

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XLVIII · NO. 40

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1931

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ANTRIM WINS 4 TO 3

In a Ten Inning Game With the Henniker Team

Saturday last was Antrim's lucky day, although winning the game from Henniker's strong aggregation of ball players was not all luck, for good playing had to be done to accomplish it, and this is what pleases the patrons of the game. As usual, not all the plays were good ones, but the poorer ones were not too costly, so the fans were kept good natured. Had the local boys kept up the pace throughout the game which was maintained for seven innings, the visitors would have felt a bit different, but evening the score was a balm for injured feelings, and also what sent the game to an additional inning. Both teams entered the finals with their expectations running high, but Antrim proved the better team and early secured the winning run.

Thornton, in the box for the locals, did good work, even with a new man behind the bat, which sometimes don't come through quite so good. This new catcher was a good ball player and pleased the players and fans as well. Some fast playing was done and open holes were deliberately closed with but slight disaster.

As we have said before, our boys are playing the game in a most pleasing and gentlemanly manner, and this can also be said of the visiting teams. The players as well as the fans who follow them are sports of the right sort.

For those who enjoy looking over the box score, we are publishing it herewith:

ANTRIM		H ENNIKER	
AB	R H PO A E	AB	R H PO A E
Paige, 2b	5 0 1 1 3 1	Toll, p	5 0 0 1 5 0
Cleary, ss	5 0 0 1 0 1	D Patenaude, c	4 0 0 11 0 0
Jones, 3b	5 0 3 2 1 1	O Daniels, 2b	5 0 0 1 2 1
Thornton, p	5 1 1 0 7 1	Elizabeth, ss	5 1 2 4 2 1
Cutter, cf	5 1 3 2 0 0	B Patenaude, 1b	5 1 1 8 0 0
Roy, c	4 0 1 14 0 1	M Patenaude, cf	4 1 1 2 0 0
Fowle, lf	4 0 1 0 0 1	R Daniels, 3b	2 0 0 1 1 0
Fournier, 1b	4 1 1 11 0 0	Huntington, rf	4 0 0 0 0 0
Houston, rf	4 1 1 0 0 0	Gilchrist, lf	3 0 0 1 0 0
Totals	41 4 12 30 12 5	Stacy, lf	1 0 0 0 0 0

LEAGUE STANDING	
W.	L.
Henniker	10 3 .769
Warner	10 4 .714
Hillsboro	10 4 .714
Antrim	6 7 .462
Contoocook	4 9 .308
Weare	0 13 .000

Spoke at Two Services

Mrs. Mary Post, formerly secretary Y.W.C.A., Erie, Penn., representing the National Council for Prevention of War, with headquarters at Washington, D. C., spoke in the Methodist church on Sunday, both morning and evening. The attendance at the union service in the evening was much larger than in the morning. The speaker presents her subject in an interesting manner and holds well the attention of her hearers; having made a close study of her subject, she is able to give much valuable information. Mrs. Ross Roberts presided at the evening service, and Mrs. A. M. Swett, Mrs. A. L. Poor, Mrs. T. C. Chaffee assisted; Arthur L. Poor presided at the morning service. The arrangements for these services were in charge of Miss Florence L. Brown.

W. R. C. Notes

Some twenty members of the Woman's Relief Corps, and relatives, went to Vilas Pool, Alstead, by bus and private car, on Tuesday, August

OBSERVES ANNUAL

The Old School Reunion Meets at North Branch

The ninth meeting of the North Branch Old School Association was held at North Branch Chapel on Saturday, August 22. A basket lunch was enjoyed on the Chapel lawn, one of the pleasing features being a kind invitation from Mr. Flint to go over the grounds of his estate. To many this was a great treat, it being one of their childhood play-grounds, as the Den was once the old school-house. Thanks were extended Mr. Flint for his thoughtfulness and kindness.

After lunch the meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. Minnie M. McIlvin. Regular business was transacted, and all the officers were re-elected:

- President—Mrs. Minnie M. McIlvin
- 1st Vice President—Mrs. Helen Burnham
- 2d Vice President—Mrs. Olive Matthews
- 3d Vice President—Warren Coombs
- Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Bell Wheeler

It was voted to hold a meeting next year, presumably the last Saturday in Old Home Week of 1932.

A short program was enjoyed of songs, recitations, and remarks of other days.

One of the unusually interesting things was a collection taken, using an old heirloom belonging to Sarah Dodge Jones, an old tinder box. In an audience of 76, only three had ever seen one. As Antrim does not often observe Old Home Day, this Reunion has partially taken the place of such an event.

When we shall reach that higher plane And in the Somewhere live again, We ask no place of great renown— Just give us back our old home town.

Written by Agnes Barney Young
All seemed to enjoy the day, and in wending their way homeward, looked forward to meeting again next year.

Complimentary Banquet

For some little time past, parties particularly interested in Kiwanis activities have been talking the matter of starting such an organization in Antrim to include also any from Bennington who may so desire. A week ago, a few members from the Concord club, together with Mr. Fleming, of Salem, Mass., who summers at White Birch Point, talked with business men here concerning the proposition. It was suggested that a complimentary lunch be served on Monday afternoon, at 6 o'clock, at the Maplehurst, by the Kiwanians of Concord, to the business men in this section who appeared interested.

For various reasons there was not a large gathering of local business men present. However, those in attendance were served a nice feed by Landlord Kelley, and the Concord visitors proved royal entertainers, and bestowed upon our boys every courtesy that an entertaining host possibly could; had the number been larger, the courtesies would have been more generally distributed. Those present extended with many thanks all favors and attentions received.

Time was taken to fully explain the workings of the Kiwanis organization, and the benefits to be derived by having within our borders such a body of community workers. It was a rare chance of learning much concerning an organization about which very little is known by many of our people.

The spirit of the occasion and social side of it in particular appealed so strongly to those present, that it was decided to continue these festivities in just one week. So it was arranged that next Monday, at 6.30 p.m., a luncheon will be served at the Maplehurst, at \$1.00 a plate, for men only, and not particularly for those who are interested in perfecting an organization, but for anyone who buys a ticket; necessarily they will be limited to fifty. It is expected that Rev. Harry Holmes, D.D., summing at Deering, will be the speaker. As many as can secure tickets will probably attend. Tickets may be secured at the Antrim Pharmacy.

18, and immensely enjoyed this beautiful spot. Basket lunches were in order, as well as boating and listening to the chimes played by Mrs. Stillman. Ethel Whitney, Press Cor.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE SCHOOL BUILDING

School Committee Makes Improvements in Sanitation, Water Bubblers, and Also New Paint in Several Rooms

During vacation time, the School Committee almost always does considerable work, in and about the school house, putting everything in proper repair and getting things in readiness for the reopening of schools in September. This year has been no exception.

It will be remembered that a year ago a new toilet system was installed, and while many had misgivings regarding the proper workings of such an experiment, it has proved most satisfactory—beyond the expectations of the most hopeful. Close watch has been made of the claims in detail of the system, especially in the extreme cold weather, and nothing but words of praise have been said of it. Care of course, had to be taken, but the satisfactory service given in every way has received words of praise. And it must be said to the credit of the pupils that they have exercised due consideration in its use, and evidently appreciate the splendid sanitary arrangements. This year new places for hand and face washing, with running water and paper towels, have been installed, making additional lavatory improvements.

The interior of the village school building is receiving the attention at this time that it deserves. New paint is being used in places where needed, improved curtains for school rooms have been provided, and a number of things have been done for the convenience of teachers and scholars. Water bubblers of an improved make, have been installed both up and down stairs, which will be an improve-

ment.

The 5th and 6th grades, which last year occupied the room at the head of the rear stairs formerly used as a recitation room, will the coming year change rooms with the 7th and the 8th grades and use the room on the second floor across the front hall from the High school. The number of pupils in these several grades make this change necessary, in order to accommodate them to better advantage and do more satisfactory school work, a thing that the School Board and teachers always have in mind.

The same teachers as last year, with a single exception, that of instructor in 7th and 8th grades, where Mrs. Louise Murdough, of Hillsboro, will teach, will take up their duties with the beginning of the school year, September 8. Mrs. Murdough is not a new teacher in the Antrim schools, as she taught in the North Branch school two years ago. The list of Teachers in the town schools for the ensuing year appears herewith:

- High School: Thomas C. Chaffee, headmaster; Miss Louise Carlson, assistant; Miss Margaret Maxfield, assistant.
- Grades: 1st and 2nd, Miss Gertrude Hersey; 3d and 4th, Miss Alice Cuddihy; 5th and 6th, Miss Charlotte E. Balch; 7th and 8th, Mrs. Louise Murdough.
- District: East Antrim, Miss Ruth Bassett; North Branch, Miss Helen Crosby; Center, Mrs. Gladys Phillips.
- Special: Supervisor of Music, Mrs. Elizabeth Felker; supervisor of drawing, Miss Edith Messer.

SNAPSHOTS?

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

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

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

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Smaller Size Dresses
Sale Ends This Week

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

Spencer Corsetiere Service, Garments Designed for the Individual

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LAKE MASSASSECUM
BRADFORD, N. H.

Cabaret Night
WEDNESDAY EVE'G,
September 2, 1931

Brenny Morrow and Girl Revue
General Admission 50 cents; Cover Charge 25 cents
For Reservations Call Bradford 8010-2

Eyes Examined Glasses Fitted

MILES W. MALONEY
OPTOMETRIST

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

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

By Gen. John J. Pershing

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—WNU Service

CHAPTER XLVII—Continued.

As we were leaving the widowed mother of a missing soldier, her only son, came up in great distress and told M. Clemenceau of her sorrow. He spoke tenderly of her patriotic sacrifice, put his arm gently around her and kissed her cheeks, mingling his tears with hers. The pathos of this touched every heart.

As General Foch and the others were not arriving until later, M. Clemenceau and I, driving together, accompanied by Generals Wirbel and Ragneneau in a separate automobile, went to the headquarters of the Eighty-third division. Major General Glenn commanding, which was billeted at Montigny, not far from Chaumont. We fell to discussing the probable situation of the various allied countries and their relative standing after the war. M. Clemenceau went to some length in his conjectures.

Thought Britain Finished.
"Great Britain is finished and in my opinion she has seen the zenith of her glory," he said.

"What makes you think so, Mr. Prime Minister?" I asked.
"First of all," he replied, "the immense drain of the war will make it impossible for her to retain commercial supremacy, and second, the experience of her colonial troops in this war will make their people more independent and she will lose her control over them."

I could not agree with M. Clemenceau's view and said: "Mr. Prime Minister, I think you are mistaken about the British, and I believe we shall see her fully recover from the effects of the war."

Continuing, I asked: "What about France's future?"

"Ah! She will once more be the dominant power in Europe," he replied, "But you do not mention Germany," I reminded him.

He replied: "The Germans are a great people, but Germany will not regain her prestige and her influence for generations."

Discuss Troop Shipments.

Shortly after our return to Chaumont, Generals Foch and Weygand arrived and after lunch we all went into conference. The continuation of shipments up to one hundred divisions, as already recommended by the prime ministers, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando, formed the basis of French argument.

The whole subject was thoroughly discussed, and, considering the then shortage of man power claimed by the French and British, to say nothing of the possible increase of the German armies from Russian sources, the main question was to get over as many Americans as possible. It was finally agreed that we should propose an eighty-division program to be completed by April, 1919, and add to it the larger program of one hundred divisions to be completed by July, 1919.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Hospitalization and completion of three corps headquarters and staff organizations occupied my attention the last week of June, 1918.

Twelve of our divisions were then either in line or in reserve behind the French, five were in training in rear of the British army. Of those with the French, seven were concentrated in the vicinity of Villers-Cotterets and Chateau-Thierry, between the French front and Paris.

The British seemed to think the French unduly nervous about the safety of Paris, and that Foch was holding a greater proportion of American troops behind the French lines than necessary. They believed there was a strong probability of another attack against their front, and felt General Foch was not paying enough attention to their situation. However, they probably did not realize that a counter-offensive was contemplated on this front should the occasion present itself.

Corps Headquarters Organized.

The First corps headquarters, organized in January under Maj. Gen. Hunter Liggett, with Col. Mallin Craig as chief of staff, had become a smoothly working machine ready for active service anywhere, but events had moved so swiftly there had been no opportunity for the assembly of divisions. With the increasing size of our army it was evident that a greater number of divisions would be able to take part in operations at earlier dates than we had thought possible. Consequently, the organization of the Second, Third and Fourth corps headquarters was at once completed.

The Second corps, Maj. Gen. George Read commanding, with Col. George Simonds as chief of staff, and a limited number of staff officers, was charged with matters of administration and command pertaining to the divisions behind the British front. The Third corps, temporarily under Maj. Gen. William M. Wright, Col. Alfred Bjornstad, chief of staff, continued to supervise training of divisions serving in the Vosges area. The Fourth corps was temporarily under the corps chief of staff, Col. Stuart Heintzelman, with headquarters at Toul. By the actual constitution of these corps they were expected soon to become efficient

enough to handle units in operations.

French Hospitals Deficient.

As to hospitals, when our troops became suddenly engaged in the Chateau-Thierry region we had to rely largely upon the assistance of the French to care for our wounded. Although they had given us every assurance that hospital arrangements for those operations would be complete, and without question did their best, it was only through the mobile hospitals we had organized that we were able to give our casualties proper attention.

In extension of the French failure to take care of our casualties properly it must be said that when the Germans swept over the Chemin des Dames to Chateau-Thierry the French lost 45,000 beds, included in some of their best equipped hospitals. We had no hospitals on that front and with limited transportation found it difficult to supplement the scant French facilities. In fact, the situation as to hospital accommodations for our troops was about to reach a critical stage.

