

# The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XLIX NO. 26

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1932

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### Canned Meat Sale

May 20th to May 26th

Wafer Sliced Beef	3 1/2 oz. jar	21c
Lunch Tongue	6 oz. tin	23c
Vienna Sausage	No. 1/2 tin	9c
Corned Beef Hash	lg. can	23c
Deviled Meats	3 No. 1/2 cans	25c
Kudos Corned Beef	No. 1 can	15c
I.G.A. Fancy Corned Beef	No. 1 can	19c
Fancy Salad Mustard	9 oz. jar	10c
Fancy Roast Beef	No. 1 can	23c
Sunshine Krispy Crackers	2 lb. carton	29c
Fruit Syrup, 6 delicious flavors	pt. jug	25c
Ginger Ale	6 bottles	73c
Light & Fluffy Cake Flour	2 1/2 lb. pkg.	23c
Richfield Tree-Ripened Pears	lg. can	19c
I.G.A. Teas	Orange Pekoe 1/4 lb. pkg.	20c
	Formosa Oolong 1/2 lb. pkg.	29c
	"I" Blend Green 1/2 lb. pkg.	29c
Campbell's Tomato Soup	can	7c
Fresh Ripe Prunes	lg. can	19c
Fancy Catsup	2 lg. bottles	29c
Excello Assorted Candies	8 oz. bag	10c
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### The Sophomore - Freshmen Prize Speaking on Friday Evening Last

The annual prize speaking contest of the Sophomores and Freshmen of the Antrim High school was held at the town hall on Friday evening last. A good attendance was present to listen to the following program:

Music—"Manhattan Beach March"—Sousa Orchestra  
"Burdock's Music Box"—Lawrence Raices  
"At the Grave of the Unknown Soldier"—Iileen Cooley  
"The Difficulty about that Dog"—Richard Cuddihy  
Music—"Theme from a Sonata"—Beethoven Orchestra  
"Darius Green and His Flying Machine"—Martha Dzengowski  
"Lucinda Jones has a Holiday"—Dorothy Sawyer  
(Mary Moncure Parker)  
"An Afternoon in a Hotel Room"—Edith Linton  
(John Kendrick Bangs)  
Music—"Invitation to the Dance"—Weber Orchestra  
"Maggie McCarthy and the Kids"—

Ruth Pratt  
(Mary Moncure Parker)  
"After Twenty Years"—Fred Butler  
(O'Henry)  
"The Book Canvasser"—Wendell Ring  
"Liberty or Death"—Calvin Parterson  
(Patrick Henry)  
Music—"The Manikins"—Gray Orchestra  
The music for the occasion was furnished by the High school orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth Felker.  
The judges were Headmaster A. L. Welcome, of the Hillsboro High school, and two of his English teachers: Miss Doris McConnell and Miss Marion Chick; the principle points of determination were posture, enunciation, pronunciation, memory and general appearance. The cash prizes awarded and the recipients were: Boy speakers, Fred Butler, first prize, \$3.00; Richard Cuddihy, second prize, \$2.00. Girl speakers, Dorothy Sawyer, first, \$3.00; Iileen Cooley, second, \$2.00. Wendell Ring was awarded honorable mention. All speakers did so well it was difficult for the judges to make a quick decision.

### Memorial Day, as it Will be Observed This Year, in Our Town

The committee in charge of Memorial Day observance, in Antrim, has decided to change and shorten the program this year. For a number of years past there has been a growing sentiment among those interested in favor of closing the day's activities at noon. It was felt that so few of the town's people attended the exercises in the afternoon it was hardly worth while to spend so much time and go to so much trouble to arrange a program in the town hall.  
Due to this seeming lack of interest by the general public it has seemed best to arrange a program more in keeping with the modern sentiment toward the day. With this idea in view, the committee has made a somewhat radical change in the order of the day. All exercises will be held out of doors. The exercises in the morning at North Branch chapel will be omitted, as will also the service in the town hall in the afternoon. To partly make up for these omissions, there will be some short exercises by the school children to take place in the various cemeteries visited. They hope that these changes will be cheerfully accepted by the public, and that a large attendance will be the result.  
Committee in Charge.

Order of the Day  
8.00 a. m. Members of the William M. Myers Post, No. 50, A. L., will assemble at Jameson block, together with the Antrim Band, and proceed directly to North Branch cemetery. Arriving there at 8.30, the usual ser-

VICES will be held and the graves decorated; in addition there will be singing by the North Branch school children. The detachment will then proceed to the cemetery at the Center: arriving there at 9.30, the usual procedure will be followed. They will then return to Antrim village, and form the parade in front of Jameson block, at 10.15 o'clock. The order of march will be as follows:

Marshal  
Antrim Band  
Boy Scouts  
Girl Scouts  
4-H Club  
American Legion  
American Legion Auxiliary  
Woman's Relief Corps  
School Children  
Autos

Route of Parade  
From Jameson block to top of Goodell hill; countermarch to Library, where appropriate exercises will be held under the direction of Wm. M. Myers Auxiliary Unit and the Woman's Relief Corps. Thence up Main street, down Elm and Concord streets to Maplewood cemetery. There the usual services will be held, and in addition exercises by the school children. After the graves are decorated the column will reform and march to Jameson block, and disband. This concludes the observance.

By order of  
Walter E. Cleary,  
Commander,  
A. S. Fuglestad,  
Adjutant,  
Wm. M. Myers Post, No. 50,  
American Legion.

### Pessimism has Had Its Day--Now Let's Try Optimism For a While

In these unusual times of depression there is altogether too much that is pessimistic—principally in thought, and altogether too often in action. It is in the air maybe, and very likely can't be helped; but really isn't it too bad to come in contact with the thing at every tack and turn? In some lines it has become "second-nature," so to speak, and in business associations it is bobbing up continuously. It is hoped that whatever is stated in this brief article will be considered in a general way; and that nothing that it contains will be thought to have reference in any way or in any manner with any specific cases, for that is very far from the writer's intention.

In one's reading, there is hardly an article but has in it this trend of thought. Even when a writer may be making some statement in an effort to set forth a thought suggesting a changed condition, almost before the thought is put into words, there appears something pessimistic connected with a certain part of the proposition. While ago it was our privilege to listen to a public speaker, and he was of the unusual type—in fact so

much so that it made a great impression upon our mind—and we can't get away from it. The one thought that ran through his address was optimism; things are not so bad after all; they could be very much worse; even if times are hard, there are those who are happy and contented; every cloud has a silver lining; and out of every season of depression our country and people have come forth with renewed courage, and prosperity of far greater value has been the outcome; the vast possibilities of our country are certain to yield this condition; and the stuff the American people are made of will surely bring them through triumphant. Isn't this wonderful to contemplate? And is there any reason why our people should be anything else but temporarily discouraged or down heartened? There is every reason to take courage, and if there were not a thousand and one other reasons aside from past experience—that in itself should be sufficient to meet every argument.

Without suggesting to public speakers of

Continued on page five

### At the Main St. Soda Shop (The Rexall Store in Antrim)

JUST ARRIVED

Wreaths, Sprays and Baskets of Waxed Flowers for Memorial Day on display in our show window at Boston Prices.

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This is not a sale but will be the regular price on Brick Ice Cream.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

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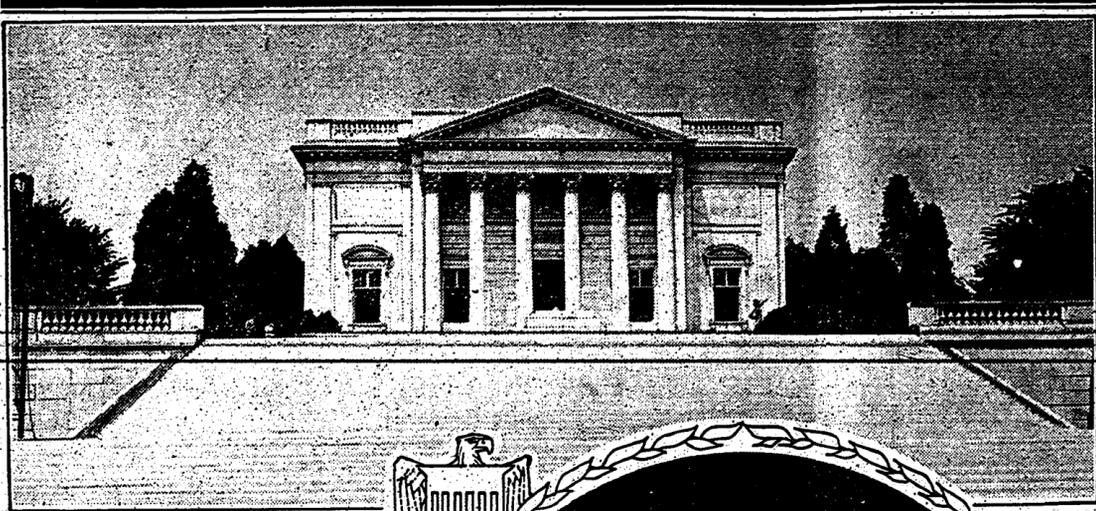
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Send Cut  
out Report

# UNKNOWN SOLDIERS



A NATION'S SHRINE

Note: The following article was written for Memorial Day in 1929. Because of the number of requests for copies of it which the author has received, it is herewith reprinted.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

**H**E ENLISTED in one of the regiments of "expert riflemen" which the Continental Congress raised in the backwoods of Pennsylvania, and one fine morning in June, 1775, he marched gallantly to help "throw Tommy Gage and his lobsterbacks out of Boston town." He followed Montgomery and Arnold to Quebec and he starved and froze amid the snows of Canada that dreadful winter. He was one of the tattered remnants of that tragic expedition which finally staggered back homeward from its heroic but futile adventure.

Then, wearing the Continental Buff and Blue, he fought under Washington at Trenton and at Princeton, and in the summer of 1777 he was one of the picked men who went with Dan'l Morgan, "the Old Wagoner," to help repel Burgoyne's invasion of New York. At Saratoga the bayonet thrust of a Hessian grenadier struck him down.

What if the historians of the future were to call this conflict, whose din was now sounding faintly in his ears, one of "the fifteen decisive battles of the world"? What comfort was it to him to know—if he could have known—that he had been one of the pawns in the life-and-death game of nation-making? For he was conscious only of the torture of thirst as his life-blood ebbed swiftly away until death came at last to still his pleading cry of "Water! Water!" and to ease his pain-racked body.

A great monument now stands on this spot which once witnessed the "pomp and circumstance of war"—the surrender of a British army. But, nearby, the smooth, green sod gives no sign that the soil beneath holds the dust of a young Pennsylvania backwoodsman who had died in defense of American liberty.

Who was he?  
Just an Unknown Soldier of the American Revolution!

**B**EFORE the ink was scarcely dry on the enlistment papers which made him a private in the First Infantry of the United States regular army, another boy, who had never before been beyond the confines of the rock-strewn acres of his New England birthplace, was on his way to the western frontier, there to serve in a lonely outpost called Fort Dearborn.

Here, it was as though he were on another planet, so far as communication with the world he had known was concerned. But somehow he managed to survive through the cold, desolate winters and the hot, fever-breeding summers amid the swamps along the Chicago river.

The summer of 1812 came and with it the news that we must fight Old England again. More alarming still, there was the threat of an Indian outbreak, for the oratory of Tecumseh, the great Shawnee, had been heard among the wild tribesmen throughout the Mississippi valley. Then a courier, speeding along the wilderness trail from Detroit, brought orders to evacuate Fort Dearborn.

One hot August day the retreat began. Southward along the sandy shores of Lake Michigan, Capt. Nathan Heald led his little army, all too few in numbers for its precarious task of safe conveyance for the wagons where rode the women and children of the garrison. From out of the sandhills swooped the fierce Pottawatomes. A short, desperate fight—and the Fort Dearborn massacre was history.

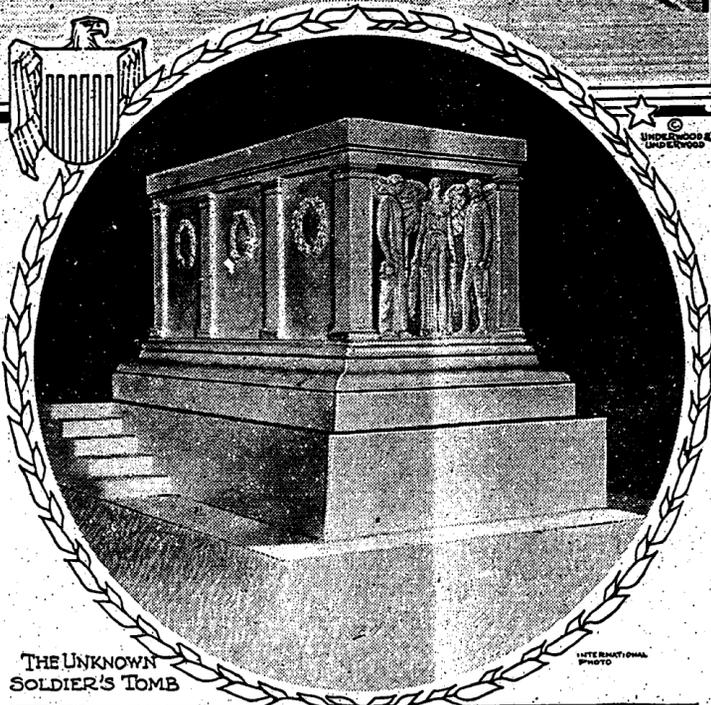
That night there was a hellish orgy in the Indian camp and the pitying stars looked down upon a writhing figure at the stake. What if this was one of the acts in the mighty drama called "the Winning of the West"? What if the future was to see one of the world's greatest cities rise on these sandy shores?

Could that knowledge have been recompense for the fiery agony of this New England lad above whose unmarked grave the hurrying feet of Chicago's millions beat an endless requiem today?

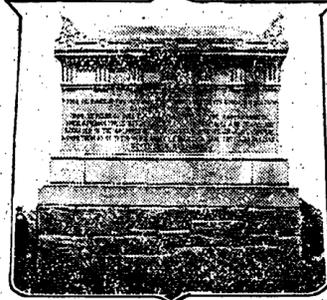
Who was he?  
An Unknown Soldier of the War of 1812!

**T**HOUGH some of his neighbors denounced it as "an unholy war" into which President James K. Polk was leading the nation, a boy on a middle western farm was one of the first to respond when on May 13, 1846, the President called for 50,000 volunteers to drive the Mexican forces back across the Rio Grande.

So he was among those who landed with "Old Fuss and Feathers" Scott at Vera Cruz and started toward the City of Mexico. To his parents back in Ohio came cheerful letters from the boy, telling of the rapid succession of victories won by the American army, assuring them that the war was almost over and that he would soon be home.



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S TOMB



MONUMENT TO THE UNKNOWN CIVIL WAR DEAD

He wrote such a letter the night before Scott's men stormed Chapultepec. After that his mother watched eagerly for the return of his father from the daily trip to the village store where he went to get the mail. But every time the father shook his head sadly.

Today in the environs of the City of Mexico there is a little cemetery in which stands a small granite shaft bearing these words: "To the memory of the American soldiers who perished in this valley in 1847, whose bones, collected by the country's orders, are here buried—750."

And so this Unknown Soldier of the Mexican war sleeps among the seven hundred and fifty, far from his native land where flows "the Beautiful Ohio."

