

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XLIX NO. 28

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1932

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GOODNOW, DERBY & RALEIGH

Odd Fellows Block

Antrim Business Man is Stricken, and Death Comes in Short Time

The suddenness of the death of one of our business men was a shock that all felt with much concern, and it was so unexpected that it was indeed very hard to believe it could be a fact. Going to the hospital on Tuesday afternoon and answering to the call of the death angel on Wednesday forenoon is truly very short notice; and almost before it was generally known to his family and friends that he was critically ill, he had passed from his earthly home to join the numerous hosts who had gone on before. This is another time when one wishes, if it were at all consistent, that it could be possible to know why so useful and helpful a man should be removed from his family and the various activities with which he was connected; when he had passed the meridian of life but a few short years since,—as it seems to the most of us.

William C. Hills was born in Hillsboro, January 17, 1868, eldest son of Mrs. Elizabeth (Rogers) and the late Cummings E. Hills, coming to Antrim when seven years of age; here he has always resided. For many years he followed farming, and with Mrs. Hills (who before her marriage to the deceased was Miss Nellie Barker) they were accommodating summer boarders, and did quite an extensive business in this line, at Hillside Farm, which became very popular with the city people. He was a manufacturer at Clinton Village for a few years. When his health failed somewhat he sold the farm, and removed to the village where he has since conducted an insurance and real estate business. He was tax collector of the town and precinct at time of his death, and had been for some years; was also treasurer of the precinct. Was a member of the Waverley lodge of Odd Fellows and for a long time had been trustee of this Lodge. As an Elder of the Presbyterian church he had faithfully performed his duties many years. In other community activities he was a faithful worker and valued citizen.

Everyone in town knew the deceased to be an honest, upright, Christian man, and he was highly respected as such. It is indeed hard to realize that the deceased has departed from among us and that the places which knew him so well and enjoyed his living presence will know him no more forever. Those whom he had befriended and been favored by him in different ways will miss him and the treasured memory remains. If it were possible by saying many words to the family and friends to help in smoothing the pathway of sorrow and alleviate just a little the pain which the bereavement has brought upon them, there are a large number who would join with us in the effort; the best that can be done is to extend the sincerest sympathy in this trying hour.

The funeral was held on Saturday, at two o'clock, from the Presbyterian church. His pastor, Rev. William Patterson, spoke words of comfort to the bereaved. Rev. R. H. Tibbals and Rev. Wm. Thompson assisted in the service. Mrs. Butterfield sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." Mrs. Thornton played the organ. The bearers were Leander Patterson, J. M. Cutter, C. H. Muzey, Frank Harlow, C. W. Prentiss, Hayward Cochrane; members of church Session were honorary bearers. Floral tributes were many and very beautiful. About fifty members of the Odd Fellows were present in a body, and to gether with relatives and friends there was a very large attendance at this service. It was expected to be so, for the deceased was respected by all, and they were anxious to show this last mark of friendly appreciation. Internment was in the family lot in Maplewood. The ritual of the Odd Fellows was read as the final service.

Besides the widow and aged mother, he is survived by one sister, one brother, one son and four daughters, besides other more distant relatives.

Local Cast Presents "Lady Lilac" for William M. Myers Post, A.L.

The play given by the William M. Myers Post, No. 50, A.L., in Antrim town hall, on Friday evening last, was a success in every way. The attendance was very good for a rainy night. The several parts were well taken by local young people, and the story was filled with amusing incidents, keeping the audience in good humor throughout. After the play, a season of dancing was enjoyed, music by an orchestra for play and dancing.

Below is given the cast members; each was unusually good in his or her respective role. Much could be said of individual artists, and their pleasing way of acting, but time and space forbid. Mrs. Larrabee did the coaching, and was presented a beautiful bouquet and gold coin. The net receipts of the evening's entertainment were around thirty-five dollars.

