

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XLVI NO. 16

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1929

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A REPRESENTATIVE of the Hillsboro Banks is in Antrim Thursday morning of each week for the transaction of banking business.

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TOWN HOLDS ANNUAL MEETINGS

Entire Republican Ticket Elected--Road Matters Receive Due Attention

Considerable interest was manifest in the Annual Meetings and fairly good gatherings attended. Good weather prevailed, as did good nature, and all business was expeditiously transacted. The roads and schools continue to be the large expense and the town was very generous with both these necessities.

SCHOOL MEETING

The annual School Meeting was held in the town hall on Monday evening with an attendance of around one hundred. At 7.30 o'clock the Moderator, Charles F. Butterfield, called the meeting to order and read the Warrant. Rev. William Patterson offered prayer. Business was at once begun under the following Articles:

- 1--To choose a Moderator for the ensuing year. Charles F. Butterfield was re-elected.
- 2--To choose a Clerk for the ensuing year. William C. Hills was re-elected.
- 3--To choose a Treasurer for the ensuing year. Carl H. Robinson was re-elected.
- 4--To choose a member of the School Board for three years. Ross H. Roberts was re-elected, with practically no opposition.
- 5--To choose all other necessary Officers, Agents, etc., for the ensuing year. Under this Article only Auditors were to be elected. Benjamin F. Tenney and William H. Hurlin were re-elected.
- 6--To hear reports of Auditors, Agents, Committees, or Officers heretofore chosen, and pass any vote relating thereto. Benjamin F. Tenney read the Auditors report, and by vote same was accepted and placed on file.
- 7--To see how much money the District will vote to appropriate for compensation for services of School Board, Truant Officers, and other District Officers. Voted, to appropriate the sum of \$201.00.
- 8--To see if the District will vote to appropriate the sum of \$500.00 additional for the support of Schools this year. Voted, to appropriate the sum of \$500.00.
- 9--To see how much money the District will vote to appropriate for the support of Schools, to repair Buildings, and extra compensation of Superintendent. Voted, to appropriate the sum of \$15,000.00 to cover these requirements.
- 10--To see if the District will vote to sell the High Range School-house, so-called, and the lot of land on which it is located, and appoint an Agent to convey same, or take any action thereon. Under this Article was the only discussion of any length for the evening. It was voted to sell the school-house. It was then voted to dismiss that part of the Article referring to the sale of real estate.
- 11--To act upon any other business which may legally come before this meeting. Under Article 11 there appeared no more business to be transacted, and the meeting was adjourned. It took a trifle more than an hour to transact the business of the School District for the next year.

TOWN MEETING

The Moderator of the Town Meeting, Hiram W. Johnson, exercising his usual and characteristic promptness, had called the meeting to order and asked Rev. R. H. Tibbals to offer prayer, who at once responded, and the town clock struck ten as the amen was being said.

The number present was not large at this time, but constantly increased till at noon there were more than usual in attendance, and doubtless the good weather was somewhat responsible for the large attendance in the afternoon.

The order of business as transacted was:

- 1--To choose all necessary Town Officers, Agents and Trustees for the ensuing year. Voting for Town officers begun at ten o'clock and continued without interruption till three in the afternoon, when by vote the polls were closed, and counting the ballots began. At about four o'clock the result of the balloting was announced, and the figures are given on another page.
- 2--To hear the report of the Auditors on the Town Officers' accounts, and act thereon. Julius T. Hanchett read the Auditors' report; same was accepted by vote and ordered placed on file.
- 3--To see how much money the Town will vote to appropriate for the support of the James A. Tuttle Library. In view of the fact that an unusual amount of money remains in the treasury, the Trustees thought the sum of \$300 would be sufficient this year. So voted.
- 4--To see how much money the Town will vote to appropriate to assist the William M. Myers Post, No. 50, American

Continued on page five

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

At its School Meeting last Wednesday evening, Peterborough voted to withdraw from the School Supervisory Union, made up as it has been of Peterboro and several adjoining towns including Bennington and Hancock, and will hereafter be a district by themselves, employing a superintendent in addition to a headmaster of the High school. This will be an experiment which will be watched with interest by other towns.

State buildings for Vermont and New Hampshire at the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, Mass., became an assured fact when Governors John W. Weeks and Charles W. Tobey affixed their signatures to legislative bills appropriating funds for structures to cost \$50,000 each, and which will be utilized to promote the agricultural, industrial, recreational and commercial resources of their respective commonwealths. In this state the legislature has appropriated \$25,000 contingent upon an equal sum being raised by public subscription before Dec. 31 of this year. Steps toward raising this public fund are under way, so work on the building can be carried through to completion by Sept. 15, in readiness for the Exposition opening.

The State Tax Commission will hold meetings which are open to the public, on the dates and at the several places in the state hereafter named, for the purpose of conferring with, and advising, the selectmen and assessors as to the law governing the assessment and taxation of property. Each county commissioner, selectman and assessor is directed to attend the meeting at the place most convenient to his residence without reference to the county in which the meeting is held. Pub. Laws c. 68, s. 11 (VII). Selectmen and assessors of towns and cities which are not represented at these meetings will be summoned to Concord for conference:

Hillsborough, at Manchester, City Hall, 11 a. m., Friday, March 15.

The Senate at Concord seems to be playing with the prohibition question.

If they want to represent the evident majority wish of the people let them pass the new draft of Senate Bill No. 8. If the party in power wants to keep its party platform pledge let them pass that bill.

To tack on to this bill an amendment upsetting our law on search warrants is not dealing fairly with the question. We do not believe that if vague charges are investigated it will be found that any real abuse in this line has taken place. If some one-officer has not shown good judgment deal with him, not with the hands of worthy enforcement officers.

The matter should be considered on its merits anyway. It should not be made a rider to a prohibition bill. And because some people are prejudiced about prohibition we should be slow to so restrict search warrants that all kinds of crime would be protected.

STATE LEGISLATURE

The Reporter Gives a Weekly Summary of Doings

When the Legislature adjourned last Thursday the members went to their homes for a four days' vacation. The sessions will not be resumed until this Wednesday.

The Senate has passed and sent to the Governor a House bill increasing the price of marriage licenses from \$1 to \$2. It will take effect when signed.

The House is practicing as well as preaching economy. A bill to allow the members' expenses for travel when they live more than a mile from the depot has been defeated. Only those who reside two miles benefit under the present law.

A state aid road from Boscawen to Andover and embodying the old Fourth New Hampshire turnpike and over which Daniel Webster is said to have traveled on his way to enter Dartmouth college would be designated for the construction, the cost of which would run close to \$100,000 for the five mile stretch, under a bill included in a grist of highway measures which has been passed by the house of representatives.

Another Merrimack county road designated for improvement under a bill which has passed the house was that calling for improvement of the road leading from Henniker to Lake Massacumet and lying in the town of Warner. Construction of this stretch would cost about \$24,000 over a two year period, the state paying two-thirds of the cost and the town one-third.

By a division of 174 to 131 the house of representatives killed the bill setting up a teachers' retirement system for New Hampshire.

Opposition to the bill was based on the fact that it would add to the burden of expense in connection with the educational system of the state, that only 700 of the 3,000 teachers could take advantage of it.

Speaker Foster believes that it will now be possible to complete the business of the session by the middle of April, providing the committees will continue to speed up as they have during the past week.

House bill No. 322 passed the House: this is an act to authorize the town of Deering to extend its limit of indebtedness, as fixed by Public Laws, Chapter 59, Section 7, and to issue serial notes or bonds.

Thirty-one bills and resolutions were passed by the House last Thursday, including the measure which creates a state athletic commission to supervise boxing in New Hampshire.

In the grist of bills that received the unanimous approval of the lower branch were 21 special highway projects calling for an expenditure of \$80,000 on the part of the state, and \$50,000 by towns in which the thoroughfares are located.

Daniels Black Emulsion

Worth its Weight in Gold FOR COUGH OR COLD

This week we are offering especially good bargains in Glass Vases and Table Pieces; some of them less than half price

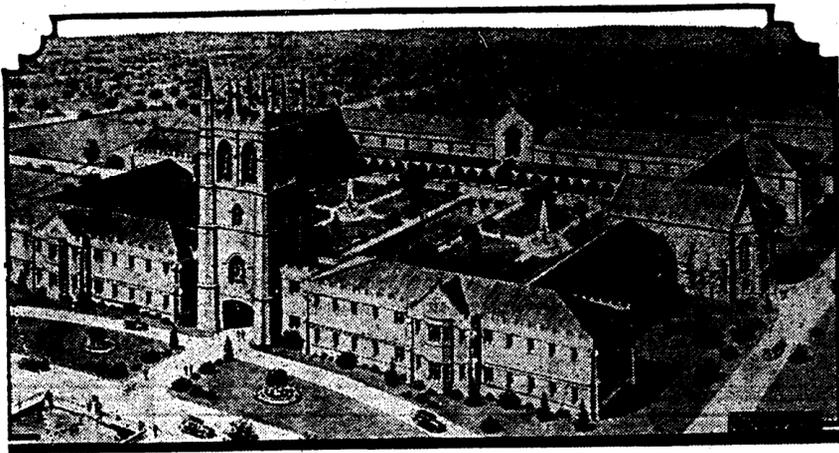
It is time to start your Flower Seeds in window boxes. We have the seeds—a large assortment, and would like to show them to you.

M. E. DANIELS

Registered Druggist

ANTRIM, N. H.

Fine Memorial Abbey Planned for Toledo, Ohio



The architect's drawing of the projected Memorial abbey at Toledo, Ohio. The edifice was designed by the T. P. Barnett company.

Dash For Freedom Halted by Bullet

Boston Billy's Spectacular Attempt to Beat Prison Rap Is Foiled.

Albany, N. Y.—Boston Billy Williams otherwise James Francis Monaghan, ex-street corner tough boy of Worcester, Mass., almost kept his promise recently "to beat the rap."

The rap was fifty years in prison, and the man who police say netted \$1,000,000 in thefts and ended up with a cash capital of a sawbuck took another desperate chance in the series of dramatic episodes he has packed into his twenty-six years.

First he kicked down a deputy sheriff while the train in which he was being returned to prison was being transferred here, and then, temporarily freed of handcuffs, seized the sheriff's pistol, smashed with it a car window in the washroom and tried to crawl out. Another guard, a Nassau county detective, drew his revolver and fired as Monaghan tried to scramble over the shattered glass.

Furrows His Scalp. The bullet tore a furrow in Monaghan's scalp and he fell back to the washroom floor with the cry, "You've got me this time." The bullet, fired at an angle, sped on, drilled through the steel wall of the pullman car and flattened itself against the opposite side of the berth in which a woman and her baby were sleeping. Neither was hurt.

Georgia Miss Lawyer at Age of 19 Years

Decatur, Ga.—At the age of nineteen, Miss Irma von Nunes is a lawyer, although she never went to law school.

The nineteen-year-old girl was admitted to the bar recently, the Georgia regulations allowing minors over eighteen to the bar, provided they pass the state examinations creditably.

Her first case was a divorce suit. She also has been before the state Supreme court in a damage suit action, still pending.

Bright-eyed and cheery-faced, the young girl believes herself the youngest woman lawyer in the United States. "I never heard of any one younger, have you?" she asked the interviewer.

Her father, Tillon von Nunes, in whose office she practices, coached her after she graduated from high school, and so good a tutor was he that the state bar examinations were passed with honor in June, 1928.

Divorce cases interest her most, she said. The girl thinks folks marry too hastily and regret too soon.

Leaping to his feet, Monaghan fought like a caged rat, in spite of his wound. As he fought the detective a third guard who had been on the platform rushed in. A blow from a blackjack ended the unequal struggle, and the handcuffs were snapped once more on the criminal's wrists. A short time later, his head bandaged, Monaghan lay in his cell in Dannemora prison, Clinton, his dream of freedom still a dream.

Boston Billy is the thief and gang leader who committed the \$100,000 jewelry robbery in the home of Jesse Livermore at King's Point, L. I., in 1927.

Alleged Accomplice Arrested. Brought to Mineola, "Boston Billy" warned the authorities they would not keep him long. The white emameled bars of the Nassau county jail kept him, however, and after a hunger strike the thief set fire to a mattress in his cell. This also failed to lead to freedom.

Brought to trial, he was convicted and sentenced to half a century in Sing Sing.

In Sing Sing Monaghan repeated his threats and balked at prison discipline. Finally he was transferred to Dannemora, where it was believed his chances for escape were less.

Then Monaghan's alleged accomplice, Edgar Kane, former chauffeur for Mr. Livermore, was arrested in Wisconsin and "Boston Billy" promptly advised District Attorney Elvin N. Edwards of Nassau county and Capt. Harold R. King of the county police that he "had his" and was ready to spill everything. Police say they now realize this was merely a trick on

Monaghan's part to get out of prison and make a break for freedom.

Asked on the witness stand about his confession implicating Kane, Monaghan denied everything. Questioned as to whether he had not said Kane was involved, Monaghan smiled sweetly and replied: "I did not."

On his way back to his cell in the cellar of the courthouse he remarked to his guards: "Well, I don't want to send another poor devil to jail."

Monaghan started back for Dannemora in handcuffs. Because of his reputation and repeated threats, Sheriff William R. Strohman took unusual precautions. He had Sergt. John Smith of the Nassau county police assigned along with Detective Arthur Boyce and Deputy Sheriff Frank Davis.