**F**ORT SUMTER had been fired upon. In the North a mighty chorus was swelling from thousands of young American throats: "We Are Coming, Father Abraham!" In the South the rollicking strains of "Dixie" were firing thousands of other young Americans to an almost religious ecstasy.

In the Upper Shenandoah valley of Virginia, a father was bidding goodly to his two sons, "Pray God, you two never meet in battle!" he said.

For one rode north to wear the Federal Blue under General Patterson. And the other rode south to become a member of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson's "Stonewall Brigade." Whether or not his prayer was answered, the father never knew. He never saw them again.

Perhaps in some Valhalla two warrior spirits reminisce of Chancellorsville and Antietam, of Manassas and of Malvern Hill. But there is no bitterness now in their tones as they call each other "Yank" and "Johnny Reb."

The crumbling dust, which once housed these spirits rests under a great monument of rough-hewn granite and polished marble in Arlington cemetery near Washington. On this monument is an inscription which reads:

"Beneath this stone repose the bones of 2,111 unknown soldiers gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified but their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of their country and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace."

**I**T WAS the spring of 1898. A Colorado miner, coming off the night shift, joined a group of his fellows gathered about one who held in his hands a Denver newspaper. One look at the screaming headlines told the story: "War With Spain."

A month later he was on an army transport that steamed through the Golden Gate into the broad Pacific. The next year he was one of a detachment which set out from a little Philippine village in pursuit of a party of Moro raiders.

There was a deathlike hush as they pushed on through the steaming heat of the jungle. A moment later its stillness was shattered by the sounds of men engaged in furious hand-to-hand combat—bayonet against bolo—a swarm of little brown men clawing at a group of swearing, desperately-struggling kiki-chid figures and at last heaving them down to earth by sheer force of numbers.

A few months later, back in the Colorado mining camp which clung precariously to the rocky slope of the mountain, a band was playing incessantly "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." For the troop of "our boys" was home from the wars.

But out in the province of Sulu a rusted Krag-Jorgensen rifle and a webbed cartridge belt, already nearly hidden by the lush jungle vegetation, marked the last resting place of one who didn't come home—an Unknown Soldier of '98-'99.

**N**OVEMBER 11, 1922. In Arlington cemetery a great throng stood with bared heads as a bugler blew "Taps" over a new white marble tomb in which had been placed the body of a dead warrior.

Who was he?  
No one can say. For his is the eternal mystery.

The lettering on his tomb betrays no word of his identity. It says simply: "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier, known but to God."

He is "The Unknown Soldier" of the World War.

He is the man "whom we have exalted out of humanity into sainthood."

Since that day ten years ago when they enshrined his dust in marble at Arlington and his spirit in the heart of America, men and women of every station in life have bowed their heads reverently in the presence of his last resting place. To it have come the great of other countries—the queen of a European royal house, princes, field marshals, lord admirals, statesmen. None has been too great to pay him homage.

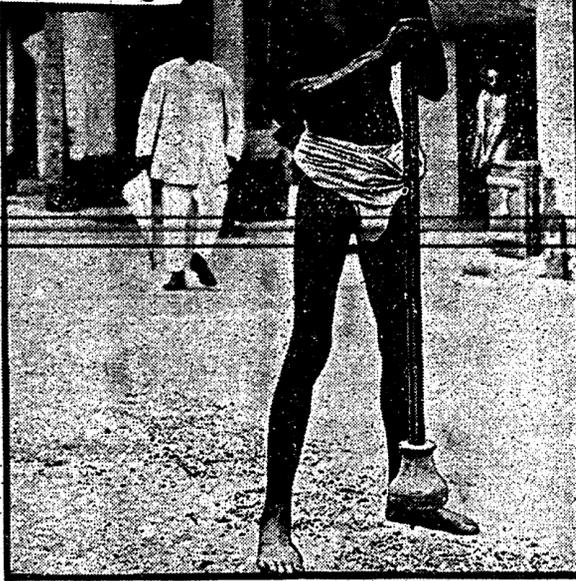
Orators and poets have tried in all-too-inadequate words to pay fitting tribute to his memory. But the only real tribute to him is the unvoiced one in the hearts of his fellow-Americans. To them he has given Memorial day a new meaning. For on that day their thoughts turn to his tomb as the shrine upon which is offered America's tribute to her soldier dead, and more especially to the Unknown Soldiers of all her wars.

We cannot decorate their graves in accordance with the Memorial day custom, for they are scattered far and wide over the face of the globe. Some of them fell before Indian bullet and lance on the wind-swept plains of the Great West. Some of them died in China, in Cuba, in the Philippines, in Mexico. Some of them "went west" on the battlefields of France and Belgium.

So in alien soil they keep their lonely "bivouac of the dead," and while we cannot pay them the same honors on Memorial day that we do to the others who gave their lives for their country, we can offer up to them our tribute of gratitude by remembering on that day what they did even though we do not know who they were.

(© by Western Newspaper Union.)

# Singapore—Wonder City



A Singapore "Steam Roller."

(Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—W.S.U. Service.)

**T**HE uncompleted British naval base at Singapore again may swarm with workmen. The base has been a political football in British official circles for more than a decade. Construction began in 1921 but before much progress was made, the project was interrupted by political quarrels until 1923. In that year the base site was the scene of much activity but work again was halted when the Labor party, which opposed the project, came into power.

To the military strategist, Singapore is one of Britain's main links in its chain of defenses that stretch from Gibraltar through Malta, Suez, Aden and Ceylon, but to students of geography and readers of fiction, it is the "Crossroads of the East" and a city where "East meets West."

In all the swift, significant changes wrought by white men in the East, no one event stands out more conspicuously than the rapid rise of Singapore. From a jungle isle, where tigers ate men at night, to a magnificent city, tenth among the ports of the world, in less than a century!

Its place on the map, its strategic position here at the crossroads of the East, forced it to a growth at once unique and astonishing. Last year nearly 10,000 ships cut the cobalt-blue seas of the Malacca strait, tying up the trade of Singapore with Europe, Africa, and India, with Australia, China, Japan, and the Americas.

And how Singapore came to be a city is one of the latter-day romances of the Orient. Away back in history, before even the days of Marco Polo, the Malays had founded their powerful states and set up an empire on their peninsula. Then came the Portuguese and laid waste to the strongholds of the sultans, leaving colonists whose descendants, bearing long, aristocratic names oddly out of place among Malay cognomens, are still found throughout the Indies.

After the Portuguese came the Dutch, sweeping from Malacca to Manila, only to be followed later by the British, who, with their genius for colonization, are here to this day. It was this British adventure, about a hundred years ago, that lured Stamford Raffles, born at sea, into this restless region of the then unknown East. And Fate willed that he should found this great Singapore.

Singapore was not conquered like Hindustan, nor acquired as a ready-made colony, like Hongkong; it was simply bought as New York was, and settled, when Sir Stamford Raffles selected it as an outpost for British traders on the China route and purchased it for the East India company from the Sultan of Johore. It was a jungle-covered island then, peopled by a few score savage Malay fisherfolk.

Now it is a wonder city, with marble bank buildings of singular beauty and great stone law courts and government edifices and Christian churches—all in striking contrast to the ornamental Malay mosques, the carved temples of the Hindus, and the fantastic joss houses of the Chinese.

**A Jungle Reclaimed.**  
Through the thick jungle, where once led only the elephant paths, wide, level roads have now been built, and the hoarse squawk of the motor horn has drowned the fierce growls of the lurking tiger.

Forty-five years ago a few Para rubber plants smuggled out of Brazil fruited here. Today, three-fourths of the world's rubber comes from this region. And in this magic development, Americans have played a leading role.

This Malay peninsula, stretching hundreds of miles from the Siamese frontier down toward the equator, forms a vast humid region of dense forests of jungle, wild elephants, snakes, and naked people, rice fields, rubber plantations, and tin mines. Few American tourists see it.

Singapore, built on a tiny green isle of the same name, which lies just off

the end of the peninsula and nearly on the Equator, is the capital of the British crown colony commonly called the Straits Settlements. This colony embraces the Province Wellesley, the Dindings and Malacca on the mainland, and the Islands of Penang and Singapore.

More than fifty steamship lines and its cable net and radio stations the Singapore up with adjacent regions, and British Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, and Siam constitute a unit in commercial geography which centers at the great port.

"The Melting Pot of Asia," they call this prolific, potent peninsula, because of the babel of races, colors, and castes which its wealth of rubber and tin has drawn to it. But in all this industrial army of Europeans, Chinese, Japanese, Tamils, Hindus, and assorted South Sea Islanders, the Chinese are the most numerous and powerful.

The Malay himself is too lazy even to be a good fisherman. He grows a little rice, a few coconuts, and nets the fish he needs, but Nature is so kind that it is said one hour's effort a day will support him and his family.

It is the Chinaman who is the tin miner, the farmer, shopkeeper, artisan, contractor, and financier.

Nature's motion picture, as your ship swings into the narrow, 60-mile-long Singapore roads, is like a vision of some fabled Dream Isles of Delight. Fairy isles they seem, floating on a turquoise sea, wooded, jungle-grown in brightest green, miraculously broken or and east adrift from Sumatra and Malaya.

Cruising through these straits, your ship creeps so close to certain isles that you can actually see the natives going about their daily life, and you can clearly make out the intimate details of the tiny palm-leaf shacks, which stand on stilts like piles over the water.

**When Not so Charming.**

But on certain hot, steamy days in early autumn, when no air stirs and the tide has run very low, these islands, on closer inspection, are not all so charming. Then the receding waters leave vast, flat banks of slimy stinking mud, alive with crawling creatures pursued by long-legged birds; and the myriad mangrove trees that hug the shore are left standing with their naked crooked roots all exposed—an oddly repellent picture, suggesting the wet, slippery coils of a million monster serpents, their bodies all twisted together, seeming to crawl in and out of the foul steaming ooze.

You are glad, then, when your ship has poked her restless nose past these reeking mud flats and you come to the anchorage, tying up amid as strange a fleet as ever the sun shone on.

Swarming about your ship in their bobbing canoes, little Malay boys come to dive for nickels, for do not all American sailors observe the odd custom of throwing money into the sea as they approach a tropic port?

The white man's life today in Singapore, as in other tropic parts, is easy and comfortable. The British and American trading firms are all staffed in the higher positions, by men from the home lands. Office hours are fairly short, down in this equatorial clime, for the white man must have more recreation than in the colder countries of the north.

Here, near the Equator, day and nights are about equal; toward dark the din of harter and sale subsides and the streets begin to empty. The houseboat folk of the river and the wharf workers quiet down. Chinese shopkeepers shuffle out to put up their shutters. High above, the star pictures of heaven are hung out—the sprawling Scorpion and the majestic Southern Cross. Long before ten o'clock this magic, mongrel city of tin, trade, and turbulence is sound asleep. No speeding joy rider, owl car, or roof-garden jazz breaks the delicious stupor of its repose.

SUCH IS LIFE—Just as Good!



By Charles Sughrue

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BUY DIRECT AND SAVE Men's ties, beautiful new shades, 5 doz. and up. Men's fancy hose, \$1 per doz. and up. Ladies' silk hose, \$3 per doz. and up. Men's dress shirts, fancy and plain collars, \$4 per doz. and up. B. WALES CO., BOX 325, PORTLAND, MAINE.

Don't Worry About Unemployment. We will put you in touch with many money making openings, quickly. Write Leonard System, Box 50, Newark, N. J.

STOM-ACK WILL SURELY HELP YOU. Quick relief from indigestion. Write for bottle mailed anywhere in U. S. A. upon receipt of \$1. Essex Remedy Co., Newark, N. J.

FREE SONG—VIRGINIA WEST. JOHN STORM. Newark, N. J.

BASE BALL PLAYERS. Throw like big leaguers. Fitcher, 210 West 42nd St., New York. speed developer. Boys, send 75c. 5ea \$1. J. B. Howie, 203 1/2 Cherry, Richmond, Va.

SUPER "ANTI-GLARE" REFLECTORS. AUTOBOTS ATTENTION. 100% "SAFETY" in night driving. Attaches to all headlights. 75c per pair, postpaid. Refund if not as represented. Guaranteed. Gordon F. Miller, 75 Stoper St., River Rouge, Mich.

Do You Suffer With STOMACH TROUBLE? BUBBLES Famous Herb Cordial is guaranteed to correct constipation, stimulate stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. NO DOSE OF CHEMICALS. GARDNER'S VIKING LABORATORIES 4603 - 7th Ave., Brooklyn, New York

HOARDERS HEAP BUM BILLS ON TREASURY

Called Upon to Redeem Mutilated Currency.

Washington.—The amount of burned, rotted and mutilated money arriving at the treasury for redemption has vaulted to its highest level since World war days.

Treasury officials attribute the increased receipts of mutilated currency to the widespread and unusual hoarding activities which followed last year's record number of bank failures, says the Chicago Tribune.

Beginning shortly after the bank failure rate reached a high peak last year, the amount of burned, rotted and mutilated currency reaching the treasury has increased monthly until today employees in the currency redemption department are forced to work overtime to take care of hoarded currency which came to grief.

Failure of hoarders to remember that their life savings had been placed in the stove for safe-keeping until a fire had been built has proved responsible for much of the money reaching Washington. In many cases money has been hoarded in chimneys to the great detriment of the currency when fall fires were built. In other in-

in banks he believed to be insecure. The extremely delicate work of making good this mutilated money is done by several women clerks of long experience, whose word as to the authenticity of the claim is virtually infallible.

The task of ascertaining the validity of the ashes or pulp which is sent in by hoarders as the remains of good money is particularly exacting in the national bank redemption agency, which redeems national and federal reserve bank notes. In this bureau not only must the remains be identified as genuine currency before it can be redeemed, but the expert must also ascertain the member bank which issued it.

In the redemption division of the treasury's office, where notes of United States issue are redeemed, only the fact that the remains are those of real money is necessary for redemption to be made. In both bureaus, of course, the experts must find out the exact denominations of the destroyed notes.

The records of the claims handled by the experts read almost like fiction and most of their work seems all but incredible to the layman.

Here is a case in point: Not long ago a citizen of Ohio ap-

Mrs. Hoover in Cotton



Mrs. Herbert Hoover in the dress she wore at a recent reception. The dress is a dainty with blue spring flowers and trimmed with ruffles of the same material. With it she wore black velvet on her hair and a band of black velvet around her throat. It was the first time since the Civil war that a cotton gown has been worn at a reception.

MAKING MINUTES COUNT

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

I have just been talking with Gordon concerning the qualities of an intimate acquaintance of ours who has made the most outstanding success of the work he has undertaken of any man in his line with whom I am familiar. We were trying, if possible, to analyze the personal qualities in him which made this success possible.



"I used to think," Gordon said to me, "that it was Corson's keen intellect, the unusual character of his mind which brought him success, and I must admit he has these, but as I have come more and more closely into contact with him I believe it is his ability to utilize every minute of time in some effective way which has been his greatest asset."

"We have marveled sometimes at the amount and the variety of work which he turns out. I have been at

his house a good deal and it is no marvel to me now. You never see him sitting with his hands in his lap, smoking or doing nothing. He is reading the latest new book, or writing, or making something. No wonder he gets a lot of work done."

