining black hair across their forehead and eyes. Their costumes were savage and one could not but be thrilled as he listened to the beat of the music and witnessed the primitive appeal. Even as they danced, clouds gathered over the sun and quick pattering rain soon fell on the dusty square.

There are three great stone mesas in the Hopi Reservation rising straight and high from the plain, and loftily perched on their summits are the seven "Cities of the Sides". The three stone mesas are only a few miles apart and are strikingly beautiful in their dignity. For five miles we climbed up, up to these "Cities of the Sides". The little white adobe village of Hotavilla was very picturesque. Eagerly we scrambled up the ladders to sit on the flat roofs and watch the Antelope Priests in the square below. In the late afternoon of the day before the great snake dance, these priests appear wearing only the ceremonial blanket wrapped around their waists, their rhythmically swaying bodies covered with grotesque paint. Their low chant-

ing filled the early evening air as they enacted a prayer for rain and for their brothers, the snake priests. When the primitive ceremony was over, the white invaders returned to their camps and the Hopi men silently watched their dusky figures against the sunset skies.

Long before dawn of the next morning the runners who were to take part in the races had gone out on the plains. Just before sunrise the races began. Far, far down the prairie the racers came running. For miles they ran until they reached the foot of the great mesa. Undaunted they dashed up the cliffs into the cheering crowd. Behind them painted men bearing cornstalks. Also came painted "devil chasers", and young braves. The waiting women greeted them with laughs and cries and fought for the corn stalks. Never did the Hopi man allow his stalk to be taken until his own woman had been sufficiently tantalized when, with a grin and a shrug, he surrendered it to her.

In the afternoon as the shadow of the sun reached the sacred rock the beating of the tom-tom was again heard, and the antelope dancers dressed as on the previous day issued from their kiva into the court yard. At one end of the court yard was built a shrine (kiski) of cottonwood boughs covered with canvass in which the snakes had been placed for the ceremony. In front of this had been dug a hole, over which a board had been laid. This hole is the entrance to the underworld, the abiding place, shi-pu, of the gods. They circled over shi-pu a number of times and then took their places on either side of the kiski, bending and swinging in time to their weird chant and waving their feathered wands.

Then the snake priests dashed in. Eagle feathers formed their barbaric head dress. Black paint made their faces hideous. Bizarre necklaces hung on their naked chests. Ceremonial blankets hung about their waists and dangling coyote skins gave them the fantastic appearance of huge, strange animals. They took their places in front of the antelope priests and with them chanting and waved their wands while the music grew wilder and wilder and then, suddenly broke. A dancer reached down into the kiski and pulled forth a great writhing snake. For a moment the crowd was breathless. It was a rattle! Without seeming fear, the dancer put its neck in his mouth and its great tail wound around the dancer's arm. A second dancer placed his hand on the first dancer's arm and stroked the snake with his wand while a third fell in behind and with rhythmic step they three started around the court yard. Very quickly the entire number of dancers had forced into like groups of three and with their snakes had made the circle of the dance, their movement and song were both wild and swift. After circling several times the dancers of each group would throw their snake to the ground where it writhed, coiled and shot into the air. Women shrieked in terror, children screamed and the people on the roof trembled with excitement. Then the shining body of a snake priest would dart after the escaping reptile, seizing it and swinging it high over the heads of the throbbing crowd. In the meantime the first two dancers of each group would go on around to the kiski and obtain another serpent and so on and on until 70 or 80 snakes would be gathered; the wild, beating music never ceasing until the last snake had been taken from the kiski. At last they formed a circle into which all the snakes were thrown,—a twisting, turning mass. After sprinkling them with sacred meal each dancer seized as many as he could, rattlers, bull snakes and racers, and away they ran to the four winds, far out upon the prairies where the snakes were permitted to seek their holes and so carry the prayers of the mesa people to the underground gods. Their sacred duties being performed, the snake priests returned to the traditional well where they were bathed and purified, thus escaping in some unknown way the deadly effects of snake poisoning. Thus ended the Indian Hopi Snake Dance.