The Cast and Synopsis are presented herewith:

Miss Smith, a female "Sherlock Holmes" Mildred Zabriskie
Hi Periwinckle, the town constable Winslow Sawyer
Richard Lane, proprietor of Lilac Inn Andrew Fuglestad
Emery Potter, the hotel clerk Carrol Nichols
Speedy, the Swedish chore boy Eloy Dahl
Horace Hathaway, the travelling salesman Harold Proctor
Maybelle Mason, a guest Nelly Thornton
Dorothy Wingate, a guest Dorothy Proctor
Josephine Bonaparte, French tennis champion Genevieve DeCapot
Florabelle Williamsburg, a guest Hazel Hardwick
Mrs. Ware, a guest Dagmar George

Act I The combination office and living-room at "Lilac Lake Inn" near the Canadian border in a remote part of Maine. A morning in summer.
Act II The same. Late afternoon of the same day.
Act III The same. Immediately afterwards.

With the Repeal of the Prohibition Amendment—Then What?

Following the plan started last week of publishing a portion of an editorial from an exchange, herewith is given another installment, which we trust will interest many of our readers:

Prohibition was riding along smoothly and will for a few years. It was a commonly accepted advance all along the line of civic righteousness. Then some of the rich people in the metropolitan centers began to feel that they had lost the free right to go out and buy what they wanted when they wanted it. This was a condition they could not countenance. They had money enough to buy anything from anybody, they thought; why not go out after this prohibition

law that restrains some of their liberty. Senseless propaganda and all sorts of misinformation has been scattered broadcast. Every possible scheme to arouse discussion of the subject has been reported to; the old brewer barons came across with their chest of money, and the campaign for repeal was on in force.

The noisy wets have made their noise count. Doves of the thirsty are rushing to the oasis. Even the women during this period have secured their liberation. Their enfranchisement followed prohibition, and it was predicted confidently that prohibition was safe in their keeping, but we find them holding meetings to plan the repeal of prohibition.

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Cream Almonds lb. 39c
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Whole Jumbo Salted Peanuts 1 lb. bag 15c

Special For This Week

Flashlight Batteries, regular size, 4 for 29 cents

At the Main St. Soda Shop

COLORITE DYE

The new Dye nationally advertised over NBC Radio Network. We have all the shades at 10 cents each. This Dye formerly sold at 25 cents. Can be used on all fabrics and does not color the hands. Those who have used them are perfectly satisfied.

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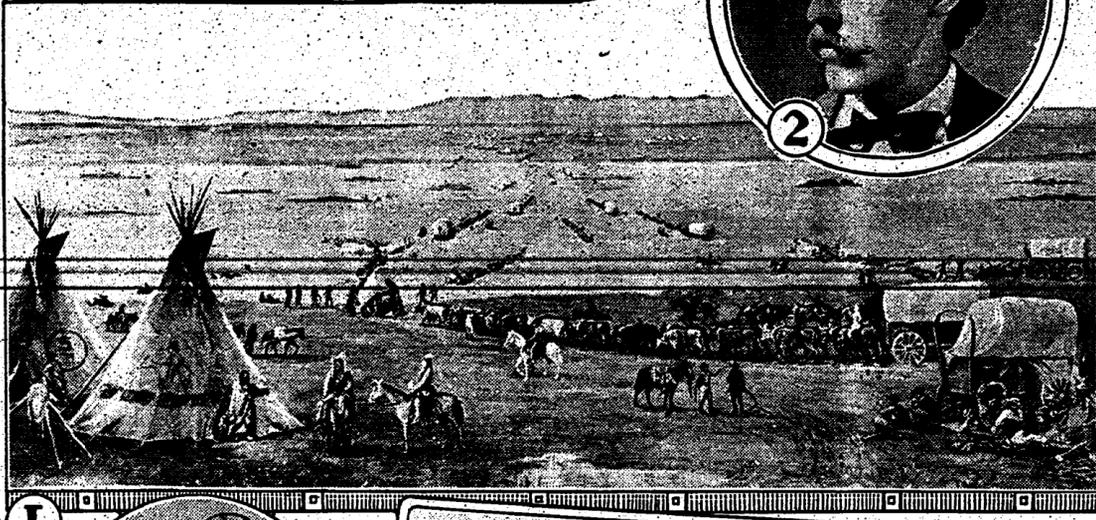
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BACK-TRACKING an OLD TRAIL