I got a good lesson from Martin when I was a young fellow. Martin never wasted time. He lived in a suburban town and had to take an early train into the city. He always ate with his watch on the table beside him—not hastily but deliberately. He gave himself three minutes to get to the station a block away. He always walked along leisurely and without the agitation which so often induces indigestion. It was the way he managed his business affairs—he utilized every minute.

There are few things which a large percentage of the young people with whom I am acquainted have learned more thoroughly than how to waste time, and if a man wants to accomplish much in the world he must make the minutes count. (© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Home Sweet Home in Japan



Bamboo, paper, and tile—all help to create this little village. The walls may be leaning "seven ways for Sunday," but nothing matters as long as the roof doesn't leak.

stances money became damaged after being placed in mattresses or other places for safe-keeping.

Hoarding which results in currency mutilation causes losses for the government and in some cases to the individual. About 75 per cent of the mutilated money is redeemed. The government loses because of the expense of financing a division for the purpose of redeeming money.

In recent months, it was stated at the treasury, practically every claim in mutilated currency cases has been accompanied by a statement from the owner of the money telling how he hid his savings in some place he thought secure rather than deposit it

peared at the national bank redemption agency with a box securely bound with adhesive tape, in which he said there reposed the remains of \$700. He had drawn the money from the bank, he said, put it in a baking powder can which he put in a still larger metal can, and had hidden it in the soot at the base of a chimney. A fire in an upstairs fireplace caused the soot to get hot and the cans and the \$700 were reduced to a mass of metal and ashes. This mass he wanted redeemed for real money.

The sympathetic superintendent of the agency turned the case over to the experts and by noon next day they had identified not \$700 but \$710, and had authorized payment of the money in full. Whereupon the money in full. Whereupon the citizen of Ohio admitted he had expected to retrieve only about half his \$700.

In order to make this restitution the experts were faced with the problem of ascertaining, from hardly more than a handful of ashes, first whether the ashes were those of genuine currency; second, the exact denomination of each note; and third, which of some ten thousand member banks had issued the notes.

For Spectator Sports



Checked gingham, suede cloth and novelty woollens are the leading fabrics for spring spectator sports wear. This frock bristles with fashion news. The empire line, the cross-strap treatment in the bodice, the gumpie of light blue and white checked gingham opposed to the darker blue of the sheer wool, the high neckline and the gleaming buttons.

POTPOURRI

Comets Few comets are visible to the naked eye, although the tails of some are millions of miles long. Some 800 comets have been recorded, but there are possibly hundreds of others that the most powerful instruments cannot detect. Comets are usually visible for a short period of time and then disappear to return later, indicating that they follow definite orbits. (© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

BUILD WATER TUNNEL FAR UNDER NEW YORK

Job Costing \$43,000,000 Is Nearly Finished.

New York.—Some 700 feet beneath the point where Steiway avenue in Queens runs into the East river, at the foot of what is known as shaft 9A, drillers are now putting the finishing touches to their three years' task of excavating the 19 shafts and 20 miles of city tunnel No. 2, the \$43,000,000 water conduit being built by the board of water supply. The last section of rock in the tunnel itself, between shafts 2A and 3A under the Bronx river, was "holed through" recently. All that remains of the excavating phase of the work is to round out the system of access tunnels and pumping chambers designed to permit drainage of the entire aqueduct from shaft 9A.

Since March, 1920, gangs of men have been working 24 hours a day, six days a week, slowly linking up from Hill View reservoir in Yonkers to Red Hook in Brooklyn this rock tunnel, longer than any yet constructed by man. More than 1,300,000 drill holes have been "shot" with approximately 7,000,000 pounds of dynamite to dislodge the 1,500,000 cubic yards of rocks that have been removed.

Large enough to hold a subway car with a man standing on top of it, and as long as the run from Van Courtlandt park to Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn—in some places as far beneath the sidewalk as the Metropolitan tower is above it, and in no place less than 520 feet under ground—this mammoth pressure tunnel is destined to supply Brooklyn, Queens and a part

of the Bronx with 700,000,000 gallons of water a day. With this flow and that from existing aqueducts, it is estimated the city will be able to meet its requirements as to delivery of water until 1930.

Engineers of the board of water supply report that the tunnel is 90 per cent completed, with the contractor, Patrick McGovern, Inc., working about one year in advance of his schedule. They plan to open the gates to the downtown shaft at the southern end of Hill View reservoir and fill the tunnel with water early in 1933.

Drinks Spray to Find Out What It Is; Dies

South Bend, Ind.—Everett Leek, sixty-four, died after drinking tree spray to find out what it was. Teek met Steve Solnoky, the caretaker, at the J. M. Studebaker Jr., estate, who was mixing a preparation of nicotine poison for a spray. "That's bug poison," said Steve. "Well, give me a drink," said Leek with a laugh. One sip and he collapsed. He died as he reached the hospital.

Father Sage Says:

Generally, every good anecdote you hear of an adventure has been greatly embellished by the teller. It didn't happen exactly that way. But don't we all admire art?

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode



TALKING PICTURES WERE SHOWN IN NEW YORK CITY 30 YEARS AGO. CONTRIBUTED BY ALFRED CROWN. THE SHORTEST NAME IN THE WORLD... MR. X - of Oakland, Cal. -



THERE ARE NO WOLVERINES IN THE WOLVERINE STATE (MICHIGAN). THE GERMAN WORD FOR TANK IS SCHUTZENGRABENVERNICHTUNGS-AUTOMOBIL. (WNU Service.)

GABBY GERTIE



"A gold digger is apt to strike oil in the timber region."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

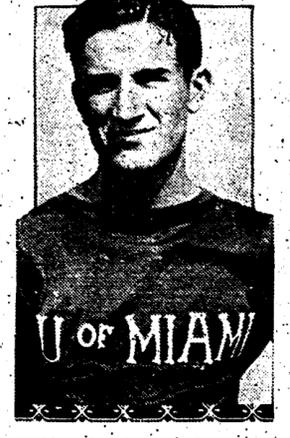
To tighten springs in curtain rollers hold the roller firmly and with pliers tighten the end springs.

Bake meringues on cream pies in a slow oven. Let them cool in a warm place and out of a draft and the meringue is less liable to fall.

To clean cut glass wash it in soap-suds, then pack it in sawdust. The sawdust absorbs the moisture. Remove the sawdust with a soft brush.

When making a cake containing nuts, raisins and citron, much labor may be saved by putting all these ingredients into the chopper at one time.

Outboard Champion



William Crawford of New York, a junior at the University of Miami, who won the American outboard championship at the International regatta at Miami, Fla.

Plowed Up Old Coin Forest Grove, Ore.—Farmer George Vanderzanden plowed. Up came a shiny object. It was a \$20 gold piece, dated 1861.

Display and Dismay Wife—Hurry up, can't you? I simply must go out and show off my new fur coat. Hubby—Wait a minute. I simply must cut the fringe off my coat cuff. —Vart Item, Stockholm.

CONSTIPATED?

Take IN—NATURE'S REMEDY—tonight. Your eliminative organs will be functioning properly by morning and your constipation will end with a bowel action as free and easy as nature at her best—positively no pain, no griping. Try it.

Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at drugists—only 25c. FEEL LIKE A MILLION. TAKE Nature's Remedy IN-TABLETS-IN

TURNS for the funny! Quick relief for sour stomach, acid indigestion and heartburn. Turns are antacid. Only 10c.

Happy Days Are Here Again

Neighbor—Johnny, I hear you're all on a diet at your house. Johnny—Not any more. Dad's working full time again now.

A genius is a man with his head in the clouds and he sees more than the rest of us.

USE GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP

Contains 33 1/2% Pure Sulphur. Soft, Clear Skin. Relieved & Styptic Cotton, 2c.

Bottle Had Traveled

After bobbing and tossing about the Atlantic ocean for almost six years, a sealed bottle containing a slip of paper bearing the name of Gustav J. Erick of Baltimore, Md., several weeks ago turned up at the southwest tip of Ireland, not far from Crookhaven harbor.

KILLS ANTS

Peterman's Ant Food is sure death to ants. Sprinkle it about the floor, window sills, shelves, etc. Effective 24 hours a day. Inexpensive. Safe. Guaranteed. More than 1,000,000 cans sold last year. At your drugist's.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Beautifies Hair, and Fades Hair. Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c and 75c at Drugists.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drugists. Haver's Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 20-4932.

# C. F. Butterfield

My Assortment of

## Gents' Furnishings Boots, Shoes, Rubbers

Is Complete and Priced Right

Confectionery, Cigars, Tobacco, Sodas  
Daily Papers and Magazines

# Sea Grass Furniture!

Woven by hand from the tough elastic strands of Sea Grass. It makes chairs that are extremely sturdy and while they yield to the positions of the body they hold firm almost indefinitely. The patterns and colorings are most pleasing and fit in with most pleasing effects.

We were offered a shipment of these very desirable pieces at almost our own price, they having been sent to another part of the state to a dealer who was not in position to receive them.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE WHILE THEY LAST to get some great values for your Living Room or Veranda, and to get some pieces for your Cottage that will give you greatest possible satisfaction and comfort, and all at very moderate outlay.

See them in our window  
Our Prices \$6.00 to \$12.00

If you cannot call, write or telephone 154W

## EMERSON & SON, Milford

### 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, May 18, 1932

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

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.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

Obituary poetry and lists of flowers charged for at advertising rates; also list of presents at a wedding.

## What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

The family of Harry Stone have arrived at their summer home here, having spent the winter in Hyde Park, Mass.

Married, in Hillsboro, May 14, by Rev. Laurence W. Bratt, Charles W. Rich and Mary D. Petroskey, both of Antrim.

The American Legion Auxiliary will hold a Food Sale on Friday afternoon, May 20, at 8 o'clock, at the store of W. F. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. William Marwell, Miss Simpson and Mrs. Spaulding, of Salem Depot, this state, motored to Antrim on Sunday to give Dr. Tilton a call at The Maplehurst. He was formerly their pastor in that town.

Information to the family here is to the effect that Walter S. Simonds, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Simonds, of Antrim, was married April 23 to Miss Sallie Tyre, of Boumont, Texas. Mr. Simonds is in the employ of Stone & Webster, and is located at Boumont.

Fred H. Colby backed his auto off the lower road, not far from the pond, in Maplewood cemetery, on Monday. No one was hurt, and damage to auto was slight. A pair of horses and two men got the auto back into the road again.

Mrs. Joseph Fluri and Miss Annie Fluri went to Bay State, Mass., Monday of this week to attend the funeral of the former's father, Kasimer Haefell. Deceased was a former resident of this town, and is favorably remembered by many of our people. He was 86 years, 7 months old. He and his wife observed their 67th wedding anniversary last October.

The district meeting of the Concord District of Encampments will be held with Eagle Encampment, No. 8, I. O. O. F., at Odd Fellows hall, Contook, on Thursday evening of this week. Eastern Standard Time prevails. The Patriarchal degree will be conferred by the degree staff of Tachant Encampment, No. 18, of Concord. At 7.45, music by Morning Star Encampment Orchestra, of Lebanon, starts the program, followed at 8 by the opening of the meeting; then comes the other numbers on the program. Supper will be served by the Rebekahs, at 10 o'clock, for 50 cents per plate.

A few of our people went to Hillsboro on Thursday and Friday evenings to witness the show, "The College Flapper," and report a very pleasing and entertaining performance.

Hugh M. Graham, a member of the Board of Selectmen, went to Concord recently for a conference with State Highway Commissioner Everett, in an effort to place some of the Antrim unemployed on the work of building the new Willard Pond road, which road is in Antrim. Road Agent Quinn, of Hancock, has charge of the construction work, and Mr. Graham was successful in placing a few of our men on this new work, through the intercession of the State Highway Dept. These Antrim men are now at work on this new piece of road construction and the length of it being about seventh-eighth of a mile will give employment for several weeks.

## Gem Theatre PETERBORO, N. H.

Wednesday, May 18

"State's Attorney"  
John Barrymore, Helen Twelvetrees

Thursday, May 19  
"Young Bride"  
Eric Linden, Helen Twelvetrees

Fri. and Sat., May 20 and 21  
"Scandal For Sale"  
Charles Bickford, Rose Hobart and Pat O'Brien

Sun. and Mon., May 22 and 23  
"This Is The Night"  
Lily Damita, Charlie Ruggles and Roland Young

Tue., Wed., Thur., May 24, 25, 26  
"Symphony of Six Million"  
Irene Dunn and Ricardo Cortez

And now the voice of the lawn mower is heard in the early morning hours.

Mrs. Hattie M. Peaslee has been spending a season at her home here, on North Main street.

Carroll Nichols has again entered the employ of A. J. Zabriskie, at the West Street Garage.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, of Chelmsford, Mass., were guests of Mrs. Grace Young, one day last week.

During the past week, through the Red Cross agency, a quantity of flour has been distributed to certain families in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John Todd and Mrs. Della Sawyer, of Manchester, were calling on friends in town on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Arlene Heath substituted at office work at Goodell Company's last week, during the absence of Miss Priscilla Hayward, caused by illness.

Mrs. Albert Harris arrived at the Harris Tavern, on Thursday last, for a few days' stay. A little later this house will be reopened for the summer season.

Frank Fowle, who has been employed by the N. H. Power Company, from the local office for the past few years, completed his labors there a short time since.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hunt have returned to their home here, after a few weeks' visit with their daughter, Mrs. Robert Folsom and family, in Springvale, Maine.

Posters are up in town and surrounding villages advertising "Lady Lilac," the play to be given by a local cast for the benefit of William M. Myers Post, A. L., at town hall, May 27.

Editor Kehew of the Jeffrey Recorder, was a caller at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Elliott, while in town on Friday evening last to attend the Sophomore-Freshman Prize Speaking.

WANTED: All kinds of live poultry, Truck sent. Special market prices for good stock. Write or telephone me before you sell. James C. Farmer, So. Newbury, N. H. Phone Bradford 14-11. adv.

Mrs. Dora S. Kline and Miss Lena Seftien, owners of Camp Greggmore, at Gregg Lake, were week-end guests in town, looking over their property, making arrangements to open the camp for the coming season.

Miss Mary Swain has returned to her home here from Waltham, Mass., where she has spent several weeks with relatives. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Swain brought her home by auto and also visited with Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Burnham.

Mrs. Oscar Clark, who has been spending several weeks at the hospital at Grassmere, receiving treatment for septic poison, returned to her home in this place one day last week. She has practically recovered from all effects of the trouble.

The ladies of the Antrim Woman's club held their May luncheon on Tuesday afternoon last, the same taking the form of basket lunch. A very pleasant party was enjoyed. The annual meeting and election of officers followed the luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Eccles and daughter, Miss Jean Eccles, who have spent the winter in Florida, arrived in town last week, and are quartered at their hotel, Greystone. They are preparing to open up this popular hostelry for business in the near future.

Antrim can now boast of one of the most up-to-date barber shops anywhere around. New paint, paper, and the latest in equipment and furnishings, is what Russell Snow has to show his customers. A beauty parlor is also added, with everything that this new departure needs.

We have quite a quantity of coal ashes which would make excellent filling for someone who needs such material. They are handy to get, and for anyone who will cart them away, satisfactory arrangements may be made. Would like to have them removed soon. Apply at Reporter Office.

A meeting of the Joint Supervisory School District, comprising the towns of Hillsboro, Antrim, Washington, Deering and Windsor, was held in the Municipal hall, in Hillsboro, the 7th inst., with representatives from the towns in attendance. Supt. A. A. Holden, who has completed 13 years of service in the district, was re-elected Superintendent of Schools for the 14th year.