While the train was being switched from the upper to the lower level at Albany, Monaghan asked to be permitted to go to the washroom. Boyce was on the platform walking up and down. Smith was standing near the open door of the pullman to guard against a break, and Davis after unfastening the handcuffs walked behind Monaghan to the washroom.

At the door the criminal turned suddenly, kicked Davis in the stomach, grabbed his gun, hurled it through the window and was trying to follow when Sergt. Smith rushed in, his pistol drawn, and fired twice. One shot took effect.

Every Thirty-Second Dane Owns an Auto

Copenhagen, Denmark.—Denmark may lag behind California and Kansas in the number of automobiles owned per family, but 80 per cent of all cars sold in this little country in 1928 were of American manufacture.

Sales of automobiles increased 17.6 per cent during the year, and now every thirty-second Dane owns a car, instead of every thirty-seventh, as in 1927. There are 107,971 motor vehicles in the country.

The medium-sized car is gaining favor.

Flowers That Resemble Stones



Here are specimens of "mesembryanthemum marmorata"—one of the 300 varieties of mesembryanthemum discovered in Africa by the Belgian horticulturist, Professor De Laet. Before blooming, this curious plant, growing among stones on the desert, looks like a stone. Once a year the hard shell breaks and beautiful flowers—some crimson, others white, or yellow, or pink—appear.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD AVERAGES BOOK EVERY THREE DAYS

Precocious Precisian Corrects Playmates When Caught in Grammatical Errors.

Birmingham, Ala.—Just at the age when other children in the neighborhood are content with stories in colored pictures and Mother Goose Jingles, Howard Young, four, of Birmingham, is completing the reading of his thirtieth book. The book is a reader suitable for a fourth grade child and contains many words that would cause an older child to stumble.

Howard has been reading since he was three, according to his parents. He reads aloud, pronouncing each word distinctly. When he hits an unfamiliar one he repeats it syllable by syllable until he has mastered it. When he comes to a word whose meaning he does not understand, it is explained to him with illustrations from every-day life.

In his father's library is stacked on a table a high pile of books. These are Howard's, and each is marked with the date it was begun and finished. Examination showed that Howard averaged a book every three days. The group includes a variety of primers recommended by school authorities for first, second and third-grade children, and numbers of supplementary readers. Among the titles are "Reynard Fox," "Windmill and the Wooden Shoes," and James Baldwin's "Fairly Readers." Howard's father estimates that the child has read 4,000 pages.

The "word method" was used in instructing the child. The first word in the primer was "flag," which appeared under a picture of a flag. When he had definitely learned the word and its meaning he was taught the separate letters of the word. After he had learned a number of words,

his lessons were advanced to the study of sentences.

In his conversation Howard shows evidence of his unusual mental development. He seldom makes a grammatical error and he uses words that the average child of that age has not learned. When Howard hears his playmates make an error in speech he is quick to notice it.

When he recently heard a small child say "that's a good un," he informed him that he should have said "good one" instead. He even corrects his elders when necessary. Not long ago he was visiting with his parents, when his hostess used the word "ain't" he quickly remarked that there was no such word in the dictionary. Howard's parents hope that he will be ready to enter Harvard at the age of fourteen.

Making the Sixth

San Jose, Calif.—Casius H. Styles, who crashed five times while an aviator in the World war, has obtained a divorce. He avowed his wife made him nervous by staying out nights.

Community Building

Learn From Other Cities Is Most Excellent Plan

New York has just been told that it can learn many things of value from other cities. In Chicago it can learn what to do with a water front which the metropolis is accused of shamefully neglecting. Boston, Cleveland, Detroit and Los Angeles are among the cities which New York is informed it might profitably study. In the list St. Louis is mentioned as a city that can teach New York the value of hospital beds.

Doubtless the advice given New York could as aptly be given any other city. Cities, like individuals, have specialties in which they excel. They have their distinctive fairs, influences, of course, by their necessities, traditions and assets.

Is there any one thing that every city needs? Any one outstanding gift or trait of quality without which it is doomed to plod along laboriously, but given which it can just about perform miracles. We believe there is, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Given official courage, official intellectual integrity and capacity and any city is pretty sure to go impressively ahead.

In a city so governed it is patent that political buncombe would be a dead word. Officials of that caliber would know a good deal about what other cities had done and were doing. They would, of course, know their own city thoroughly, its defects of character and methods as well as its physical requirements, and when occasion demanded, they would tell their city its faults and how to correct them. There would be no taffy, or flattery, or trite old city hall balderdash. They might incur temporary unpopularity, but that would not weigh at all with men of such measure.

Can such men be found. We believe they can be. Certainly they are worth looking for. Certainly they will not be found in partisan organizations maintained primarily, if not solely for holding office and apportioning the spoils.

Bronze Plate to Certify Quality of Brick Walls

For the first time in the history of the ancient craft, masonry walls are to be built to standard and certified. Beginning January 1, the Common Brick Manufacturers Association of America inaugurated a plan to safeguard principally the home buyer and home builder, by causing to be placed in masonry walls, built of certified brick, with proper design and workmanship, a bronze marker as an evidence of quality.

The certification idea will be carried to other types of construction than homes, and in the carrying out of the plan the national association will have the co-operation of its 400 manufacturing members, located in practically every state in the Union, and its 17 district organizations located in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Boston, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Denver, Salt Lake City, New Orleans, Hartford, Conn., Norfolk, Va., and Raleigh, N. C.

Clinker Bricks Bring Top Prices on Market

Clinker bricks, the erstwhile worthless discards of every brickyard, doomed to the refuse piles and the dump heaps, are today the darling little Cinderellas of the building materials field. Today they sell at face brick prices if they are sufficiently fused and adequately pitted with the hubble scars of the searing flames. The history of the clinker brick is one of the romances of later day material development. One day, less than a decade ago, a Chicago architect poking around in a brickyard for something odd and out of the usual run of bricks, dug one of these shiny discards out of the ash heap. The result of that incident was perhaps the first example of skintiled brickwork, deliberately done, in America. It scored an instant hit. Today hundreds of skintiled brickwork homes dot the country.

Controlling Billboards.

Investigation of outdoor advertising with the idea of ascertaining how it may best be controlled in the interest of conserving the beauty and desirability of residence districts in cities and of scenic countryside has been undertaken by the National Association of Real Estate Boards following a conference on city planning at which the advisability of such control was discussed.

The conference recommended that a committee of three be appointed by the president of the national association to co-operate with a committee from the General Outdoor Advertising Association for the purpose of studying the best methods for controlling the placing of billboards.

Help to Build Community.

Showing faith in your community by making a reasonable investment in a legitimate enterprise for your own home town is the best way to stimulate business.—Roseburg (Ore.) News Review.

IN the LEBANON



Scene in the Lebanon Country.

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

INTO the Lebanon, the great mountain famous for its cedars, one may have his choice of travel by rail, or by foot and saddle along the poorer roads and trails. The railway leads from Beirut over a pass in the mountains to Damascus. It is a narrow gauge rack-and-pinion system, and crosses the mountains at an elevation of 4,880 feet above sea level. Few have any idea that hidden away among the mountains are sights and scenes to excite the admiration of ever the most disinterested; but, in order to see them, the comfort of the train has to be left and a number of miles covered in the saddle.

The railroad, built by the French, at times runs through some very fine scenery, and the entire journey of 90 miles is a constant panorama of mountain, forest, or plain.

At different points scattered in the mountains are to be found groups of cedar trees which until recent years suffered so severely at the hands of the natives that they were fast disappearing; but lately they have been protected. The largest group of these ancient and interesting trees is to be found at Besherry. Here on an elevation are about 400 trees, the highest of which does not exceed 80 feet, while some are from 30 to 40 feet in circumference. By reason of heavy snows these trees can only be reached during the months of summer and early autumn when crowds of natives make merry under the pleasant shade afforded by the spreading branches of these monarchs of the mountains.

Were a visit made to the homes of these mountain people, there would be much of interest, for the raising of the silkworm and the subsequent silk harvest gives occupation to the majority of the men and women in the many villages.

Fattening the Sheep.

In every home throughout the mountains may be seen women and girls compelling an already too satisfied sheep to swallow a little more of the green food that has been gathered off the hill sides or purchased from some nearby garden or mulberry plantation.

This pet lamb, subject to frequent bathtings, is being fattened to provide savory dishes through the long and severe winter that faces the native. During the month of November the fattened sheep is killed and cut up into mincemeat and melted in its own fat, to be used as a relish and sauce with the boiled rice or wheat that forms the staple dish of these hardy people.

Should occasion require, the fattened sheep may be killed to provide a feast for some unusual event, and in this custom there may be a perpetuation of the "fatted calf" of the Gospel. Hours are spent by the women and girls coaxing food down the throats of these overfed sheep, and toward the close of their existence they are so fat that they are unable to stand.

In some parts of the Lebanon the earth lends itself to the art of making pottery, and thousands of the natives get a livelihood by the manufacture of all kinds of earthenware vessels.

The Lebanon contains natural beauties and wonders that equal if not surpass those of other lands. There is a remarkable natural bridge that has a span of 125 feet with a river 75 feet beneath it. This bridge has been formed by the running of the waters of centuries from the melting snows on Jebel Sennin, which rears its head 8,000 feet above sea level and is "monarch of all it surveys" in the Lebanon. Over the bridge is a constant stream of traffic, for it is one of the main roads through the mountains. The native has no eye for its wonder, and the traveler from the West rarely crosses it.

Lots of Springs and Cascades.

Another charm of the Lebanon is the abundance of cold, clear spring water. One is led to wonder why the Creator has been so lavish with the life-giving fluid in the Lebanon, while lands nearby languish for want of it. Everywhere cascades, streams, springs, and waterfalls abound, sometimes to such an extent as to cause serious alarm and danger to the native and the traveler from the West rarely crosses it.

One is led to wonder why the Creator has been so lavish with the life-giving fluid in the Lebanon, while lands nearby languish for want of it. Everywhere cascades, streams, springs, and waterfalls abound, sometimes to such an extent as to cause serious alarm and danger to the native and the traveler from the West rarely crosses it.

quiring a long ride in order to reach it. Out from a huge cavern high up in the cliffs rushes a strong flow of water, which comes tumbling down over the rocks into the valley below, in its course forming one of the finest waterfalls to be seen in all the Orient. In a land where water is so precious, it is no wonder that crowds of people resort there for many weeks during the long, hot months of summer. It may be interesting to those versed in mythology to know that this waterfall and spring are connected with the myth of Venus and Adonis, and on a spot not far away are the remains of a temple to Venus which was destroyed by the emperor Constantine because of the indecencies practiced there.

In ascending the Lebanon range on foot a good starting point is the town of Tripoli on the shore of the Mediterranean. The road strikes through a valley to Besherry, where one may spend the night, following the right-hand side of the Wadi Kadisha (Sacred Valley). The scenery is most striking. The entire hill sides are carefully terraced and planted with vines, from which in the autumn hang clusters of ripe fruit, unprotected except by a low stone wall.

As one ascends he continually passes beautifully located villages, most of the houses being of a modern type, large and with bright red imported tiled roofs, while a few are of old style, with low, flat roofs, consisting generally of two or three rooms built in a row, with a porch of pointed arches running the full length and surrounded by gardens of mulberry trees, with the leaves of which the silkworms are fed.

It is evident that here is a portion of the Lebanon from which the emigration has not only been large, but also successful. It shows also how the money gathered in America is brought back here to be enjoyed. The glowing accounts of business success brought back from America kindle in the young people of this region the ambition to repeat the experiences of their elders.

"American Villages."

To those who have seen the miserable surroundings of some Syrians in their colonies in the large cities of America where they are huddled together in crowded rooms in dilapidated houses, gathering their money by peddling for large profits and spending very little, their stories of their success and importance when there does not greatly appeal.

However, the natives look up to them as merchant princes, and their small fortunes avail here for much display. These "American villages" in the Lebanon, as they are sometimes called, are almost bewitching when viewed from a distance, but a nearer inspection brings disillusion. While the houses are comparatively clean, the streets are dirty and disorderly.

From Ain Sidiyani the mountain slopes grow very steep and the carriage road winds up in short turns, so that short cuts are resorted to by pedestrians and animals.

During autumn, the valleys are obscured by a haze caused by the heat of the day evaporating the moisture below, but in the cool of the evening, by twilight, climbing the mountains quite a distance above Besherry, one comes on to a never-to-be-forgotten view. Here nature seems to have carved out a huge amphitheater, terrace above terrace, the upper one being that whereon the majestic cedars stand. Below in the bottom of the valley, is a deep ravine, rock-bound by high precipitous cliffs of gray limestone.

Besherry is on the edge of a great cliff almost at the head of the valley, but a little to the left, as one looks down toward the sea, its water supply is an ice-cold stream flowing down from the region of almost perpetual snow.

If one leaves Besherry at dawn and makes all possible haste, he will reach the cedars just as the sun sifts its first rays through the thick foliage—a sight calculated to make any heart beat faster. The grove numbers about 400 trees. With the exception of a few stragglers, the grove is inclosed by a neat stone wall to protect the smaller trees from goats. In the center is a small Maronite chapel.