In this connection a cable was actually submitted by Mr. Casper Whitney from the New York Tribune which was scathing in its denunciation of our medical department. The censor immediately informed the medical representatives at my headquarters, and General Ireland, the chief surgeon, requested an investigation, which was at once carried out by the chief of the inspector general's corps, General



Not Afraid of Gas.

Brewster. Mr. Whitney was asked to be present at all the hearings, and when the actual facts were brought out, showing the efficiency of the medical department, he was most apologetic and thereafter was an enthusiastic supporter of the wisdom of the censorship.

Fourth of July Observance.

The Fourth of July found me in Chaumont. The French people there never missed an opportunity to show their pleasure at having us in their midst and their appreciation of our aid to the cause. The principal ceremony of the day was a reception to the officers of my headquarters by the local French officials, both civic and military, and the prominent citizens at the Hotel de Ville. This was an altogether delightful social gathering, including a series of suitable speeches.

The spirit of fraternity that prevailed made it easy to respond. In fact, on this, as often on similar occasions, I found myself almost as enthusiastic as the French speaker, though perhaps less content with my effort.

The allies elsewhere did not forget that it was our Independence day, and messages came from Clemenceau, Foch and Haig and many others from all over France.

Yanks in Hamel Attack.

Regardless of the distinct understanding that our troops behind the British front were there for training and were not to be used except in an emergency, the British made continu-

ous effort to get them into their lines.

They planned an attack by the Australians for the Fourth of July and requested Maj. Gen. George Read, commander of the Second corps then still in training, to permit some of the troops of the Thirty-third division to take part.

At first the British suggested four companies, but later they wanted the number increased to ten. As the use of Americans at this time was directly contrary to the arrangement, naturally it did not meet with my approval.

Having learned that such a combined attack was planned, I spoke to Marshal Haig about it when I saw him in Paris July 8, and he entirely agreed with my point of view. It seems that General Read, afterward, in accordance with my instructions, told General Rawlinson that I did not want partly trained troops to participate. However, our troops had by this time become fully committed to it. Although the British chief of staff had consented to leave our troops out, when he learned from Rawlinson that it would compel them to defer the operation, he informed Read that no change could be made without orders from Field Marshal Haig, who, he said, could not be reached, and so the attack was carried out, as I learned the next day.

The fact that General Read and his officers and men were keen to get into the battle went far to excuse him. It seems needless to add also that the splendid behavior of the troops in the operation was a decided argument in favor of leniency. This division also afterward displayed the same eagerness to get at the enemy in several hard-fought engagements during the trying days of the Meuse-Argonne.

CHAPTER XLIX

A number of our divisions were quite prepared to engage in any contemplated offensive and their location at the moment lent hope for the early formation of one and probably two entire corps of Americans.

Liggett's First corps had taken its place in line July 4, with the Second division (Harbord), relieved on the 10th by the Twenty-sixth (Edwards), and a French division under its direction. The corps staff had been shaken down to the routine of its work and had become in every respect an efficient group, performing its functions with the confidence and precision worthy of the more experienced staffs of the allied armies.

During an inspection trip July 12 to the headquarters of the First corps I had lunch with General Harbord at Nanteuil-sur-Marne, where his division was resting. He told of a marine in his division who had captured seventy-five German prisoners single-handed.

Germans Attack Again.

Referring again to my diary: Chaumont, Wednesday, July 17, 1918.—Another German attack broke Monday. Our Forty-second, part of the Twenty-eighth and the Third, became engaged. The latter counterattacked and captured 600 prisoners. Advised Foch that the Thirty-second and Twenty-ninth divisions are available at once.

Five other divisions have been placed at his disposal. Situation yesterday more favorable for allies. General Bullard assigned to Third corps and General Wright to Fifth.

The intelligence services of all the allied armies had been exerting every endeavor to discover the enemy's plans, with the result that for some days it appeared almost certain that his next move would be directed toward the southeast, on the right and left of Rheims. On the evening of July 14 a French raiding party from General Gouraud's Fourth army, then holding that part of the line including Rheims, luckily captured prisoners who con-

firmed this belief and who gave the exact hour fixed for the attack, which they said was to take place the following morning.

Our Third division, still in line south of the Marne, faced the enemy between Jaugonne and Chateau Thierry, and the Twenty-sixth, which, as we have seen, had relieved the Second, held a sector between Torcy and Vaux. Infantry elements of the Twenty-eighth were south of the Marne, serving with the two French divisions on either side of the Third; the entire Forty-second occupied a support position behind Gouraud's front; the First division was north of Meaux, and the Second and Fourth were in reserve near Chateau Thierry.

Surprise for the Enemy.

The German offensive was launched on the early morning of July 15, as expected, but it was met with a surprise barrage put down by General Gouraud's artillery half an hour before the start. The Germans' attack formations were thrown into confusion and their force seriously weakened to begin with. By evening, thanks to the strong resistance they encountered, the situation in that immediate sector was not unfavorable.

Our Forty-second division became engaged and sustained relatively heavy losses. Its conduct on the first and succeeding days brought high praise from the French army commander. Farther west the enemy crossed the Marne, penetrating in one place as far as five miles. He struck our Third division, which was posted along the river, in a determined attempt to force a crossing between Mezy and Varennes, and the fighting became intense, some units of the Thirtieth and Thirty-eighth regiments holding this front being forced back. The stubbornness of their resistance, however, broke up the attack as a whole, and the Germans retired to the north bank.

Thirty-eighth Distinguishes Itself.

On this occasion a single regiment of the Third division (Col. U. G. McAlexander's Thirty-eighth) wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals. It prevented the crossing at certain points on its front, while on either flank the Germans who had gained a footing pressed forward. Our men, firing in three directions, met the German attack with counterattacks at critical points, and succeeded in throwing two German divisions into complete confusion.

Men from three different enemy divisions were captured by the Third in the fighting of this day. By noon of the sixteenth the attacks against its line came to a halt.

The Germans were stopped to the east of Rheims by Gouraud's Fourth army with but slight gains, while to the southwest they got across the Marne and made some progress toward Epernay. The failure of the attack in Champagne and the relatively slight gains to which the Germans were held to the west of Rheims on the first day materially heartened the allies.

Although there were some ten divisions of the enemy remaining south of the Marne, the very evident conclusion, judging from the results of the following two days and the losses he had suffered, was that he would be unable to continue the offensive.

Now that the allied armies were no longer in jeopardy it seemed opportune to push the formation of our own army near Chateau Thierry for use against the Marne salient in the counter-offensive I had frequently urged. The outlook for the allies had changed materially since the crisis of early June. The enemy had been held in his most recent attacks and his losses were presumably very great.

He was losing the advantage of numbers and his superiority was passing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STAGE COACH TALES

By E. C. TAYLOR

The Vanderbilt of the Stage Era

LUCIUS WITHAM STOCKTON was to the stage coach era of transportation in the United States what Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt was to the railroad era—the outstanding figure, almost the "czar," of his time.

Stockton was born in Flemington, N. J., the son of Lucius Stockton and grandson of Rev. Philip Stockton, famous as the "Revolutionary Preacher," who was a brother of Richard Stockton, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Little is known of his early life, but it is known that he drove stage coaches for a time, and appeared in Uniontown, Pa., lured westward by the call of the National road, and married Rebecca Moore, daughter of Daniel Moore, an old stage proprietor of Washington, Pa., before he was twenty-four years of age. They had six children. His second wife was his first cousin, Katharine Stockton, and four children were born to them.

Stockton became wealthy operating stage coaches over the famous old National road from the Atlantic seaboard to the Middle West, and was perhaps the most colorful figure of his day.

Early in his career he once raced a horse and buggy against a locomotive between Relay House and Baltimore, Md., and won the race. He drove a favorite gray horse in that contest.

Stockton was a great lover of horses, and developed his own special strains for his stage coach lines. He had a strain called the "Murrat" and another called the "Winflower," which many experts declare have never been surpassed for nerve, beauty and speed. This can never be determined, however, as the two strains have died out.

He was a familiar figure along the National road, and became known as the "speed maniac" of his day. He had a span of beautiful Winflower mares, which Hanson Willison, one of his drivers, has recorded were named "Sal" and "Bet." He frequently drove this span from Uniontown to Wheeling, W. Va., between breakfast and tea time, stopping two or three hours at midday in Washington, Pa.

Stockton always had the hostlers add a little whisky to the water given this span to drink, and the spirited, fleet steeds became so accustomed to their "tippie" that they refused to drink unless their water had a little whisky in it.

He also frequently drove from Uniontown to Cumberland, Md., in a day, stopping at the stage coach station along the way to transact business. Also a drive from Cumberland to Hagerstown, Md., a distance of 66 miles, was an ordinary day's drive for him.

He had a private carriage, a long, open vehicle, which he called "The Flying Dutchman," and which was famous among horsemen and sportsmen of the time.

The famous span once ran away with him, when he was driving his wife and sister over the National road. His sister clutched frantically at him, but he didn't pay any attention to her cries, and soon had the spirited team under control.

Stockton had a factory in Uniontown where nearly all of the coaches of the National Road Stage company, which he had organized and which ran nearly all competitors out of business during the heyday of the National road, were built by experts. Maj. William A. Donaldson was one of the foremen at the factory on Morgantown street.

All stage coaches of the National road days were named, mostly for famous personages of the time. Stockton had one named "John Tyler" in honor of the Vice President of the first Harrison administration. When Tyler, on the death of William Henry Harrison, succeeded to the Presidency and vetoed the United States bank bill, Stockton was very much angered. Going into the stage coach yard, soon after the veto was announced, he spied the "John Tyler" and shouted to Donaldson:

"Donaldson, can't you erase that name and substitute another one? I won't have my coaches named for a traitor."

"Certainly I can," Donaldson replied. "What shall the new name be?" "Call it 'General Harrison.'"

So the change was made. Donaldson was a Democrat, and was much amused by the incident.

Stockton died in Uniontown April 25, 1844, at "Ben Lomond," his elaborate estate. He is buried in the cemetery at Washington, Pa., where rest many other builders of the Allegheny Mountain region.

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

Spider Builds Diving Bell
A spider that lives under water is an air-breathing insect like the garden variety. It can remain under water for many hours at a time and even builds its nest there and rears its young by means of air which it collects on the surface, and stores in a reservoir made of its silk.

In midwinter, among the pondweeds, it spins a delicate, flat web, an almost invisible sheet. Then it climbs a plant to the surface, to collect air. It may swim awhile on its back to entangle air in its thick hairy coat, and then smartly dive. The effect is, the air goes with it, caught by its hair, and between its eight legs.



HOPELESS

While Will Rogers was on his whirlwind campaign for Red Cross funds, he tackled a rich man in one of the hotels he stopped at, who had the reputation of being a tightwad.

"The whole trouble is," exclaimed Rogers, "that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"I don't call that much of an argument," retorted the tightwad, "the other half doesn't know either."

—And for once, Will was at a loss what to say.

Getting the Facts

"Young man," said the young woman's father, "you have boasted several times that you possess an honored name."

"Yes, sir," replied the foreign suitor, haughtily.

"Well, may I inquire what bank it will be honored at, and for how much?"—Pearson's.

Lucky Mabel

"Mabel is certainly a lucky girl."

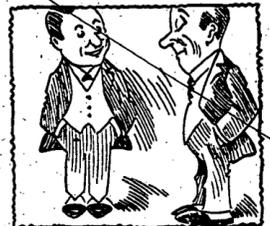
"How so?"

"She married a man with a chronic cough."

"I don't call that luck."

"I do. He's rich. And every time she wants money, he coughs."—Florida Times-Union.

REASON FOR ABSENCE



"I don't see you with Miss Gonne as often as I used to."

"No, I'm married to her."

A New One

"But why do you want a divorce?" asked the lawyer. "Your husband always has been a model man and a good provider, hasn't he?"

"Yes," snapped the wife, "but he is getting so deaf it's almost a waste of time for me to bawl him out, he hears so little of what I say."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Pastime

Lippengag—I'm working on a patent now that'll make truck drivers drive to one side of the road.

Killehoff—I don't think it's possible.

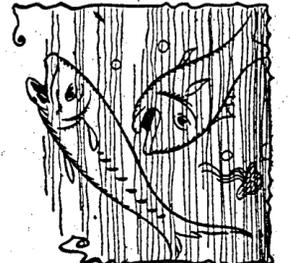
Lippengag—I don't either, I'm just working on it.

Ago

Concelted Amateur—I learned to play the violin when I was eight years old.

Crusty Professional—Indeed! How old were you when you forgot?—Vancouver Province.

WON ON A RACE



First Fish—You won a wad on a horse race?

Second Fish—Sure, sea horse.

A Mean One

"Why did you quit your job?" asked Mayne.

"The boss never took the afternoons off to play golf, but always stuck around to see that we kept working," replied the stenog.

Which Was Seldom

"That roommate of yours has a nice voice; how is it we don't hear it more often?"

"Oh, you see, he only sings while he bathes."

Cheerleaders All

Tourist (in Yellowstone park)—Those Indians sure have a blood-curdling yell.