That night we camped under the cottonwood trees at the foot of Walpi. We were awakened early by the singing of a goat herder far up on the mesa. It was a steep wagon road that wound in that direction. As we later climbed it, the engine of our car pointed nearly straight into the sky. At the last climb, we stopped at the big rock altar where the Hopis plant their prayer sticks. Old Walpi is the most famous and picturesque of the "Cities of the Sides".

For a long time we dangled our feet over a jutting precipice and watched the convulsions of beating wands that stretched along the foothills down the mesa. Far, far below lay a vast world of blue and green and gold. Cool prairie winds tempered the heat of this ancient civilization. The narrow streets were of solid rock, many of them being blind alleys that ran between the quaint old stone houses. As the chief was a friend of Mr.



TALKING BUSINESS "Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." "Well, why doesn't the other half advertise?"



VERY CAUTIOUS Deacon Mouse: It looks very tempting, but in this age of wonderful inventions, it may be a wireless trap!

Staples we were allowed to climb the ladders into low ceiling houses built tier on tier. An old squaw often knelt in a corner of an immaculate room, grinding corn, while a younger one would answer our "Lola me" in beautiful English that was softened and made musical by the Hopi tongue. Sacred dolls hung upon the walls, stone jugs stood along the floor, while a ladder leaned up into another story. With her face wreathed in smiles a squaw bade us good morning and we came out to stare curiously into the kivas (council dungeons) of the Hopi braves.

Instead of riding back to camp, two of us carefully descended the steps carved in rock and followed a foot path down the mesa. Half way down we found an underground spring of ancient tradition. On the damp stone overhead were traces of the last "Flute Dance". Back on the great desert we camped at Ganada, an historical trading post. After that there were no more difficulties. We had crossed the only bridgeless rivers with no more damage than a little dampness. We passed through sixteen miles of deep, wild forest. In the heart of the woods we stopped at a little trading post where only a year ago, the Indians burned the white trader and raided his commissary.

In the afternoon of the twenty-eighth, we returned to Thoreau, back to a civilization in which Mr. Staples holds most of the political offices from Mayor and Justice of the Peace to General Manager of the Bureau of Information, and owns the largest store and trading post, not to mention half the town. Talk about a "City Father!" and Mrs. Staples' mothers all. Endeared to the hearts of all Thoreau and likewise a wondrous cheer to every Easterner who chances to come within her hospitable gate. To these good folks am I indebted for this marvelous and never to be forgotten experience. College opens the fourteenth and while I'm anticipating a happy year, I surely do dread the thought of leaving Thoreau. Before returning to Albuquerque I shall spend a few days on a ranch with a college friend, near Gallup. Love to you all. Isabelle.

NEWPORT BUSINESS DIRECTORY DR. HARRY F. HAMILTON DENTAL SURGERY X-Ray Service Complete Gas and Oxygen equipment for painless dentistry. Office hours: 8:30 to 12, 1:30 to 4 Tel. 278 Gilman's Block E. H. HOWE Successor to HOWE & STOWB REAL ESTATE, NEWPORT Tel. 175 I ot's Block

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New, Second Hand and Rebuilt TYPEWRITERS For Sale and To Rent F. E. WOODRUFF The Hallmark Store, Newport, Vt

Central St. Shoe Shop Real Shoe Repairing. Prices lower. It will save you money to get your shoes repaired properly. 22 Central Street, Newport, Vt.

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The People's Steam Laundry "Service that Satisfies" Phone 242-3 Newport R. C. SISCO, Prop.

The Spot FOR Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing. E. ROUSSEAU Hurst Restaurant Block, Newport

NEWPORT LOCALS

Mrs. Leland Green has returned to her home in Rome Ga. after spending nearly all summer in the care of her father, C. G. Humphrey.

Hon. J. G. Sargent, Miss Sargent and Miss Mollie Beals of Ludlow were in the city Wednesday. Miss Beals, who has been in St. Albans for some time is now in the employ of the firm of Stickney and Sargent.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Humphrey have moved from Bridge street to the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. H. Green, where they are to spend the winter. Mr. Humphrey has had a remarkable recovery from a shock and is now able to sit up, read and get about with help. His friend are glad to know that he may again enjoy a comfortable degree of health.

Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Banks and son, Cuthbert, were in Sherbrooke Thursday and Friday. Edward Doolin and family who went from here to Hamilton, Ont., have now moved to Vancouver, B. C. Mr. Doolin is still in the employ of the Carbonated Gas company, which has a plant in Vancouver.

Albert Vannier is employed in the office of the Boston and Maine. Norman Tice returns to his work with the Davis Mercantile company after a few days vacation. Charles Cutting has been confined to the house for a few days by illness.

H. C. Vickery has returned from a business trip to Massachusetts in the interest of the Ladderman business. Miss Lillian Bernard has gone to Worcester, Mass., to take a course in the Worcester Business institute. She will make her home with her sister, Mrs. William Mossa.

Mrs. A. H. Grout and Mrs. E. S. Hart were in Woodstock Wednesday to take home Mrs. Jessie Johnson, who has been their guest for a week.

Mrs. George Morse of Lyndonville called on friends in town Thursday. Ralph Wiggin of Boston arrived on Tuesday to spend two weeks vacation at the home of R. J. Hanley.

Mrs. Charles Sisco and Mrs. Cora Wakeron of Boston were in the city on Wednesday. H. C. Vickery of Boston has moved to Newport and with Mrs. Vickery are to live with their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Paine. Mr. Vickery is associated with Mr. Paine in the manufacture of ladders and some other wooden implements. Mr. Vickery has charge of the selling interests of the Ladderman business.

H. Proulx has returned from Dr. Noel's hospital in Sherbrooke where he has been for five months. Mr. Proulx has been ill for a year but is now slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Skinner of Nashua, N. H., and son, Harold, of Boston, spent the past week with her brother, T. C. Cooley. Claude Tomblay left Monday for Montpelier where he has entered the Seminary there. George Ware will enter the U. V. M. at Burlington this fall. Charlie Cook, Chris, Bell and Charles Ottemer are attending the state fair this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thayer of Boston are visiting his uncle, G. H. Russell this week. Miss Susie Miller who has been visiting at their home returned with them. R. N. Baldwin is in Portland and Worcester Salt banquet in Greenfield.

Wendell Allen and Helen Harlow returned to Montpelier Seminary Monday. Paul Buchanan, who has a position in Gardner, Me., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Buchanan.

LaTouraine Coffee advertisement with image of a woman and coffee cup. Text: "and it tastes just as good as it smells!" "IT'S IN THE BEAN" W. S. Quinby Company Boston - Chicago 45c per pound

anan for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Kaplinger of Springfield, Mass., are visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Wing. The Foresters Camp, M. W. of A., went to Coventry Friday night and worked a class of 14 candidates. Isaac Lounge is having his house newly shingled. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Roberts of St. Johnsbury Center and Mrs. V. E. Roberts and daughter, Velma, of Lyndonville, spent Sunday with relatives in town. Mrs. Jennie Moxon and sons, Hugh and Roy, and daughter Lillian, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Townsend of Springfield, Mass., who have been staying with her mother, Mrs. Lodema Pace, returned to their home in Springfield Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Harley Page of St. Johnsbury visited Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Baldwin Tuesday.

Auxiliary Convention Opens Today

(Continued from page one) SATURDAY MORNING 8:30 A. M. PYTHIAN HALL Call to order by Department President Prayer by the Department Chaplain

Star-Spangled Banner Report of Committee on Credentials Report of Committee to Revise the entire Constitution and draw up By-Laws Report of the National Executive Committeewoman Report of the National Convention Reading of communications Report of the Committee on Resolutions Selection of place for 1923 Department Convention. (Provided that Article 5, Section 1, of the proposed Constitution is adopted by the Convention) Reading of the Call for the Second National Convention Statement by the Department Treasurer as to the number of delegates and alternates to which the Department of Vermont is entitled