The Treasure of the Bucoleon

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

W. N. U. Service
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SYNOPSIS

In New York, Hugh Chesby, English World War veteran, relates a story of a treasure in Constantinople in the existence of which his uncle, Lord Chesby, firmly believes. A cablegram notifies Hugh of his uncle's sailing for New York. At the dock Hugh and his chum, Jack Nash, learn from Watkins, Lord Chesby's valet, that the old gentleman has left with a stranger, purporting to be a friend of Hugh's. A mysterious telephone message notifies Hugh that his uncle is in a hospital, dying, victim of an assassin. Before his death he babbles of the treasure, and tells them he was stabbed by "Tou-tou." With Lord Chesby's body, Hugh and Jack sail for England. In London Hugh and Jack meet their war buddy, Nikka Zarenko, famous gypsy violinist, and pore over some old documents seemingly having a bearing on the treasure and its location. A hidden room, referred to as the "Prior's Vault," is frequently mentioned.

CHAPTER III

The Hillyer Party

Mr. Penfellow, the vicar, received us at the west door of the parish church, a gigantic edifice which was all that was left of the once noble foundation of the priory of St. Cuthbert of Crowden. He escorted Hugh—and incidentally Nikka and me—up the center aisle to a high-walled pew directly under the choir.

The tempered light that stole through stained-glass windows left most of the space in shadow, but I descried beyond the breadth of the crossing a second box-like pew identical with ours, and in it a company whose gay raiment and gabbling ways were out of place in contrast with the stolid pieties of the village folk and neighboring country.

"There's Hillyer," muttered Hugh in my ear.

But we had no time to spare for observing the county's black sheep. Mr. Penfellow's quavering, nasal voice began to intone the stately rite of the Established Church for the dead. The shrill voices of the choir-boys responded. Our eyes became fastened upon the oblong casket, resting on its low catafalque under the choir railing, which contained the body of James Chesby, that quaint, whimsical, Twentieth century knight errant, who had upheld the traditions of his race by tilting over the world in pursuit of a prize which all sober men proclaimed to be impossible of attainment.

And he had as good as found it! Laughed at, derided, mocked and ridiculed, he had persisted doggedly in what he had regarded as his life work. He had succeeded where all others had failed or feared to venture. And at the last, probably when he envisaged complete success in his grasp, he had accepted death rather than yield the prize to any but his heir. He must have had good stuff in him, that slight, wan-faced slip of a man, whom I had only seen as he lay on his deathbed in the hospital, his eyes shining to the end with indomitable spirit.

As I thought of him, cut and hacked by that brute Toutou, I found my fingers clenching on the book-rack in front of me; and glancing down, I saw Hugh's knuckles, too, were white. We exchanged a grim look. For the first time we understood fully that we were playing a man's game, a game in which there was no limit. And we experienced the thirst for action which comes from a desire to slake unsatisfied vengeance. This task we had set ourselves to was more than a hunt for treasure. It was likewise a pursuit of James Chesby's murderers.

My eyes chanced to stray toward the opposite side of the crossing, and in the shadows that hovered over the Hillyer pew I glimpsed a pair of eyes that gleamed with the evil green light of a beast of prey. For an instant only they showed. Then the shadows moved, and they disappeared. Startled, I looked again, and saw nothing. It must have been fancy. I told myself, a trick of the sunbeams filtered through the parcolored glass of the windows.

The formal service was soon ended, and after the congregation had filed out, a little knot of men from Chesby farms poled the casket on their shoulders and paced slowly after Mr. Penfellow and the verger down the broad, winding stairs to the illared crypt. At the east end, beneath the altar, the verger unlocked a massy oak door and behind that an iron grate. There was a minute's delay while an ill tall candle, and then the little procession marched on to the last resting place of the Chesbys.

"A very sad chapter in the glorious history of this ancient family, Mr. N. b.," murmured the vicar with moist eyes. "But surely no man could hope for a grander Valhalla."

He gestured toward the encircling tomb.

"All of the fine line Elizabethan times. That is, all the lords and their ladies. Madets and collateralis are buried elsewhere in the church. The famous Lady Jane rests under the sarcophagus with the plaid lid. I wish we might find the old crypt. It is some where under the priory grounds but she concealed it very effectually. The tradition is that the old lords were buried in their mail. They were all noted as warriors. Ah, Lord Chesby," as Hugh rose and walked over to us. "This has been very sad, very sad indeed. And yet, as I was saying to

Mr. Nash, it is something for a man after he dies to be brought back to wait the Last Trump in such glorious company."

"I am afraid I have been thinking of the criminals who murdered my uncle," said Hugh curtly. "You have been very kind, Mr. I should like to thank you and everybody else for what they have done. Where's Nikka, Jack? Gone up? Do you mind if I leave you to shut the vault, Mr. Penfellow? Thank you again."

He hooked his arm in mine, and together we passed out of that sepulchral chamber, with its great company of illustrious dead. Upstairs in the church Nikka was awaiting us.

"I'm sorry, Hugh," he exclaimed, taking Hugh's other arm. "I couldn't wait. There's something in me that



"But Surely No Man Could Hope for a Grandeur Valhalla."

rebels against your churches. I feel the same way about mosques and synagogues, for that matter. And as for being buried down in a close, stone-lined hole in the ground, herded in with other dead!" He shivered violently. "I hope not! If there is a God—and there must be some kind of one to make the trees and hills and the grass and to put music in one's heart—why, I pray to Him that I shall lie on a hillside, with only the trees around me and the sun beating down."

Hugh smiled.

"Each to his own, Nikka. You are a gypsy, a son of the open road. I am an Englishman, son to these stone walls, that old house we came from. So long as they and I last we shall be indivisible."

It was a scant ten minutes' walk through the park to Castle Chesby. As we entered the drive, Watkins, who had driven back with the servants, came around the house from the stables and started to run toward us.

"Somebody broke in whilst we were at church, your iudship," he panted when he was within earshot.

"Anything missing?" questioned Hugh sharply.

"I can't say as yet, your iudship. They seem to 'ave been only in the unoccupied parts. I fancy, sir, they 'adn't the time to go through the west wing."

We hastened into the house after him. A rear door had been forced. Desks, wardrobes, chests of drawers, closets, armories, every corner or piece of furniture that might conceal anything had been thoroughly ransacked. Drawers and their contents were still piled better-skitter on the floor.

"Do you suppose they could have found anything?" I asked.

Watkins shook his head positively. "I am sure they could not, Mr. Nash, sir. I think I know most of the stuff that they have gone through. 'Is late iudship was not in the 'abit of keeping a thing he was precious of in the east wing or the main house, sir."

We left Watkins to supervise the servants in re-establishing order in the upset rooms, and returned to the west wing. In the gunroom, Hugh lit a cigarette and straddled his legs in front of the fire. Nikka and I dropped into the lounge that faced the hearth.

"W-!" said Hugh, and his lips had resumed the grim line I had noticed in church.

"Who are they?" I suggested.

"Good idea," approved Hugh, and he rang the bell by the door.

tain in this enterprise because of my supposed architectural knowledge—we commenced with the gunroom. We examined it from end to end, tapped the paneling for secret recesses, examined the furniture. No result.

After luncheon, we began on the upper floor and went over the entire wing in detail. We measured the different rooms. I even took outer measurements. We studied chimneys. We sounded floors. Immersed in the hunt and baffled by lack of success, we caused Watkins to put off dinner, and worked on until after nine o'clock. Still no success.

We went to bed that night, tired out and disgusted. But in the morning we arose with sharpened interest and determined to canvass the possibilities in the parts of the house the invaders had searched. Again we took careful measurements, inside and out. Again we sounded paneling, investigated recesses and chimney spaces. We hunted for two days. Then we went back, and re-examined the west wing a second time. We ended up in stark disappointment in the gunroom.

Nikka, who had relapsed into one of his frequent spells of silent contemplation, jumped suddenly from his chair.

"If it is here, it is in this room," he said.

"Is that a gypsy prophecy?" jeered Hugh.

There was a racket of motors outside in the drive, and Watkins appeared in the doorway.

"Pardon, your iudship. But I thought you would wish to know Mr. Hillyer and 'is party 'ave just driven up."

"The devil they 'ave!" exclaimed Hugh. "I suppose we'll have to see 'em."

But Watkins lingered in the doorway.

"What is it?"

Watkins cleared his throat.

"You may remember you instructed me to inquire if strangers 'ad been seen on the roads 'ereabouts the morning of the funeral, your iudship? 'T'gins, the carpenter said one of Mr. Hillyer's motors passed on the London road close on noon, but that was all."

"Well, that doesn't help any," said Hugh. "Whoever did it must have taken to the woods and cut across to the Chapel road."

"They need only 'ave dropped over the park wall to reach the London road, your iudship," suggested Watkins.

"Oh, I see your point," agreed Hugh. "Then Hillyer's people might have seen them. I'll find an opportunity to speak to him about it."

"Thank you, your iudship."

And Watkins withdrew.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hillyer, your iudship!" he announced a short time afterward. Hillyer was a lean, rangy chap, with a hatchet face and close-set eyes. He looked what he was: good blood gone wrong.

His wife was a handsome, statuesque woman, awfully well turned out. She was absolutely in the mode, as perfect as a show-girl in a Gayety production. And she had cold eyes that saw everything, and never lost their icy glitter even when her manner was warmest.

"Hallo, Hugh!" exclaimed Hillyer. "Frightfully glad to see you home again, but rotten sorry for the occasion. You don't know Mrs. Hillyer, I believe."

Hugh bowed to her with cold precision.

"Thanks, Hillyer—just a shade of emphasis on the family name—"It was kind of you to come. We are keeping bachelors' hall, Mrs. Hillyer, and I am afraid our resources are limited."

"Don't let that bother you," protested Mrs. Hillyer affably, "and if you and your friends want any lively diversion on the quiet, remember we keep libery hall over at Little Depping. We wanted our—"

But I lost the thread of her conversation as I found myself staring into those same evil green eyes that I had seen peering out of the shadows of the Hillyer pew the morning of the funeral. The man they belonged to had entered the room immediately after the Hillyers. He would have challenged attention in any company with his amazing personality, the strange

force that radiated from him. He had the long arms, short, thick legs and enormous body of a gorilla, capped by a beautifully modeled head. But his eyes were his outstanding feature. They were large and vividly green like a cat's. The man was handsome in an intellectual way. Yet I found him repulsive.

Hillyer, undeterred by Hugh's frosty greeting, dropped his hand on this man's shoulder, and began introducing him.

"Signor Teodoroschi, gentlemen! The Italian chemist. And my other friends, Countess Sandra Vassilievna and Count Serge Vassilievich! I ought to explain they are brother and sister!"

"This last with a well-bred leer."

"And Hillyer, gentlemen! If you know your Levant, you would recognize him without introduction."

I saw Nikka shift his attention at this from the two Russians to the Levantine, an olive-skinned individual, good-looking in a portly way, with a predatory beaked nose, effeminate eyes and a sensual mouth.

"You see, we're rather an international crowd—what?" Mrs. Hillyer was drawing.

"Very interesting, I'm sure," said Hugh, cold as ever. "You won't mind if I present my friends to you as a group? Thanks. This is Mr. Zarenko and Mr. Nash."

"Not Mr. Nikka Zarenko?" exclaimed Mrs. Hillyer. "Oh, I say, it's a treat to meet you! How wonderfully you play!"

And she wrenched Nikka away from his obvious intent to probe the Levantine, and carried him off to a corner, along with Vassilievich, a slim-waited, old-young man, with a hard, disipated face. Hillyer, after a look around, joined the gorilla-like Italian, who was turning the pages of a review on the table, with occasional flashing glances around the room.

Montey Hillyer was volubly describing the prospects of the racing season to Hugh, and I was left by process of elimination to entertain the Countess Sandra Vassilievna.

She was a dark girl, with great, sleepy, almond-shaped eyes and a sinuous, willowy figure.

"You're an American, aren't you?" she said with a slight accent. "How do you happen to know Lord Chesby?"

I explained to her.

"He went to New York to earn his living! Ah, that is an old story, Mr. Nash. Look at my brother and me! Exiles! Forced to turn our hands to whatever we can do. The Old world is a sad place these days. What shall you and your friends do now? But I suppose you will help Lord Chesby enjoy the life of an English country gentleman."

"For a while, yes," I agreed.

"And then?"

"I don't know, America, I suppose. One must earn a living."

"So you would leave him—Lord Chesby, I mean?"

I began to have a disagreeable feeling that I was being pumped.

"I can't stay here forever, you know," I retorted.

"Ah, out of course! And Lord Chesby? Will he marry an heiress, an American, perhaps? But no! He does not need money, they say."

"They say a great many things," I commented.

"It may be he did ill to leave America," she suggested. "One is so safe there. In Europe who can say what the future holds? Ah, Mr. Nash, were I an American I should stay at home."

"That sounds like a threat," I laughed.

"God forbid!" she ejaculated with true Russian plety. "It is that I envy your security."

"Are you wondering in England?" I asked.

"Only temporarily. We shall be in Paris shortly."

I happened to look up at that moment, and surprised the Italian in one of his lightning surveys of the room.

"Your friend there seems exclusive," I remarked.

"Oh, he?" she said hastily. "He speaks no English, and he is sensitive about it. He talks little in any case. These scientists, you know."

Hillyer left the Italian's side, and sauntered over to us.

"A beautiful old room," he said. "Has it any history?"

"It's the oldest part of the present building," I told him. "I understand it represents a reconstruction during Elizabeth's reign."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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Mother—Daughter sure made her caller's presents felt last night when she came.
Father—What do you mean?
Mother—She swatted him with the flowers and candy he brought her.

It's easier for us to see the faults of others than it is for others to see our virtues.

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Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unwrapped, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 18-1923.