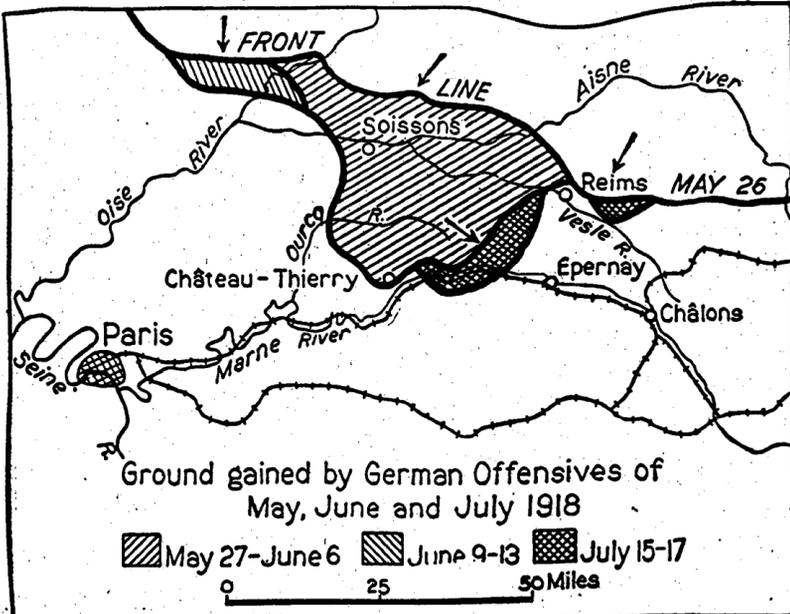
Guide—Yes, every one of them is a college graduate.—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

Silence, Please

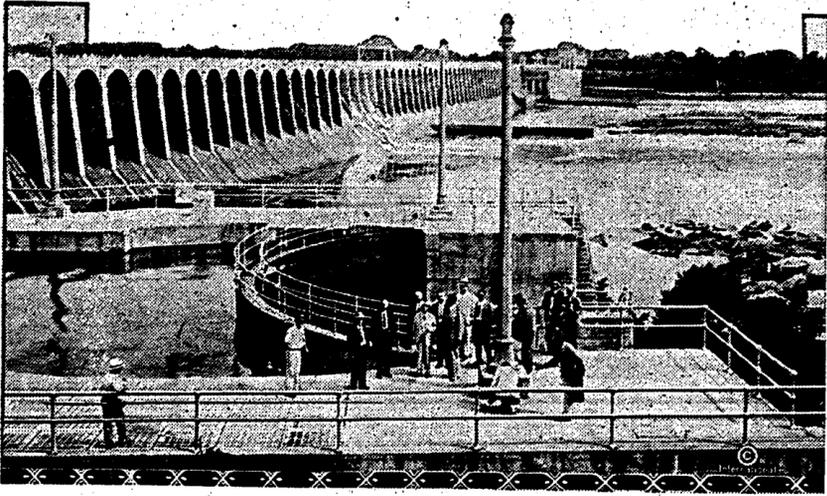
"Didn't you say your dog's bark is worse than his bite?"

"Yes."

"Then for goodness sake don't let him bark. He just bit me."



Secretary Hurley Inspects the Wilson Dam



General view of the great Wilson dam, at Florence, Ala., as Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley made an inspection tour of the project. With the secretary were members of the new commission from Alabama and Tennessee who are co-operating with the War department in the construction and operation of the project.

Seven Lepers Have Narrow Escape From Death While Angling at Sea

Honolulu, Hawaii.—From the leper settlement at Kalaupapa, island of Molokai, comes a tale of heroism involving seven men in peril at sea, the desperate rescue of one who fell overboard, and the scaling of a precipitous cliff 2,000 feet high by one of their number in search of aid, after the boat had been beached in an almost inaccessible spot on the rocky shore of Molokai.

This was going on while air and surface vessels of the United States navy and ships and planes of the Interisland Steam Navigation company and Interisland Airways were searching for the missing men.

Five men left Kalaupapa to go fishing in an 18-foot sloop, temporarily rigged and without a keel. After they had been missing a few hours apprehension was felt at the settlement, and two other men set out in a 14-foot rowboat equipped with a 12-horse power outboard motor to search for them.

The sloop proved unmanageable when it encountered an unexpected strong east wind. William Kalama was washed overboard by a heavy sea and was rescued by Henry Kawewehi, who leaped into the sea from the drifting boat and placed a line around Kalama.

The sloop began to leak badly. They made no headway toward Kalaupapa. Kalama, at the helm, finally steered for the beach at Kamanawau, and by combined luck and skill struck an inlet through the reef about 20 feet wide, through which the boat was beached in a heavy surf.

The five men, one of whom could not swim, were stranded between the raging sea and the precipitous cliff, which had never been scaled.

"Best of Soldiers"



Sergt. David ("Spike") Malonee, of Battery E of the coast artillery on duty at Fort Winfield Scott, who was recently spoken of by General Summerall as being the best soldier he has ever seen in the United States army. In all the fifteen years that the sergeant has been soldiering he has never been known by any other name than "Spike," and when his name was needed for dispatches the writers had to refer to the official files, for no one knew his real name.

William Kallima and Kanekoa Puaee, in the outboard motor boat, arrived about sunset and anchored about 50 yards off shore, fearing to come closer in the pounding surf.

Kallima, realizing that one of the stranded party could not swim, ran ashore himself through the surf carrying a small line, intending to fasten it to driftwood to help the party aboard.

On this lifeline the entire party reached the rescue boat, and Kallima, with all aboard, attempted to return to Kalaupapa. The overloaded boat filled with water and began to sink.

Puaee also was unable to swim. He clung to the sinking boat while Paul Kaeulali and Kallima helped Kiha, the other nonswimmer, to shore. Kallima then administered artificial respiration to Kiha while the others returned to rescue Puaee.

The party remained all night on the beach without food or water. In the morning Kaeulali volunteered to climb the cliff and attempt to reach the settlement overland to bring aid. After a desperate attempt he reached the top and made his way to the settlement to report to the authorities.

Meanwhile the fishing sampan Fuji Maru, Capt. K. Fujimoto, passed with Kalama.

Landing Plane on Lawn Costs Pilot \$25 Fine

Tucson, Ariz.—Landing his airplane in the yard of a sorority house and making a date with one of the girls cost Alfred A. Hurdin, Nogales, aviator, \$25.

Hurdin insisted it was a forced landing, but John Dwyer, chief of police, heard about the date and declared the stunt was prearranged. He caused Hurdin's arrest under a city ordinance prohibiting the operation of motor vehicles without mufflers, and the flyer was fined \$25.

The aviator wanted to take off from the sorority house yard, but the chief made him have the plane hauled outside the city limits.

Petty Fraud Is Worked in the Name of Charity

Santa Barbara, Calif.—The country has been overrun with rackets, but still another one came to light here when 300 people discovered they had been bilked out of a dollar apiece, with no prospect of a refund.

According to police, a young woman and a man, posing as charity workers, went about the city selling tickets at \$1 each for a musical concert which they said would be presented for charity by a group of musicians.

POTPOURRI

Not a Rose

The tuberose is not related to the rose at all. Its name came from misuse of the adjective tuberous. Because of its extremely sweet odor it is used extensively for perfumes. Its long slender stem comes from a tuberous rootstock. It is a native of tropical America and Asia, but is also grown in this country.

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE GONE COON

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

Capt. Martin Scott, who was born on a farm in Vermont, something over one hundred years ago, enjoyed a rather unusual reputation as a marksman. It is said that his fame was so considerable throughout the state of Vermont that even the animals were aware of it.

He went out one morning, so the story goes, with his rifle, and, seeing a raccoon on the branches of a high tree, he brought his gun up to his shoulder. The coon raised his paw as a flag of truce.

"I beg your pardon, mister," said the raccoon politely; "but may I ask if your name is Scott?" "Yes," replied the captain. "Martin Scott?" still continued the animal. "Yes," replied the captain. "Captain Martin Scott?" "Yes." "Oh, then," says the animal, "I may just as well come down, for I'm a gone coon!"

I have been acquainted with Morton for forty years or more. He is a most enthusiastic hunter of all



Flowered Evening Frock



The application of big bold flowers on dainty net is a new fashion in evening gowns. In the model shown here, bright red poppies are fastened to black net.

in three miles of the stranded party and saw their signals. Kallima swam out to the sampan and a member of the crew accompanied him back to the beach, with lines in their teeth. They built a raft to convey the nonswimmers and the six men reached Kalaupapa by the sampan.

Wheeling Across the Continent



With New York city as the goal, Walter Hofer, twenty-one, of Mercedes, Texas, is making his way slowly across the continent pushing a wheelbarrow containing his nineteen-year-old sister Margaret. The youthful Texans left their home recently in an effort to capture a \$1,000 prize offered for the successful completion of the stunt. They are averaging twenty miles daily, and expect to eat their Christmas dinner in New York.

Smallest Nation Smiles at Debts

Washington.—The smallest European principality, overlooked in all debt negotiations because it has no debt, and omitted from all arms conferences because it has no standing army, is practically the only country

in Europe to report a substantial treasury surplus—and this in spite of the fact that it has no taxes.

Lichtenstein, five square miles smaller than the District of Columbia, is a piece of Austria about thirty miles east from Lake Constance, on the banks of the Rhine. The 12,000 inhabitants pass most of their time in agricultural work, although there is considerable weaving done, much of it with imported American cotton.

Lichtenstein has been singularly free from wars. Right in the way of heavy troop movement in the World war, she remained unscathed. Her last attempt at a so-called war was in 1806, when the Lichtenstein army of 80 men joined the Austrian army in settling its difficulties with Prussia. But the Lichtensteiners arrived too late for the battle and returned without having fired a gun. The helmets and arms from the "war" are among the most prized possessions in the ancient castle of Vaduz.

For those who wish to evade taxes, Lichtenstein is a paradise, because they have no taxes. Once in the last 70 years were they assessed a small sum to pay for a dyke to hold back the waters of the Rhine, but the rest of the cost of their government is paid by the princes of Lichtenstein, who are among the largest property holders in Europe. As a matter of fact, their property holdings in the rest of Europe are greater than the size of little Lichtenstein.

Buffalo Survive

Kansas City.—Eight buffalo in the Kansas state game preserve survived the spring blizzard which killed thousands of cattle in the vicinity.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"If you cross a superstitious porter's palm with silver he will give you a wide berth."

(WNU Service.)

sorts of financial and business coons. He was telling me just the other day of an enterprise which he has under way which is going to make him a small fortune. He is raising peaches in Michigan or figs in Texas or pecans in Florida, or something of the sort, and is on the verge of a great financial clean-up. I heard him tell the same story ten years ago, I believe at that time, about tobacco in Tennessee.

Gore is a young fellow under thirty. I should guess, but he is a sure marksman. He tackled all sorts of difficult jobs in college for the work of which he was not particularly well prepared. No matter what college course he undertook to carry, it was a gone coon when he fired at it. He proved his ability to do well any subject which he pursued. When he had graduated he tackled an examination for a professional appointment which all his friends told him he was foolish to attempt. He was too young, they said, too inexperienced, but he proved otherwise, and did himself credit. Young as he is he is now holding an executive position which few men of his age would attempt, but his aim is sure; through hard work he gets what he goes after. When he points his gun up the tree the coon might just as well say, "I will come down, for I know I am a gone coon."

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

Good at All Sports



Mildred ("Babe") Didrikson, eighteen-year-old Texas girl, who is regarded as one of the greatest all-around women athletes in the world. She has equaled the accepted record for the 100-yard dash and shattered the mark for the 220-yard event. She holds more than 40 records in all, and stars as well in baseball, basketball, golf and other sports. She competed in the National A. A. U. track and field championships at Newark, N. J.

Father Sage Says:

When a woman calls her husband a fool he is likely to plead guilty on the ground that he married her.

In WORCESTER, MASS. The BANCROFT HOTEL



Operator... Here's a button off my VEST

"...My lecture starts in 20 minutes... but I can't appear with a button missing! What will I do?!!!" The operator thought fast, then told the distinguished guest the valet would replace his button at once. And up went valet, needle, thread, and an assortment of buttons.

A simple thing, but just one of the extra services at United Hotels. You may never need a button sewed on a vest, yet there is one United service you will appreciate. That's the roominess of our closer space. Dresses do not sag on the floor. There's space for extra suits. Like the room itself you get more space for your money.

The Bancroft Hotel at Worcester, Mass., is well known for genuine Yankee hospitality. No wonder the local luncheon clubs, and experienced travelers, make their headquarters at The Bancroft. The food for the Cafeteria, Coffee Shop, Main Dining Room is cooked by 5 master chefs. Dinner music every night... Saturday Dinner Dances... handy garage accommodations... ideal location of the hotel... all bid you welcome to The Bancroft.

REDUCED RATES AT THE BANCROFT

	1 PERSON	2 PERSONS
87 Rooms	\$2.50	\$4.00
50 Rooms	3.00	4.50
25 Rooms	2.50	5.00
70 Rooms	4.00	6.00
50 Twin-Bed Rooms	\$5, 6, 7, 8, 10.	
40 Display Rooms	\$5, 6, 7.	

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

- NEW YORK CITY'S only United, The Roosevelt
- PHILADELPHIA, PA. The Benjamin Franklin
- SEATTLE, WASH. The Olympic
- WORCESTER, MASS. The Bancroft
- NEWARK, N. J. The Robert Treat
- PATERTON, N. J. The Alexander
- TRENTON, N. J. The Suby-Trent
- HARRISBURG, PA. The Penn-Harris
- ALBANY, N. Y. The Ten Eyck
- SYRACUSE, N. Y. The Onondaga
- ROCHESTER, N. Y. The Seneca
- NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. The Niagara
- LEWISBURG, PA. The Leverage
- AKRON, OHIO. The Portage
- ST. MICHAEL'S, N. B. The President
- KANSAS CITY, MO. The Durant
- TUCSON, ARIZ. El Compadre
- SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. The St. Francis
- SHREVEPORT, LA. The Washington-Tourer
- NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Roosevelt
- NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Bienville
- TORONTO, ONT. The King Edward
- NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. The Chimo
- WINDSOR, ONT. The Prince Edward
- EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SWI. The Comstock

SUCH IS LIFE—A Boy's Idea



By Charles Sughroe

C. F. Butterfield

SPECIAL

Just Arrived
Men's Work Shirts!
50 cents

The Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year
Advertising Rates on Application
H. W. ELDREDGE, Publisher
H. B. ELDREDGE, Assistant
Wednesday, Aug. 26, 1931.