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

SOME time this summer a gray-haired New Yorker will be setting out upon a romantic journey. For William H. Jackson, eighty-nine-year-old "pioneer photographer" and at present research secretary of the Oregon Trail Memorial association, is going to back-track on the trail of youth. Here is the way he told about it recently in announcing his plans:

"About the end of June the snows of the Rocky mountains will subside for another season and the roads will again be passable. Then I will start out on my annual trek over the Old Trail. You know, I first went over the trail back in the days of the Indians and the covered wagons with my little mule, 'Hypo,' for company. I'll use an auto this trip. It won't be much like an ox-cart for seeing the country, but it's some better than the train. And I guess a man who could 'bullwhack' can handle a steering wheel on the Old Trail, even if he is close to four-score and ten. This time I shall go alone. But I probably will pick up various friends along the way. . . . folk we have interested in our project of placing monuments and markers at the historic spots on the Trail. Last year we placed 100 from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast, and 60 more on the pony express trail of '61."

Indebted as the posterity of America will be to this association and its active gray-haired research secretary for their work in marking historic spots on the famous "highway of a westward-faring nation," the Oregon Trail, posterity is even more indebted to the work which William H. Jackson did many years ago with his camera in preserving scenes which soon passed away forever and for the work which he is still doing in preserving more of those scenes through another medium—that of brush and canvas.

Jackson was born in Keesville, a little town in the Adirondacks of New York state, in 1843. The traveling which was to characterize his whole life started early, for when he was just one year old his family moved to Georgia. They soon returned to New York but so strong was the wanderlust which became inbred in young Jackson that he refused to go to school after he had finished the eighth grade. At the age of fifteen he had only one desire and that was to draw and paint. He came naturally by that ambition, for his mother was a landscape artist and his father an experimenter in the making of cauerreotypes, the forerunners of modern photography.

"Various kinds of picture making occupied my time for a while," says Mr. Jackson. "I made family portraits; I painted landscapes on window screens, a fashion in those early days; and I painted a row of big jars as part of the scenery for a play about 'The Forty Thieves' of the Old Arabian Nights. The chief scenic artist for the local theaters gave me an approving slap on the back for my good drawing in this first attempt at scene painting."

"None of these beginnings brought in much money but they were good practice. To this hit-and-miss art training was added a few months work in the studio of a portrait painter which improved my technique somewhat."

But the opening of the Civil war put an end to this work and when Lincoln issued his call for "300,000 more" Jackson joined the Rutland Light Guards, later entering Company K, Twelfth Vermont Infantry which with other troops became the Second Vermont Brigade. As soon as Jackson's commander discovered his talent for drawing he was detailed to sketch maps of picket lines along Bull Run so that at the age of nineteen he held an important and dangerous post in the Union army. After the war was over, Jackson returned to his home in the Adirondacks where for some time he was busy making photographs of the local heroes' home from the war. At that time he earned what was considered a magnificent sum, \$25 a week. But soon the wonder-just asserted itself again and he decided to go

west. He headed for Detroit but got only as far as Chicago and then worked his way on to Detroit by painting signs, teaching the art of coloring photographs and picking up other odd jobs. Eventually he got as far west as St. Joseph, Mo.

Here he secured a job of driving ox teams from Nebraska to Montana, "bull-whacking" as it was called, for the wages of \$20 a month. For a year, 1866 to 1867, he was engaged in this work, freighting from Nebraska City on the Missouri via Fort Kearney, Julesburg, Fort Laramie and South Pass and to the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

The following quotation from a letter which young Jackson wrote to his parents dated "Great Salt Lake City, October 30, 1866," is a graphic pen picture of the life of a bullwhacker in those days. "The program of a day's work will give you some idea of the kind of a life we have been leading. In the morning, just as day is breaking and when sleep lies heaviest upon us, the night watch makes the rounds, pounding on the wagons and shouting 'Roll out! Roll out! The bulls are coming.'"