Delicacy That Wasn't to Elephant's Liking

I remember years ago we had an elephant which became a positive nuisance for stealing people's bags and parcels, says William Blora, in a London paper.

This particular elephant was much worse than the average. There was no stopping him. If he saw a handbag or a paper parcel anywhere near his walk he had it!

One day there was an old gentleman standing by the side of the boulevard walk with several children. Under his arm he carried a brown paper bag.

The elephant was nearly level with him when he noticed the bag, and before you could say "knife" there was a startled cry from the old gentleman—the elephant had the bag.

His keeper gave him a shout and a sharp tap on the head, but it was no use, the elephant was not letting go, and in a moment had the bag in his mouth!

Only for a second, in a moment there was a shrill trumpeting of indignation and horror, and out came a crushed-looking bag with something green protruding. The old gentleman

Straw Through Board

The energy with which a body strikes an object determines the piercing effect and damaging effect of the body. Energy is measured by the product of the mass of the body and the square of the velocity. Thus a very small body moving with a high velocity can possess just as much kinetic energy as a large body moving slowly.

The straw driven by a cyclone is hurled through the air at an enormous velocity and expends its energy in going through the wood. This happens so quickly that the inertia of the straw keeps it from crumpling up before piercing.

Fast Ocean Traveler

The bureau of fisheries says that the bonito, a member of the mackerel family, probably is the fastest swimmer, but a definite answer is not possible.

IF MOTHERS ONLY KNEW

During these days how many children are complaining of Headache, Feverishness, Stomach Troubles and Irregular Bowels and take cold easily. If mothers only knew what Mother Gray's Sweet Powders would do for their children, no family would ever be without them for use when needed. These powders are so easy and pleasant to take and so effective in their action that mothers who once use them gladly tell others about them. Save yourself a night of worry, by getting a package at your drugstore today. Trial Package sent FREE! Address Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

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Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

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H. W. ELDREDGE, PUBLISHER
H. B. ELDREDGE, Assistant

Wednesday, Mar. 13 1929

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Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a Revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.
Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.
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Entered at the Post-office at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

Antrim Locals

Edmund Dearborn was at his home here from Hanover for the week-end.

A. G. Stearns recently made a brief visit with his sister, Mrs. William H. Simonds.

The Senior Class play will be given in the town hall on Friday evening, April 5.

Mrs. J. W. Thornton is employed at book-keeping and office work for Caughey & Pratt.

For Rent—Tenement of seven good rooms. Apply to Mrs. Della Sides, Antrim. Adv.

Oscar Clark has completed his labors for F. C. Thompson, local superintendent of the N. H. Power Company.

Mrs. W. H. Simonds recently spent a week in Peterborough, during the illness and death of a sister, Mrs. George Johnson.

Mrs. Ross H. Roberts and little son, Harold, are spending a season with relatives at her former home in Bloomfield, Conn.

Maple Syrup—We shall have a supply for those who wish it. Give us your orders early. Geo. S. Wheeler, Antrim. Adv.

Mrs. A. N. Harriman and Miss Thelma Harriman have returned to their home in New Bedford, Mass., after a visit with the former's mother, Mrs. Matilda Barrett.

The ladies of the Mission Circle will hold their regular monthly meeting and supper at the Presbyterian vestry on Wednesday, March 20; supper will be served at 6 o'clock.

Miss Margaret Scott received word last week of the death of a brother-in-law, Alfred Oxton, who had been a great sufferer for some time; he resided in Waltham, Mass.

Food Sale—Friday, March 15, 1929, in the Domestic Science Room, Antrim High School at 4 p.m. All Home Made Food: Cake, Doughnuts, Rolls and Bread. Benefit Senior Class. Help Us to Washington!

Friends of Frank E. Fleming, of Sanford, Maine, are pleased to learn that he is making satisfactory recovery from the burns which he received in an explosion at the mill where he is employed. He has left the hospital and is at his home; and hopes soon to be in his usual robust condition.

A number of young people with their parents met in the Presbyterian vestry last Friday evening to hear Kenneth Gibbs talk on 4-H Club work in Hillsborough County. Mr. Gibbs organized a Club in Antrim with Miss Alice Hunnewell and Carol Nichols as leaders.

A former pastor of the Antrim Baptist church, Rev. George W. Rigler, passed away Feb. 26 at his home in Needham, Mass., after a short illness. He retired several years ago after being president of Hartshorn Memorial college for years. He had held successful pastorates in Connecticut and Rhode Island and in this state. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

Wood For Sale

Dry Sawed Wood at \$11.00 a cord; Green Wood, 4 ft., at \$8.00 a cord.
THE HIGHLANDS,
Tel. 19-22 Antrim.

Muzzey's Furniture Exchange—Second hand Furniture bought and sold. Lot of good goods on hand at present time. H. Carl Muzzey, Antrim, N. H. Phone 45-4. Adv.

Moving Pictures!

MAJESTIC THEATRE
Town Hall, Antrim

Thursday, March 14

The Heart of a Follies Girl
with Billie Dove

Pathe Weekly Pictures at 8.00

W. A. NICHOLS, Mgr.

Antrim Locals

Town Meeting is passed and now we all await our tax bills!

Mrs. Grace Young was a recent visitor with friends in Concord.

Mrs. H. W. Eldredge was in Winchendon, Mass., for the week end.

Ford Touring Car for sale. Apply to L. Loveren, Antrim. Adv.

Maple Syrup—Get your order in early for best Maple Syrup. E. M. Knapp, Antrim. Adv.

The regular ban on heavy trucking has gone into effect as it does at this season of the year.

Mrs. William F. Clark has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Richard Hall, in Winchendon, Mass., the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Barrett returned home Saturday from a few weeks with relatives in the vicinity of Boston.

Wanted—To buy, an Antrim Town history in good condition. Communicate with The Antrim Reporter, Antrim, N. H. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Poor have returned from their two months' stay in Florida and interesting places enroute. They had a very pleasant sojourn in the sunny south.

Mrs. May Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Ashford underwent a major operation one day last week; she is reported as getting along as well as can be expected.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Dresser, who are spending the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Robbins in Concord, are very comfortably situated, and the friends in Antrim are pleased to learn that they are enjoying their sojourn in the Capital City.

Miss Stella Mower, formerly of Antrim and known to many of our people, sails this week from New York for Huancoco, Peru, to again resume her work as missionary in the South American field, after a year's furlough, during which she has been attending Gordon college in Boston.

Rev. George Albert Smith, a retired Methodist minister, died in Concord March 2. He was born in Antrim May 6, 1857, the son of Rev. Charles H. and Maria (Mumford) Smith, and had held pastorates in this state and Massachusetts. His father served twice as pastor in Antrim, two years at the Branch and later at the South village, previous to the dedication of the first Methodist church. Mr. Smith leaves a son, Charles, of Newton Junction, and a sister, Mrs. Lizzie Cate of Haverhill, Mass.

MICKIE SAYS—

WHOA! STOP! DON'T SEND THAT PRINTING ORDER OUT OF TOWN! WE KIN PRINT IT JUST AS GOOD AND JUST AS CHEAP, AND YOU'LL BE KEEPING THE MONEY AT HOME BY BRINGING US THAT ORDER.



A Legion Picture

"The Sky Raider," featuring the late Captain Nungesser, famous French Ace, is one of the most spectacular and thrilling dramas of the air ever filmed. It is a rare picture; the tremendous love story of a man falsely accused of betraying his



best friend, unable to defend himself, rejected by his sweetheart—and of his come-back! It is a truly never-to-be-forgotten picture.

The local American Legion will show this picture at Majestic Theatre, Antrim, on Tuesday evening, March 26. Tickets are now on sale.

Old Folks' Concert

An Old Folks' Concert was given in the vestry of the Baptist church on Friday evening last by a chorus of twenty-four voices. Vocal solos as well as chorus singing were on the program, most of the selections being of earlier days; and this early period furnished the style of costumes. A goodly number of the parish were present to enjoy the pleasures of the evening. The committee in charge put considerable work into the affair and was rewarded abundantly, for a most entertaining evening was the result. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

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Crank Case and Flushing Service
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Frank J. Boyd, Hillsboro

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the Last Friday Evening in each month, at 7.30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.

ROSS H. ROBERTS,
BYRON G. BUTTERFIELD
ALICE G. NYLANDER,
Antrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tuesday evening of each week, to transact town business.

Meetings 7 to 8
ARCHIE M. SWETT
JOHN THORNTON
ALFRED G. HOLT,
Selectmen of Antrim.

PYROFAX GAS SERVICE

Pyrofax is a Gas and burns like city gas on any gas appliance.

Maytag Aluminum Washing Machines, Electric Whirlidry Washer, Ironrite Duford Ironer, A B C Spinner and appliances of all kinds.

Send for descriptive circular on Pyrofax equipment and Gas Appliances.

Granite State Maytag, Inc.
712 Elm St. MANCHESTER, N. H. Tel. 8430
10 Warren St., CONCORD, N. H. Tel. 2554

We Manufacture Ready Cut

GARAGES

Summer Camps and Bungalows

Circulars on Request

Thayer Portable House Co.

Windsor St., Keene, N. H.

For Sale

WOOD—Good hard wood, stove length; any quantity; prompt delivery. FRED L. PROCTOR, Antrim, N. H.

For Sale

Combination Safe, 24x24x38 inches high.

Two Freestone Stoves.
Electric Sewing Machine, very little used.

These goods are all in fine condition. All kinds Second-hand Furniture bought and sold.

CARL H. MUZZEY,
Phone 45-4 Antrim, N. H.

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

REPORTER RAMBLINGS

Touching the Topics That Are More or Less Timely

Maj. James F. Brennan, of Petreboro, believes in the old-fashioned virtue of courtesy. In fact, he presents three prizes each year to the boys adjudged to be the most courteous in his home town. Sixty ladies form a committee to pick the winners. This year G. Allen Moulton, Everett W. Webster, Jr., and George Eastman were awarded the gifts. Courtesy is a fine thing—and the young people are not the only ones who need to have it called to their attention.

Mr. White, the division highway engineer of this section of the state, was in Antrim on Wednesday afternoon last, as stated in these columns of our last issue that he would be, and explained to all who gathered in the town hall to listen to him the existing conditions regarding the completion of the strip of Cheshire road running through the North Branch village and West Antrim. A goodly number of tax payers were present and listened intently. Very much more was learned concerning roads and the building of same, and the new bond law under which appropriations will soon begin, than had been previously known. Mr. White is an impressive and convincing talker and gives his hearers something to consider, for he knows what he is talking about. All present felt that this talk saved a lot of time and needless oratory on Town Meeting day.

It will be fine to have all connecting pieces of road on state trunk lines completed in the next two years, and the passage of the bond bill by the legislature for road building in this state is assurance that it will be done; and in addition Highway Commissioner Everett is reported as saying this will be accomplished. He has arranged his program for the two years with this end in view. The unimproved piece of the Cheshire trunk line running through the west and north part of Antrim—being about five and seven-tenths miles—is in

Am. Legion to Hold Party

The William M. Myers Post, No. 50, will hold a St. Patrick's day party at its rooms on Tuesday evening, March 19, following the regular meeting. The Auxiliary unit and friends are invited to the meeting and party; refreshments will be served. All ex-service men and their wives are earnestly requested to come and enjoy the evening.

B. G. Butterfield, Adjt.

For Sale—Wood

Good Dry Hard Wood, ready for delivery, any quantity. Also good Green Wood, cut on high land, which is much better than swamp wood. Better think of your wood needs for spring before mud time, when it is hard delivering, also cuts up your yards. FRED L. PROCTOR, Tel. 18-3 Antrim, N. H.

the first year's program; this will be built the coming season, and hopes are entertained that it will be completed the present year.

What most of our people didn't know was that part of the law as passed obliging our town to pay what the Commissioner apportions to us as our part of the expense in the completion of this piece of road. We now know it, however; and in accepting the inevitable the town is doing so with its usual good grace. Under other conditions we would have liked to postpone the building of this road for a time,—till it were possible to reduce materially our town debt—but such a course is impossible.

Antrim never yet failed in doing its part and doing it well; it has cost money in many cases to do it, but our people are proud of her! In this proposition we still have faith in our town and know that all our people will do their best in accepting such improvements as may come to us in this one respect, in hopes that very much more benefit will be ours in the long run than we are able to see at this time.

Auburn - - Willis Knight

New Superior Whippett
Fours and Sixes

Sales & Service

C. W. Rowe

Henniker, N. H.

Telephone 51-2

Several New Essex at Big Reduction
Used Cars from \$15 to \$1200

Moving Pictures!

DREAMLAND THEATRE
Town Hall, Bennington
at 8.00 o'clock

Saturday, March 16
Take Me Home
with Bebe Daniels

Bennington.

Congregational Church

Rev. Stephen S. Wood, Pastor
Preaching service at 10.45 a.m.
Sunday School 12 m.
Christian Endeavor at 6 p.m.

William Wallace is at home from the hospital.

Tenements to Rent. Apply to C. W. Durgin, Main street, Bennington. Adv.

The Monadnock Paper Mills expect to remodel their boiler plant this coming summer.

John Smiley is able to be out again, after a long seige with flu and pneumonia.

Mrs. Frank Seaver was a Concord visitor on Saturday, going down with her brother.

Mrs. Albert French is in Margaret Pillsbury hospital, Concord, and is reported very sick.

Pledge cards of the "Every Member Canvass" are being collected for the Congregational society.

Hay For Sale—Few tons of good English Hay for sale. Apply to William J. Taylor, Bennington. Adv.