Long Distance Telephone
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.
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.
Obituary notices and lists of flowers charged for at advertising rates; also will be charged at this same rate list of presents at a wedding.

Foreign Advertising Representative
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

Entered at the Post-office at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression!"

Antrim Locals

Born, in Antrim, August 20, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Rokes.

Robert Gordon, of Worcester, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Carl Muzzey.

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

Arthur Whipple is in Rindge for a time assisting his brother, Chester Whipple, with farm work.

Born, August 24, at Peterborough hospital, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence K. Black, of Antrim.

Miss Phyllis Woodward, of Concord, has been spending a few days in the family of William A. Nichols.

Miss Bernice Robb is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Robb, for her annual vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Armstrong, of Somerville, Mass., were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Warren.

Arthur and Paul Prescott have returned to their home here, after passing vacation with relatives in Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Morris Burnham and daughter, Miss Fannie Burnham, left town Saturday for the former's home in Manchester.

Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Packard, of Worcester, Mass., have been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. E. E. George. Mrs. Emma Herrick and other relatives have also been guests.

The Invoice and Taxes for Antrim have been printed and the Selectmen will send them to the tax payers. It is a pamphlet of thirty-two pages and contains the information so much desired by our people.

The lawn party and sale, by the Presbyterian people, last Friday afternoon, on the church lawn, was a success in every way. Goods found a ready sale at a fair profit, the day was fine, the attendance large, and purchaser as well as sales lady appeared to be perfectly satisfied.

All who are interested in the annual Antrim Party should begin planning now to attend, in Boston, this year. The date is October 31. Watch the Antrim Reporter for further notices. Kindly send any change in address or any helpful information to the secretary, Forrest D. Appleton, 23 Loring street, Hyde Park, Mass.

Gem Theatre

PETERBORO, N. H.

Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 26 and 27

"Viennese Nights"
An Operetta with Alexander Gray, Vivienne Segal, Louise Fazenda, Walter Pidgeon, Alice Day, Jean Hersholt and Bert Roach

Fri. and Sat., Aug. 28 and 29

"Gold Dust Gertie"
A Comedy Drama with Winnie Lightner

Mon. and Tues., Aug. 31, Sept. 1

"The Tarnished Lady"
with Tallulah Bankhead

Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 2 and 3

"Indiscreet"
with Gloria Swanson and Ben Lyon

Antrim Locals

Cyril Hildreth has been visiting relatives in Hackensack, New Jersey.

O. F. Downes has been confined to his room the past week, suffering an attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Jerome Rutherford and family, of Goffstown, have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hastings.

Carl H. Robinson is enjoying his annual vacation of two weeks from his duties at the Goodell Company.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson and Mr. Mrs. M. A. Poor have been recent guests of friends and relatives in Plymouth and Laconia.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sampson of Arlington, Mass., were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Don H. Robinson.

Dr. and Mrs. Wood of Providence, R. I., have been spending a season at Maplehurst Inn, while visiting their daughter, Mrs. Ralph G. Hurlin.

Misses Ruth Dunlap, Ruth Felkner and Harriett Wilkinson are attending at Ocean Park, Maine, the Religious School of Methods for a couple of weeks.

Miss Mildred Cram, who has been spending a season at Conway, this state, has returned to her home here to be with her mother, Mrs. William E. Cram.

Miss Julia Hastings is in Suffield, Conn., for an extended stay. She accompanied her nephew, Wallace Hastings, on his return to Suffield, after a visit at his aunt's home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Holt entertained for a week, Mr. and Mrs. George Leavitt, of Roxbury, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Leavitt and child, of Pittsburg, Penna.

Ralph G. Hurlin, Ph. D., who was the guest here of his family, was called to Washington, D. C., for a conference with the employment committee, of which he is a member.

Arthur W. Whipple attended the funeral in Rindge Center Congregational church, on Friday last, of his nephew Chester Whipple, Jr., who was drowned in Lake Manomack while at a Sunday school picnic and in bathing.

Quite a number of our people were in Hancock on Thursday to attend the exercises in connection with the annual Old Home Day. On Saturday, several went to Deering to witness the exercises on a similar occasion. And on Sunday a goodly number went to Deering to hear Rev. Daniel Poling, D. D., deliver his annual sermon in the remodeled Center church. A large crowd always attends this service.

The local Red Cross chapter is performing a real service in doing work for the children of the town, in looking after the eyes, nose and throat of those who need attention, and whose parents are unable financially to attend to them. Residents of the town are members of the local chapter, paying their annual dues, and are pleased to know that their money is doing the young people some good.

Antrim members have received notice of the first annual summer meeting of the New Hampshire Society of Mayflower Descendants, of which Mrs. Wendell B. Folsom, of Exeter, is governor, will be held in the Green Room, Hotel Wentworth, New Castle, on Saturday, August 29, at 11:30 a. m. dinner at 12:30. Following the dinner there will be a travel talk by Judge Leslie P. Snow, who has recently returned from the North Cape.

Mail Rate to Canada Higher

Commencing Sept. 1, the rate of postage on letters for dispatch to Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador) by the ordinary means will be three cents for each ounce or fraction thereof, and the rate on single post cards will be two cents, according to instructions from P. O. department.

Commencing on the same date, the rate (postage plus fee for air mail service) applicable to air mail articles for Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador) will be six cents for the first ounce or fraction thereof and 10 cents for each additional ounce or fraction thereof.

The postage rate applicable to parcel post packages destined for Canada is 14 cents a pound or fraction thereof.

At the same time the rates of postage for delivery in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and the Irish Free State, will be five cents for the first ounce or fraction thereof and three cents for each additional ounce or fraction thereof, and the rate on single post cards will be three cents. The parcel post rate is the same as for the majority of foreign countries, 14 cents a pound or fraction thereof.

For Sale

Sweet Corn; any quantity, any time. Other Vegetables in season.
FRED L. PROCTOR,
Antrim, Tel. 18-8.

Country-Town America

Goes to Market with
DOLLARS!

The country-town market is worth going after, and this newspaper is a medium of direct, intensive and certain appeal to the people of this vicinity.

Advertise

In this paper every week
IT PAYS!

C. W. ROWE

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Cord = Auburn = Chrysler

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SALES and SERVICE

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LAKE ICE!

You can always depend on ICE to keep your food fresh! and pure, as pure, clean ICE protects health Under any and all conditions you can depend on having daily deliveries of ICE, from

Millard A. Edwards, Antrim
TELEPHONE 75

"Wear-Ever" Special Prices—For September Only

A REAL TRIPPLICATE SET IT'S NEW!

Limited Time Price **\$2.19**
Regular Price \$3.50

4 QT. SELF-BASTING POT ROAST KETTLE
Reg. Price \$1.75

Limited Time Price **\$1.00**

STEAMER SECTION FITS POT ROAST KETTLE

Reg. Price \$1.75
6 qt.
Limited Time Price **\$1.00**

NEW TYPE FRENCH FRYER
Reg. Price \$1.50

Limited Time Price **\$1.00**
Cover 29c Extra

"Wear-Ever" STEW PAN
Reg. Price 85c

Limited Time Price **49c**
Cover 27c Extra

EMERSON & SON, Milford

WEAREVER ALUMINUM

The Hard Rolled Thick Aluminum that does not dent and does give life-time service.

When you get accustomed to a kitchen utensil you want it to continue in use and you want it to heat evenly; at the same time it costs less per year of use.

In addition to the September specials we have all the shapes and sizes you can imagine.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

James W. Dean, lawyer, manufacturer and World War veteran, in politics a democrat, was last week appointed trial justice for Henniker, by Gov. J. W. Winant. After the necessary wait, and the Council has confirmed the appointment, Henniker will have its own municipal court.

An auto driver on the cement road between Hancock and Peterborough had difficulty in passing a small herd of cows; he accidentally hit one with the result that she died. The driver was before Judge Sweney and was found to be without a N. H. driving license, although he had one in Conn. The Judge fined him \$3 and costs.

The 100th anniversary of the first importation of Guernsey cattle on record will be commemorated at Steele's Hill Farm, owned by Chas. H. Tyler, at Sambornton, this state, on Tuesday, Sept. 1. On the program are Gov. J. G. Winant; A. J. Felker, Commissioner of Agriculture; J. G. Watson, New England Homestead, Springfield, Mass.; and Karl B. Musser, Secretary of the American Guernsey Cattle Club. It is expected that more than a thousand live stock breeders and their friends will be present. At Peterborough, is located the American Guernsey Cattle Club, national headquarters for the breed.

Antrim Locals

The ladies of the Baptist church will hold a Food Sale, in their vestry, on Friday afternoon, August 28, at 3 o'clock. All interested in affairs of this kind will remember the date and attend.

On Tuesday evening of last week, at a jury drawing in the Selectmen's room, Ross H. Roberts was drawn to serve as petit juror, to report at Nashua, for the September term of Court, meeting the 21st of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Elliott returned on Sunday from an extended auto trip through New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. They plan to return with their family to their home in Litchfield, Conn., on Thursday of this week.

For Sale

FOWL, 25 cts. pound live weight. Pullets' Eggs, 45 cts. dozen; Large Eggs, 50 cts. dozen. Delivered.
JOHN BRYER,
Adv. Bennington, N. H.

For Sale

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

BENNINGTON

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

Mrs. W. B. Russell, of Warren, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. E. H. Ross.
Miss Agnes Diamond will attend the Keene Normal School this September.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bryer have been visiting in New Bedford, Mass., for the past week.

George Joslin, of Manchester, was a visitor of his aunt, Mrs. Emma Joslin, over the week end.

Mrs. Byles, of Schenectady, N. Y., and Mrs. Hudson, of Claremont, are visiting their mother, Mrs. Cady.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Holzman, Mrs. Mollie Traxler and Mrs. Emma Bartlett were in Keene one day last week.

Bills are out for the auction sale of personal property at the C. F. Burnham place to be held the 29th, next Saturday.

Mrs. F. P. Jordan, of Wakefield, Mass., has joined her daughter, Mrs. Talmadge and family, at the Whitney homestead, for a few days.

Miss Margaret Wilson is visiting in Tilton; during her absence Mrs. Minnie Keyser is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilson.

When Mr. and Mrs. James McLoughlin were on their vacation, they visited Radio Broadcasting Station WJZ, in New York, which was a most interesting experience.

Mrs. S. F. Heath purchased the C. F. Burnham place, in this village, of the Executrix, Mrs. Joslin; her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Diamond and family, will live there with her. Miss Agnes Diamond is soon to go to Keene Normal.

Mr. Eksergean, who for a number of years has been a summer resident of Lake George, where he had a cottage, died at his home. The funeral was held at the Unitarian church, Peterborough, and the body will be cremated in Boston. He was an artist of note, maintaining studios in New York and Boston. He leaves two sons and a daughter. His wife died about a year ago.

Mr. Eksergean is favorably remembered here by many, for his kindly hospitality, always ready to show his paintings of the Lake and other bits of New Hampshire. In recent years his health has not permitted him to pay close attention to his works of art along his line.

Several of our people went to Deering on Sunday to listen to Dr. Poling. Those of us who stayed at home had the pleasure of listening to Prof. McConnell, of Boston University, who has a summer home at Deering Centre. He read a part of the third chapter of Exodus. The point of what was said rather than how it is recorded as said was stressed, saying the earth is holy ground for out of it comes food, clothing and shelter; if we but hear the cry of the needy rather than listen for the clink of dollars, we will have caught the vision our ears become attuned to the best in life.

New I. O. O. F. Home

The cornerstone of the new Odd Fellows Home building will be laid with full form and ceremony of the Order by the officers of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, at two o'clock p. m., Eastern Standard Time, Labor Day, September 7, 1931. Every Odd Fellow and Rebekah, with their family and friends, are cordially invited to be present for the ceremony. It is especially suggested that the officers of every subordinate branch of the Order make a special effort to notify their membership, insofar as it is practical, of this event.

The above notice is sent throughout the state and should be responded to in large numbers by members of the Order who are greatly interested in the erection of this new home. Probably nothing has taken place in Odd Fellowship in recent years that will interest its individual membership as the erection of this modern home for the less fortunate among its membership. In order for this new undertaking to prove its worth among the Odd Fellows of the state, there should be a large interest taken in it, and for this one reason there should be many in attendance upon this occasion.

The officers of the several Grand Bodies connected with this Order should take special and additional means of keeping its membership fully informed concerning the advancement in building operations, as well as the various activities of the home. Only by interesting its members and keeping them fully informed of the large things in Odd Fellowship, can the Order prosper and perform the good it is designed to do. Everyone is more or less interested in what he helps to maintain, and the leaders in official position

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Osborne and two daughters, of Ellsworth, Maine, were guests of Mrs. Osborne's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hart, last week, going from here to Pembroke for a few days, then coming here again this week.

Last Thursday evening between 8 and 9 o'clock a truck load of lumber struck a large limb on a maple tree in the yard of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, breaking it nearly off and causing the electric wires which cross the street to sag badly. The impact broke a heavy timber in two as well. We wonder if the Atlantic Ocean would be wide enough for some truck drivers to drive through. They were not turning out for anything. The street is not well lighted at this point, which might be a cause for it, although trucks have passed all summer without damage.

"Captain" Martin is spending a season at his camp, at Stoddard, where a most delightful birthday party was given August 22 for his cousin, Mrs. Cornelia Allen, of Worcester, Mass. The decorations were in rainbow colors with a "Jack Horner Pie" with gifts for all. The decorating was done by her niece, Miss Anna Stevens, of New York. Those present were Mrs. Nancy Stevens, Worcester, Mass., Mrs. Grace Page, Antrim, Mrs. Ellen Brown, Mrs. Mary Sargent, Mrs. Dora Eaton, Mrs. Mary Knight, Bennington, Miss Mary Gregg, Hillsboro.