"Shouldering one of the heavy yokes I begin looking for my old off-wheeler. It is hardly light enough yet to distinguish objects clearly and I have some difficulty at first in telling one ox from another. But I finally get my last pointer yoked and having previously put the wheelers onto the tongue I drive around the other five yoke, connected with chains, and hitch them on ahead. I am ready to pull out, usually just as the sun is appearing above the horizon."

"About ten o'clock the train is corralled, un-yoking quickly done, and the cattle turned out to graze in charge of herders, and we proceed at once to get breakfast. The train is divided into four messes, the men taking turns at the various duties. This is frequently accompanied by a good deal of contentious wrangling because there are always shirkers that always fail to do their share of the work. The details bring the wood and water. The cooks for the time being bake bread in the big dutch oven, make two or three gallons of coffee, slice up half a side of bacon, and it hardly necessary to shout 'Grub pile!' for the whole mess is right there, impatiently waiting. Each one helps himself with tin cup and plate and retreating to the shady side of a wagon experiences for a brief half hour complete satisfaction."

"The afternoon drive sometimes brings us into camp so that it is quite late by the time we get supper. One of the greatest difficulties in cooking is the matter of providing fuel. Wood is scarce and along most of our route entirely lacking. The only substitute available is buffalo chips. It makes an excellent fire for cooking purposes when entirely dry, but when wet is the meanest stuff imaginable to get along with, trying the patience of the cooks to the utmost."

"My heavy suppers with the great quantities of strong coffee that I drink just before going to bed frequently result in dreams that verge on nightmares. At first, when the novelty of my adventure with its attendant work and worry was uppermost in my mind I had lurid dreams almost every night and invariably they related to my team of bulls. Sometimes I imagined them out of control and about to plunge over a great precipice. Wild with terror I would tumble out of my wagon in my desperate attempt to head them off from destruction, only to be yanked back by my bed fellow or brought to my senses by the night watchman. Billy and I slept on a buffalo robe with long shaggy hair. On one occasion I began tugging at this robe so violently that I nearly threw Billy out of the wagon. Of course he was in a high dudgeon and wanted to know what I thought I was doing; dreaming still, I replied 'I can't get my confounded leaders' heads around!'"

After a year of this work, young Jackson decided he wanted to start up in the business which he knew best so he went to Omaha and in 1868 he and his brother, who had come on from the East, set up a shop with a 'shingle over the door which read 'Jackson Brothers, Photographers.' This was the period when Omaha was booming with activities connected

1. Crossing the South Fork of the Platte river near Julesburg, Colo. From a sketch made by W. H. Jackson in 1866.

2. W. H. Jackson in the days of his youth.

3. W. H. Jackson (left), eighty-nine years old, "the pioneer photographer," greets another notable, Daniel Carter Beard (right), veteran Boy Scout leader, when they met at the National Pioneer dinner given by the Oregon Trail Memorial association in tribute to the western pioneers on December 29, 1930, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ezra Meeker, founder of the association.

4. West from Devil's Gate on the Sweetwater. From a photograph made by W. H. Jackson in 1870.

with the building of the Union Pacific railroad. Young Mr. Jackson saw in the starting of the railroad a wonderful chance for pictures. So he left the business in the hands of his brother and started out to record what was happening.

"In those days," says Mr. Jackson, "photography was different than it is today. The pioneer photographer of that time had to be something of a chemist, artist and mechanic all put together. When he wanted to take pictures on the road he had to carry chemicals, trays, glasses and what not, for each plate had to be prepared on the spot for every exposure. So when I started out from Omaha in 1868 I was equipped with a complete portable outfit for developing pictures en route."