There will be but one rehearsal of the cantata, "The Risen Christ," this week, and that on Thursday evening, at the home of Miss Lawrence.

Amos A. Martin, known to his friends as "Cappy" (and he has a lot of friends) is slowly regaining health and strength, after many weeks of illness.

The Missionary Society, which met with Mrs. Sadie Balch on Wednesday afternoon, had twelve in attendance and a collection of five dollars. There was an interesting topic, and with scripture reading, prayer and singing, an interesting meeting. During the social hour which followed, a delicious lunch was served by the hostess.

SCHOOL MEETING

The annual School Meeting was held on Friday evening last at town hall. A good attendance was present and considerable interest shown. Under the several Articles in the Warrant, the following business was transacted:

George E. Edwards was re-elected Moderator.

Arthur F. Bell was re-elected Clerk.

George E. Edwards was re-elected Member of School Board for three years.

Mrs. Margaret Taylor was re-elected Treasurer.

Reports of Officers, Auditors and Committees were received and acted upon.

It was voted to establish a 2-year High School Course, raise and appropriate money for the same.

Regarding the disposition of the Grammar School building, it was voted to give the same to the Sons of Union Veterans and their Auxiliary.

When some matters that are still in an unsettled condition are adjusted, this is doubtless the disposition that will be made of it. The hall these organizations now occupy must soon be moved, as where it stands will be a part of the new school grounds.

The sum of \$500.00 was voted for grading around the new school grounds.

Under the Article to see how much

PAINT

I have just obtained the Agency for Davis Ever-Bright House and Barn Paint.

This Paint is covered by a Guarantee that will satisfy every buyer.

It sells for less than \$3.00 per gallon.

Drop me a card and I will call and explain this direct from the Factory Low Cost Paint.

Also Inside Paints, Enamels, Varnishes, Lead, Oil and everything in the Paint Line at Low Cost.

Harry W. Brown
BENNINGTON, N. H.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian-Methodist Churches
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Thursday, March 14
Prayer and Praise service at 7.30 p.m.

Sunday, March 17
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor.
Bible School meets at 12 m.
Y.P.S.C.E. meets at 6 p.m.
Union preaching service at 7 p.m.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, March 14
Mid-week meeting 7.30 p.m. Study Acts 25 and 26.

Sunday, March 17
Morning worship 10.45. The pastor will preach on "Soul Surgery."
Church School at 12 o'clock
Crusaders at 4.30
Y.P.S.C.E. at 6 o'clock. Topic: "How the Church Helps Us to Live the Christian Life." Leader, Miss Ida J. Maxfield.

High School Notes

Scholarship Contests at Keene Normal

On Saturday, May 11, the High schools of southern New Hampshire will meet at the Keene Normal School for contests in High school subjects and fundamentals. Antrim High School will be represented by Winslow Sawyer, Carroll Johnson, Carrol Nichols in the Physics contest. An Arithmetic and American History team will be made up of Elizabeth Tibbals, Frances Wheeler, Merrill Gordon, Willis Patterson, Rupert Wisell and Lester Hill.

Prize Speaking

Sophomores and Freshmen are preparing their selections for the preliminary prize speaking. The trials will take place Friday, April 5.

Assemblies

Miss Rita Merrill conducted the Assembly Friday afternoon. Mrs. Caughey was the speaker. Current events were given by Carrie Maxfield, Carroll Johnson and Elizabeth Tibbals.

Other recent speakers at Assembly have been Mrs. William Hurlin, Mr. Eldredge, Rev. Frank Pearson, Mrs. Wilkinson and Mrs. Goodell.

Samoan Tattooing

The art of tattooing still flourishes in the Samoan Islands where the natives tattoo their bodies from the hips to the knees. A tattooer's profession is very lucrative. His instruments resemble combs, and are made of human bones of different sizes. The operation takes from two to three months, during which time a patient remains in the same retired place. All this time the relatives of the young person bring mats, money and food, but if the quantity does not suit the tattooer, he "goes on strike," refusing to proceed until sufficient liberality is displayed. The requisite gifts are sure to be brought, for no Samoan could endure going half tattooed.

Odd Methods of Fishing

There are many ways of catching fish, but one of the quaintest methods is that revealed by natives to the administrator of New Guinea, on a tour of the territory. At Hetan the natives gave an exhibition of kite fishing for gars. The kites, constructed of pandanus leaf, and shaped like huge birds, are flown from canoes, the motion of which makes the kites' tails skip along the surface of the water. A "spider's" web is attached in which the fish become entangled. Often 50 fish are caught with one kite in a day. The natives also stupefy fish with drugs.

Patrick Muldoon

News is circulated about town of the death Mar. 6, in Boston, of Patrick Muldoon, of Antrim, owner and proprietor of Maplehurst Inn. Funeral services were held March 9 from the residence of Thomas Riley, West Concord, Mass.

At the funeral, which was held at the home of his cousin, Thomas J. Reilly, of 8 Crest St., West Concord, Mass., a solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated in Our Lady Help of Christians' Church, West Concord, with Rev. James M. Somers, assistant pastor, as the celebrant; Rev. Charles Donahue, of St. Bridget's Church, Maynard, as deacon, and Rev. Joseph P. Mahar, the pastor, as sub-deacon. Mrs. David Sheehan, of Concord, was the soloist. The musical sections of the mass were played by Miss Julia Dec, the church organist. Burial was in St. Bernard's cemetery, in West Concord, Mass.

money the Town will raise and appropriate for Schools the coming year. It was voted \$9600.00.

TOWN HOLDS ANNUAL MEETINGS

Continued from page one

Legion, and Ephraim Weston Post, No. 87, G. A. R., in properly observing Memorial Day.

Voted to appropriate \$75.00.

5—To see if the Town will vote to have the Invoice and Taxes printed for the ensuing year, with the value of each lot of real estate printed separately, and appropriate a sum of money therefor, or take any action thereon.

Voted to have the Invoice and Taxes printed. It appeared to be the sense of the meeting that this was a most desirable book of reference and information; and one speaker said it was money well invested.

6—To see how much money the Town will appropriate for the repair of Roads and Bridges for the ensuing year.

Voted the sum of \$3000.00, without discussion.

7—To see if the Town will appropriate the sum of \$2050.00 for Trunk Line Maintenance and \$1820.00 for State Aid Maintenance for the year ensuing, or take any action thereon.

Voted to do as asked in this Article.

8—To see if the Town will appropriate \$30,000 for Trunk Line Construction on the Cheshire Road and authorize the Selectmen to borrow from the State (agreeably to House Bill No. 310) this amount, or take any action thereon.

This was the Article that was expected to consume time and call out oratory; it did to some extent, but explanations of an unusual situation were made and appeared to satisfy everyone. Considerate deliberation was given the matter by all who entered into the discussion.

Voted, to appropriate such amount of \$30,000.00 for construction on Cheshire Road as may be needed, and authorize the Selectmen to borrow \$19,000.00, giving nineteen town notes of \$1000.00 each, the first payable in two years, second in three years, and so on till all are paid, paying one each year; and any amount in excess of \$19,000.00 which may be needed shall be borrowed of the State according to provisions of House Bill No. 310.

9—To see if the Town will vote to accept the provisions of Chapter 87, Section 1 of Revised Statutes, on a section of the Cheshire Road, so called, and appropriate, or set aside from the amount raised for highway work the sum of \$1000.00 for this purpose.

Voted, to dismiss the Article.

10—To see how much money the Town will appropriate for Street Lighting for the ensuing year, or take any action thereon.

Voted, same amount be appropriated as last year, which is \$2160.00.

About this time adjournment was voted for dinner, and return was made to the hall at one o'clock, when business under the Warrant was again resumed.

The Woman's Relief Corps furnished an excellent Town Meeting dinner, at Odd Fellows dining hall, which was very well patronized.

11—To see if the Town will vote to discontinue the road from the Cottage of Wm. R. Linton, at North Branch, over the hill to the new road leading from North Branch to Hillsboro.

As was expected, the acceptance of this Article met with objection, and after some discussion it was voted to dismiss the Article.

12—To see how much money the Town will appropriate for the repair of sidewalks the year ensuing, or take any action thereon.

Dismissed, by vote.

13—To see if the Town will authorize the Selectmen to sell two Snow Rollers.

Voted, to so authorize the Selectmen.

14—To see if the Town will vote to appropriate a sum sufficient to provide for the suitable care and maintenance of Public Cemeteries within its confines, which are not otherwise provided for, as required by Chapter 55, Section 4 of the Public Statutes.

Voted, \$50.00 under this Article.

15—To see if the Town will vote to instruct the Selectmen to lay out a Highway at Gregg Lake, beginning at the corner near the cottages of Frank Brooks, then running along the west and south shores of the Lake, thence southerly to join the Highway now leading by the farm of Albert S. Bryer, to raise and appropriate any sum of money the Town may see fit to begin the construction of same.

Dismissed, by vote.

16—To see if the Town will vote to appropriate the sum of \$400.00 for the purpose of re-checking the recent Blister Rust inspection, or take any action thereon.

Voted, to discontinue.

17—To see if the Town will vote to authorize the Selectmen to borrow such sums as may be necessary in anticipation of Taxes.

Voted, to so authorize the Selectmen.

18—To see if the Town will authorize the Selectmen to move the Band Stand from its present location to the Athletic Field, and appropriate a sum of money therefor.

A lot of good natured talk was indulged in, some of it being serious; but it was decided to let the band stand remain where it now is, and the Article was dismissed.

19—To hear reports of Committees, and act thereon.

Charles F. Butterfield, as a member of the Town History Committee, made a brief verbal report, and stated that Rev. R. H. Tibbals had been engaged as the Town Historian, who would now report. Rev. Tibbals presented a well-prepared report of his progress in the matter; the same was accepted by vote, and ordered placed on file for record.

20—To see how much money the Town will raise for statutory requirements and to carry the above Articles and the Appropriations of the School Meeting into effect.

It was voted to raise the sum of \$40,000.00, this amount being \$8,500.00 less than last year.

21—To transact any other business that may legally come before this meeting.

It was voted that the Selectmen appoint all minor Town officers.

A telegram was read in open meeting from Miss Leila M. Church, of Rockville, Conn., extending greetings to Antrim and her people in Town Meeting assembled. It was voted that a telegram of best wishes be returned to Miss Church.

The business under the Warrant was completed around two o'clock, excepting under Article 1, which stopped at three. This was one of the shortest sessions that Antrim has had at an annual Town Meeting in recent years.

The following Candidates were elected to Office:

Town Clerk—Charles F. Butterfield
Town Treasurer—Leander Patterson
Selectman, for 3 years—Archie M. Swett
Overseer of the Poor—Leander Patterson
Road Agent—Elmer W. Merrill
Trustee, Tuttle Library, 3 years—Milton E. Daniels
Trustee Trust Funds, 3 years—Charles F. Butterfield
Auditors—Myrtle K. Brooks, Junius T. Hanchett
Park Board—Hugh M. Graham; Albert E. Thornton; Ellerton H. Edwards.

BENNINGTON TOWN MEETING

At the Town Meeting on Tuesday, the business of the Warrant was transacted expeditiously, and the following are a few of the principle votes taken:

\$22,000.00 was raised to defray Town charges.

\$4665.50 was raised for roads.

The sum of \$400.00 was raised to paint Town Hall.

The sum of \$500.00 was voted to buy chairs for the Town Hall.

It was voted \$600.00 to put in new culvert across the new School grounds.

Under Article for re-building Covered Bridge, it was voted to authorize Selectmen to borrow such sum of money needed to complete this work when the State is ready with their appropriation.

The following Candidates were elected to Office:

Town Clerk—Charles H. Smith
Town Treasurer—Arthur F. Bell
Selectman, 3 years—Arthur J. Pierce
Road Agent—William J. Taylor
Trustee of Trust Funds—Frank G. Traxler
Janitor of Town Hall—Patrick J. Shea

Great Soldier Noted

for Avaricious Trait

Men have often possessed distorted ideas of thrift. The duke of Marlborough, noted for his niggardly ways, would resort to almost any means to obtain money.

It is related that he reproached a servant for having lit four candles in his tent when Prince Eugene visited him for a conference just before the battle of Blenheim. It is also related that when the duke was ill at Bath, he insisted on going on foot to his lodgings in order to save sixpence for a chair to carry him.

Swift once wrote of the duke's meanness. He said he would wager that in all of his great campaigns he was never known to "lose his own baggage."—Thrill Magazine.

Crab Finds Rich Oil Field

Oil recently found on an island off the coast of Honduras was discovered by the aid of a land crab, after man had searched for years for the petroleum. The region is infested with the crabs, which burrow into the soil. One of them dug into a marsh beneath a cottage. The next day the owner of the house smelled the odor of oil, and soon found a high-grade flow. He had been searching for oil for years without success.—Detroit Free Press.

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Property of all kinds advertised and sold on easy terms. Phone, Greenfield 12-6

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Electrical Work of All Kinds
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"Try One and Judge For Yourself!"
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Supplies, Storage Batteries
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HILLSBORO, N. H. Tel. 11-8

Feathers on Hats

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY



In the hands of a French modiste a bit of a colorful feather can work wonders in imparting a definite style touch to a spring chapeau. Hats arriving from Paris are demonstrating this fact daily. With les Parisiennes the hat with a feather has already become a leading favorite.