Recent visitors at the camp were: Fred Eaton, Harold Eaton, John Smiley, Bennington, Mrs. Mary Lane and William Lane, Stoddard, Mrs. Emma Brignoli, Atlantic, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. George Sargent, Franklin, Mrs. Carrie Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Whitney, Mrs. Hazel Staples, Mr. and Mrs. Bisbee, Keene, Mr. Strout, Betty Stevens, George Stevens, Barbara Marlett, Mrs. Louise Stevens, Miss Kate Twitchell, Worcester, Mass., Mr. Gill, Wilmington, Del., Miss Felty, Philadelphia, Penn., Mr. and Mrs. Fenniman, Pepperell, Mass.

A birthday party had previously been given for Mrs. Emma Brignoli, on her 80th birthday; it was the 26th year her birthday has been celebrated at Birch Camp.

Tax Collector's Notice

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

AUCTION SALE

By Ezra R. Dutton, Greenfield, and Chester F. Dutton, Hancock, Auctioneers

Mrs. Emma A. Joslin, executrix of the will of Charles F. Burnham, will sell at his late residence in Bennington village, on Saturday, August 29, at 9.30 o'clock in the forenoon, a lot of Personal Property, described in part on the auction bills. In addition to kitchen, parlor and chamber goods, there are a number of antique pieces, and a lot of miscellaneous articles. Read auction bills.

What About It?

Most of our people, especially the taxpayers in the Fire Precinct, realize that we own a hand tub that has given much service in the earlier days, but has now become a thing of the past. Some little time ago, in annual meeting, it was thought something should be done with it and maybe some disposal made of it, but action was only passively taken. Nothing has definitely come of it, and the machine is still an expense to the Precinct. The storage rental is small, but year on year it keeps adding dollars to its cost, with no satisfactory return except possibly that we own an antique.

The little question for today is: What shall be done with this old hand tub? Unless someone volunteers to house the machine in a suitable place rental free, it would seem that the Commissioners of the Precinct should have authority to sell it at some price in whole or in part. It may be an auction sale would prove a satisfactory way to dispose of this piece of fire apparatus, which has outworn its usefulness. The Reporter invites suggestions along this line, and perhaps someone may have a wise thought concerning the proper disposal of the machine.

must keep the way paved with propaganda of the right sort, then and only then will the desired benefits be forthcoming and the large things be accomplished.

Muzzey's Furniture Exchange

Buying and Selling Second-hand Furniture is a specialty with me. Will make price right, whether buying or selling. CARL H. MUZZEY, Phone 37-3, Antrim, N.H. Adv.

MICKIE SAYS—

WE GOT THREE THINGS TO SELL—NEWSPAPERS, ADVERTISING SPACE AND JOB PRINTING. WE GOTTA COLLECT SUBSCRIPTIONS, REFUSE TO GIVE AWAY SPACE, AND CHARGE A REASONABLE PRICE FOR PRINTING, OR FIND OURSELVES AS BUSTED AS HUMPTY-DUMPTY



Bennington

That was pretty good fire truck in town one night recently, and many who were interested, looked it over. Our town has not yet purchased one, but is taking plenty of time in hopes to get the best thing in the market for the money.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
The Thursday evening service will be discontinued during August.

Sunday, August 30
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by Rev. O. M. Lord. Subject of discourse: "The Power of Neglect."

Bible school at 12 o'clock noon.
Union service at seven o'clock in this church. Rev. O. M. Lord will preach on "Visions and Dreams."

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. Chas. Tilton, D.D., Pastor

The Thursday evening meeting is discontinued during August.
Sunday, August 30
Church is closed for the day and evening.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, August 27
Mid-week meeting 7.30 p.m.
Sunday, August 30
Fred P. Haggard, at the head of the home for Missionaries' children, of Newton Center, Mass., will address the morning congregation.

There will be no sessions of the Church school during August.

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

Antrim Grange, No. 98

Held an Old Home Night at their hall on August 19. A goodly number was present of older members and visitors. A program was given of duets, cornet solo, songs, and illustrated songs, with instrumental music. At the close, a lunch was served of punch and fancy cookies.

September 1, Pomona Grange meets at Grange hall. Among items of interest is a talk on Russia by Mrs. Toumanoff, also Prince Toumanoff, a violinist of note, will play. These as well as others on the program will be well worth attending the afternoon session to hear. The dinner committee is composed of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. McIlvin, Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Holt, Herbert Curtis, Mrs. E. Merrill, Hattie Huntington, Amy Tenney.
Minnie M. McIlvin, Lecturer.

NORTH BRANCH

Rev. Charles Chapin, of Huntington, Mass., has been renewing old acquaintances the past week in town.

George Wilkins, Greenfield, Mass., is visiting his cousin, Mrs. Warren D. Wheeler, for a season.

Mrs. Will Bills, of Milford, and Albert Boutelle, Winchendon, Mass., visited with their brother, Henry E. Boutelle, over the week-end.

George Symes has been entertaining a friend, W. E. Hansen, of Boston.

Mrs. Paul Cole and children are at Bide-a-wee for the month of August.

HANCOCK

On Monday, August 17, at four o'clock, Miss Phyllis Tuttle Hayward, of this town, and Mr. Floyd Dwight Keough, of Harrisville, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fogg. Rev. Leonard B. Gray, of Dublin, performed the ceremony in the presence of the immediate families, using the impressive ring service. They were attended by the bride's brother and sister, Mr. Kenneth Hayward and Miss Priscilla Hayward. The bride was charming in a Duchess satin gown, worn with a veil of tulle, with a lace cap caught with orange blossoms, and carried bride's roses. The maid of honor wore pastel chiffon voile with accessories to blend and her bouquet was pink Killarney roses. Immediately following the ceremony, an informal reception was held and refreshments were served.

DEERING

The Community Center, a beautiful building, the gift of Dr. Eleanor A. Campbell, was dedicated at impressive and elaborate ceremonies at Deering Sunday afternoon, August 16. The afternoon exercises, featuring the dedication event, were preceded by a church service in charge of Rev. A. Ray Petty, D. D., of Kansas City, Mo. Rev. Mr. Petty delivered the sermon, and Rev. Daniel A. Poling, D. D., L. L. D., president of the International Y. P. S. C. E., administered the rites of baptism.

The afternoon exercises were held at the Center. A beautiful stone pulpit had been erected at the foot of the hill, which rises in a natural amphitheater around the platform. More than 1,500 people attended the dedication. Dr. Poling, a chaplain during the World War, presided at the exercises. The colors were raised by William J. Doherty, former commissioner general of the United States to Serbia. He was assisted by representatives of the American Legion, the G. A. R., the Spanish War Veterans, the Boys and Girls Scout troops of Deering.

A feature of the exercises was the reading of a letter sent to Doctor Campbell by President Hoover, congratulating her on her gift and on her interest in rural communities. The country's chief executive had been invited to attend, but he was unable and sent a personal message to the donor of the Center.

Dr. Campbell presented the Center to Prof. C. M. McConnell, of Boston University Theological school, who accepted it on behalf of the town. The prayer of dedication was given by Dr. Petty, and the benediction was given by Edwin B. Nylen, pastor of the local church.

Other addresses were given by Rev. A. W. Beaven, D. D., L. L. D., of Colgate-Rochester University, Dr. Harry Holmes of New York. Royal Daddum, of New York, was soloist accompanied at the piano by Maurice Hoffman, Jr., of Manchester.

Old Home Day was held on Saturday, August 22, and a program of exceptional merit was given. Dr. Harry Holmes pronounced the invocation and Dr. Daniel A. Poling the benediction. Mrs. Edward W. Colburn, chairman of the Old Home Day committee, introduced the program with an address, "Deering, Past and Present." The speakers were Dr. Clarence Vincent of Winter Park, Fla., who is a summer resident in this vicinity, and who has not appeared on the Old Home Day platform since the town's 150th anniversary celebration, when he was one of the brilliant group assembled for that occasion, and Rev. W. S. K. Yeaple. Dr. Yeaple is pastor of the Lake Avenue Baptist church of Rochester, N. Y., and a recent addition to the summer colony here. Among the musical features were selections by a band, songs by the Deering quartet and vocal solos by Mrs. Albert W. Beavan of Rochester, N. Y., and Arthur Hannay of New York, who is a favorite with radio audiences.

LUMBER!

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

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

For Sale

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

Fred L. Proctor,
Antrim, N. H.

Fish Fearful and Curious

The gorgeously-colored sea-bottom gardens are far from sunless. There usually is enough light to take photographs and sometimes the sunlight is sufficiently intense on the sea bottoms for the fish to cast shadows. The fish themselves show a curious mingling of fear and curiosity at the presence of man.

FREE INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

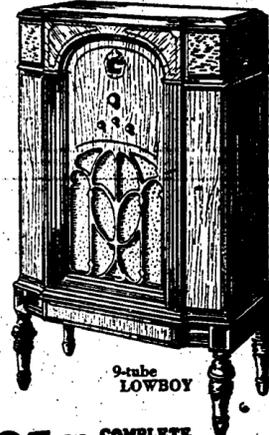
Let us place a new
PHILCO
BALANCED
SUPERHETERODYNE
in your home
on Free Trial!

For a limited time only, we will be glad to let you try any model of the new Philco Balanced Superheterodyne in your home. No obligation whatever.

There's a complete line of 7-tube, 9-tube and 11-tube Balanced Superheterodyne sets from which to choose. Take advantage of this offer.

Prices range from
\$49.95 to \$295.00 COMPLETE with tubes

EASY TERMS on all models!



PAUL G. TRAXLER
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DRIVE IN Let us grease your car the
ALEMITE WAY
Flush your Differential and Transmission and fill with new grease.

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

The State of New Hampshire
HILLSBOROUGH, SS.

SUPERIOR COURT, August 7, 1931

In the matter of a libel for divorce with prayers relative to the disencumberment of property and other relief, which is now pending in the Superior Court for said County of Hillsborough, the original of which is on file in such Court and may be examined by interested parties, the title of the case being as follows:

Albert L. Knudsen
v.
Lillian D. Knudsen

It appearing that the residence of the libelee is unknown, it is ordered that the libellant give notice to the libelee to appear at the Superior Court next to be holden at Nashua, in said County of Hillsborough, on the third Tuesday of September, 1931, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why the prayers of said libel should not be granted by causing a true and attested copy of this citation and order of notice to be published in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim, in said County of Hillsborough, it being a newspaper published at or nearest the last known place of residence of the libelee in this state, three weeks successively, the last publication to be at least fourteen days prior to the return day.

It is further ordered that the clerk shall send by registered mail, with request for a return receipt, a copy of the libel and order attested by him, within seven days after filing, to the libelee at the last known postoffice address, as stated in the libel. It is further ordered that such further service be made as the Court may order.

Attest:
ARTHUR S. HEALY, Clerk.
NEIL TOLMAN, Esquire,
Atty. for Libellant.

The foregoing is a true copy of citation and order for publication.
Attest:
ARTHUR S. HEALY, Clerk.

For Sale

I have for sale the following articles which are in very good condition, that will be sold at a fraction of their cost. They should be doing some one some good:
Lot Curtains, most of them in good condition.

Two Electric Light Fixtures, which have just been replaced by others.
Mrs. H. W. Eldredge.

MASON WORK

Brick, Stone and
Cement Work of
All Kinds

J. E. FAULKNER, Antrim.

Phone Antrim 56

EZRA R. DUTTON, Greenfield
Auctioneer

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

Junius T. Hanchett
Attorney at Law
Antrim Center, N. H.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

Meetings 7 to 8

ARCHIE H. SWETT
JOHN THORNTON
ALFRED G. HOLT,
Selectmen of Antrim.

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

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

ROSS H. ROBERTS,
ROSCOE M. LANE,
ALICE G. NYLANDER,
Antrim School Board.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator, with will annexed, of the Estate of George W. Richardson, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment and all having claims to present them for adjustment.
Antrim, N.H., August 11, 1931.
ARCHIE M. SWETT.

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

A Candle in the Wilderness

A Tale of the Beginning of New England

by IRVING BACHELLER

WNU Service Copyright by Irving Bachelier

THE STORY

Robert Heathers and William Heydon leave England in 1634 for the New world. They are welcomed at Boston by Rev. Doctor Cotton and make acquaintance with Amos Todkill, veteran soldier and woodsman. Heydon falls in love with Elizabeth Brade. The young men settle down to the life of the colonists. Adverse comment forces them to dispense with their pretty cook, Mabel Hartley. Robert is smitten with Peggy Weld, who is engaged to James Roswell. Mabel Hartley and Amyouth, whom she says was Heydon, are accused of adultery. Heydon and Heathers disappear. Heydon is apprehended and, refusing to talk, is found guilty. Heathers and Todkill head for New Amsterdam and suspicion begins to point to the former. Belief grows that Heydon is shielding his friend, Elizabeth and her parents sail for England. New evidence seems to point to Heathers as the guilty man.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"I agree with Sir Harry that the Lord is kind and not at all like the kings of this world," said Peggy.

"And I agree with him that Robert and not William is the guilty man," said Margaret Winthrop.

Then Peggy Weld, with much feeling, made a plea for her lover. It was of no avail. They were not to be turned. They answered her with impatient carriage. He had run away. Moreover Robert had a look in his eye and a way with women that gave one dark thoughts. William was different. He might have a measure of the grace of God in him. He was a more serious man. This was the beginning of a remarkable resolution in the strong-hearted girl, Peggy Weld.

"Robert Heathers has been a kind of hitching post for horses," she said. "Every nag in the colony has been gnawing it. I shall make you all apologize. I am going to find Robert Heathers if possible. I shall go with Henry, who is eager to explore the wilderness. With God's help we shall find Robert and bring him back, and I think that we shall put you all to shame."

After that day the women of influence in Boston began to advocate the theories of Sir Harry Vane in relation to this remarkable case.