## New Trees Being Planted Where Old Ones Have Been Removed

Holes were made on Friday last on the side of Main street for planting some trees, in memory of Washington, this being the year devoted to this cause. The Reporter has favored for some time the planting of trees on the sides of Main street, and pleased to know that this nice thing is going to be done; the stately ones that have for so long made Main street the beautiful one it is and has been, are growing old and in a comparatively short time will have to be taken down. Young trees should be planted, to come along in due season, to replace the ones going by. Conditions must be considered, however, and changes anticipated

somewhat, when planting trees that are likely to last a half century or longer. It is hoped that in a few years certain sections of Main street will be widened and possibly straightened, and this should be in the mind of those planting trees. Also, when the old trees are taken away, the young ones should be growing in just the place where they are needed. It is presumed all these matters have been sufficiently considered, and that the young trees will be started where they will continue to grow and thrive. This process of street improvement will be watched by many of our people with a great deal of interest.

## Molly Aiken Chapter, D. A. R.

Held the May meeting at the home of Mrs. Lena Seaver, in Bennington; Mrs. Hattie and Mrs. Martha Weston were assisting hostesses. The meeting opened with the ritual. The daughters stood a moment in silent prayer in tribute to the memory of a member, Mrs. Etta Cochran, recently deceased. In the business meeting, a communication was read notifying the chapter of the bequest of \$200 by their late sister, Mrs. Cochran. The chapter very gratefully accepted the bequest. The program followed:

Roll call—Geographic places in South America.

Paper—South Americans Who Aided Us in Gaining Our Independence, Mrs. Marjette Lang.

Talk—Things I saw in South America, by Mrs. E. E. Smith, who took a trip to South America several years ago and who described some of the things she saw in her usual pleasing manner. A social hour followed, and refreshments were served.

## Geno Riccitti

Geno Riccitti died last Wednesday at the Pembroke sanatorium, after a long illness. Funeral services were held on Friday morning, at 7:30 o'clock, at St. John's church.

Mr. Riccitti will be remembered by many Antrim people, as he was at one time proprietor of the Antrim Fruit store. The family at that time comprised Mr. and Mrs. Riccitti, one son and one daughter.

## Old Hand Fire Engine For Sale by Commissioners

Fire Dept. Organized 1850  
Waterworks Installed 1893

ANTRIM PRECINCT  
Antrim, New Hampshire

Hiram W. Johnson  
Albert E. Thornton  
Maurice A. Poor  
Commissioners

May 12, 1932

Antrim Reporter,  
Antrim, N. H.  
Dear Mr. Editor:

At the last annual Precinct meeting it was voted that the Commissioners be instructed to dispose of the old hand fire engine. So far we have been unsuccessful in our efforts.

If anyone in town knows of parties that would be interested we would be glad to have this information.

If within a reasonable time we do not receive a satisfactory offer for it, it is quite likely that it will be sold at auction to the highest bidder.

Yours truly,

ANTRIM PRECINCT COMMISSIONERS

## 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.

## Look at Our Line

of

# Wall Papers

And Ask For the

## New Prices!

# Guy A. Hulett

Antrim, N. H.

## Card of Thanks

We desire to thank all who remembered our loved one during his illness in many ways, and for the many kindnesses in gifts and expressions of sympathy, for various floral tributes, and to the Odd Fellows for services rendered.

Mrs. Bernice Kidder  
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kidder  
Mrs. Eunice Belleville

## Card of Thanks

We wish to extend our thanks to all friends who helped us during the fifteen weeks of illness of Mrs. Clark at the hospital, and also for the beautiful flowers that were sent to the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Clark and family.

## ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect April 25, 1932

Going South

Mails Close	Leave Station
5.37 a.m.	5.52 a.m.
8.58 a.m.	9.13 a.m.
8.03 p.m.	8.18 p.m.

Going North

Mails Close	Leave Station
6.20 a.m.	6.35 a.m.
2.28 p.m.	2.43 p.m.

Mail connecting with Keene train arriving at Elmwood railroad station at 5.27 p.m., leaves Antrim at 4.40 p.m., and arrives at about 5.45 p.m.

Office closes at 6.30 p.m.

## Executors Notice

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Executor of the Will of John E. Loveren, 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.

Dated April 29, 1932.

GEORGE M. LOVEREN  
Bennington, N. H.

## Executrix Notice

The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Executrix of the Will of Etta A. Cochran, 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.

Dated, April 28, 1932.

LULU B. GADDAS

## STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.

Court of Probate.

To the heirs at law of the estate of Clara L. Little, now late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, formerly under the conservatorship of Frank E. Bass, and all others interested therein:

Whereas, said Conservator has filed the final account of his said conservatorship in the Probate Office for said County:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate, to be holden at Peterborough, in said County, on the 27th day of May next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said Conservator is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court.

Given at Nashua, in said County, this 29th day of April, A.D. 1932.

By order of the Court,

S. J. DEARBORN  
Register.

## STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.

Court of Probate.

To the heirs at law of the estate of Lyman A. Tenney, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Alice L. Hastings, Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the final account of her administration of said estate, and whereas upon the settlement of said account she will present for allowance her private claim against said estate and ask that the same be allowed, said claim being for services performed for the deceased in his lifetime to the amount of \$750.00.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate, to be holden at Peterborough, in said County, on the 27th day of May next, to show cause, if any you have, why the said account and claim should not be allowed.

Said Administratrix is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court.

Given at Nashua, in said County, this 30th day of April, A.D. 1932.

By order of the Court,

S. J. DEARBORN  
Register.

## ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Celia Elizabeth Paige, 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.

Dated May 4, 1932.

MORTON FAIGE

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

# Bennington.

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

The beautiful roses for the Women's Club were made by Mrs. Myrtle Stowell.

Mrs. Nellie Downes Vose, of Watertown, Mass., has been a guest of Mrs. Emma Joelin a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young, of Somerville, Mass., are visiting here at the Royal Knight homestead.

A class of fourteen, eleven from Bennington and three from Hancock, were confirmed at St. Patrick's church last Sunday afternoon.

There is to be a play given here on the evening of the 20th, for the benefit of the Sons of Union Veterans, followed by dancing; all at popular prices. See posters.

Miss Kate Twitchell is visiting Mrs. Daisy Ross; she came with Miss Anna Stevens, who has just returned from Florida, and Mrs. Cornelia Allen, of Worcester, Mass.; the latter two only staying a short time this trip.

Rev. J. W. Logan, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Gerrard and Deacon Maurice Newton attended the Church Conference, at the Franklin Street church, Manchester; all gave interesting reports of the meetings on Sunday morning.

Mrs. John G. Winant, wife of Governor Winant, will give an illustrated talk on India for the benefit of the local Sunday school, on Wednesday evening, the 25th, at the Congregational church. No admission charge; collection.

Memorial Sunday is to be observed next Sunday, when the Sons of Union Veterans, the Auxiliary and World War Veterans will be welcomed at the Congregational church. The Memorial Day exercises are to take place on Sunday afternoon, the 29th.

Postmaster Messer, Mrs. Messer, Mrs. Myrtle Stowell and son, Clair, were guests of Postmaster Nellie L. Mason, of Greenfield, Thursday evening. Postmaster Tarbell and wife, of South Lyndeboro, were present. A chicken supper was served.

The Grange on their last meeting night put on a "married folks" program, under the direction of Mrs. Leonise Favor, Mrs. Sturtevant, and Mr. and Mrs. Gerrard, in specialties. Mrs. Doris Parker, in the one-act play, might easily be called the stars of the affair. The others filled in with editorials, helpful hints, current events and a fashion parade; also a very good sketch by Mr. and Mrs. Bryer and Maurice Newton, all supposed to be taken from the pages of a magazine.

Mrs. Favor's auto harp music was very sweet. Deacon Taylor opened the program with a story, and the affair closed by a song by the entire company.

Mr. and Mrs. Westly Sheldon are guests of relatives here, from the south, where they have spent the winter months.

In connection with the observance of National Hospital Day, Peterborough hospital directors offered and awarded prizes in a poster contest. Schools in a number of towns entered the contest. 184 posters were submitted. Barbara Hugron, aged 17 years, of Hancock, was awarded first prize, \$5.00; title of poster being "Health and Strength Uphold the World." Leroy Diamond, aged 14 years, of Bennington, secured second prize, \$3.00; title, "The Thermometer of Health." The third prize went to Richard Moore, aged 16 years, of Peterboro, \$2.00; title, "Sleep is Health."

## 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.

## Water Rents

The Water Rent Collector will be at the Town Office, Bennington, on the First Tuesday of each Month, from 7.30 to 9.00 p.m., for the purpose of collecting Water Rents.  
WALTER E. WILSON, Supt.

## Pessimism Had Its Day

Continued from page one  
every kind that they should always give their listeners something pleasing to contemplate, for in their workaday world they meet enough hard and difficult tasks, it would be fine and quite unusual to have the general public in their conversation together say that lecturers, preachers, teachers, and all whose business it is to instruct, are now optimistic to a fault, and are dispensing another kind of instruction very much different from what they dealt out to the people in days just recently passed.

# Antrim Locals

A supper will be served at the Center Congregational church on Friday evening of this week, at 6 o'clock.

For Sale—Pansy Plants and Forget-me-nots, good ones. Apply to Warren D. Wheeler, Antrim. Telephone 12-21.

Mrs. Albert Brown is still quite ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Maurice Grant, in South Weare. Her sister, Mrs. George Clement, of New Boston, is assisting in caring for her. Mrs. Brown was visited on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dufrain and daughter, of Hancock.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist church will be held in the church parlor on Wednesday afternoon, May 25, at 4 o'clock. All ladies are asked to bring their own supper and for as many of their family as they desire. Coffee will be served. The ladies hope there will be a large attendance of their church people.

## Pansy Plants

Pansy Plants now ready. 30 cents per Basket.  
L. B. GRANT  
No. Branch. Tel. Antrim 15-13

## A Musical Treat

On Saturday last, the Antrim School orchestra and some fifteen others, attended the Fourth Annual New Hampshire School Band, Orchestra and Glee Club Festival, at the Practical Arts High School, Manchester.

The program began at 9 o'clock with Glee Clubs, of which more than twenty participated, each group being limited to ten minutes.

Next came the Orchestras, of which there were about fifteen. The Antrim orchestra, though one of the smallest groups playing, was received with as friendly applause as were the large city school orchestras.

Late in the afternoon came the seven bands and about 5.30, at the close of the program, five bands in their handsome uniforms, marched to Victory Park and gave a concerted program of four numbers.

Although the day's program was necessarily long, every number was most interesting, and thoroughly enjoyed by our group, to whom the whole day was an entirely new experience.

## CHURCH NOTES

### Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church  
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor  
Thursday, May 19  
Prayer and praise service at 7.30 p.m. We shall study Romans 9:6-13.  
Sunday, May 22  
Morning worship at 10.45. Sermon by the pastor.

Bible school meets at 12 noon.  
Y.P.S.C.E. at 6, in this church.  
Topic: "How To Use Music in Worship." Leader: Albert Poor.

Union evening service at 7, in this church. Why not come?  
The Union Memorial Service will be held in this church on Sunday, May 29, at 10.45 a.m. All local organizations are hereby urged to be present. Special music. Come!

Methodist Episcopal  
Rev. Chas. Tilton, D.D., Pastor  
Thursday, May 19, 7.30 p.m.  
Social prayer meeting. Favorite Scripture Night. Passages that have helped you. Promises that you have tested and proved true.  
Sunday, May 22  
Morning worship at 10.45. Sermon by the pastor. Theme: "Stumbling Blocks."  
Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

Baptist  
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor  
Wednesday, May 18  
Annual Church-Business Meeting at 7.30 p.m.  
Thursday, May 19  
Mid week meeting will be addressed by Mrs. F. R. Bakeman, a missionary in Hangchow, China.  
Sunday, May 22  
Morning worship at 10.45. The pastor will preach on "Our Need of Patience."  
Church school at 12 o'clock noon.

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.

The Antrim-Reporter, 52 weeks, for only \$2.00, in advance.

# Death Visits Antrim and Claims a Promising Young Man of 26 Yrs.

The subject of this brief sketch has been failing in health for the past year, and in the early evening last Friday the spirit took its departure, and the weakened body was what remained, in addition to fond memories of former associations. Nelson Leroy Kidder passed away at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Kidder, on West street, where he had been tenderly cared for during his last days. His age was 26 years.

Deceased was born in Franconstown, and when a boy removed with his parents to Antrim, where he has since made his home. He attended the town-school and graduated from the Antrim High. Not long after his graduation he entered the employ of the Connor Store organization, and with them remained some time, being their local manager for a few years, when his health failed and he had to relinquish his duties there. Much was done to bring back his health, but to no avail, and he gradually failed. Nelson held a large place in the hearts of his young friends, and with all he was popular and obliging; everyone was grieved at his failing condition and missed his cheery and friendly greetings.

## New Barber and Beauty Shop Opened in Antrim

Antrim seems to be greatly favored at this opening season with some fine improvements that are a great credit to our community. Foremost of these in business enterprise is the new Antrim Barber and Beauty Shop. The eye is immediately attracted in passing by the beautiful revolving electric sign, which without words indicates the business within.

Stepping into the shop one is surprised and delighted to see what the enterprising proprietor has accomplished both in practical and artistic fittings. The two modern and truly beautiful Kochs barber chairs first attract attention. Then the large plate glass mirrors 10x6, and a combination of sterilizers, glass shelves, and complete supplies for the best of service, will be noticed. The whole place has been renovated and lighted with a new electric light system.

A beauty parlor completely equipped with the Fredrics method, is a new and special feature, and is all concealed behind a large beautiful screen giving the customers perfect privacy. Mrs. Marguerite Howard is the Beautician who is a graduate of Wilfred Academy in Boston and has several years experience.

The genial and capable proprietor of the establishment is Russell P. Snow, who succeeds Norman J. Morse who as a highly respected and beloved citizen of Antrim, had conducted the business in Antrim for half a century, thus giving to the young man who takes his place a substantial foundation for his success in our town.

## A Thought For Poppy Day

Saturday, May 28th, will be "Poppy Day" throughout the United States. On this day millions of Americans will wear the little red poppy of France and Flanders in memory of the men who gave their lives in the World War. More than one hundred thousand of the finest young men of our country died in the great struggle of 1917 and 1918, and we know that every true American holds the memory of their service in a sacred place in his heart. The little red poppy, worn on the coat, "Poppy Day" will be the outward symbol of the reverence of these men.

Every one of the ten million poppies which the American Legion and the Legion Auxiliary will offer to the public on "Poppy Day" have been shaped by the fingers of some disabled veteran. Working in government hospitals where more than 30,000 are still under treatment, in little homes which they are struggling to keep together, disabled veterans have been busy for months preparing the poppies for "Poppy Day." Only men who receive little or no government compensation have been given the work and the money which they have thus been able to earn has been a real God send to them and their families.

Early on the morning of Poppy Day, the women of the American Legion Auxiliary, will take the poppies the disabled men have made out on the streets and pin them on the coats of passersby. Every penny of the dimes, quarters and dollars which will be dropped into their coin boxes in payment for the flowers will go directly to the relief of the disabled, their families and the families of the dead. Throughout the coming year the poppy money will help lighten the burden for the war's unfortunates.—The Leader, Drew, Mississippi.