The tiny feather motifs are not only most unique and sprightly in color but they are handled in ways quite unusual. They are always of the flat variety and they are at all times positioned with great cunning—perhaps inset through the crown or the brim, or in small brushes flattened over the ear. Pointed perky quills—a group of tiny-sized ones—offer a most pleasing one-side trim for a snug-fitting felt or soft straw.

straw shapes gay little curious shaped feathers give a flattering note, and for

early spring hats of this genre are indeed apropos.

Each of the hats in this group can trace its modishness to the presence of a feather or feathers which have been positioned by a deft hand. The first model is one of those pliable straws draped like a felt. A bit of a feather adds a piquant note, posed, as it is, so coquettishly over one eye.

A curled quill motif in bright yellow trims the brown felt hat to the right at the top.

An ornament of soft blond feathers is placed at each side of the off-the-face felt hat positioned in the group just between the two above described.

The hat next below shows a long-side brim which also turns up smartly, for-off-the-face effects have been revived. The large flat motif is composed of tiny pasted multi-colored feathers.

In the circle, two curled coque feather novelties are effectively posed on a simple felt toque.

Iridescent coques enhance the straw shape which concludes the group.

MAKING SPLIT PEA SOUP

Wash and pick over half a pound of split peas and soak them overnight. Cook with four cups of water, a pinch of baking soda, two tablespoons of bacon cubes, one small onion sliced and a tiny pinch of summer savory. Cook slowly for about three hours, or until the peas are very soft. Press through a sieve and slightly thicken with a tablespoonful of butter or bacon fat rubbed with a tablespoonful of flour. Season with salt, pepper and add a few drops of table sauce to each helping. Serve with toasted crackers or croutons.

KEEPING WAXED FLOOR IN CONDITION

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

To recodition a waxed floor, it should occasionally be given a very thin coat of wax, put on with a woolen cloth, and polished, if possible, with a weighted brush. This is a good job for which to call in one of the boys in the family or the neighborhood. Pushing one of these weighted polishers around is fairly heavy work, but it requires just the sort of muscular effort a boy likes to use. Needless to say, the room should be pre-

pared for a waxing of this kind by having the furniture moved out, and the walls, woodwork, and floor completely cleaned and dusted. Waxed floors, says the United States Department of Agriculture, should be swept with a soft brush or mop entirely free from oil. Oil soft-



Get the Schoolboy to Help Wax the Floor.

ens wax and should never be used on it in any way. About once a week a waxed floor should be given a more thorough cleaning with a cloth wrung out of warm, soapy water, or moistened with turpentine or gasoline. Applying too much wax is a common mistake. Rub white spots with a woolen cloth or weighted brush, applying a little wax if necessary. Keep a slip-on cover on the weighted brush when it is not in use. Never allow it to come into contact with oil.

Varnished floors may be swept with a soft brush, a mop, or a broom covered with a cotton-flannel bag, and then rubbed with a cloth or mop slightly moistened with floor oil or kerosene. The oil gradually dries out of varnish after it has been applied to wood, and unless restored by an occasional rubbing with an oiled cloth the varnish becomes exceedingly hard and brittle. Use only enough oil to moisten slightly the cloth or mop.

Notes of Bell

A good bell, fairly struck, should give out three distinct notes—a "fundamental" note, the octave above, or "nominal," and the octave below, or "hum-note." Very few bells have any two of these notes (and hardly any all three) in unison; the "hum-note" being generally a little sharper and the "fundamentals" a little flatter than their respective "nominals."

Astronomical Term

A "light year" is the term employed in astronomy to indicate the distance a ray of light traveling 188,000 miles a second can traverse in a year. Thus one can easily compute the distance of the present outermost visible limits of space which are estimated to lie 100,000,000 light years away from the earth.—Exchange.

said Mr. Thrush. It simply means that the clock has not yet been wound up, or that something is the matter with it.

"I really could never understand why they didn't say that time hurried along with its hands.

"They always speak of it flying—very, very funny."

"You spoke in the same way," said Mrs. Thrush.

"That shows what a habit it has become," said Mr. Thrush, "but still I think they should do less talking about time flying and more about birds flying. For we have wings and we do fly."

"But quite differently from time," said Mr. Vireo, in his shy, sweet voice.

"You see, time goes on all the time. It never stops. And we do.

"We rest, we sleep, we eat, we keep still, we sing, we do so many things.

"Yes," ended Mr. Vireo, "I think it deserves to have the word flying used for it."

And the Thrush thought so, too.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Fairy Tale for Children

By Mary Graham Bonner

"We are safer in the night time so we travel then," said Mr. Thrush as he hurried the rest of the family so they could start their spring journey.

"May we join?" asked the Vireo family. They are very shy and they like to travel at night for in the daytime they are afraid of being seen and hurt.

"Yes," said Mr. Thrush, "we will go from tree to tree and take rests as we

started off and very slowly they took the trip.

They traveled only at night and they flew from one tree to another.

They said they all felt too shy to travel in the daytime.

At last they reached their summer home. The Vireo family settled in the woods where some of their relations were.

They knew they would be quiet where they had settled for it looked wild and as if few people came along that way.

The Thrushes chose some nice bushes for their homes, and the Warblers soon got their nest homes ready for the season.

When the other birds saw that they had arrived they were very much pleased.

"You were so late," they said. "We were afraid you would not come at all."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Thrush, "but we kept putting off the starting of our trip and time just seemed to fly by."

"Just as we did, eh?" asked the other birds.

"Yes, time and birds are both good flyers," said Mr. Thrush. "But the strange part of it is that one is always hearing about the time flying, and not nearly so much about birds flying."

"True," said Mr. Warbler, "I wonder why that is."

"I am sure I don't know," said Mr. Thrush. "Of course, when it is said that time flies it means that time hurries along."

"For time doesn't really fly. It hasn't wings. It has clocks and hands on the clocks that keep time and go straight on all through the days and nights, with winding."

"There are clocks named after us," said Mrs. Cuckoo.

"Yes," said Mr. Cuckoo, proudly.

"And they have a little make-believe bird which looks and speaks as we do."

"But clocks often don't go," said Mrs. Thrush.

"The time goes on just the same,"

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

NO GUESSWORK IN ROASTING MEAT

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Probably at no point is the inexperienced cook so doubtful of success as when she attempts to serve roast meat for dinner. Steaks and chops and all the small meats, cooked in plain sight on top of the stove, are fairly simple; but when you've shut your dinner up in the oven and have to keep peeping at it to guess when it's done—the outside generally looks done right away!—and you realize that you hardly ever have roasts anyway, just for two—you go through an agony of uncertainty until the carving knife reveals your results.

As a matter of fact, all this guesswork and anxiety about roasting meat can be very easily avoided. A roast meat thermometer can be purchased for a comparatively small sum, and with it you can tell to a nicety when your meat should be taken from the oven, according as you may want it rare, medium, or well-done. The thermometer is thrust into the thickest part of the meat, and when it registers a given temperature, the inside of the meat, which you cannot see, will be as you want it.

These directions for cooking a rib roast of beef, given by the bureau of home economics, will explain how the roast meat thermometer is used.

"Select a two or three-rib standing roast. Wipe it off with a damp cloth, rub with pepper, salt, and flour. Place the roast fat-side up in an open pan without water. As the fat melts and cooks out it will baste the meat. Make a small incision through the fat covering and insert a roast meat thermometer so that the bulb reaches the

center of the roast. Place the meat in a hot oven (500 degrees Fahrenheit). Sear the meat for 20 or 30 minutes until lightly browned, then reduce the oven temperature to about 300 degrees Fahrenheit and continue the cooking until the thermometer in the meat reads about 140 degrees Fahrenheit for a rare roast, 160 degrees Fahrenheit for a medium roast, or 180 degrees Fahrenheit for a well-done roast. A rib roast will probably require 15 minutes to the pound to be rare, 22 minutes to the pound to be medium, and about 30 minutes to the pound to be well done. Higher oven temperatures than 300 degrees Fahrenheit will shorten the time of cooking, but it will increase the shrinkage of the roast, and both the meat and drippings may become too brown. Reducing the oven temperature to 250 degrees Fahrenheit will decrease the shrinkage markedly and will cook the meat uniformly, but longer time will be required.

"When a rib roast will not stand upright, lay it on a rack in an open pan without water, and insert the roast meat thermometer directly into the center of the lean meat, not through the fat covering as in the standing roast. Baste occasionally during cooking to prevent drying out.

"Serve the roast on a hot platter, surrounded by browned potatoes or by squares of Yorkshire pudding."

And if you do not have a recipe for Yorkshire pudding, which is the traditional accompaniment to roast beef, the bureau of home economics will be glad to send you one, as well as suggestions on other ways of cooking beef.



Rib Roast With Yorkshire Pudding.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

When your tea kettle is not in use, empty it and keep it dry.

Good cooking demands sharp knives and accurate measuring-utensils.

If you wish your child to be healthy, keep him away from people with colds.

The best round garters for a child are not tight and are made of elastic one inch wide.

Better digestion follows a meal that is a happy social function instead of a battleground.

Don't knot or twist the connecting cord of your electric iron if you wish it to give long service.

A piece of waxed paper folded over the sharp edge of a knife before butter is cut, will prevent the butter from sticking to the blade.

Goats of Catalina
Between 20,000 and 30,000 wild goats inhabit Santa Catalina Island off the coast of California.



They Flew From One Tree to Another.

go along. A good many of your relations must have gone ahead of you."

"Yes, many have gone ahead of us," said the Vireos. "We are a little late in starting."

"May we join the rest of you?" asked the Warblers.

"Hello, Warblers, glad to see you; by all means, come along."

The Thrushes, Warblers and Vireos

Good Things to Eat

By NELLIE MAXWELL

"No endeavor is in vain; its reward is in the doing. And the rapture of pursuing is the prize the vanquished gain."

The commonest things in life which have to do with our foods are often the ones we know least about. Yeasts, molds and bacteria enter into all our food problems. They are necessary to life and at the same time cause its destruction.

Yeast—the small plant which is used to make our bread digestible and palatable, grows by budding. One small bud throws out another until a mass of plant life is formed which permeates the glutinous mixture of flour and liquid, making it full of gas which the growing plant throws off in its growth. The mixing and kneading of the dough gets every part of the mass well fitted with the yeast buds, making an even porous dough which results in a light, tender and digestible loaf when well baked.

Yeast plants to grow must have food, warmth and moisture. A lukewarm mixture is needed to dissolve the yeast, then the food, which is starch of the flour, milk and water for

liquid and sugar also for food. The starches and sugar during the growth of the plant make the gas which holds up the dough. In baking the cells of the bread are set and the gas expelled by the heat.

Those who have a small garden space in the back yard may provide themselves with good vegetables for the winter. Carrots, Bermuda onions, beets, parsnips, rutabagas all add to the vegetable cellar. Celery, too, may be packed in a trench, moistened occasionally and kept for months crisp and delicious.

The important thing in a vegetable cellar is the temperature. Mushrooms may be grown on a shelf of earth, adding much to the winter menu. Fifty degrees is a good temperature to keep vegetables and a degree or two higher will be better for the growth of mushrooms. In the fall the thrifty housewife will go to the fields and gather the mushrooms for drying. After soaking for a few hours they are ready for any dish. At this season when the jellies and jams may be getting low try:

Carrot Preserve or Conserve.—Put

one and one-half pounds of carrots through the fine knife of the meat chopper, add one quart of cold water, cover and boil for twenty minutes. Add three lemons, or two oranges and one lemon, scrubbed and thinly sliced; cook for an hour, then add two-thirds of the measure of carrot and fruit and sugar. Stir and cook quickly until it is jellied. Add one-fourth to one-half cupful of almonds, walnuts or peanuts and pour into jelly glasses.

The molds of cheese add flavor which enhances its food value. Such cheeses as Roquefort have a mold peculiar to themselves. It was originally made of goat's milk and it is said that a young shepherd left a piece of cheese with some of the peasant's black bread in a cave and when he found it the mold had given such a piquant flavor to the cheese that he took it home and his mother thereafter put cheeses with the bread in the cave to ripen and from that time Roquefort became popular.

Bacteria is a microscopic form of life which are servants as well as destroyers. The good ones enrich our food with flavors, those of disease break down and destroy the body. They work to build and others work to tear down.

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acrid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

A Deadly Fortion
Housewife—Are you not the same man to whom I gave a piece of mince pie last week?

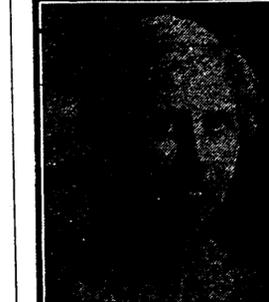
Tramp (bitterly)—No, mum, I'm not; an' wot's more, the doctors say I never will be the same man again.

Large, Generous Sample Old Time Remedy Sent Free to Every Reader of This Article

More than forty years ago, good old Pastor Koenig began the manufacture of Pastor Koenig's Nerve, a remedy recommended for the relief of nervousness, epilepsy, sleeplessness and kindred ailments. The remedy was made after the formula of old German doctors. The sales soon increased, and another factory was added. Today there are Koenig factories in the old world and Pastor Koenig's Nerve is sold in every land and clime. Try it and be convinced. It will only cost you a postal to write for the large, generous sample. Address: Koenig Medicine Co., 1045 No. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois. Kindly mention your local paper.

Army Castoffs Sold

The salvage division of the Quartermaster corps of the United States army is estimated to have saved more than \$30,000,000 since April, 1918, by the sale of waste materials, such as metals, rubber, rags, bottles and hides.