The so-called godmen of the town were those who had saved a little money and were just beyond the need of anxious toil. They worshipped the upper classes and humbly followed their leadership. Most of them were able to write their names, to add, subtract and divide and to read the Bible in a stumbling fashion. Their wives were not so well furnished with accomplishments. They were more or less in awe of their great godmen, but there were moments when the awe was flung off and forgotten.

John Samp was an example of this type of citizen.

Returning from their fruitless errand up the coast to the tavern ship, John Samp and the sailor with him were nearly spent and drowned in the sea. Storm lashed, their shallow broke on a shoal, turned on her beam end and lay with her mast-up under water. Clinging to his chair Mr. Samp got to an island where after three days of intense hunger and discomfort he had been rescued by fishermen. He was a sagging and dejected figure of a man when he returned to Boston five weeks after he had left it. His flesh hung as limp as ungarnered hose. He entered his humble domicile with a look which betrayed the feeling that he was weary of life but willing to put up with it for the sake of his wife and the colony.

His wife was swooning. She scarcely noticed him. She swept with renewed energy on his arrival as if he were a part of the dust and litter. She gave him a withering look and began to scold in a voice heard by the neighbors.

"Don't lie to me, John Samp—don't lie to me," she demanded, before he had spoken. "You've took and rooked yerself with drink and women. It's writ all over ye. Don't talk to me."

Now Mrs. Samp really desired that he should talk to her with no unnecessary delay. She was burning for information. Her words had been intended only as a mild warning that she was not to be easily deceived.

On such occasions Mr. Samp maintained a profound gravity of deportment.

With a look of injured innocence on his big red face he sank in a chair and said nothing. His wife paused and looked at him and called out: "Well, have ye nothing to say?"

In a loud voice he began: "I've been swallered and puked up by the sea. I'm rooked. I've been shipwrecked and cast on a lonely island. I've perished o' cold and hunger. I've ketched the rheumatiz. Go and get the ax and put me out o' my misery, Mrs. Samp."

Mr. Samp did not tell her, as he later told others, that he had seen a merman of great size rise out of the sea and tip the shallow with his hands. She was already "too skeered o' water."

Invited to be his executioner, Mrs. Samp's heart and countenance underwent a sudden change.

"What is a house for I would like to know, Mrs. Samp? And what is a man's wife for?"

He turned to her with a severe look.

"Ain't they to be live in and to be lived with? And what is a man for? Is he intended to be fish or a human, Mrs. Samp? He ain't got no gills in his throat, has he?"

The steps in Mr. Samp's philosophy were never interrupted by his wife. He did not expect an answer at any of these interrogation points leading up to a resounding period.

"I say the place for a man's feet is on the ground, Mrs. Samp, and the thing to be sucked into his lungs is air, not water."

He looked at the woman with a severe expression which seemed to say, "It's hard to put up with you, but for the Lord's sake I'll do it."

Convinced of his purity by his loud words and innocent look Mrs. Samp brought a wooden trencher and tin-covered iron spoons and bread and beer and meat to the table.

Such was life on the basest level of the parish.

The constable and his wife gave to their neighbors and to their friends in the church confirmation of the pub-



She Took His Arm and Walked Beside Him With Friendly Words.

lic feeling about Robert Heathers—that there could be no question of his guilt. Moreover Mr. Samp declared that certain fishermen had heard him confess it.

Samp reported to the court that day. The governor questioned him.

"I reckon he see me first," Samp answered. "I chased him and Amos Todkill into the bush. They could run faster and had a mile the start o' me. I reckoned if I met any savages they'd kill and dress me for a good dinner, so I turned around."

This confirmed the opinion of the magistrates that William was unjustly confined. Mabel Hartley had died of a fever of the lungs and before dying had emphasized her statement to Sir Harry Vane. When the young man was elected to the governorship of the colony he moved for the release of William Heydon. The iron men who sat with him on the bench demurred. A compromise was effected. William was to be released and kept in the limits of the town. He was to wear a hempen noose around his neck with a tail two feet long until he was ready to help the cause of justice by telling the whole truth as he knew it.

In dismissing him Governor Vane made it clear that the punishment he had suffered and was still to suffer was not for the crime of adultery, but for his refusal to plead.

These were the best terms that could be secured for the young man. The confinement had impaired his health. Urged by his friends to do so he took the burden of the rope and bore it bravely and the easier because Roswell Brade and his family had returned to England.

CHAPTER VII

In the Hempen Noose

Men differ from all other creatures in their capacity for change. Sometimes the change is swift and impressive. There was a story in old Boston of a rough, law-defying sailorman

Linen "Textbooks" Used in Early Schoolrooms

"Your lesson for tomorrow will be on the blue handkerchief."

Children in the primary schools of Wisconsin, during the days of a century ago, fully realized the significance of the school marm's words.

In the absence of textbooks, linen handkerchiefs, full of prints depicting the great moments and the great men of history, were used to instruct the youngsters. This method was used to teach children how to read and to spell. Different lessons required different handkerchiefs.

Fortunately, little Mary and little Johnny did not have to tote pocketful references. A handkerchief a day made schooling pay.

In a shaded corridor of the Historical museum, on the University of Wisconsin campus, one may see the faded linen, once the pride of a stu-

who after ten minutes with Doctor Cotton was quickly changed into another type of human being. The seed of magic thoughts fell into fruitful soil and wrought its wonders in the spirit of the man so that he became a most useful and respected citizen.

The lonely confinement of William Heydon had wrought a great change in him. His pallor, his wasted form, his face worn by fevered anxieties, were the least of it. The change in the inner man was even greater. His pride, his resignation to conditions in the colony, his sympathy with the churchmen, who had so wrecked his life, were gone. His anger had passed. It had settled into a quiet, profound resentment of the wrongs committed in the name of God. He was perhaps more deeply religious and also a more determined rebel than ever he had been. What he should do about it he did not know, but his doing would have no defiant talk in it like that of Anne Hutchinson—like that which had come from his own mouth when he was a boy in England. The departure of the Brades had sorely distressed him. He knew that it was their pride which had sent them away. Pride was the master of well-born men and women. Yet he could not think it the way of love to fall when it is most needed.

Long letters had come to him from the banished Roger Williams, radical opponent of what he called the "magisterial aristocracy" of the Bay Colony. Williams had addressed him as a brother and a child of God. His letter had been full of friendly counsel and advice:

"I send this letter because you have come to a time when friendly words may comfort and help you and because I knew your father in England (he wrote). Pride will cause many to turn against you. Pride is a foolish and a cruel thing. It is one of the meanest and the worst of sins. When you are free, and a letter from Vane assures me that you are likely soon to be out of prison, you will have a chance to practice the virtue of forgiveness. I would have you remember that the poor and the ignorant are your brothers no less than the rich and the learned. Bear with them and help them to think and to think rightly. If you have a great spirit when you go forth, it will appear. An opportunity the like of which comes to few men, shall be yours. Rule your own spirit and find your work and take upon yourself the grandeur of a noble humility. That I assure you, is the beginning of great things."

William pondered over these words in the loneliness of his gloomy prison room. They fell into fruitful soil. Some of them put him in mind of things quite new to him.

William thought much in his lonely hours of the sheer cruelty of pride and of its folly. What a masterful motive it was—greater even than love! He knew many men who were proud of their ancestors, of their piety, of their riches, of their learning. How it belittled them and diminished their power! He said to himself that he liked better certain poor and humble folk he knew who were honest and who had nothing to be proud of. Always he sighed when he thought of the unfortunate Mabel Hartley. The young man had so changed that he had no serious dread of the noose to be put on his neck. Why should he care now? Still when the rope was on it seemed to choke him. For days it was a burden like the millstone of Holy Writ. It burned his neck. He could think of nothing else. He stayed at home yielding to his own pride.

Margaret Hooper, his housekeeper, said to him: "My boy, which is the stronger, you or this rope? It is a test of your soul. If your soul is the stronger I am sure that the Lord will use it to lead you unto great things. If not, the devil will use it to pull you down."

"You are right, Margaret," he answered. "After all what is this rope but my pride? I thought that I was done with it but I still have enough." "To keep you in mind of the value of charity," said Margaret. "Go forth and learn to be humble. It is your great need. These are dark days but a great soul is like the tail of a firefly. It is made to shine in the dark."

The first time he went abroad with the rope many were staring at him. No one gave him a kindly word. Again pride was having its way. Some laborers raising a house, jeered and called him a "trundle tail." This was what he expected. He came upon Peggy Weld. She took his arm and walked beside him with friendly words.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Satin by Day and Satin by Night

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AS TO the fabric which is outstanding at the present moment, it is satin by day and satin by night, which reigns supreme in the mode. The style-wise woman who is seeking to replenish her midseason wardrobe or planning her fall costumes will, if she has not already done so, discover that there is simply no getting away from satin either for sports wear or the formal evening gown or for the popular pajama fashions.

Notwithstanding its aspect of luxury, satin, whether it be white or in pastel colors, owing to the fact that it tubs perfectly, has proven conclusively that it is as practical as it is chic for the making of the sports costume. Which accounts for the enthusiasm with which fashion's followers are turning satinward this season.

Just now it is the sleeveless white or pastel satin tulle which is making definite appeal. The model to the right in the illustration is typical. Details which intrigue in the styling of this attractive sports suit are square revers, big buttons and a belted waistline for the blouse with a generous pleating giving a proper flare to the skirt.

In many instances the mode is varied with a cunning cape arrangement to take the place of sleeves. The very latest satin sports frocks are intricately seamed after the manner which has so successfully entered into the designing of the evening satin frock.

Later on, and now for that matter, the suit or afternoon frock of black satin will become the theme paramount. If not black then brown satin

will be first choice, for fashion reports are already placing emphasis on brown for fall. Softly tailored effects distinguish the very smart and very wearable costume pictured to the left. This five o'clock ensemble which is of black crepe satin endorses the jacket-suit styling, with draped collar of self-satin. The blouse is of pale pink triple chiffon.

As to satin for the evening frock word from Paris, as in fact from all style centers, reassures as to a continuance of its triumphs. We are showing in the miniature panel at the top a lovely formal gown made of rose-ivory satin. The neckline of this charming dress subscribes to the vogue which calls for softly tied bows. These bows which are so casually tied are made a feature throughout the styling of satin modes whether they be "sportsy" or ultra formal.

After you have indulged in a satin sports frock, a satin afternoon dress and a satin for formals, you will be liking satin so well by that time the urge for a satin pajama ensemble will likely follow. The vogue of pajamas for formal evening wear is interpreted in alabaster crepe satin as shown in the other tiny panel. Curved seamings suggest an empire silhouette in the bodice. Shaped inserts in the wide trousers contribute a graceful fullness below the molded hipline. The girlie tied about the modish jacket foretells a trend to short-waist empire lines which seem imminent for fall and winter.

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

SLEEVES ACQUIRE SOME IMPORTANCE

Sleeves are interesting and important enough to write volumes about these days. Every couturier not only has his, or her, own idea about them but the word idea is in the plural where all of them are concerned, says an authority.

They have no one, length or type this summer—that is certain. The long and the short of it, according to Patou, goes something like this: Printed silk or crepe from the elbow to the cuffs, fitting the arm rather snugly.

The fullness in the tucking is released after an inch and the ruffle falls to midway between the elbow and the wrist.

This short sleeve is simplicity itself. It strikes the arm when finished halfway between the shoulder and the elbow and has only a three-inch cuff put on very much like a man's shirt cuff, but instead of cuff links the ends that come together are made into tiny pleats.

Maggy Rouff has made a "dancing" sleeve that is delightful. It has a run of six parallel tucks just above the elbow and from there on the under side it falls in cascades almost to the wrist. At the inside of the elbow it is short and lined with white. The white extends further than the outer layer and when the arms are lifted in dancing the effect is everything to be desired.

Cottons Hold Their Own With Silks and Satins

If you ever had an idea that cotton materials were in any way inferior to silks and satins, you will have to revise your opinion this summer. Sheer fabrics such as organdie, plain or embroidered batiste, and dotted swiss are used not only for informal evening dresses but for those of the more formal sort. June bridesmaids will wear pastel-toned organdie dresses, and brides will wear fine embroidered batiste. Usually these lighter, sheer cotton materials are worn over tulle or silk crepe slips, tulle being the smartest choice for evening; but you may prefer a slip or petticoat of tulle or batiste trimmed with lace edging and insertion.

New Fall Millinery



A remarkable change in millinery is the message which the first autumn hats carry. The initial chapter of the story has to do with little felt or velvet shapes which are almost too quaint to seem possible in this age and day. They are worn at a tilt which is tantalizing, over one eye and showing one side of the coiffure. Feathers on them, too, either perky little colorful novelties or sweeping ostrich of the most picturesque sort. Speaking in general it is the hat fashions of the second Empire period which is the inspiration for 1931 millinery. Just at present the theme upmost in the mind of designers is the Empress Eugenie silhouette. Worn at the recent Paris races were any number of cunning chapeaux of the type as shown in the sketches herewith. The little felt in the circle is one of the smart new derbies.

Red and White and Brown

This is a new alliance of colors which appears again and again in smart costumes. In one instance a frock of brown and white printed silk was accompanied by a red hat and red accessories. In another a brown suit had a red and white scarf and was complemented by a red bag.



Worried Husbands

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FELLOWS' SYRUP

Returns of the Native

The people who are objecting to the verb "hike" as an ugly Americanism which has no business on this side of the Atlantic are trying to prevent the return of a real English word to its native shores.

"Hike" was used for centuries in the English provinces to express very much its present meaning, and it was English emigrants to America who introduced it there.

Many of our "new" words are like "hike," much older than we think. Admiral Mark Kerr recently recalled the interesting fact that the word "gadget" was used in the navy when he entered the service in 1877.