The Greatest Shame  
No greater shame to man than to humanity.—Spenser.

Unwieldy "Currency"  
In ancient Cyprus, copper pots were used for money.

# Death Visits Antrim and Claims a Promising Young Man of 26 Yrs.

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## Must Have His Newspaper

"Take my ham away, take away my eggs, even my chili, but leave me my newspaper. Even if it just has such purely local news as 'Jim Jones came home last night unexpectedly and bloodshed ensued,' or 'Jesse Busbyhead, our local M. D., is having one of the best years of his career practically speaking—but they just won't pay him when they get well.' The county seat was packed yesterday with prominent visitors from out-of-town, attempting to renew their notes," and 'Election ain't far off and everybody is up for office that can sign an application blank.' 'Now all that don't seem much news to you. But it is news especially when you know the people, and they are your own folks. So no matter how punk you might think your local paper is getting, why just take it away from you and see how you feel. The old newspaper I think is just about our biggest blessing.

"So let's all read and be merry, for tomorrow the paper may not have enough ads in it to come out."—Will Rogers.

## SALE BY ASSIGNEE OF MORTGAGEE

Pursuant to a power of sale contained in the mortgage deed given by Charles R. Jameson, of Antrim, in the county of Hillsborough, and State of New Hampshire, to Abbie A. Sweet Lang, under date of January 28, 1931, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said county of Hillsborough, Vol. 903, Page 77, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for the sum of Two hundred seventy-five Dollars made and signed by the said Charles R. Jameson and payable to the said Abbie A. Sweet Lang, or order, on demand after September 1, 1931, with interest annually, and for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage, there will be sold by the undersigned, assignee of said note and mortgage indebtedness at public auction on the hereinafter described premises on Saturday, June 18, 1932, at 10.00 o'clock in the forenoon, the premises described in said mortgage deed, to wit:

A certain tract of land, situated at Gregg Lake, in said Antrim, bounded as described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at Gregg Lake on the east side, this being the southeast corner of the premises; thence northerly by land of Mack to the center of the travelled road as now travelled, continuing northerly two hundred and eighty two (282) feet; thence westerly eighty (80) feet; thence southerly two hundred and sixty-four (264) feet to the center of the road, still southerly in same line to Gregg Lake; thence easterly by the Lake to the place of beginning.

Being lot No. 4 as shown on map of C. R. Jameson as made by John D. Hutchinson, C.E., June, 1911.

The above described premises, will be sold and conveyed subject to whatever taxes may be assessed on the same for the year 1932, and subject to such other taxes assessed thereon and now remaining unpaid.

Terms of sale: \$75.00 shall be paid at the time of the sale and the balance of the purchase price shall be paid on the delivery of the deed, which shall be within twenty days from the date of the sale, and shall be at the residence of H. C. Muzzey, on Jameson Avenue, at said town of Antrim.

Dated at Antrim, this 14th day of May, 1932.  
GUY A. HULETT,  
Assignee of Mortgagee.

# Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

## DEERING

The local Red Cross chapter has received a consignment of flour, which was distributed in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie E. McAllister, West Deering, are the parents of a daughter, born Monday, May 2.

Mrs. Beatrice Fisher, formerly a resident of West Deering, is now residing in Manchester, where she has a position at the Carpenter public library.

Mrs. Justine Boissonade has arrived from New York and has opened her summer home, Wild Acres, for the season. The work of planting 10,000 pine trees at her farm has been completed.

A dental clinic, sponsored by the School Board, was held in Deering one day last week. Dr. Chandler, of Concord, did the dental work, and the expenses were met through contributions from the local Red Cross chapter, the Community club, Women's guild and Wolf Hill grange.

The Deering Women's Guild held their Annual Rummage Sale on May 2 in the Town hall. Miss A. Holmes acted as chairman of the sale and Mrs. H. Crawford served tea to refresh the customers. In the evening a box supper was served. Mrs. W. Wood acted as chairman and Mr. H. Crawford as auctioneer.

The Deering Women's Guild held their monthly business meeting in Judson hall on Thursday, May 5th. A report was given by the special committees, and the remainder of the business was voted to be left in the hands of the Executive Committee, which will meet at the home of Mrs. R. A. Wood on June 6th.

In compliance with the By-laws of the Guild to cooperate with State and other societies in the promotion of world friendship, Child Health Day was observed. A pageant was given by the children of the town. The following program was given: Address of welcome. An Indian Princess Procession. The May Queen and eight attendants.

Arrival of England of Robin Hood and his merry men.

Children from other lands pay their respects.

Dance of the Maypole, by the eight attendants, for the amusement of the foreign visitors.

Robin Hood, his men and the peasants enter the contests.

Ball tossing contest.  
Wheelbarrow race.  
Skipping rope contest.  
Three-legged race.  
High jump.

Presentation of prizes by the Queen.

Miss Ruth Wood was crowned Queen of the May and Miss Esther Titcomb was the Indian Princess. The Queen's attendants were Harriet Johnson, Miss Beatrice and Rita Cote, Betty Weaver, Edith Johnson, Ella Brush, Jane Johnson, Gladys Putnam.

Edward Webster took the part of Robin Hood and Raymond Brush, Richard Follansbee, Lester LeMay, Richard Johnson and others were his merry men.

The winner of the ball tossing was Charles Taylor.

The wheelbarrow race was won by Edith Johnson and Lester LeMay.

The skipping rope contests by Marie LaBounty and Harriet Johnson, the high jump by Richard Follansbee, and the three-legged race by E. Webster and G. Putnam.

Mrs. Lillian Bromage directed the

## HANCOCK

The non-resident valuation of the town is about \$50,000 less than one-half of the entire valuation.

The two daughters of Rev. and Mrs. Frank Pearson, Misses Nora and Edith Pearson, have returned to their teaching duties in the Manchester, Conn., schools.

Mrs. Eleanor Stearns Perkins furnished the church with beautiful flowers on Mother's Sunday, in memory of her mother, Mrs. W. O. Stearns.

Dept. Commander Wendell D. Crowell, A. L., was heard in a broadcast talk on Sunday afternoon over station WEEZ.

WBZA, in the interest of the Legion's Junior baseball program.

Final funeral services of Mrs. Lizzie Harrington was held at the church vestry; for many years she resided in town. Two daughters and two sisters survive her.

John Welsh, a resident of this town for 70 years, passed away last week in his 75th year. Funeral services were held at St. Patrick's church in Bennington and burial was in the family lot at St. Peter's cemetery in Peterborough.

Mrs. Nellie C. Ware quietly observed her 94th birthday at her home on the Harrisville road on 7th Inst. She resides at the old homestead and her sons, Elmer and Clarence live with her; she is quite active for her years, and does many things around home.

## FRANCESTOWN

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murdo are parents of a son, Charles Herbert, born last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Miller and son, Harry, were in Goffstown one day recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Pettie spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pettie.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Williams and sons were at their summer home over a recent week-end.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Place and family, of Newton, Mass., were at their summer home recently.

Mrs. George Lemander and children recently visited with relatives in and around Boston.

Mrs. Mary A. Woodbury, of Bloomfield, N. J., came to visit her parents recently and returned again to Bloomfield, Richard Miller returning with her.

## GREENFIELD

The Woman's club met on Friday at Town hall to entertain the school children.

Miss Annie Louise Geiger and friend, of Pittsburg, Mass., were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Holt.

Miss Eunice Blanchard, of Manchester, has been visited by her mother, Mrs. Martha Blanchard for a few days.

Paul Brooks of this town was one of three from Milford High school to go to Keene in the scholarship test.

Pageant and was ably assisted by Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Follansbee, Mrs. Parker and Mrs. LaBounty.

# Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

A real feeling of friendliness came over one motorist recently when, overtaking a large old truck on the road, he read these words, lettered on the rear end: "We'll share the road, blow your horn." Naturally in passing one looked up at the driver with a friendly grin instead of the look so commonly given drivers of big trucks.

What a great howl some people make over the matter of personal liberty. In nine cases out of every ten said to be that, it is something altogether different. Just pause a moment and analyze the thing; you'll find it vastly different than what you had at first thought. It is somewhat like personal independence—if that is such a thing. How true it is that: no one liveth unto himself.

All will agree that it is fine to have prices of food stuffs at the low-price level they are today, but the prices the producers have to pay for the goods they need have not fallen in proportion; there is the rub. Neither have rents, fuel and lighting, house furnishings, taxes, interest on debts, and many other such like things, been reduced in a ratio to keep pace with the drop in prices of what people have to eat.

The immediate family are relieved of a certain tension, now that Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., has been found. It was an awful thing from start to finish—a lasting blot on the fair name of civilization! That the child should have been found dead, with evidences of helplessness—having been brutally dealt with, is something that the normal mind cannot comprehend. In the list of punishments there is nothing that is torturous enough to pass out to the perpetrators of such a crime. Everyone hopes that the guilty parties will be apprehended and given their just deserts.

In the widely circulated speech of Governor Winant, he called upon the people of the nation to demand of their representatives at Washington that they take definite action on a program containing as its plank no political partisanship; no sectional selfishness; no raids on the federal treasury; economy that eliminates waste and extravagance; a tax bill that meets the needs of the treasury, "let the chips fly where they will and taxes hit where they may"; a balanced budget which guarantees the credit of the United States.

This was no special bid for any office; as most of the people understand it, was just plain common sense.

# The Vale of Aragon

By Fred McLaughlin  
Author of "The Blade of Picardy"

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(WNU Service)

## CHAPTER XIII

### A Night of Madness

In the ancient calabozo of Valencia, I stood upon the edge of a rough-hewn bunk and, holding to the iron bars of the window, watched a red sun go down behind the hills of Barquisimeto.

Alone and facing my last night of life, I lived, in fancy, through the swift passage of events that had filled the few short weeks since that night of moonlight madness in New Orleans. In actions, in emotions, in love and hate and fear, I had lived a long life in that brief space. I had met brave and honorable men whose friendship had proved a blessing to me; I had made enemies who had filled my soul with a passion for killing; I had seen patriotism in its highest form, had watched a man win an empire; aye, had assisted, even, in the winning of it, and I had spent my life in the service of a lovely lady. And I was carrying away with me to another— and surely more beautiful—world the blessing of her love.

Dulce herself had called my love a madness. Well . . . if madness might glorify one's life with such emotional bliss, then madness was indeed a blessing, and sanity a futile thing. It had been born, I remembered, all at once—that love for the Senorita. She had come, like an angel, out of the mellow moonlight, and love had overwhelmed me in an instant.

My worship had brought me here, here to a gloomy house of horrors which I would leave at dawn to face the rising sun and a file of armed soldiers. Yet I was glad of my service to the Senorita. Her brother was safe, and free of the menace of Colonel Pini, she was doubtless safe. Pini I had vanquished, yet Pini's dead hand reached out to crush me. How strangely doth fate direct our destiny, for, between two suns, the Senorita Lamartina should lose three suitors for her hand.

I laughed aloud at the sheer absurdity of the thing, and turning back to the iron door, found the guard standing there, tapping upon it. "Can you laugh at such a time, Senor?"

"Why not?"

"I do not know—yet a man seldom laughs at death."

"Is not a laugh easier to fashion?"

"He considered it. 'Who knows?' He brightened up. 'I have news, news of interest and profit to the Senor Americano, I would tell you, Senor, of a thing that shall give you freedom. He has returned, Senor.'"

"He, I questioned; 'not Pini, Pablo, he could never—?'"

"Mother of G—d!" Pablo gasped, crossing himself again. "I hope he may never return!"

"Then—?"

"The young Spanish lieutenant, he whom you aided to escape."

"No, Pablo," I cried, "no; he could not have done a thing so foolish!"

"A glorious thing, Senor."

"Aye, Pablo," I said humbly, "a glorious thing indeed."

So the brave Polito, to save me, had made the great sacrifice. Ah, a miserable time for Dulce, for she loved that handsome brother. "What does he say, Pablo?"

"After the darkness had settled," the guard explained, "this young lieutenant appeared at the iron gate and demanded admittance. He told us that the Americano, Major Garde, had taken his personal bond until ten o'clock, so that, under cover of the night, he might make his way safely to the calabozo, for the streets of Valencia are filled with Venezuelans celebrating our great victory at Carabobo."

"So, if the Senor has not aided in the escape of the Lieutenant Lamartina, but has merely put him on parole for a few hours, he will surely not be shot tomorrow morning. If the prisoner has returned, how may they shoot you?"

"How indeed, Pablo?"

"You do not seem glad, Senor."

"No, Pablo, for the boy has thrown his life away."

"A brave man," said Pablo, who seemed less sympathetic than happy. "I have looked him up and I am going now to report the occurrence to Captain Lopez, commandant of the prison. He will see to your release—is it not so, Senor?"

"I suspect that he will, my little Pablo. Can you not bring the Lieutenant here and put him in this cell with me?"

"Assuredly, a little moment, Senor."

I waited, horror in my heart, for his return. I knew that this would give me back the Senorita, yet, if she lost her brother . . . Ah, the glory, and the pity, of the thing!

They stood in the narrow hallway, vague figures in the ineffaceable light. Pablo unlocked the door, thrust into my cell a uniformed figure and slammed the door shut again. "I will return, Senor," he said.

I waited until the sound of his departing footsteps died away in the gloom, then I took the counterfeit lieutenant in my arms. "Always, Senorita, you find me in a prison."

"Loren, ah, Loren, I love thee . . . I cannot live without thee!"

I removed the futile bandage from her right arm and she put it, with the other, around my neck; so, holding each other close, we lived the swift, sweet minutes, oblivious to storms, or wars, or prisons.

"You thought to trick me, eh?" She laughed lightly.

"That clover-subterfuge could never have been repeated, for there is a glory in the air where you abide. I can feel it, my love for you—"

"Your love was ever a madness, Loren; it is such a thing that makes a saint."

"Yet no greater joy could ever come to me."

She sighed. "It is so dark, dear heart," she whispered; "I want to see your hair, I want to see the love-light in your eyes—the light of worship that makes a woman happy—and I want to see you smile again."

"And I, dear heart, would look again upon the beauty of your eyes, would see into the purple depths of your eyes, would watch—and envy—tiny shining curls that caress—"

"Ah, my moon-wraith, how sweet a satisfaction is your love!" She laughed happily. "Love has never come to you before?"

"No, my own, and when it came it filled the world with glory."

She was silent a moment, and I knew she visualized that night of madness before the Cahildo. "You seemed a wild thing in the silver moonlight, Loren."

"And you were a queen."

"Your eyes were full of dreams—you seemed only half real."

"And your eyes turned the silver light to purple."

"You—you loved me then, Loren?"

"Aye, that instant. I think some gentle Providence put me there—to wait for you to come."

"You brought something, Loren, out of a chivalrous world, to lay before me; the gift of courage, my fine Americano—a thing so rare in this world."

"A poor thing, my own."

"We notice courage, Loren, we—we worship it, and the man who possesses it requires little else."

I laughed ruefully. "I have little else—if, indeed, that, and that which you consider courage may be only recklessness."

"Yet you met Adolfo."

"An indifferent swordsman."

"And you came to our aid on the Santa Lucracia."

"A little thing."

"And you saved me from the storm and brought me to my brother."

"Humph."

"And you braved the perils of Caracas to see me."

"Where a lady offered herself in sacrifice to save a man, who, though professing love, could not penetrate a simple masquerade."