Dr. F. V. Hayden head of the United States geological survey of the territories, organized to obtain definite information about those vast regions opened to the settlers by the new railroad, saw the pictures which Mr. Jackson took on that trip. He liked them so much he decided he must have Jackson along on his own surveying trip which he was slated to take along the old Oregon Trail, across Wyoming and back by the Overland Stage route. Thus it came about that William H. Jackson was the first man to make photographs of the marvels of the old Oregon Trail country.

Although he was appointed official photographer of the Hayden survey, he received no salary, but his equipment was provided and he was permitted to keep all negatives he made, for his own use. Most of his photographic supplies he carried in the ambulance which accompanied the party, but he also was provided with a little donkey which he named "Hypo." "Hypo" carried his working kit.

This survey of Doctor Hayden's started in August, 1870, and from Independence Rock followed the old Oregon Mormon trail along the Sweetwater river. Returning, it followed the old Overland Stage route across southern Wyoming and at Fort Saunders disbanded for the season.

So pleased were Washington officials with the pictures taken on this first survey that they appointed Jackson to accompany future surveys as photographer and for ten years he remained with Doctor Hayden in this capacity. In 1871, he took pictures of Yellowstone. He was the first to make photographs of the marvels of this country and his pictures, as well as the discoveries of, and specimens collected, by Doctor Hayden and his party, played an important part in the creation of the Yellowstone National park in 1872. The last expedition of the Hayden Geological survey to the Rocky mountain region was made in 1878, the present United States geological survey then being instituted. Mr. Jackson accompanied this final expedition.

Having completed his work as a pioneer photographer, Mr. Jackson eventually settled in Detroit and took up photography as a business. For 25 years he was connected with the Detroit Publishing company, retiring from that company a few years ago. Since that time he has been busy writing about his experiences in the old days, making paintings from his notes and sketches and promoting the work of the Oregon Trail Memorial association. And this summer he will climax his career by one more trip over that historic route where he was once a bull-whacker and the first and outstanding member of his profession—that of photographer of the Wild West.

(© by Western Newspaper Union.)



OBSERVANT

Uncle was testing his small nephew's knowledge. "Jack," he asked, "what does A B C spell?" "Nothing," was the reply. "What does L M N spell?" was uncle's next question. "Nothing," was Jack's answer. "Jack's smaller sister, who had been an interested listener, then spoke. "It seems to me that there are lots of ways of spelling nothing," she said. —Children's Newspaper.

NOT CONFINED TO INDIA



"There are men in India who hold their hands over their heads all the time." "That's nothing—men do that in Chicago all the time, too."

A Long Wait

The foreman gardener was inspecting the work of his newly engaged assistant. "Did you water the century plants?" he asked. "Yes," said the assistant, "I did that." "Very good," said the foreman. "In future it will be your job to look after them. And don't forget this, if those plants don't bloom in 1907 it will be your fault."—Answers.

As Usual

One of the spectators at a football match had had his pocket picked. As the thief was bolting he collared him and escorted him to a policeman. "You say this man stole your watch?" said the policeman. "What distinguishing feature was there about the watch?" "It contained my sweetheart's photograph," replied the man. "Ah, I see! A woman in the case."

SUGGEST SILVER



Miss Askeith—Why do you poets always speak of the moon as silver? Mr. Scribbler—It's because of the quarters and halves, I suppose.

Taking No Chances

Mr. Swiggs—Er-ah, that is, caner I—will you? "Why, yes, my boy; you can have her." "How's that? Have whom?" "My daughter, of course. You want to marry her, don't you?" "No, sir; I just wanted you to endorse my note for \$1,000." "Certainly not. Why, I hardly know you."

Did She Kept Still

Vera—Did he threaten you when he kissed you? Winifred—Yes; he said if I screamed, he wouldn't kiss me again.—London Answers.

Praise?

Mudd—Dauber does very realistic work, doesn't he? Muck—Yes; those apples he painted two months ago are now said by critics to be rotten!—Pathfinder Magazine.