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Crabs Cut Fishing Lines

Crabs with bony shears cut the fishing lines and nets of fishermen in the Elbe at Hamburg, Germany. The crabs are nearly as large as a man's fist. Bathers have been cut by the crabs which grab and shear through the leg muscles of those careless enough to come in contact with them. The crabs were brought to Elbe by ships returning from the Far East. They seem to thrive in the German river, increasing in great numbers. They cling by hundreds to the underplinnings of wharves and docks.

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House of Glass in Paris
Paris is to have a house of glass. It is under construction, and the glass is in the form of bricks, which are supported by a metal framework. The walls are translucent, but not transparent, so that although one cannot see through them the light enters freely.

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Story of Coffee



Picking Coffee Berries in Brazil.

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

THE recent announcement that coffee consumption in the United States climbed to a total of 13 pounds per person in 1930, adds interest to the checkered career of the beverage since it was first brewed in the Near East a millennium and a half ago.

There are about 80 species of coffee plants but only a few of them are extensively cultivated for commercial use. The coffee plant is a cousin of the cinchona tree from the bark of which quinine is produced. Gambier, which furnishes tanning material and dyes that bear the same name, and madder from the roots of which a substance is extracted that is important in some red dyes, also are related to the coffee plant.

The coffee plant started its world-wide ramblings centuries ago. Beginning in the hills of Ethiopia, it "jumped" the Red Sea and coffee plantations began to rise above the soil of the extreme southern tip of Arabia where the famous Mocha coffee now is produced. Later it was carried to Europe (about 250 years ago) and then to the West Indies and Brazil.

Tradition has it that the discovery of coffee's stimulating effect upon the human system was an accident. One story runs that the plant was discovered in the Fourth century by a group of monks who had been driven out of Egypt and found refuge in the Ethiopian hills. The monks maintained themselves by agriculture and sheep and goat raising. One night a monk reported to his leader that the flocks would not rest—that they were wide awake and frisking about during the hours when they should be quiet. The leader started investigations that led to the coffee plant which he found the animals consumed while browsing on the hillsides. He chewed a few of the berries from the strange bush and found that they kept him unusually alert during the night services which were held in accordance with his religion.

Although coffee did not strike a popular cord among Europeans until the Fifteenth century, as early as the reign of Charles II, in the middle of the Seventeenth century there were more than 3,000 coffee houses in London. Today coffee is a popular brew in every continent and on the civilized islands of the seas, with the United States as the world's leading consumer. More than 1,599,000,000 pounds of coffee were imported by the United States last year.

First Used as a Paste.

But the coffee berry has had its ups and downs during its rise to fame in the beverage world. Its first use was in the form of a paste which was eaten. Early Moslems were not permitted to drink wine, so they learned the art of making a brew from coffee berries. The name coffee is derived from the Arabic word Kahveh, which was pronounced Kahveh by the Turks. Kahveh was the general Arabic term for intoxicating liquors.

According to some authorities, the first cup of coffee was drunk as a refreshment at Aden, Arabia, in the Fifteenth century. Cairo began drinking the beverage about 50 years later. Meanwhile Moslem leaders held a meeting at Mecca where they decided that coffee should be banned. That was in 1511. As a result of the Mecca decision, coffee warehouses were burned and coffee houses were closed in many parts of the Mohammedan world. Some of the coffee house proprietors were beaten with their own brewing utensils by fanatical Moslems.

The ban in Egypt lasted only thirteen years, when Sultan Selim I gave coffee his stamp of approval. He emphasized his approval of the brew by ordering the execution of two Persian doctors who had denounced the use of coffee as injurious to health. Today Egypt is among the largest coffee drinking regions of the world. Some desert people of Egypt and the Near East use the beverage in connection with religious observances.

In the East, coffee is usually used in powdered form. The coffee beans popularly known in the United States are placed in a mortar and pounded. Then the powder is put into boiling water. The coffee maker serves the beverage only after a prescribed ceremony. He pours a small quantity of the liquid into one cup and then rinses each cup with the brew. After all cups have been rinsed, the rinsing liquid is poured on the fire as a tribute to Sheykh esh Shadhilly, the coffee drinkers' patron. Half a cup

is served first to the eldest and most honored guest. To hand a full cup to a guest would be an insult.

Coffee Map of the World.

If one were to construct a coffee map of the world filling in coffee growing areas in black he would find most of his dark area on the portion of the world map between the Tropic of Capricorn and the Tropic of Cancer. Mexico would be filled in from the Tropic of Cancer to its southernmost border. The whole area of Central America and a wide coastal rim around the northwestern shoulder of South America, including portions of Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru on the Pacific, and Columbia and the Guianas on the Atlantic would also be marked, as well as Jamaica, Haiti, Porto Rico, and Santo Domingo.

An inverted pear-shaped area on the Atlantic coast of Brazil from Bahia to a point south of Rio de Janeiro in Brazil is the world's leading coffee-producing area. In this region is Sao Paulo state whose prosperity rises and falls with the condition of the coffee industry. Coffee is responsible for the fact that the state has more miles of railroads than any other state in the republic. The railroad leading from Santos, the world's chief coffee port, to Sao Paulo, the world's coffee capital, is one of the richest steel highways because it is literally a coffee funnel, the smaller end of the funnel being set in ships' holds at Santos.

The first coffee berries did not reach Brazil until 1727. Today coffee and Brazil are nearly synonymous. In Sao Paulo state alone there are more than 40,000 coffee plantations with 900,000,000 trees in production. New trees numbering 155,000,000 have been set out and soon will be in production. One plantation owns its own railroads, highways, shops, stores and warehouses.

Africa has several coffee-growing regions. Liberia, Sierra Leone and a portion of southern Nigeria are large producers. The coastal zones of the Belgian Congo and a portion of Angola, Mozambique and Kenya are dotted with plantations while Ethiopia, original home of the famous coffee berry, continues to produce. Coffee plantations in Madagascar are confined to the eastern half of the island.

The southwestern corner of the Arabian Peninsula continues to grow the so-called Mocha coffee, while the southern tip of India and Ceylon also are important coffee-growing regions of Asia. Java and neighboring islands have successfully grown coffee transplanted from Liberia, and New Guinea's eastern plantations are showing promise in the coffee industry.

Australia's coffee-growing region is in Queensland, the so-called "sugar bowl" of the continent.

How the Bean is Handled.

The coffee plant grows to a height of from 15 to 20 feet. Its blossoms remain on the plant only a day or two when the petals wither and fall and the fruit begins to take shape. A bush produces from two to three crops a year. Ripe coffee berries resemble dark red cherries. Inside the "cherries" are two coffee beans (the coffee of commerce) which are extracted by various processes.

The beans are enveloped in a delicate skin and fleshy pulp. In Arabia these coverings are removed by the old drying method. The berries are spread out on a drying floor a few inches deep where they are frequently stirred so that each berry may be exposed to the sun. The pulpy covering dries in from two to three weeks after which the berries are pounded until the coffee beans are set free.

The most popular method of hulling is the wet method. The berries are brought in from the field and placed in tanks. The mature berries will sink to the bottom of the tank where they are drawn off through pipes and conveyed to crushing machines. The crushed mass passes to a water tank where it is stirred to separate the beans. The beans fall to the bottom of the tank and are withdrawn. At this stage the beans are covered with a slimy film which is removed by placing them in a vat where fermentation sets up. Then they are washed, dried and sacked for market, the latter process consisting of assorting the beans into sizes, colors, and eliminating any foreign bodies from the mass.

Young coffee plants must be given protection from the sun for several months after they break through the ground. Some planters shade them with palm leaves; some by building a matting-covered frame over the plants about three feet above the ground.

SEEK MORE LIGHT ON 'HOPPER PLAGUE

Present Invasion Is Scientific Opportunity to Find Some Remedy.

While the fact may bring small comfort to western farmers who see their fields laid bare by grasshoppers, the present explosion of these insects is not unlikely to provide a scientific opportunity of considerable importance. The grasshopper invasion is called an aftermath of the drought, which undoubtedly it is from the economic view. It is less certain that this is true from the entomological one. Past experience in the United States and the more frequent and more disastrous experiences of settlers in East Africa with the two species of locust prominent in that region prove that some relation exists between grasshopper plagues and the weather of preceding months or years. The details of this relation, however, and entomological experts in some disagreement.

The destructive grasshoppers belong to a group of insects the eggs of which are deposited in the soil. There occurs the development of the egg and the variety of the complicated process called metamorphosis which exists in these insect groups. Two factors affect it, it is evident, the numbers of grasshoppers, which a farmer must face each year. One of these is the number of eggs which the insects laid in the soil in previous years. The other is the mortality which these eggs have suffered during the period, stretching for some species into many years, during which the egg or the developing insect is in the soil before the number of living eggs deposited in any year may be altered by the amount of food available for the female grasshopper population and the number of females to eat this food or by temperature, wetness and

other soil conditions affecting the actual laying of the eggs. These soil conditions are even more important in determining the percentage of the laid eggs which live and hatch. Economic pressure from grasshopper damage in East Africa has stimulated important scientific work on these relations for the species of that region. Probably the present western invasion will do the same here.

Biologists not concerned with agriculture are more interested. It is probable, in the evolutionary reasons for the habit of these insects to lay their eggs in soil, where the vicissitudes or most years probably result in the sacrifice of all but a small fraction of the potential individuals. Presumably, like the whole habit of metamorphosis illustrated by the grub and the butterfly, the grasshopper's habits are a response to seasonal variations of food supply, probably even to conditions when a number of years might pass without sufficient food. Long-continued droughts or wet spells operate, perhaps, to keep many of the grasshopper eggs unhatched, so that at least a few survive to continue the species in happier times. Much might be learned about the past climate of the earth, one imagines, by studying the habits and the history of the grasshoppers. —New York Herald Tribune.

Few Germans Rank as Middle Class

It is actually true today that the mass of the German people, excepting only a tiny group, belong economically to the proletarian class. The strong middle class of prewar days now differ from the working class only in its traditions, its memories and its point of view—not in income.

The tax records reveal the facts. Income tax begins on all incomes in excess of \$300 a year. Among the 32,000,000 persons gainfully employed, about 23,000,000 are liable to income tax on an average income of about \$400. The rest, of course, have even less.

If the middle class is reckoned on

the broadest possible basis, to include every one with an income of \$600 to \$9,000 a year, under which is a proletarian standard and over which is riches, it still encompasses only 10 per cent of the population as compared with 25 per cent of this class in England.

But if \$4,000 is taken as a minimum comfortable middle class income—and this is reasonable, estimated by the cost of living in Germany—then there are only 77,000 people all told in this class.

Add the 30,000 rich people with incomes of more than \$9,000 a year, pyramiding up to the multimillionaires, and you come to the startling conclusion that only some 100,000 people out of Germany's 64,000,000 population are really free from financial cares and enjoy a comfortable bourgeois existence.—Dorothy Thompson in the Saturday Evening Post.

Just Girls

Fannie—Joe says he is very modest. But if he was very modest he wouldn't say so.

Nannie—But how would anybody know it if he didn't brag about it?



SOOTHES as it SOFTENS

Joke on Students

Robinson D. Harley and Ward H. Bright, juniors at Rutgers university, narrowly escaped being taken to an asylum for the feeble-minded when farmers near Freehold, N. J., who saw them wearing white running trunks and nothing else, in the cold one night, reported two lunatics at large. The students had set out

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ONLY by comparing manufacturing, construction, and distribution can you determine what is behind the price tag on the tires you are asked to buy. Price alone is never an index to value unless you know the reputation and ability of the manufacturer and what advantages he has in purchasing of raw materials, manufacturing efficiency, and distributing economies. These are the factors that determine tire value.

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Firestone control every step in the manufacture of their products—own their own rubber preparation factory in Singapore—their own cotton fabric mills—and their own huge tire factories—the most efficient in the world. With these great advantages Firestone save millions of dollars annually, which are passed on to car owners in Extra Values.

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Firestone have the most efficient and economical distributing system through Service Dealers and Service Stores. Firestone know tires must carry with them the necessary service for the economy, safety, and satisfaction of car owners. Special brand mail order tires are usually made just to sell, with limited or no facilities for servicing the car owner after the sale.

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Firestone Gives You	4.50-21 Tires		6.00-19 H. D.	
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More Weight, pounds . . .	17.10	17.10	29.00	28.45
More Thickness, inches635	.596	.679	.877
More Non-Skid Depth, inches300	.258	.344	.305
More Plies Under Tread . . .	6	5	7	7
Same Width, inches	4.75	4.75	6.02	6.02
Same Price	\$5.69	\$5.69	\$11.45	\$11.45

Lowest Prices

Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair	Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
4.40-21	\$4.98	\$4.98	\$9.96	6.00-20 H. D.	\$11.47	\$11.47	\$22.94
4.50-20	5.00	5.00	10.00	TRUCK AND BUS TIRES			
4.50-21	5.00	5.00	11.00	30x5 H. D.	\$27.99	\$27.99	\$55.98
4.75-19	6.05	6.05	12.10	32x6 H. D.	29.75	29.75	59.50
4.75-20	6.75	6.75	13.50	36x6 H. D.	33.99	33.99	67.98
5.00-19	6.98	6.98	13.96	6.00-20 H. D.	15.25	15.25	30.50
5.00-20	7.10	7.10	14.20				

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Day or Night

GREENFIELD

Edward Wiggin of Lynn, Mass., has been a guest of his sister, Mrs. Nellie Atherton.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Smith of Taunton, Mass., have been guests of his brother, Elywin Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. William Black and son, William, of Hartford, Conn., were guests of Mrs. Black's uncle, C. D. Gould.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson of Brookline, Mass., friends of Mrs. Mabel Hardy, have been staying in town for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Waite and Mrs. Malcolm Atherton were in Boston, Mass., recently to attend the wedding of Mr. Waite's niece, Miss Helen Waite.