"It is forgiven," she said softly, "all of that is forgiven."

"Yet I should have known you."

"At Maracay you saved me from Colonel Pini, who held a pistol that was pointed at your heart."

"Pini was ever a coward."

"With three hundred natives you held in check a thousand trained soldiers of Spain. Was that not courage?"

"My bravos had been trained to fight."

"To save me again you offered challenge to Colonel Pini, knowing that your arm—"

"Pini was never a swordsman."

Now she was sobbing softly in my arms. "And you took Polito to a place of safety, returning to offer yourself—"

"Oh, my sweet, don't cry; we should be happy, for we have this hour, and—"

"Ah, dear G—d, Loren, is it any wonder that I love you?"

"It is a wonder to me—and a cause

for gratitude. Tell me how you played this trick upon the guards."

"This brought another quick translation, for she laughed gaily and, dropping her voice into a burring huskiness—that was almost masculine, said, 'I am Lieut. Polito Lamartina, of his majesty's service, a prisoner in charge of Major Garde, who placed me on parole until ten o'clock tonight, when I am to report myself to the calabozo. I am here.'"

"Now that you are," said I, laughing at her masquerade, "what?"

"It is all too simple, Loren; the guard has gone to seek Captain Lopez, who, because of the return of the prisoner who was in your charge, will release you."

"Of course, Dulce—and then?"

"After that, dear heart, there is no more, for the morning sun should find you near the coast—and safety."

"And you?" I questioned, deep humility in my soul that this beautiful lady should offer so great a sacrifice.

"I shall be happy, Loren, because you are safe."

"Yet tomorrow's sun would find you here."

"Assuredly, a small matter indeed."

I knew the matter was not so small, and I was sure, too, that she knew it. "Will you disappear, then, with the coming of day—like a wraith of the night—or will they find you here?"

"I shall be here, Loren. Tomorrow morning when they come to shoot the tall handsome Americano they will discover only a woman weeping because her lover is far away."

Now I kissed her again, and held the trembling form close to me, and I offered up a prayer of gratitude for such a love as the Senorita had bestowed upon me. "There is not another, my own, in all the world like you; none so beautiful, none so gracious, none with a love so willing to sacrifice. This hour with you is worth—"

"What do you mean, Loren?" she cried, clinging to me desperately. "Is it that you will not—?"

"I cannot."

"Yet you offered your life for Polito."

"Of course."

"If Polito had known, Loren, he would never have gone; if he knew now he would come back."

"Assuredly, my own, for Polito is your brother—and a brother of the Senorita Lamartina could not be aught but a brave and gallant gentleman."

"Ah, Loren, I am so happy. . . . My moon-wraith! I had hoped that this nightmare of murder might miss us, I had hoped that I might go with you to the peace of your beautiful land and there we might find our hearts' desire, there live out our lives together, there fulfill this love that God has given us."

At this I was silent, for nothing I could say would help. And as we waited in close embrace the clatter of steel feet and the voice of the zarrullo Pablocito came out of the gloom; "I have put them in the one cell, captain; it was the wish of Major Garde."

"Courage, my sweet," I whispered, as she fell to trembling; "we must face unafraid that which may come to us."

"Bless you, Loren." She stood, straight and slim, as the two men stooped beside my cell. A key rasped in the lock, the heavy door swung open and Captain Lopez entered.

"I would get the straight of this, Major Garde."

"A simple task, my captain."

"If this Lieutenant Lamartina was placed on parole by yourself, and he has returned voluntarily, you have not aided in his escape, for there has been no escape; therefore, the charge—"

"The charge against me, my captain, should remain unchanged, for this is not Lieutenant Lamartina."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## John Wesley's Thunder Against "Costly Silks"

I conjure you all who have any regard for me, show me before I go hence that I have not labored in vain for half a century. Let me see, before I die, a Methodist congregation full as plain dressed as a Quaker congregation. Only be more consistent with yourselves. Let your dress be cheap as well as plain. Otherwise you do but trifle with God, and me and your own souls. I pray let there be no costly silks among you, how grave soever they may be. Let there be no Quaker linen, proverbially so-called for their exquisite fineness; no Brussels lace, no elephantine hats or bonnets, those scandals of female modesty.

It is stark staring nonsense to say, "O, I can afford this or that." No man

### Missionaries

The Missionary Research Library says that slightly more than half of the foreign missionaries are not sent from the United States and Canada. They go for most part from Great Britain, Germany, Holland, France, Switzerland, Scandinavia, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

### World's Christians

The total number of Christians in the world is estimated at about 682,400,000, about one-third of the total population.

living can afford to waste any part of what God has committed to his trust. And it is far worse than simple waste to spend any part of it on gay or costly apparel.—From John Wesley's Sermons.

### Famous Rooms Reproduced

Rooms famous in literature were a feature of the Ideal Homes exhibition held in London. They were reproduced in detail, and were visited by large crowds. There were shown the Boar's Head tavern in Eastcheap in Shakespeare's day, with Falstaff in great form; Little Dorrit's bare garret in Southwark; Sherlock Holmes' foggy Victorian room in Baker street; a drawing room from "Pride and Prejudice"; Trilby's studio, with its long sloping window overlooking the romantic roofs of somewhere near the "Boule Mich." and the hut millions have so often pictured and longed to live in, the home of Robinson Crusoe.

## Who Was Who?

By Louise M. Comstock

### DEVIL JUDD TOLLIVER

"DEVIL," John Fox, Jr., called him in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." "Devil" Judd Tolliver, but all up and down the borderland of Kentucky, from the Blue Sandy to the Cumberland and far into the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia he was known as "Bad," "Bad" John Wright, straight-shooting son of the hills, a bad man to pick a quarrel with. If you doubted that the lanky old man who died just a few years ago at the age of ninety had earned that ominous title, you had only to look at the thirty odd notches on his gun, or at "Wright's cemetery," a little plot so called because "Bad" John had filled more graves in it than any other cause.

It is only fair to give credence to Wright's claim that all of his killings were in the cause of law and order, or at least under circumstances under which, somebody being bound to be killed, justice was with the keenest eye and the straightest aim. But fighting was his second nature. During the Civil war he served first as scout for Morgan's Raiders on the Confederate side, was captured and imprisoned at old Fort Smith and on his release joined up with the Union army and fought with it through to the end of the war. He was quite a family man, too, several times a husband and father of over thirty children whom he kept track of in his own mind by the ingenious device of associating them with their mother's maiden name. Alice Wright, the original of June of the novel, for instance, was a Harmon. When John Fox, Jr., knew Wright, he owned 3,000 acres of land in Lonesome cove. All except the burial ground which held his ancestors back to the days of Daniel Boone Wright later sold out for a ridiculously low price to a coal company.

### THE TEDDY BEAR

THE Teddy Bear, essential to every nursery twenty years ago and still a popular toy, was of course named for Teddy Roosevelt, but how a President of the United States became associated with a humble little stuffed bear is just another proof of the so-called "power of the press."

About 1888 in a little village in Germany a crippled dressmaker named Margarette Steiff concocted out of left-over scraps of material a little stuffed bear which she presented to a child of the neighborhood. The bear proved so popular that her brother, Richard Steiff, with an eye to business, had other bears manufactured and put on the market. The first stuffed bears sold in this country were imported in 1902 by Borgfeldt & Co.

That same fall President Roosevelt went hunting in Mississippi. Soon the ever watchful press informed the country that its President had refused to shoot a small bear which had been captured and brought into camp for him to kill. Clifford E. Berryman, cartoonist, proceeded to make the incident subject for a cartoon in which Roosevelt, gun in one hand and the other raised in traffic cop fashion as if to prevent such a deed, stood with his back turned to another man leading a tiny bear on a rope. Labeled "Drawing the Line in Mississippi," the cartoon took the country by storm. Berryman subsequently adopted the bear as mascot for all of his Roosevelt cartoons and Margarette Steiff's "stuffed bear" was soon being sold as Teddy's or the Teddy bear.

### SAM PATCH

IF THE name of Sam Patch became, in several generations ago, a synonym for bounding, courageous foolhardiness, it was not so much because of what he did as because of the way he did it. Sam was a brave "stunt" jumper to be sure. From leaping boldly off bridges into the stream below and from the tops of windmills, he advanced in his art to such a point that he leaped successfully from a shelf of rock midway between the highest point on Goat Island and the water at Niagara falls. Meantime, of course, he also advanced in fame and fortune, from a humble cotton spinner in Pawtucket, R. I., in which place he was born in 1807, to a public figure, drawing down good compensation and followed by admiring throngs wherever he went.

Sam waxed in confidence and ambition. At length, in November, 1829, he faced an excited audience gathered to see him leap the Genessee falls on the Genessee river near Rochester, N. Y., and said: "Napoleon was a great man and a great general. He conquered armies and nations, but couldn't jump the falls of the Genessee. That was left for me to do, and do it I will." And Sam Patch leaped, to his own death, proving that even famous "stunt" jumpers sometimes must meet their Waterloo.

### Seeing Straight

A man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gemstone seeth always more than a looker-on; . . . but when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which seeth business straight.—Bacon.

## POINTS OUT MERIT OF BASIC ENGLISH

Harold Wentworth of the Cornell faculty is advocating the establishment of a universal language based on English. It consists of about 800 words, and he says that a foreigner can learn it in a week or so. Into this brief vocabulary, he claims ability to condense the works of Shakespeare. Because basic English is so easily learned, Mr. Wentworth believes it would serve as the ideal international language, being preferable to Ido and Esperanto and other vocal idios.

There is reason to believe that basic English could serve the purpose of international communication, even as its sponsor argues. In fact, there already exists such a language only we call it pidgin English. It is prevalent up and down the China coast—and it contains perhaps not half of 800 words.

Pidgin English reduces formal English to a few basic verbs and nouns and adjectives. Verbs denoting transportation are all abandoned for the one word "catch," which also serves in place of possessives and all words denoting possession. Pidgin English crowds three dimensions into one—things have only "sides." This obviates prepositions. One need not go "up" when one may go "top side." Words of comprehension are limited to one—"sabby," an obvious derivative of the Spanish "sabe."

There may be few rules to pidgin English, and little euphony, but it serves. After all, why bother to say, "Mrs. Barnstorm, if you will go upstairs you will understand why the rain is coming into the parlor," when the same may be expressed by saying, "Missy catch top side, sabby wei?"—Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.

### Pink Granite in Highway

Pink granite from the mountain-side was used to build the recently opened highway in Cadillac mountain, the highest on the Atlantic seaboard, in Acadia National park, Mount Desert Island, Maine. It has a granite fence on the outside of the road.

### Early Colonial Coins

The earliest coins struck in the United States were the New England shilling, six-pence, and three-pence, issued in the colony of Massachusetts about 1652.

### Fait Accompli

Motorist (indignantly)—Officer, you can't speak to me lit that. Officer—Oh, can't I? Then what have I been doing?

## If Mothers Only Knew

Thousands of Children Suffer from Worms, and Their Mothers do not know what the trouble is.

Signs of Worms are: Constipation, deranged stomach, swollen upper lip, offensive breath, hard and full stomach with pains, pale face, eyes heavy, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth, etc.

Mrs. E. W. Stephan, 31 Kenberna Road, Dorchester, Mass., wrote:—"My little girl's freedom from children's diseases, colds, constipation, etc., I attribute in a large measure to the use of Dr. True's Elixir."

## Dr. True's Elixir

Laxative Worm Expeller

A pure herb medicine, not a harsh stimulant; natural relief from constipation.

Successfully Used for 81 Years

### The Pope's Railroad

The new railroad in the Vatican City is only 600 feet long (half of which is tunnel) but is double tracked, has an elaborate station and one of the most elaborate trains in the world. The latter, for the pope's especial use, is made up of three coaches. One carries a throne, another a private chapel and the third a combination dining and sleeping

## Why Worry?

WHEN you lose your appetite—not only for food . . . but for work and play—don't merely go on worrying. Do something about it!

One of the most famous tonics for weakness, "nerves," and "run down condition," is Fellows' Syrup. It stimulates appetite. Lifts the entire bodily tone to higher levels of vigor and energy. The first few doses will prove that "Fellows" is the medicine for "building up." That is why so many doctors prescribe it. Ask your druggist for genuine.

## FELLOWS' SYRUP

**Cuticura Preparations**

**CLEANSING SOAP** SHOULD be kept in every household for the daily use of all the family; the Soap to protect the skin as well as cleanse it, the Ointment to relieve and heal chafing, rashes, irritations and cuts.

**HEALING OINTMENT**

Prepared by Cuticura Soap and Ointment Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.



## BABY FRETFUL, RESTLESS?

### Look to this cause

When your baby fusses, fusses and seems unable to sleep peacefully, look for one common cause, doctors say.

Constipation. To get rid quickly of the accumulated wastes which cause restlessness and discomfort, give a cleansing dose of Castoria. Castoria, you know, is made specially for children's delicate needs. It is a pure vegetable preparation; contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. It is so mild and gentle you can give it to a young infant to relieve colic. Yet it is as effective for older children. Castoria's regulative help will bring relaxed comfort and restful sleep to your baby. Keep a bottle on hand. Genulic Castoria always has the name:

## CASTORIA

CHILDREN CRY FOR IT

Good Opportunity for Live Distributors to handle new type range and furnace oil burners. HOW AND UTILITIES, INC., 53 WEST 15TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

## POSITIVE RELIEF

## HANSON'S RHEUMATIC MIXTURE

For Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Lumbago, Swollen Joints. 50¢ Per Bottle—Postpaid—No stamps. Sold for over thirty years. Established 1892. JAMES DRUG CO., Inc., 611 6th Ave., N.Y.C.

## AND NOW!

## SUN-RAY HEALTH LAMPS

FOR OUR GUESTS...

## New York's Supreme Hotel Value...

**SINGLE** from \$50  
**DOUBLE** from \$40  
**SUITES** from \$70

Each with a RADIO, a PRIVATE BATH and SHOWER, circulating ice water, large closets and many other features. 1000 homes under one roof. GARAGE Opposite Hotel.

## THE NEW

## EDISON HOTEL

47th St. just W. of B'way NYC.

car. All coaches are of steel, painted maroon with the pontifical coat of arms in bronze.

### Responsibilities

"A man in your position," said the lady with a notebook, "has to be both a politician and a statesman." "Frequently," assented Senator Sorghum, "and there are times when he must forget that he is either, and proceed to be a plain patriot."



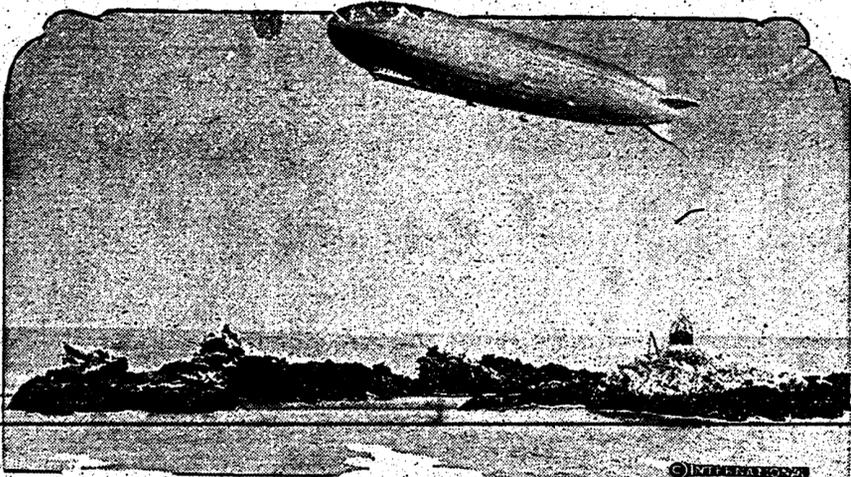
**Cuticura Preparations**

**CLEANSING SOAP** SHOULD be kept in every household for the daily use of all the family; the Soap to protect the skin as well as cleanse it, the Ointment to relieve and heal chafing, rashes, irritations and cuts.