Pa Describes Him

"Pa," said Johnny, "what is a practical joker?" "He's a sap, son," replied his dad, "who has a bum sense of humor and no sense at all."

Ouch! Pass the Lard

Bill—Did your wife have you on the carpet for getting in so late last night? Jack—Well, it may have been the craper she had me on, but it seemed more like a red-hot stove to me!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Protection

Blah—How does your next door neighbor manage to have such a nice garden? Tish—He buys my chickens from me as fast as I get them.—Answers.

Beauty Talks

By MARJORIE DUNCAN
Famous Beauty Expert

Make-Up

MAKE-UP seems to be a topic of perennial interest to women. Many women have learned the secrets of applying rouge to apparently change the contour of the face, bring out the brightness of the eyes. They have learned how to choose the shades of their make-up to blend with their natural coloring and enhance their personality. But few women know that make-up should be changed with the seasons, as the color and tone of the skin changes, and that make-up should harmonize not only with the skin and the color of eyes and hair but also with the color of the costume one is wearing. Orange rouge, for instance, or rouge with an orange tone in it may be very flattering to some types. But this shade is absolutely taboo when a red dress is worn. This applies to lip rouge as well as cheek rouge and to shade and tone of powder, too. It may be necessary to have two or three different shades of rouge and powder, but the price is a small one to pay for true loveliness and harmony.

Make-up carefully chosen, deftly applied, skillfully blended can transform a plain woman into a very lovely one and make of a pretty woman a breath-taking beauty.

The purpose of make-up should be to enhance, to add gloriously to the natural charms. It should never be called upon to conceal.

After preliminary skin care and foundation comes the question of rouge. Choose it according to your type and coloring. It should blend beautifully with your skin, bring out the beauty of your eyes, harmonize with the color of your hair. Color harmony is the thing you are working for. It is the very key to perfection in make-up.

There are three types of rouge—liquid, cream, and compact or dry rouge. The first is the most difficult to apply and is usually used during the summer when the bathing season makes water-proof cosmetics desirable. The cream or paste rouge gives a warm, natural under the skin glow and lasts a long time. The dry rouge is the easiest to apply but does not "stay on" very long. The combination of cream rouge as a foundation and compact to touch up the make-up achieves a lasting and lovely effect.

The secrets of blending rouge are simple—but need practice. Follow your natural color line and have the edges as soft as possible so that the rouge seems to fade away very naturally. A two-minute bending exercise, a hot towel held over the skin for a minute, or a little brisk patting with skin tonic will tell you where your natural color is—or should be.

Powder and Color Harmonies

THE chief purpose of powder is to give a natural, well-groomed effect. For daytime, choose a shade that blends so perfectly with your skin that it is scarcely perceptible (the powder, I mean). An obviously powdered look acts as an aging mask. But a shiny nose would mar a Venus. The happy medium is a softened finish, without shine, but only the faintest layer of powder. The color of the skin is usually a blend of pink and yellow, with the proportions varying. Powders that repeat these combinations usually blend best.

Powder is perhaps the most important item in the toilette of the discriminating woman. It deserves as much thought as you give your most gorgeous gown.

A few years ago powder and rouge were the items chiefly used for make-up. Now lip rouge and eye shadow are found on the majority of dressing tables.

The majority of women find it advisable to limit eyeshadow to evening use, but skillfully applied it adds immeasurably to a woman's beauty.

There can be no hard and fast rules in make-up. Every woman is a law unto herself. Not only must your coloring be taken into consideration but also the tone and transparency of the skin.

Let us take the classic blonde type—just as she would choose delicate colors to complement her golden hair and blue eyes, she chooses a light pink rouge, a lip paste to harmonize, a pale yellowish shade of powder with a suggestion of pink in it (usually called flesh or natural)—blue eyeshadow for evening, a wee bit of light brown mascara or eyebrow pencil.