Helped at Change of Life

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine at the Change of Life. I would get blue spells and just walk the floor. I was nervous, could not sleep at night, and was not able to do my work. I know if it had not been for your medicine I would have been in bed most of this time and had a big doctor's bill. If women would only take your medicine they would be better."—Mrs. Anna Weaver, R. F. D. No. 2, Rose Hill, Iowa.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Bilious?

Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. You'll be "fit and fine" by morning—tongue clean, headache gone, appetite back, bowels acting pleasantly, biliousness banished. For constipation, too. Better than any laxative.

Safe, mild, purely vegetable.

NR TO NIGHT
At Drugstores—Daily 25c

Birthplace of Lee Bought by the U. D. C.



View of Stratford Hall, in Virginia, the birthplace of Gen. Robert E. Lee and of Richard Henry Lee, which has been bought by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The present building was erected in 1729 after the original manor house was destroyed by fire.

Radio Assures Safety in the Air

Engineer of Bureau of Standards Outlines Needs of Aviation Service.

New York.—The future development of commercial air travel is virtually dependent upon the use of radio, in the opinion of Dr. J. H. Dellinger, chief of the radio section of the United States bureau of standards, who addressed the winter convention of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers recently. Doctor Dellinger said the percentage of aviation accidents resulting from hazards of weather was due to the slowness with which radio aids to air navigation have been advancing.

a beam of radio waves which sweep constantly around. A special signal indicates when the beam sweeps through the north.

All Have Disadvantages. A pilot listening for the beacon signal with his earphones determines his direction by the time elapsing between the north signal and the instant when the beam is heard with maximum intensity. The elapsed time is determined by means of a stop watch calibrated to read direction.

Extend Boundaries of Shenandoah Park

Luray, Va.—Old lines first designating the boundaries of the Shenandoah National park areas have been obliterated and much new territory is added according to the new map of the United States geological survey just completed in collaboration with the Virginia state conservation and development commission.

Feeding the Starving in Peiping



One of the many pathetic scenes which are common in the destitute sections of Peiping (Peking) China. Here a group of hungry children are being fed at one of the kitchens conducted by the Salvation Army, which is being helped by contributions from the foreign residents of the city.

Nice If She Would Only Lay 'Em in Pan

Elmdale, Kan.—Much has been written about the "helpful" Kansas hen, and the boon she has been to mankind. But "Old Rusty," a hen owned by Mrs. Heron Straubs, adds real service to her egg laying.

Best Cod Livers Are Worst, Science Finds

New York.—Cod livers that contain the most oil do not have the best, from the standpoint of preventing rickets, Dr. Alfred F. Hess, Dr. Charles E. Bills and Edna M. Honeywell have found by recent experiments.

NOTABLES SHUN RINGS OF 'PHONE IN WASHINGTON

Leading Officials Keep Their Home Numbers Out of Capital's Directories. Washington.—If you ever want to reach Nick Longworth, speaker of the house of representatives, or his famous wife, Alice, by telephone, don't search the directory for the name Nicholas Longworth.

The Bigger Kids Are Harder They Think

Boston.—The bigger they are the harder they think, is the conclusion reached by Dr. Nell A. Dayton, director of the division of mental deficiency of the Massachusetts department of mental diseases, after mental research among 11,000 school children.

Burned to Death

Chicago.—Mrs. Isabella Payne, thirty-two years old, was burned to death in her flat at 2909 South Wells street, when a fluid with which she was cleaning a garment exploded and ignited her dress.

LEADING RADIO PROGRAMS

(Time given in Eastern Standard; subtract one hour for Central and two hours for Mountain time.)

- N. B. C. RED NETWORK—March 17. 1:30 p. m. Peerless Reproducers. 3:00 p. m. Dr. Stephen S. Wise. 4:00 p. m. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. 6:00 p. m. Stetson Parade. 8:30 p. m. Dictograph Hour. 7:40 p. m. Chicago Symph. Orchestra. 7:00 p. m. Old Company's Program. 7:30 p. m. Maj. Bowes Family Party. 9:00 p. m. David Lawrence. 9:15 p. m. Atwater Kent. 10:15 p. m. Studebaker Champions.

- N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK. 2:00 p. m. Hoxy Strull. 3:00 p. m. Young People's Conference. 4:30 p. m. McKinney Musicians. 5:30 p. m. Dr. H. E. Fiedler. 6:30 p. m. Whittall Anglo Persians. 7:30 p. m. At the Baldwin. 8:00 p. m. Enns Jettick Melodies. 8:15 p. m. Collier's Radio Hour.

- N. B. C. RED NETWORK—March 19. 6:45 a. m. Tower Health Exercises. 8:00 a. m. Rastus and His Menagerie. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 11:30 a. m. Dictograph Hour. 8:00 p. m. Voice of Firestone. 8:30 p. m. A and P Gypsies. 9:30 p. m. General Motors Party. 10:30 p. m. Empire Builders.

- N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK. 10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour. 1:00 p. m. Montgomery Ward's Hour. 1:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. 7:30 p. m. Kozy and His Gang. 8:30 p. m. Automatic Duo Discs. 9:30 p. m. Real Folks.

- N. B. C. RED NETWORK—March 20. 6:45 a. m. Tower Health Exercises. 8:00 a. m. Rastus and His Menagerie. 10:00 a. m. National Home Hour. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 7:30 p. m. La Touraine Concert. 8:00 p. m. Sunlight Serenaders. 9:00 p. m. Ipana Troubadours. 9:30 p. m. Palmolive Hour. 10:30 p. m. Gold Strand Orchestra.

- N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK. 10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour. 1:00 p. m. Forecast School Cookery. 1:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. 8:00 p. m. Strohman-Carlson Sextette. 8:30 p. m. Mitchell Hour. 9:00 p. m. Three-In-One Theater. 9:30 p. m. Dutch Master Minstrelia. 10:30 p. m. Freed-Elseman Orch.

- N. B. C. RED NETWORK—March 21. 6:45 a. m. Tower Health Exercises. 8:00 a. m. Rastus and His Menagerie. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 7:30 p. m. Coward Comfort Hour. 8:00 p. m. Forhan's Song Shop. 8:30 p. m. Hoover Sentinels. 9:00 p. m. Seiberling Singers. 10:00 p. m. Halsey Stuart Hour. 10:30 p. m. Iso-Vis Entertainers.

- N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK. 10:00 a. m. Copeland Hour. 1:00 p. m. Forecast School Cookery. 1:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. 8:00 p. m. Lehn and Fink Serenade. 8:30 p. m. Champion Sparkers. 9:30 p. m. Maxwell House Concert.

- N. B. C. RED NETWORK—March 22. 6:45 a. m. Tower Health Exercises. 8:00 a. m. Rastus and His Menagerie. 10:00 a. m. National Home Hour. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 12:00 p. m. Teeth, Health, Happiness. 5:00 p. m. Florida Citrus Growers. 6:30 p. m. Raybestos Twins. 7:45 p. m. Moorman Cost-Cutting C'l. 8:00 p. m. Cities Service Hour. 9:00 p. m. An Evening in Paris. 9:30 p. m. Schradertown Band. 11:00 p. m. Skellodians.

- N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK. 11:00 a. m. U. C. A. Educational Hour. 1:00 p. m. Montgomery Ward's Hour. 1:15 p. m. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. 7:00 p. m. Great Moments in History. 8:30 p. m. Armstrong Quinners. 9:00 p. m. Wrigley Review. 9:30 p. m. Philco Hour. 10:00 p. m. Hudson-Exsex Challengers.

- N. B. C. RED NETWORK—March 23. 6:45 a. m. Tower Health Exercises. 8:00 a. m. Rastus and His Menagerie. 11:15 a. m. Radio Household Institute. 6:30 p. m. White House Dinner Music. 7:30 p. m. Romance Isle. 8:00 p. m. National Orch.—Damrosch. 9:00 p. m. General Electric Hour. 10:00 p. m. Lucky Strike Orchestra.

For Colds -



How many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin! And how often you've heard of its prompt relief of sore throat or tonsillitis. No wonder millions take it for colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

ASPIRIN

Advertisement for Cuticura Talcum Powder. The Perfumed Touch that makes your toilet complete. Includes an illustration of a woman applying powder.

Study Skeleton of a Horse in Action

For the purpose of investigation and observation by scientists and horse breeders, there is being prepared for exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the skeletons of a racing horse and a running dog.

Man, Wife, Get Same Vote

In the recent election for the Old Cannoek parish council in Scotland, Emrys Hughes and his wife were both candidates and received exactly the same number of votes—531.

Taxes Stand Alone

Death and taxes have points in common, but in some cases death is painless.

Trailing "Brer Rabbit"

The older the rabbit track the colder it gets and the dog usually smells a small length of it and decides in which direction the rabbit has gone.

NICE WORDS WON'T DYE a dress or coat...

Advertisement for Diamond Dyes. Includes an illustration of a woman in a dress and text describing the benefits of the dyes.

Human Interest Topics For Reporter Readers

America's Puzzlers

The annual convention of the National Puzzler's League, just held in New York City, suggests that the puzzle business is an important feature in American life. Some years ago when cross word puzzles became popular, it was commonly thought that they would prove only a passing fad. But people have kept on being interested in these puzzles, and many depend on them for recreation in their quiet homes.

Some people will say that there are puzzles enough in our perplexing daily life, and they do not care to puzzle their heads over anything else. But possibly if people would train their ingenuity a little more over the cross words and anagrams and rebuses, they might obtain more original ideas for meeting the puzzles of life.

Business Pushers

The development of a community depends largely on the temperament of its business men, as to whether they are pushing and active and enterprising, or whether they are content to accept business as they find it and take what comes to them.

If you go into some towns on a sleepy afternoon when there is not much doing, you would find some of the business people idling in their doorways, watching lazily the things going on in the street. And then if you went into a different type of town on the same day, you would find the business men busily working out schemes to push their trade and enlarge their business. Business is not a kind of thing that starts of itself. It has to be pushed.

Self Support from the Soil

Some people complain that present industrial conditions are such, that "they are between the devil and the deep sea." If they get disgusted with poor conditions on the farms, they go to the cities. There they say they are thrown out of work by the seasonal depressions or the introduction of new machinery. Then if they return to the farm, they find there is an over-supply of foodstuffs. So whichever they do, they wish they had done something else.

And yet, this is a rich country, the amount of money in circulation is greater than ever, there never were so many opportunities for good workers. Many people who can't find anything to do, do not open their eyes to the opportunities all around them.

Back years ago, the greater part of the people lived in country homes. They raised their own food, they made their own clothes to a large extent. They could build and repair their own houses. They spent little money, and got along with a good degree of comfort.

No complete return to these old methods is possible. And yet many people come somewhat near this independent position. They settle down on some little farm near some good sized town, and with a garden and poultry and hogs and a few cows, they produce most of their food. If they are skillful with tools, they build and repair their own houses, and take care of their own automobiles. The vegetables, eggs and chickens which they sell give them a fair amount of ready cash.

A family that plans its affairs on that basis is independent of good and bad times, for it largely produces its own support. People in the near-by cities and towns will always buy vegetables, fruit, and poultry products. Before people lie idle because they can find no job, they might try some such manner of life.

This Small World

The world grows smaller every day, and conditions in the most distant land affects us right here at home.

For instance, the news for the past few years from China, of civil war and revolution, looked all the time like a very distant and remote thing, which could not affect American citizens at all, and which most of them would not be interested in. Yet American exports to China increased 64 per cent last year, which must have been largely due to the fact that conditions have become more settled in that country, with appearances indicating that the civil war was about over.

When those countries have peace and good government, they buy more American goods. The whole world is bound closely together today, and we all feel either bad or good conditions in any part of it.

The New President's Job

The presidency of the United States is a unique kind of a job, and there is nothing quite like it on earth. The kings and emperors of old times found the people of their countries submissive to their will. They had been accustomed for generations to obey the voice of their rulers, and it was dangerous to disobey.

But our president has no such assured position. The amount of power he can exert depends on his force of character.

The American people have shown a preference for men of forceful character and powerful personalities as their presidents. They see congress divided by the conflicts of sections and parties, and they want a strong man in the White House who can dominate contending factions and get the things done that the people want.

Some people think the president has too much power, but no measure to restrict that power ever got any widespread support. The people look to him to solve the problems created by modern industry and the conflicts of various elements.

Reforming the World

H. G. Wells, famous English writer, and several associates are starting a publishing house in Baltimore, Maryland, where they propose to issue a work which will expound still further these people's ideas about making a better world. Many of our readers who are familiar with Mr. Wells' works have a general idea of this brilliant man's proposals, which he thinks would make life so much better for all of us.

His principal ideas seem to be, to make industry and property holding less selfish, and to bring the nations closer together in some form of international government, so as to abolish national jealousies and get rid of wars.

If we are to make a better world, we shall have to begin with the little children, and teach them to be kind and generous and industrious and honest. Mr. Wells' ideas may do good in arousing people to the possibility of abandoning human misery, but the process is a long and painful one, and has to begin at the very foundation of human nature.

An entertainment that is well advertised usually gets a far better attendance than one that is not, and so the advertised store gets the best of the trade.

The Cottage by the Sea

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

RONALD, his long legs perched comfortably on the wide ledge of the veranda among his sister's pet flower pots, finished reading the news in his paper and then turned half idly and half seriously to the advertisement headed "Board Wanted."

"Ronny! If you kick any of my pink geraniums off the ledge and into the sea you will most certainly have to retrieve them and the water has the snappy temperature of Iceland today."