**HEALING OINTMENT**

Prepared by Cuticura Soap and Ointment Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

### The Graf in Inter-Continent Flight



This picture of the Graf Zeppelin was made 1,500 miles off the Brazilian coast and shows the passenger and mail liner of the skies passing over the rocks of St. Peter and St. Paul.

### MAKE RIVER PO TRADE HIGHWAY

#### Italy to Spend Vast Sum on Ambitious Plan.

Washington.—Recently Italy started work on an ambitious project to turn the unruly Po river into a highway of commerce from Milan to Venice. The project will require several years for completion, and an expenditure of close to 300,000,000 lire. A bulletin from the National Geographic society describes the Po river and the rich country tributary to it.

"The Po is a surprise to many observers, who cannot at first understand how a really large river can flow from east to west for 410 miles in obviously narrow Italy," says the bulletin. "The explanation is that the Po lies just outside the peninsula portion of Italy. The top of the Italian boot flares up into the European mainland among the Alps, and it is in this continental part of Italy that the Po flows. Across this northernmost part of Italy it is approximately 400 miles from French to Yugoslavian territory; and the Po, because of its many meanders, easily runs up its high mileage in the somewhat shorter air-line distance from the French frontier to the Adriatic coast.

"The Po valley is unique among European river basins because of its great extent of almost level land for long distances inland. Viewed on a relief map, this great tongue of lowland is seen to cut inland Italy almost in two. There is a reason for this. Not long ago, geologically, the sea extended into northern Italy along the foot of the alps almost to the present French border. The great Po basin is this old gulf, filled now with alluvial material washed down from the moun-

tains. The relatively large flow of the Po, especially at certain seasons, is owing to the fact that the basin is hemmed in on three sides by mountains (the Alps to north and west, the Apennines to the south) and that the run-off from these heights is at times very rapid. The river flows along virtually the entire stretch of the Italian Alps, and receives water from most of their southern glaciers and lakes.

"Because the 'plain of the Po' is so nearly level, particularly in its seaward half, the river has brought disastrous floods to the residents along its course, throughout historic times. Even during the early days of Rome it was necessary to build dikes and embankments to restrain the rising waters. During the early part of the Dark Ages after the fall of Rome, these protective works fell into decay. The river wandered over the plain, each major flood creating new channels. Large areas of the rich valley reverted to marsh.

"Long before the renaissance, the work of restoring the Po's dikes and constructing drainage canals was begun, and by 1500 the valley was again well protected. This region was one of the earliest in Europe to see the development of reclamation engineering as well as the construction of canals for water supply and commerce. In the Twelfth century Milanese engineers constructed their grand ship canal from Milan to the Ticino river, making use of locks.

"In recent centuries the embankment and dike system of the Po has gone on developing, until the protective works rival those of the Netherlands. In many sections the confined river flows at a level much higher than the protected, fertile fields. About three mil-

lion acres are protected by dikes, and approximately 5,000 square miles of land are under irrigation. This latter area exceeds that of the entire state of Connecticut.

"Since the river has been confined to a narrow course, the silt which formerly was spread over a wide delta, now is washed into the sea. The coast near the principal mouth of the Po is being built outward at a rapid rate. Sand dunes marking the site of the coast of some centuries ago, are now 15 miles inland.

"The level sweep of the Po valley, its natural fertility, and the ease with which it can be cultivated make it an enormously productive region. It has been so from the earliest times. In the days of ancient Rome it was a source of wheat, of cattle pastured on irrigated meadows, and of swine which fed on the mast of the forests that covered the foothills. Today it produces all these products, and besides large quantities of rice. Mulberries are grown to feed silkworms, and vineyards cover wide areas. Milan and Turin, situated in the Po basin, are populous cities and prosperous centers of industry and commerce; and scattered through the valley are numerous thriving local market towns. The region is one of the most populous in Italy.

"Although tremendous amounts of money and time have been spent on the Po through centuries, the works have been primarily protective against floods and for the taking of irrigation water. The new project will supplement this by making the stream navigable for larger boats and longer distances. The plans call for numerous dams and weirs to regulate the depth and for reservoirs to impound surplus water and regulate the flow."

### HISTORY RELIC IS USED FOR BULLETS

#### Plaque Melted by an Illiterate Voodoo Doctor.

New Orleans.—An illiterate voodoo doctor who kept a rattlesnake for a pet found a lead plaque marking the original French claim to Louisiana territory, melted it into bullets and shot it away, according to a story told the Louisiana Historical society.

Worth of the relic today to larger historical societies would have been as much as \$1,000,000, Frank H. Waddill, engineer and vice president of the Historical society, said.

This is Waddill's story of the claim, and of the plaque which was destroyed years later when it was found by the voodoo doctor hunter:

"Rene Robert Cavalier de LaSalle with 22 Frenchmen and 31 Indians formally took possession of Louisiana on April 9, 1682, at a point about 70 miles below New Orleans. He claimed the land from the gulf to Canada between the Rockies and the Alleghenies in the name of Louis XVI.

"He erected a wooden cross and set up a wooden cross and placed with the inscription in Latin 'Louis the Great Reigns, April 9, 1682.'

"Four years later the evidence of the ceremony there had vanished.

"Then about 1805 a hunter known

as Vilgere Dinet dug up a leaden plaque from an Indian mound near there. On it were three rows of inscriptions.

"He decided it was Indian writing. Natives there, generally illiterate, could not read it.

"One day I told George Lee Hays, a friend of mine in that district, the story of the missing plaque and I said I would hunt for it if I were younger.

"Why, I know about that plaque," Hays said, and he then told of its discovery and how Dinet had melted it and shot it away.

"The plaque to Dinet was 'just an old Indian relic.'"

### Reports of Secret Gold Rush Cause Excitement

Megantle, Que.—Wildly excited, the population here awaited impatiently confirmation of reports that a secret gold rush is being organized to exploit "strikes" said to have been made in the Great Bear regions. Color was lent to the rumors when a mystery plane landed near here with Harry Hayter at the controls.

#### Fuse Saves Man's Life

Middlesburg, Pa.—A fuse 20 miles away is credited with saving the life of Thomas Mitchell, Middlesburg laborer, when an iron bar he was carrying came in contact with a high-tension electric line. The contact blew out the fuse and broke the electric circuit. Mitchell suffered leg and arm burns.

### This Man Makes Real Diamonds



Here's a chance to clinch that engagement with a diamond ring at last. You can get a real diamond in one-carat size for a mere \$5 and Prof. Ralph McKee, head of the department of chemical engineering at Columbia university, is showing how his machine does the trick. The diamonds are made by subjecting iron containing carbon, silica, and phosphorus to terrific heat, enormous pressure, and slow cooling.

### Educated Mule Can Walk on Snowshoes

Sherridon, Man.—An educated mule which walks on snowshoes is the latest addition to the transportation facilities of northern Manitoba.

Natives of this northern tripping and mining center were becoming somewhat bored by the frequent arrivals of roaring airplanes, screaming locomotives and barking dog teams when Bill Kinowick walked in from his trap lines with his snowshoeing mule pulling a toboggan. The snowshoes are approximately 18 inches in diameter. Kinowick taught the animal how to use them while working on his trap lines 600 miles north of here, and now the mule refuses to walk in the snow without them. The animal makes good speed over the high drifts.

### They've Never Tasted a Tonic!



THESE are not patent medicine children. Their appetite needs no coaxing. Their tongues are never coated, cheeks never pale. And their bowels move just like clockwork, because they have never been given a habit-forming laxative.

You can have children like this—and be as healthy yourself—if you follow the advice of a famous family physician. Stimulate the vital organs. The strongest of them need help at times. If they don't get it, they grow sluggish. Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin is a mild, safe stimulant.

When a youngster doesn't do well at school, it may be the liver that's lazy. Often the bowels hold enough poisonous waste to dull the senses! A spoonful of delicious syrup pepsin

once or twice a week will avoid all this. It contains fresh laxative herbs, active senna, and pure pepsin, and does a world of good to any system—young or old. You can always get this fine prescriptive preparation at any drug store. Just ask them for Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin.

Get some syrup pepsin today, and protect your family from those bilious days, frequent sick spells and colds. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest instead of cathartics that so often bring on chronic constipation. Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin can always be employed to give clogged bowels a thorough cleansing, with none of that painful gripping or burning feeling afterward. It isn't expensive.

#### Pirate Treasure Found

Five gold bars, valued at \$60,000, were found by the Nassau (Bahamas) police when they took Gerald Fitzgerald, a poor fisherman, to a spot along the south shore of New Providence island, where he had discovered the treasure last October. Fitzgerald had found the gold cached beneath a wild plum tree in rocks bearing a sign of Freemasonry. The

gold is probably ancient pirate treasure. Fitzgerald will receive a third of the treasure and the remainder will go to the British government.

#### Difficult Times

"What is thrift?"  
"Huh?"  
"I'm all mixed up. I mustn't hoard. Yet if I spend everything I've got, I'm broke."



### "For the People"

A great, modern hotel located "just a step from Broadway." Adjoining countless theatres, railroad terminals, piers, shopping and business centers.

1400 ROOMS  
Each with Bath (Tub and Shower) Servidor and Radio

#### DAILY RATES

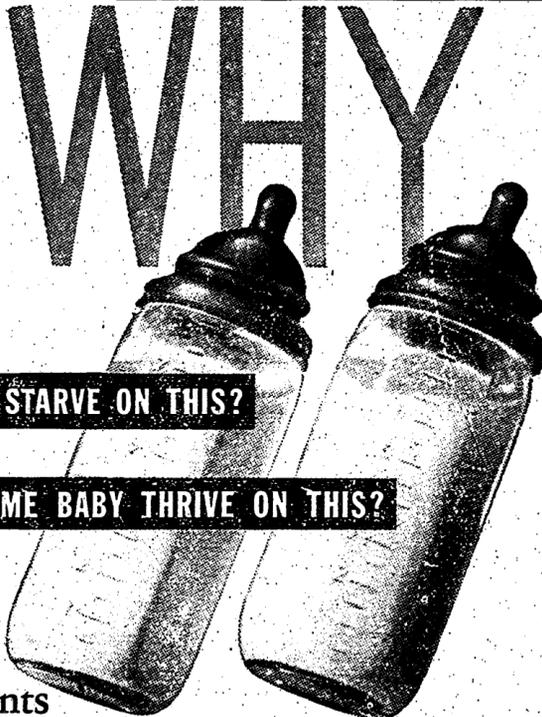
Single \$3 \$4 \$5  
Double \$4 \$5 \$6

### The New HOTEL LINCOLN

44th to 45th St. at 8th Ave.—New York  
ROY MOULTON, Manager

#### Old Medical Idea

The famous Greek physician, Hippocrates, who died 2,200 years ago, advised the use of smoke, by inhalation and injection, in the case of certain diseases.



### WHY DID A BABY STARVE ON THIS?

### WHY DID THE SAME BABY THRIVE ON THIS?

### Food elements

in both were the same

CHEMICALLY, two baby foods can be exactly alike. The same percentage of carbohydrate, fat, protein, mineral salts. The same vitamins.

Yet on one, a baby may lose weight, grow thin and weak. And on the other, that same baby can flourish and gain and take on new life. What's the reason? ... Digestibility.

#### Digestibility of prime importance!

Doctors know that a baby can starve on what is apparently the most perfectly "balanced" formula if his body cannot use the food elements it contains. Only a food which is easily and completely digested and assimilated can give to your baby the full amount of building material his little body needs.

Countless doctors and mothers have found this out through actual experience. And that is why Eagle Brand, over a period of 75 years, has won a marvelous reputation as an infant food. For Eagle Brand, next to mother's milk, is the easiest form of milk in all the world to digest. In baby's stomach, Eagle Brand forms soft, fine curds, like those formed by mother's milk. Every drop of Eagle Brand is quickly assimilated, goes quickly into the making of bones and teeth, muscle and tissue, energy and strength.

This milk can build 100% babies! And what a builder Eagle Brand is! Recently, in a world-famous baby clinic, two physicians—specialists in their field

—fed a group of 50 average babies on Eagle Brand for several months, to test its exact value in baby building. Bone structure was studied with the X-ray. Tooth development was watched. Weight and height were periodically recorded. Blood tests were made... and those 50 Eagle Brand babies, judged by every known test, proved themselves splendidly nourished.

This simple diet—Eagle Brand with the usual supplementary foods—had proved equal in every way to the building of 100% babies.

What overwhelming proof that the mother whose own milk fails can put her baby on Eagle Brand with perfect confidence!

Try Eagle Brand. See the simple instructions on the label. And send for the new booklet "Baby's Welfare." It gives feeding schedules, full directions for baby's care, together with pictures and life stories of Eagle Brand babies.

The usual supplementary foods, of course, are orange or tomato juice, and cod-liver oil or other source of the anti-rachitic vitamin D.

### FREE! COMPLETE BOOKLET ON BABY CARE

The Borden Company, Dept. W-7, Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.  
Please send me—free—the new edition of "Baby's Welfare."  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print name and address plainly.)

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Last week in my column I made an awful "Bull". In the article about the smelt running in Black brook I said that the work was being done by the Merrimac County Fish and Game Club. It should have read "Belknap County Fish and Game Club"; a wide awake organization. This was a slip on my part and I am glad to make the correction. I can't understand why this was done as I was a resident of good old Belknap County for five years and held the position as Deputy Sheriff under Sheriff Elliott and was Superintendent of the State Game Farm at New Hampton. While there we were a leader in the 4-H Club work and made many friends.

Ain't it funny? This column can go on for weeks and we never hear a yip of a comment. Just let a little slip of the typewriter keys and you hear it from all sides.

Worked the other day with Floyd Cole, the Manchester Warden. We were over in the wilds of Lyndeboro, New Boston and Mont. Vernon, trying to find a deer, chasing dog or dogs. Guess we won't have any more trouble. Cole had a bunch of cloth signs he was putting out and they read like this:

NOTICE

You are the guest of the owner. Protect him. Respect him. Thank him. Be careful. Be a Sportsman. Prevent Fires. Sponsored by the Pointer Fish and Game Club, Inc., Manchester, N. H.

These cloth signs are black letters on heavy white cloth. A mighty good idea.

This is indeed the age of wonders. Up in Dublin Chief of Police Haniford has grafted on an old single stock, double purple lilacs, and they are beginning to show that it was a success.

Did you hear the Wilton band on the Manchester hook up last Sunday afternoon. "Ham" Putnam, the manager, has got to hire a clerk to take care of his letters of a complimentary nature. We heard parts of the concert in three different towns. You have got to hand it to that bunch of music lovers.

Was up in Peterboro the other day and Major Goyette who has just got back from the sunny south, gave us a beautiful big silver cup to be awarded at the big Profile Kennel Club dog show at Concord army May 21st. We think that Arthur's middle name must have been "SPORT".