The in-between type enhances her coloring with a deeper rouge—a medium shade—with a hint of orange in it—her powder should have a more creamy color—her lips rouge must harmonize exactly with cheek rouge—her eyes are a grayish brown, mauve or purple eyeshadow harmonizes beautifully; for hazel eyes brown eyeshadow; for dark eyes brown eyeshadow—and light brown or dark brown mascara according to the shade of the hair.

The olive-skinned beauty uses little rouge, but a vivid lip paste, deep brown eyeshadow and black mascara. The dark brunette or Spanish type uses a dark rouge, a rachel powder, brown or purple eyeshadow and black mascara.

(© 1932, Bell Syndicate.)—WHD Service.

Idioms Preserved

Numerous words employed in New England and not heard in other parts of the country, are still spoken in provincial northern England.

NOTED CASTLE NOW RESTAURANT

Mansion Once a Favorite With Prussian Kings.

Potsdam.—One of Prussia's finest mansions, Castle Marquardt, near Potsdam, is the last victim of the economic crisis. In its heyday it was the favorite sojourn of Prussian kings, haunted by a ghost which historians now believe to have been a faked one. Castle Marquardt will be turned into a restaurant and week-end hotel because its present owner, a German industrialist, cannot afford its upkeep.

Castle Marquardt's history goes back to the Fifteenth century, when it was owned by the Baron Zabel von Schorin. In the following centuries it frequently changed hands.

In 1795 Castle Marquardt came into the possession of its most famous owner, Gen. von Bischofswerder, the declared favorite of King Frederick William II of Prussia. It was then that the ghost made its first appearance—a ghost, which was to play a prominent role in Prussian history.

The ghostly apparition was first

seen, or rather heard, in a small stone building, the so-called Blue grotto, adjoining Castle Marquardt. Hidden away among thick shrubbery in the beautiful Eighteenth century park, the interior was laid out with azure stones. The grotto received its only light from a costly crystal chandelier, which, together with the blue of the azure stones, produced mystic and beautiful color effects.

It was into this setting, that Gen. von Bischofswerder used to lead the romantically inclined Prussian king to attend ghostly midnight sessions. As soon as the king entered the grotto mysterious off-stage music could be heard apparently coming from nowhere. When the ghostly tunes had subsided, the king would invariably address the ghost, asking him how best to rule the country. As if by magic, an invisible voice would answer in muffled whispers. More often than not the king would follow the apparently heaven sent counsel.

It was not long after the general's death that Castle Marquardt's pet

ghost was unmasked. It was found that the Blue grotto, scene of the ghostly sessions, had double walls behind which a man of flesh and blood could comfortably hide, play a harp and answer any questions put to him. Thus, with the aid of a co-plotter, the crafty general for a while ruled the destinies of Prussia.

After changing hands several times, Castle Marquardt was finally bought by Dr. Peter Louis Ravene, descendant of an old French Protestant family which fled to Germany in the days of the wars of religion and received the special protection of the Prussian king. The present day Ravene is a leading industrialist. Hard times are forcing him now to let the historic mansion to a British wine merchant, who is turning it into a restaurant for Berlin's week-enders.

Another German palace, that of Count Hermann Griebenow in Berlin, has closed its gates and the luxurious building in rococo style, will be sold at auction. In prewar days Count Griebenow, with a yearly income of \$250,000, was one of the richest men in Germany. War inflation, and the crisis at the away the Griebenow fortune.

Hero of Plane Crash Is Given 4 Months in Jail

London.—During a flight over Iraq, in 1925, a Royal Air Force airplane crashed in flames from 4,000 feet. The pilot was badly burned and the observer, Ridley Oake Stanton, twenty-five, carried him through the desert for two days. The pilot died at a dressing station. Stanton was in a hospital for six months.

Early this year the same Stanton climbed over the roofs of several houses near marble arch and jumped ten feet from one roof to another, with a 50-foot drop between, to steal ten shillings' worth of jewelry.

He was bound over to be of good behavior, but normal life becomes dull to a man who must have thrills. Recently he climbed up an elevator shaft at St. John's wood, crawled along a narrow ledge to a bedroom window and stole a fur coat worth \$1,250. He was sentenced to four months.