Question—Shall the expense of the delegates be paid by the department? If so, in what amounts? By tax or assessment? Election of officers: (a) President (b) Three Vice Presidents (c) Secretary (d) Treasurer (e) Three members of the Department Executive Committee (f) National Executive Committee woman and her alternate (g) Delegates and alternates to the National Convention New business Adjournment

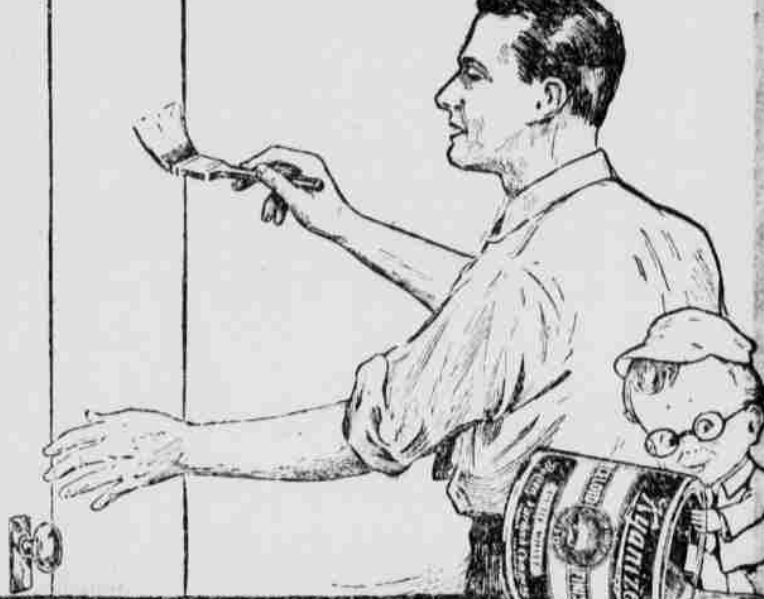
Irassburg

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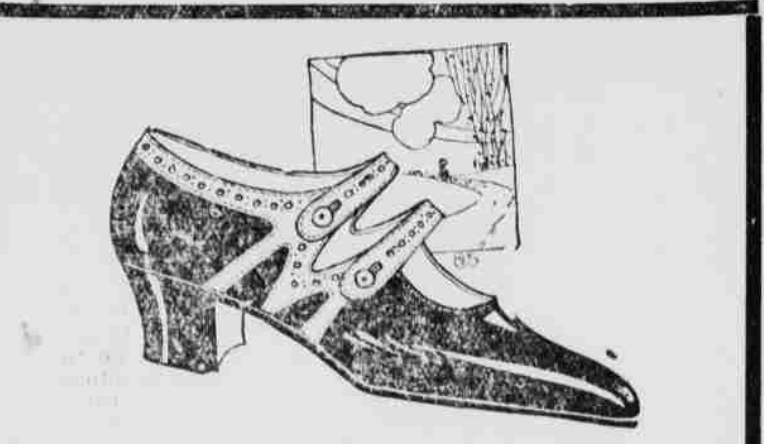
Boston & Maine Railroad Permanent positions for competent men whose work is satisfactory as Machinists, Boilermakers Sheet Metal Workers 70 cents an hour Gas Welders (Acetylene) 75 cents per hour Shop train for Lyndonville shops will leave St. Johnsbury at 6:30 a. m., stopping at Center-vale, returning after the day's work. This train will run daily except Sundays. Apply to C. A. BURROWS, St. Johnsbury, Vermont. H. F. WOOD, Lyndonville, Vermont To take the place of men on strike.



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School Girls Do You Recall

the wee years of your life? Every time mother brought you new shoes you were so delighted with them you couldn't "show them off" often enough, and as you grew up, the desire for good looking footwear remained with you. Now you are on the threshold of a new school term and you have already answered the bell. Smart shoes will be on your list of needs, and in all probabilities with our name alongside of them. You won't regret it. Selections here will satisfy your every desire perfectly. Not only are all the styles pleasing in appearance, but they're so naturally shaped that foot comfort is a certainty, and the excellent quality is assurance of long service. Prices will please mother—another point in favor of purchasing here.

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