Speaking of pretty pups—Was up in Dublin the other day and run into the James' home and saw five of the most wonderful English Bulldog puppies five weeks old, that we have seen for many moons. As one party said, they were so homely they were pretty.

Have a man that's retired from the trap (get that "T" not "C") shooting game and will sell a \$150. gun of standard make for little money. You will be surprised to know the price.

Had a nice letter the other day from Al Bunce. Now Bunce is the Division of Information and Service of the American Guernsey Cattle Club of the U. S. A. Besides holding down that important position he is a world wide figure as he holds the world's record as the only man that had the nerve to fly with a cow and milk her in the air a mile up. Friend Bunce says that owing to the depression he will give me several nice registered heifers if I will guarantee that they give milk in a month as the heifer in the west is doing. Don't be surprised Bunce, if you see Longley backing his truck up some fine morning for those heifers.

Everyone knows "Jim" Peck, the Massachusetts Warden, writing under the name of "Bull of the Woods". Now I had an S. O. S. the other day from Jim to meet him at the P. O. in Fitchburg, Mass., Monday night. We didn't know the consignment but we knew Jim was in trouble so we went over. The trouble was at a church at West Fitchburg and the chicken pie supper was fine but the after-part was not so good. Jim had me down to go to give an illustrated lecture on fish and game. When Jim told me this I wanted to SLIDE out the door. But I never failed Jim, so we had to face the music. Seven different towns and cities were represented and one hundred and seven men answered the roll call. The first time I ever preached from a pulpit—and the minister said I did real well for a layman.

Pierce the road agent up in Dublin, has got as fine a flock of sheep as we have seen for a long time. All registered Shropshires. He had in his flock six sets of twins and one set of triplets. A nice flock. But how they did blat when a man with a power machine came down from Marlboro to shear them.

Three years ago I shot a big goose that was wounded and froze into the ice at Osgood pond in South Milford. It took me three minutes to shoot the big fellow but two hours to get him. The ice was not solid enough to hold me so I had to cut my way in a boat. This one weighed 13 lbs.

Tons of suckers are being taken from our brooks these nig... with spears and nets are getting plenty of suckers to salt down for next winter.

Did you ever eat a sucker? Last year I thought I would like to try one—caught one about two pounds and dressed it and cooked it right. But boy! give me chicken!

The "Game Breeder" for May is the "quail" number and if you don't know your quail this magazine will sure wise you up on the subject. This is a 20 year old magazine but is right up to date.

Monday of this week a Pennsylvania car made a hit-and-run accident on the Temple cement road. The man from Keene was brought to Wilton for treatment. Chief Proctor of Wilton gave me the number of the car and told me to watch out. After the meeting at Fitchburg the other night I told "Jim" Peck about it and Jim said come with me and find out all about it. We went down to Lunenburg, Massachusetts, barracks of the state police and in a few minutes the man in charge of the office was broadcasting all over Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and New York the description of the car and the men.

In just three minutes a state crooper from Fitchburg came in and said "Is the first number a 'Z' or an 'L'?" I think I saw that car in just twenty-two minutes word came back from the state police of Pennsylvania that the car was owned by a "Drive-It Yourself" firm and gave the street and number. The machine that the message was sent on resembles a typewriter and used as one.

From now on it's going to be easy. If I lose a man and he goes towards Massachusetts, I just get to get in touch with the Lunenburg barracks, give the number of the car and tell them to hold 'em, and notify Warden Peck and "Jim" will do the rest. Simple, isn't it?

Was up in Lyndeboro above the clouds where Erwin Cummings lives. Now Erwin has got quite a reputation as a tickler of the wories on a baby grand or a common upright. But I find that he can do something besides playing piano. He a one has built in his spare time a 16 x 36 hen house up to the minute. He, a'so let me have a few broody hens for my measant eggs. What a view from his place on a nice day.

Speaking of flowers—you should see the wonderful display that friends have sent in to my wife since her illness. The Beaut... is much improved.

It won't be long now to the time that the man with the new cap will dread to take it out. Nearly every tarvia road in my district has got that little pile of gravel which means that the oil spreaders will soon be busy. It's a bad mess but we have got to stand it. As one fellow said. We must grin and bear it. But he replied, I suppose I must bear it but I'll be switched if I'll grin.

A well known grain firm has issued a booklet entitled "Game Birds—feeding and management". The booklet is by Ed Lawrence of Hollis, N. H., the well-known measant and quail breeder. This booklet is well illustrated with views of Ed's game farm and some of his birds. You will like it.

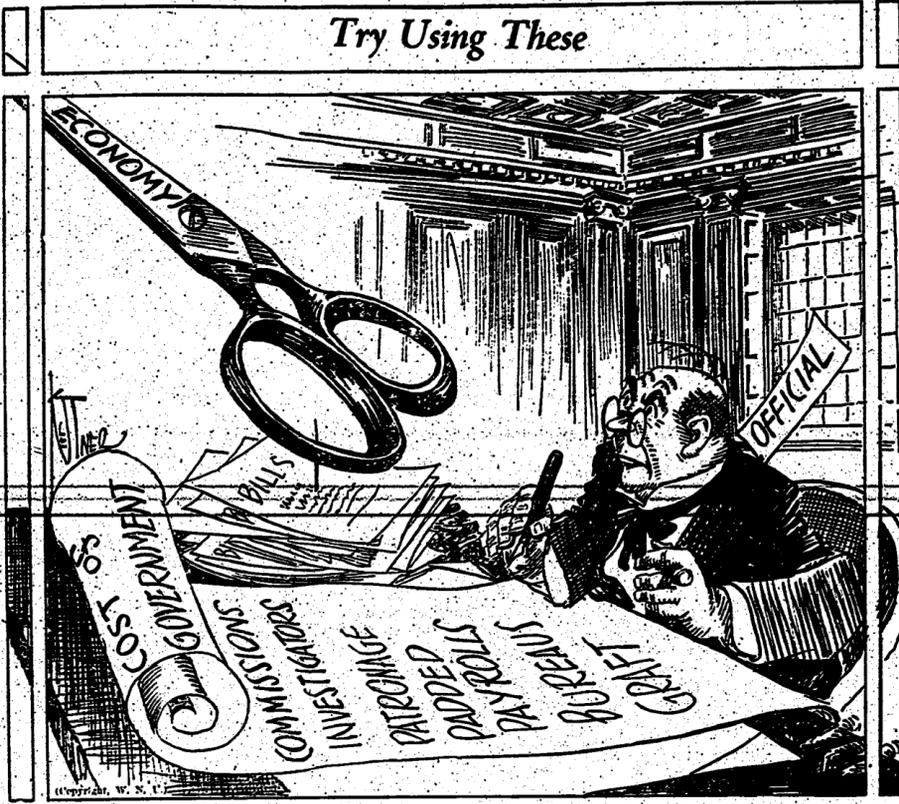
Some men are human, after all. Way out in Logansport, Indiana, a train whizzed by and the engineer got a glimpse of a poor round dog hung up in a barbwire fence. After his long run the engine he hitched up his "Lizzie" and drove back 30 miles, found the dog and let him go. That's what we call being a real "fellow". Ever see that little weekly market bulletin issued weekly by Commissioner Felker and his side kick, A. Carlisle of Concord. It's a mighty interesting sheet from all angles. We know men that watch and read that sheet better than they do their Bibles.

Got a nifty little sheet the other day from the Granite State Mfg. Co. of Marlboro, N. H. They make rustic cedar birdhouses and a visit to their factory is worthwhile. They make a corking feeding sation.

If any of the readers of this column know where there is a nest of Ruffed Grouse or partridge we would like to know as the State Department is anxious to get a few eggs for experimental purposes. They have asked all the wardens to locate a few nests and later a few eggs from each may be taken to see if they can be raised in an incubator. One man in New York State had wonderful luck last year hatching and raising ruffed grouse. Let's hear from you if you know of any nests.

The boys of the Wilton High school while at after school baseball practice Monday night saw a flock of 32 Canadian geese fly over the ball field headed towards Manchester.

Hundreds of people saw that flock of 19 wild geese that stayed over in Amherst over a week. They were right side of the main road and cared nothing for the hundreds of cars passing all the time.



Here is an example of what one police official can do to hurt his native city or town. One day last week a certain man went to 'LOW'. He lives out on a farm several miles from his trading center. This night he went in as usual and got into a jam with a "new man". He crashed a red light and the next morning it was the usual (you know). Well that man has traded at certain stores for years but now it's all over and he is trading where they don't have red and green lights and where he can PARK all night or the rest of the week if he wants to without a ticket. The merchants where he traded have taken it up with the higher officials but ORDERS is ORDERS. So the merchants lose.

Just the same with a motor vehicle officer or a game warden. One official in a single act can onset what Don Tuttle and his able co-workers have done in years to advertise and build-up the state to visitors.

As we have been telling you for this long time back that Norman Conrad of Wilton was a corner. Well, a week ago at Holyoke, Mass., he showed his stuff to a big crowd and one man from Conn. went back home without his crown. Now Conrad is the New England champion in the middle weight class, 160 lbs. Hats off to Norman!

If you believe in signs you will agree with men that one man over at Perham Corner in the town of Lyndeboro is going to give someone a big surprise party in the big 26 mile marathon race at Boston. This fellow we meet every few days farther and farther from home and running stronger. Different from other runners, he runs with heavy shoes and overalls. No names at present but next year the man from Lyndeboro will surprise 'em.

If the party that wrote to me last week about a great dane puppy, will write to Littleton, Mass. Kennels, they will find what they want.

The towns of Lyndeboro, Rindge, Wilton and Harrisville got their allotment of those legal sized trout last week. Beautiful fish.

Down in Dorchester, Mass., the other day one lone fuzzy little raccoon caused a big stir and got the police department all out and several members of the Animal Rescue league. Over one thousand school children witnessed the rescue from a tree. It don't take much to interest a crowd if it's a real wild animal.

Have a letter from a man that wants a male tiger kitten. Who can fill this order? Have another man that would like to get a few young crows just before they leave the nest. Wants them for pets.

The friends of Roger Hilton, the well-known motor vehicle cop of Antrim are having a lot of fun with Roger. It seems that Roger went up to Newfound lake in Bristol and caught five nice fish, four flakers and one salmon. He was proud of his catch. The papers all printed his catch and when the local Game Warden saw that Roger caught five in one day, "How come?" The law says four per day. Well, hard pressed "Roger" admitted that he caught the salmon the second day and the fun was all off.

Who said the Souhegan river was no place to fish? Tuesday afternoon late we met Pete Frye of Wilton, the well-known fisherman and hunter and he had eleven beautiful rainbows from 8 1/2 to 10 inches long and all caught in a space of about 100 yards. "Pete" has great faith in the old river yet.

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We still carry a stock of Bond Typewriter Paper, cut 8 1/2 x 11 inches at prices varying with quality. Extra by parcel post. This we will cut in halves, if you desire, giving you sheets 5 1/2 x 8 1/2. We also have a stock of Light Yellow Typewriter Sheets, 8 1/2 x 11, especially for Carbon Copy sheets. 75¢ for 500 sheets, 12¢ extra by parcel post. Pen can be used on this very well. REPORTER OFFICE, ANTRIM, N. H.

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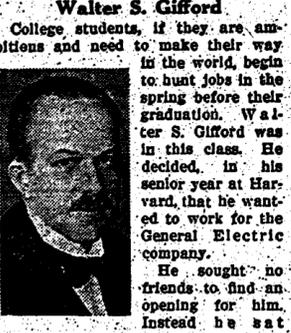
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SELECTMEN'S NOTICE The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tuesday evening of each week, to transact town business. Meetings 7 to 8. JOHN THORNTON, ALFRED G. HOLT, HUGH M. GRAHAM Selectmen of Antrim.

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. ROSCOE M. LANE, ALICE G. NYLANDER, ARTHUR J. KELLEY, Antrim School Board.

The Boyhood of Famous Americans



Walter S. Gifford College students, if they are ambitious and need to make their way in the world, begin to hunt jobs in the spring before their graduation. Walter S. Gifford was in this class. He decided, in his senior year at Harvard, that he wanted to work for the General Electric company. He sought no friends to find an opening for him. Instead he sat down and wrote a letter applying for a job. He directed the envelope to the Western Electric company by mistake. He received an application blank from that company in reply. While embarrassed by his error in writing a letter to General Electric, and then sending it in an envelope addressed to Western Electric, he forgot about it when he was hired as a clerk by the latter company. His pay was \$10 a week.

His letter of application might well serve as a model to young men today who are seeking to get their start in the business world. He wrote, in part: "It is my wish to enter some good business as soon as possible after I leave here. Now if there is only some position (no matter what, provided there will be a fair chance for a rise if it is deserved) in the General Electric company, I should like to try it and would endeavor to suit.

"The fact that for two years out here, I studied a great deal on the mechanical side (mathematics, chemistry, etc.) may help as to the kind of a position I could fill. I began with the intention of becoming a mining engineer but for several reasons have abandoned it.

"If you wish any references, etc., I think I could get them, for, of course, you know nothing about what sort of a fellow I am."

Walter S. Gifford was born in Salem, Mass., in 1885. He wrote his letter of application in 1904, the year he was graduated from Harvard. His early education was received in the public schools of his native city. He was a bright student and was able to enter high school when he was eleven years old. He completed his course at Harvard in three years.

The future head of the American Telephone and Telegraph company was not a very husky and robust lad. When his companions were playing baseball, football and other games he was generally off getting his exercise and recreation by collecting butterflies and other insects. He had a notable collection when he was a high school pupil. They were all catalogued under their Latin names.

His mother had been a school teacher before her marriage. While she had other children, she was able to devote much time to teaching her son Walter. The lad's memory was not of the best when he was a schoolboy and as a result he learned early to dig out the facts. He was able to remember them by not attempting to clutter his mind with non-essential details.

It was an excellent lesson for the youngster to learn. Perhaps much of his success in the business world can be laid to his ability to eliminate unimportant details and get down to the bed rock of a proposition.

His college course was a success. It didn't give him an inflated idea of his knowledge or ability, as his letter of application for his first job shows. He had learned that a man has to begin at the bottom to be of real value to himself or to a business. He was willing, as he wrote, to take anything, as long as it offered an opportunity for advancement if he made good.

He could have gone to work in a Salem bank when he was graduated. His father would have obtained him a position but the youngster had other ideas. He wanted to stand on his own feet. He did so when he took the \$10 a week job with the Western Electric company.

His first job called for him to make the trip to Chicago. He borrowed money to pay his fare rather than to accept it from his father. He was determined to make his own way from the very outset of his business career. Wages of \$10 a week didn't go very far even in 1904. Young Gifford managed to make it do somehow. He lived at Hull House in Chicago, where he had comfortable and congenial surroundings at little expense. Needless to say, on his meager wages, he had little chance to do anything but work.

He rose from a pay roll clerk to a position as assistant treasurer in a short time with a good increase in salary. It wasn't long before he was chief statistician of the American Telephone and Telegraph company. In that position he attracted the attention of Theodore N. Vall, then head of the concern, and gained further promotion. When Mr. Vall retired, the man, who as a college boy had made the mistake of misdirecting his letter of application for a job, was made the head of one of the world's greatest utility organizations. (© by The North American Newspaper Alliance.)

Texas to Train Marines Texans have started a movement for establishment of a state nautical academy for training of 200 youths.