A picnic was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Russell. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Dodge, Haverhill, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and Miss Doris Johnson, Arlington, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kean, Woburn, Mass.; Florence and Walter Booth, Woonsocket, R. I.; Mr. and Mrs. Frank White, Water-town, Mass.; John Garvin, Aberdeen, Scotland; Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dooley, Haverhill, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. H. Angreen and son, Arlington, Mass.; R. E. Willey, New Bedford, Mass.; Albert Russell, Haverhill, Mass.; Warren Dodge, Mil-dred Dodge, Harry Seymore, Methuen, Mass.; Mrs. Carrie Buttrick, Haverhill, Mass.; John Barton, Cuthbert, N. Y.; Mrs. George Pollard, Keene; Frederick Hughes, Greenfield, Mass.; and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Herrick of Marlboro.

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U. S. Picking Merchants

for Its Model Townsite

Reno, Nev.—Boulder City, the new government townsite at the Hoover dam in southern Nevada, is not being established on a basis of "the survival of the fittest," for Uncle Sam says who can go into business there and picks those that the Department of the Interior think can best serve as workers.

The Interior department has taken the position that following the establishment of Boulder City on a permanent basis, and after the hysteria of the boom period has passed they will remove all restrictions and allow the laws of economics to operate.

According to Louis C. Cramton, former congressman and the city's "czar," "the situation is greatly aggravated by the present economic condition of the country, where every one is looking for a more fertile field and is likely to let his hopes get the better of his judgment."

"And we throw down the bars," he said, "there is no question but that 1,000 business houses would have opened up without any sort of investigation beyond the rosette stories in the newspapers depicting opportunity that is not here."

THE OLD MUSIC TEACHER

By FANNIE HURST

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate, (WNU Service).)

THE music teacher was seventy-three. She was a little old lady. She had not always been so little. As a girl, she had been at least an inch or two taller. These added inches, coupled with an enormous amount of vitality, had made her appear larger than she really was. But the long years of position at the piano and the amount of work she had done sitting hunched over musical scores, had taken their toll in actual inches. At seventy-three, she was frankly full of years; bent, loose-skinned and, worst of all, racked and all but ruined by rheumatism.

Her once supple fingers were as knotted as hickory sticks. They lay upon the keys, when she permitted herself to open the lid of her beloved piano, like so many lumps of inertia. Horrible, gnarled, stiff old fingers, knotted and rigid with age. In the beginning, when the rheumatism began its first merciless onslaught, the madam used to have a horror of her hands. She could not bear to look at them. She kept them behind her when visitors called.

But there came the day when she found herself obliged to be reconciled; to shift her point of view, to take up the new threads of a new life.

For ten years the little madam had now reconciled herself to the fact that she must live off the bounty of her former pupils. And they were many. In her day, the music teacher had enjoyed brilliant and outstanding success in her field. Names that were to become world-famous had walked out of her studio, equipped for the concert stage. From all over the country children had journeyed to her, accompanied by parents or guardians, filled with the hope that the little madam would see in them talent sufficient to warrant her taking them as pupils.

The great Moritz had been prepared for his triumphant career in madam's studio. Lillenthal, Mann, Forenzl, Lanz and Spamer were all of the brilliant company of madam's pupils. She had worked with them with a patience, with an understanding and with a wisdom that was unflinching. Her hour lessons could easily stretch into two or three or five. And in the case of Spamer, probably the most infallible genius of them all, she had taken him free of fee into her home, under the surveillance of her constant guidance, her unflinching patience.

No wonder that, at seventy-three, madam looked her age. She had fought so many separate battles. She had achieved so many individual successes. She had conquered obstacles for so many human beings. She had given of herself, of her vitality and of her time; of her wisdom and of her curious musical instinct.

It was as if she had been a well of inspiration and vitality—a well of inspiration from which those with the genius of music could drink. Could drink, and then go forth and conquer their worlds.

Madam herself had never been a brilliant piano performer. But she was undoubtedly the most brilliant teacher of her time. She did not play Brahms with any outstanding facility, but she knew his heart to the core. Forenzl once said of her that she knew Beethoven better than Beethoven could have known himself.

She had a wonderful faculty for passing on this knowledge of the masters she loved—to the pupils she loved. She could train fingers and brains and hearts to interpret the beauties which the great musicians of the past had captured for the future by means of little marks on paper. Madam could interpret the soul of music and could give her pupils, in magnified degree, this gift of interpreting its soul.

Though her own fingers, even in her prime, had never had the facility, the power, to transfer to the keyboard of a piano the depths of the music she studied and loved, her brain had the faculty of giving others the gift she lacked.

No wonder her former pupils never forgot her: She made them. She created them. She lived in them, long after her active life was ended.

On her seventy-third birthday, as was their wont, as many of her former pupils as were within possible distance, gathered around her. The birthday of madam was an outstanding occasion. Not only her pupils, but the important names of the musical world, came flocking to her little home, bearing gifts of affection for the little lady whose day had passed.

Of course there was something pathetic and heart-hurting about these birthdays. Each one found her a little smaller and a little more gnarled and a great deal more crippled. She never referred to this last condition, but those who knew her knew with what yearning eyes she gazed upon the young proteges and musical talents who were brought to her home from time to time just to be able to say that they had looked upon and met the great little madam.

It was difficult to realize, upon these birthday occasions when the world remembered, the lonely, despairing three-hundred-sixty-four days that preceded them. Here was a woman whose

life had been crammed to the hilt. Not with lovers. Not, strangely enough, with the adulation of men. But with the devotion and crying need of hundreds of human beings who looked to her for the fulfillment of their destinies.

Her own life had been crammed with the task of creating other lives, of moulding them into success, of bringing out in them talents and genius in order that they might shower the beauties of talent and genius upon the world.

It was not easy after years filled with this kind of accomplishment to sit back, old and gnarled and helpless, in an easy chair, waiting. Because that was what it practically amounted to, those three-hundred-sixty-four days of the year when madam's world was too busy to pause at her door. Checks came from her erstwhile pupils, gifts and sometimes letters, but for three-hundred-sixty-four days in the year she was practically alone, waiting for the one day when they remembered to come.

And this one day was all too brief. It began in a shower of flowers. It ended in the adieus, blessings and the many happy returns of friends and benefactors of her wisdom who loved her. But almost before the door closed on the last of them, the waiting began again.

And yet, in a way, the little madam, who hated to be alone, would begin to console herself the very first night of the three-hundred-sixty-four that stretched ahead of her.

How wonderful it was to be able to sit there. Lonely? Yes. Locked with rheumatism? Yes. But secure and radiant in the knowledge that, even as she sat there, hundreds of her pupils were spreading abroad over the world some of the beauty which she had inculcated in them.

Found Fortune's Start

in Subway "Gold Mine"

"One day ten years ago," said a western millionaire to a Chicago Herald-Examiner writer, "I stood without a nickel and without the door of a restaurant in San Francisco. I was indulging in an optical feast, gazing at the display of uncooked roasts, chops and steaks, garnished with watercress, and altogether lovely, in the window. The song, or rather its refrain, 'Thou art so near and yet so far,' was whispered to me by the gaunt brownie of hunger.

"Then a prosperous-looking man who was flipping a half dollar in his hand dropped the coin, which tinkled through an iron grate and fell into a subway below. The man gave an almost unconcerned glance in the direction the coin had gone and then went away humming a popular air.

"I always possessed some resource and I was determined to possess that coin. The occasion is what is frequently spoken of as a ground-hog case. I was 'out of meat,' also bread. I spoke to the proprietor of the place. Told him I had dropped a \$5 gold piece through the grate and asked if I might go and retrieve it. 'Certainly,' he said, and gave me a hatchet with which I might remove a wooden bar that had been nailed across a door leading from the basement to the opening under the grate.

"There was much litter and dust down there, and in searching for the lost coin I found many others which had been dropped in a similar way. Thus I cleaned up \$8 from that prospect drift. The amount supplied me with a place to put the able-bodied appetite which I had concealed about my person. It also gave me an entree to a clean shirt and a proportionate supply of self-esteem and self-reliance.

"I visited men of influence whom I had not been sufficiently courageous to meet in the immediate heretofore, and I have not been seriously insolvent since that day. Thus you may see on what a slender thread oft hangs a chance in life."

Like the Beggar

Melvin Traylor, the Chicago banker, said in New York the day he sailed on the Berengaria:

"One cause of American business success is our American honesty. We weren't so very honest in the past. Our past methods, in fact, compared with our present ones, make us look like the beggar.

"This beggar had been blind for many years, but one day he hustled up to a steady patron, looked him straight in the eye and said: "'Could ye gimme a dime for a cup o' coffee, boss?'"

"'Why,' said the steady patron, 'have you recovered your sight?'"

"The beggar nodded.

"'Dog died, ye see,' he explained, 'and not havin' time to train another I had to turn deaf and dumb.'"

Immense Floating Dock

At Southampton, England, is said to be the largest floating dock. It is capable of lifting ships with a displacement of 60,000 tons, covers an area of approximately 3½ acres and has 17,240 tons of steel in its hull. The height of the dock from the bottom of the pontoon to the top deck of the side wall is over 70 feet and the berth in which it is placed has been dredged to a depth of 65 feet. The dock consists of a hollow steel pontoon, or floor, surmounted on each side by hollow steel walls, the whole forming a structure like an enormous letter U.

The Friendly Mosquito

The French or cannibal mosquito has a great antipathy for humans, but feeds upon the type of mosquito which seeks the blood of man and the lower animal life.

Floppy-Ear, the Dog

By GENEVRA COOK

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MR. MOONEY of Mooseville stood in the door of his cabin in the woods which covered the side of Mooseville mountain, peering nervously at a folded copy of a newspaper which he held in a leathery-brown hand.

Lost—Big tan dog resembling bound. Name: Floppy-ear. Reward: \$10. P. O. Box 891, Mooseville.

His steps made slightly uncertain by years and rheumatism, Mr. Mooney limped across the kitchen-dining-living-room of his cabin, and opened the door into the woodshed.

"Come 'ere, Floppy-ear!"

The big tan dog ambled toward him. Mr. Mooney regarded her speculatively. "Now if those people that put that air notice in the paper sees my sign I stuck up in the post office, I guess likely your folks'll be right along, m'am. Some o' these summer folks up to the lake, most likely. Don't know no better'n to go wanderin' all over the mountin'."

At the sound of a car laboring noisily up the steep hill, he closed the woodshed door upon the dog, and hobbled outside. The car was an old flivver painted blue and gold, and the driver was a fair-haired slim girl with blue eyes to match her sweater and beret. She left the car at the end of the road out past the thick trees clustered around the edge of the clearing, and came running across the stony field to the cabin.

"Hello!" she called. "Have you got Floppy-ear?" She came up to him, breathless. "Oh, please, is she here? I've looked everywhere!"

There was the sound of barking from behind the woodshed door. "Oh, she is here! Here's the reward." She thrust into the tough, wrinkled right hand of Mr. Mooney a crisp, new ten dollar bill.

Suddenly there was a honk! honk! from the direction of the flivver. "Oh, whoever is blowing the horn of my car? I came up alone! Wait!" And she was gone, leaving Mr. Mooney looking after her, his mouth still opened to speak.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" Mr. Mooney gave a violent start. There at his side was a tall, good-looking youth with dark hair, smiling down at him in friendly fashion.

"I came to claim my dog, sir. You have her here, I think—in the shed, perhaps?" With long strides, he was past the astonished Mr. Mooney and had opened the door of the shed. The dog came bounding out to him, jumping at his legs, exhibiting every sign of joy and recognition.

"Here," smiled the young man. "Here is the reward! Thank you, sir!" He thrust into the left hand of Mr. Mooney a neatly folded ten dollar bill. "Come, Floppy-ear!" he called, and started across the field.

Before he had gone two steps the girl was facing him, her eyes flashing. Without speaking to him, she turned scornfully away. "Come, Floppy-ear!" she called. And the dog came running to her, jumping, barking, with recognition and joy.

Mr. Mooney, because he was near-sighted, had to move nearer to them, in order to puzzle it out. He had to move nearer still, because he was a little hard of hearing. But neither of them noticed him at all.

"You don't want that dog," the man was saying in an even, firm voice, that somehow held a note of bitterness. "Come here, Floppy-ear." The dog came.

"That is my dog," answered the girl, her voice trembling. "Come here, Floppy-ear." The dog came.

"You don't value a gift when you don't care anything for the giver." "I do care for the giver—I-I—mean, I-I—did—I—mean—"

The young man's voice became softer, and Mr. Mooney moved a little nearer. "Just what do you mean, Jocelyn?"

"I—I mean what I said—Gerald." Mr. Mooney was getting nervous. He didn't like to have folks kissing right in front of his cabin. It wasn't respectable. He cleared his throat as loud as he could, but no one paid any attention. Then he tried something else.

"Come here, Floppy-ear," he called. The dog came.

The man was taking something out of his pocket. "And you'll wear my ring again, Jocelyn?" he was saying, and slipping it, sparkling in the sunlight, on her slim white finger.

Together they turned and smiled for a moment at the leathery-brown old man who was staring at them from the yard. Together they called, "Come here, Floppy-ear!" The dog went.

Mr. Mooney stood in the door of his cabin and watched them walk, close, down across the stony field, the dog running joyfully at their heels. He looked down at the two ten dollar bills, one in each hand.

"Doggone!" said Mr. Mooney.

Diamond Output Restricted

It has been stated that there are sufficient diamonds in the mines of the world to supply all who would like to own one. In order to stabilize prices and to protect those who buy diamonds largely as investments, the large mine owners of South Africa purposely limit the supply, restricting it to meet only the demand that continues at present prices.

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

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

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

Buying at home benefits YOU

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

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