"I say, Sis, this sounds rather good—almost as if the chap knew how hard up we are and wanted to come to us. Wants a room overlooking the sea in which he can sleep during the day. He's a newspaper man—night worker, and his sleeping time is from ten in the morning until six in the evening. That would suit us beautifully and he will pay ten bucks a week."

"Ronny, that would be like something sent from heaven. I will have left the house by the time he comes and he will leave evenings before I return. It's perfectly grand. You could even cook him his breakfast or whatever meal he eats before going to his work." Alice smiled at the thought.

"Great head," snorted Ronny, but as a matter of fact he felt he could welcome the piddom of a man at times. He painted so furiously during the day that he would be glad of a respite at odd moments.

Tom Granger was delighted beyond expression when he came out to Glen Cove to inspect the room offered him. And he liked the fact that the house was untenanted all day except by a young man entirely engrossed with his paints and brushes.

"This night work's been getting me," he confided to Ronny, "and I felt I must at least sleep in the sea air if I'm to keep going until the tide of fame reaches me, or rather until I struggle nearer it."

"We're all in the same boat here," laughed Ronny. "My sister Alice goes in by an early train to fill her job in a subeditor's chair and works darned hard, too. I sell a picture about every six months so we manage to keep bread and cheese in the house."

The situation proved rather interesting in that Alice never had so much as a passing glimpse of their paying guest, and all Tom Granger's knowledge of Ronny's sister was through the brother's chat. There was the photograph Ronny had decorated the guest room with—a lovely head of Alice. Ronny adored sketching her dainty head.

"Saves me the price of a model," said Ronny and grinned.

"Saves you a good bit, I'd say—to get a model like that," said Tom.

Saturday afternoon was the only time that Alice could have met their guest, but she was so keen to get into her swimming costume and into her glorious sea that she seemed just to dart through the house and into the water. By the time she had finished her swim and returned to the cottage Tom Granger would be on his way to catch his train cityward. His Sundays were always spent with his family.

Two months went by and Ronny managed to put by a few dollars and thereby insure Alice a warm coat for the coming winter and possibly one for himself. Their paying guest's weekly ten helped.

"Ronny, I won't be home until the 9:30 tomorrow evening, as Jane insists on my coming up to her studio for supper—says I've deserted her entirely since we took on this summer home."

"Right," said Ronny; "I'll meet you and escort you safely home."

And when Alice hopped off the train that night and caught sight of Ronny she burst into laughter.

"Ronny, did you ever hear anything quite so funny? I went up to Jane's for supper and she most particularly wanted me to meet, and who do you think it was? Tom Granger!" And Alice went off into peals of amusement. But somehow Ronny got the idea right then and there that the meeting had been productive of all that Jane had hoped and that he himself had secretly hoped soon would happen.

"It beats the Dutch!" he laughed as he tucked Alice's arm within his and steered her homeward, "here you two have been living in the same house and eating your pick-up lunches from the same table and—well, it takes a stranger to introduce you."

And when Saturday came round again, Alice tried to be very casual about it but a soft color flamed in her cheeks as she said to Ronny:

"Mr. Granger is not going to spend this Sunday with his family—he thought it would be sort of nice—to have a swim with—us Sunday for a change."

Ronny grinned quite openly at her blush.

"My dear little sister," he suggested, "you'd better study grammar and learn to use the right pronoun when speaking to your wise brother. And besides, I have not been blind to the calf-like expression in Granger's eyes when he has been gazing at my exquisite drawing of—"

For Rent on a Flat

The English are the best race in the world; few nations have a fat Englishman, yet many of them eat four square meals every day, writes William Lyon Phelps in Scribner's Magazine. And when you do see a fat Englishman you will find that he carries his weight remarkably well.

George Santayana told me a new story of the famous Oscar Browning, of King's college, Cambridge. He ate seven meals a day. There are persons who wake up in the middle of the night and cannot fall asleep again until they have eaten something. But O. B. set his alarm clock at three in the morning in order that he might wake and eat a herring!

Then at seven o'clock tea and various eatables were brought to his bedside. His third meal was breakfast at nine, and it was a substantial repast. He then ate nothing till lunch, but he took care to make up for his prolonged fast. His fifth meal came at 4:30 and was high tea, with plenty of food. He then ate nothing till dinner, which was a very elaborate affair, in many courses and with a variety of wines. His seventh and last meal was a hearty supper, which he took just before going to bed. He lived to be eighty-three.

But what is eighty-three? An English admiral at the age of ninety-two took a long walk with some friends, and, apologizing for his slowness, he cried: "Oh, if I were only eighty again!"

Exchange Offer Made

Great Painter Gasp

W. P. Frith, royal academician, was painting in the country one summer. Living in a cottage owned by a nice old woman who often used to watch him paint. There was a rush-bottomed chair which he used for his work and to which he became quite attached. It wasn't worth more than 50 cents—a lot of money in those days—and when he was leaving Frith offered the dear old woman 5 shillings (\$1.20) for it.

"But she said 'No,'" chuckled Frith, relating the incident to Julian Hawthorne. "She couldn't think of robbing him, but she'd be perfectly content if I'd take the chair in exchange for one of my little 'picters'!"

Which took Frith's breath away for a minute—the little "picters" would easily sell for a thousand dollars or more—but he got out of it somehow and carried off the chair, too.—Kansas City Times.

Use a Fork Now

Gone is the generous lake of juice in which vegetables used to be served. Gone are the funny little fests of "side dishes" that used to find harbor near our dinner plates. Gone, therefore, is the necessity for the question, "When we eat vegetables, shall we use a fork or a spoon?" For now adays vegetables are usually served with no juice, and are served on the dinner plate, either in combination (as a vegetable luncheon or dinner) or with the meat. And then, of course, we use the fork, or the knife and fork, if we have adopted the European way of eating. We should always use forks, too, for asparagus—not fingers, for it really is too "drippy."—Mrs. Alexander King in Delineator.

Breaking It Gently

There came a hurried knock at the door and a voice made itself heard through the letter box.

"Open up, Mrs. O'Malley—open up!" Mrs. O'Malley opened the door quickly. On the steps stood her neighbor, crying softly.

"O've come to tell ye yer 'usband has met with an accident. Mrs. O'Malley," she wailed sadly.

"Ah, to be sure, an' what is it now?" cried the other, anxiously.

"Och, the poor man was overcome by the heat, darlin'."

"The heat?"

"'Tis, 'tis," returned the bearer of the news earnestly. "Your man fell into the furnace o' the foundry."—London Answers.

Links With the Past

Several interesting relics of the famous Boar's Head tavern are to be found in the Church of St. Magnus the Martyr, Lower Threadneedle street, London.

They date back to 1831 and include an antique drinking goblet known as the "Falstaff cup," and the big tobacco box that so excited the admiration of Washington Irving, as recorded in his "Sketch Book." The latter has its cover decorated with a picture of the old inn and a company carousing, two of the chairs being inscribed with the names of Prince Hal and Falstaff. An inscription records that the box was used at the vestry meetings at the Boar's Head.

Tell It to the Marines

Over the entrances to certain encampments of the American marines is a sign which reads—"If you don't listen, you'll get killed." But this warning did not originate with the marines, says the American Magazine, which explains: "It is really the life code of all wild things in nature. With them, to obey is to live, and to disobey is to die. Almost daily, wild creatures are called upon to make life-and-death choices, and they usually choose with celerity and dispatch. Reason and natural laws go hand in hand, and to violate a law of nature is always to defy reason."

The Musician's Wife

By AD'SCHUSTER

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TANBARK TOM, stretched on the grass beside a creek listening to his partner play the flute.

"If I was you, Bill, I wouldn't be so proud of that there accomplishment. Maybe you never heard of what happened to Eli Nump, who was a friend of mine, and all because he up and played a flute?"

"I guess there's worse things than flute-playing. Nobody ever got run in for it." Bill thrust out his jaw.

"No? Well, this here Eli got a life sentence, that's what, and for just playing the flute. Would you like to hear tell?"

Now this here Eli was a young fellow with a love of wandering here and there. Sometimes he was getting in the crops in Dakota and sometimes piling stuff on the wharves. Anyway he lands in a little town in Montana looking for a soft job and he got one.

Feller said he would stake him to grub and a little pay and all Eli would have to do was watch a flock of sheep. Eli thought of sitting around writing for the sheep to eat their summer's food, calculated he might find some fishing and signed up. He took his flute and went up in the hills entirely surrounded by sheep.

Sometimes a job gets too soft and this one began to wear on Eli. But he was a kind-hearted fellow and couldn't bear to desert the sheep, so he stuck around, playing his flute and thinking. Told me later he never did so much thinking in his life.

One night the moon came over the mountains all big and full and Eli sat up and discovered he was in love with the country. Something had come over him; he had been irritated and he didn't think any more. All he did was play his flute and let the time go by. He even sang a song. There were times when he thought of a girl back home.

One night he played a sort of love song on his flute, making it up as he went, and he was so interested in the effect he did not notice what was going on. When he did look up there was a big Indian buck motioning at him with his finger.

Eli took one gaze at the buck and followed. What would a flute-playing shepherd be doing trying to run away from a bird like this one? The Indian leads Eli into the circle of a campfire and gives him a shoe and all the time Eli doesn't know whether he is to be eaten or just tortured. Then he sees a couple of shining lights which is the eyes of the Indian girl standing up straight in front of her wigwam and the girl is looking at Eli.

So does everybody else and they seem to be expecting something. The girl's eyes says, "How do you do?" and a lot of other things, and Eli, playing a hunch, walks up to her. When she held out her hand he took it and the Indians all begin to grunt. When the show was over Eli was let in on the secret that he and the Indian girl were married.

"But what has all that got to do with a life sentence for playing a flute?"

"Marriage is a life sentence, as I see it, and it was playing the flute what was responsible. You see, that is the Indian way of courting, making music outside the camp."

The Dispute

Joseph F. Nickerson, the refrigeration authority of Chicago, was talking in New York about a scientists' dispute.

"These two great scientists," he said, "have got angry and allowed personalities to creep in. Too bad, too bad, though it certainly makes their dispute more amusing at that."

"It reminds me of the fat conductor and the cranky passenger."

"Now, then!" the fat conductor yelled, "you got to do one of three things and do it quick—show your ticket, pay your fare, or get off."

"Everybody in the car laughed, and the cranky passenger brought out his ticket. Then he tapped the conductor's big stomach with his knuckles and yelled back:

"And you've got to do one of three things quick, too—walk more, eat less, or bust."

First Afro-American Art

The famous old wrought iron balconies, grilles and doorways of New Orleans, now the delight of antique collectors, were the work of negro slaves. They brought the art with them from Africa. During the early days of that city, when the best of the iron was wrought, there were no white craftsmen there. The slave craftsmen who worked at the anvil took a hybrid collection of French and Spanish motifs and worked them into an art expression of their own. Although it was simpler than anything European, it was and still is a remarkable tribute to the craftsmanship of the slave smiths. Anyone who has visited the Gulf city is familiar with these simple but charmingly designed balconies, grilles, lunettes, etc., wrought by slave labor without white direction.

Fascination of Words

Etymology, the science of words, teaches us that our symbols of speech are constantly growing, changing, reflecting history. In the development of the English language, can be seen the invasions of the Romans, Saxons, etc.

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Albert E. White
Who has resided in the Hastings house on North Main street for nearly a year, passed away suddenly at one o'clock Sunday afternoon, March 10.
Mr. White has been suffering from Bright's disease with heart complications for several years, and having been unable to work at his trade of wood moulding for more than a year, he and his family removed from Winthrop, Mass., to Antrim April 28, 1928. He has been fairly comfortable until an alarming heart difficulty developed several days ago, from which he seemed to be rallying when he suddenly passed away Sunday afternoon.

Mr. White, while a stranger to many in Antrim, was born in this town November 5, 1866, the elder son of Francis and Mrs. Emily (Smith) White; when he was about three years of age, his parents moved to Cambridge, Mass., and he obtained his education in the schools of that city. When in his teens, his parents returned to Antrim for a year. At the age of sixteen he went to East Boston and learned the wood moulder's trade which he has followed ever since, until his retirement last year. He was married January 9, 1888, to Miss Minnie Hastings, of Antrim, daughter of the late Edward Z. and Mary J. (Tuttle) Hastings. Mr. and Mrs. White lived in East Boston until 1897, when they moved to Winthrop, where they have resided until their removal to Antrim last April.

Mr. White was a member of the P.B.O.E. Winthrop Lodge, No. 1078, of Winthrop, Mass. He is survived by his widow, his aged mother with whom he has shared his home since the death of his father nearly 18 years ago; an uncle Arthur Smith, of Antrim, a sister-in-law Mrs. Eva White also of Antrim, and a niece Mrs. Ada Cooper, of Shrewsbury, Mass. To all these is extended the sympathy of their many friends both here and in Massachusetts.

The funeral was held on Wednesday afternoon at one-thirty from his home; H. B. Currier, of Hillsboro, having it in charge. Rev. R. H. Tibbals, pastor of the Baptist church, spoke words of comfort to the mourning friends. Miss Elizabeth Tandy sang appropriate selections. The bank of flowers testified to the friendships in Massachusetts and in Antrim. Burial was in the family lot in beautiful Maplewood cemetery. The bearers were near neighbors, Henry A. Hurlie, Carl H. Robinson, Don H. Robinson and Erastus J. Wilkinson.