Burglars Steal Used False Teeth From Store

Memphis, Tenn.—Police are wondering what the burglar gained by taking two upper sets of second hand false teeth from the store operated by J. Cabay, furniture dealer. Nothing else was missed.

Modern Contract Bridge

By Lella Hattersley

No. 2 Opening Bids of One

THERE can be but one opening or original bid on each deal. All bids which follow this first bid are designated by different terms and influenced by different factors. The opening bid may be made by the dealer, by the second hand after dealer has passed, by the third hand if both dealer and second hand have passed, or by the fourth hand if all the others have passed. Third or fourth hand original bids require greater minimum strength than such bids when made by the dealer or second hand. The original or opening bid is the most clear-cut in its requirements in the approach-forcing system, the opening bid most often employed is the bid of one in a suit, because a sound suit bid, even a four card minor, is always preferred to a no trump.

An original suit bid of one in a major or minor is declared on the same type of hand. While neither ever shows a suit which cannot be played at the trump named, such a declaration must be regarded as primarily for the purpose of conveying information to your partner; information which he is expected to act upon throughout all the subsequent bidding and play of the hand.

When playing contract according to the approach-forcing system, Dealer or Second Hand looks over his cards and announces one spade, heart, diamond or club, he is practically "talking across the board." In language entirely fair and equitable, because it is understood, or may be, by every player at the table; such a bid says: "Partner, I have sufficient length in this suit to play it as trumps. It may be a four card suit with at least 1 1/2 honor-tricks at the top, or a longer suit with less top strength. But most important of all, I have 2 1/2 defensive tricks somewhere in the hand; tricks which should prove winners whether we or the opponents secure the final contract. This much I promise from my hand. There may be something more, but you can be sure there is nothing less."

Or if the declaration is one no trump: "Partner, I have at least 2 1/2 honor-tricks distributed in three suits, and my hand contains no biddable suit."

In the position of opening the bid third or fourth hand, the bidder shows a minimum of three honor-tricks.

As the prime requisite for a sound opening bid is the primary need for a sound approach-forcing player is a thorough knowledge of honor-trick values.

The approach-forcing system has discarded the old fashioned quick trick count in favor of a more accurate method of computing the probable value of honor cards held singly and in combinations. The standard table of honor-tricks follows:

THE DEFENSIVE VALUES OF HONORS	
A K	2
A K J	Honor-tricks
A K Q	
A Q	
A Q J	1 1/2
A J 10	Honor-tricks
K J 10	
K Q J	
Ace	
A J	
K Q	
K X* and Q X	1
In different suits	Honor-trick
K X and K X	
K J X	
K J 10	
K X	
K J alone	
Q J X	1/2
Q J 10	Honor-trick
Q X and J X	
In different suits	
Q X and Q X	
Plus Values: King alone or Q X or J 10 X when unable to combine with another honor in hand. Two such plus values equal about 1/2 honor-trick.	

X always means one or more cards below the 10.

Note: When you have an uncounted honor in a suit that has yielded 2 honor-tricks, you cannot combine this uncounted honor with a "plus" value in another suit.

(© 1932, by Lella Hattersley, (WNU Service))

Venice Honors Browning

The commune of Venice has bought the Rezzonico palace, on the Grand canal, where Browning wrote "Asolo," and where he died on December 12, 1889. From the heirs of Browning the palace had passed to Count Hirschel de Mierbo. It had been offered for sale for some time, but on account of the difficult times had not found a buyer.

Thus abandoned, the palace had already given signs of falling into decay, and in the ceilings, frescoed by Tiepolo, marks caused by water and damp had begun to appear. The commune of Venice decided to buy and restore it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Balearics



Street Scene in Palma, Majorca Island.

(Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)—WNU Service.

FTER more than four centuries of government by European nations, the Balearic Islands, now Spanish-owned, are seeking autonomy under the provisions of the new Spanish constitution.

It is doubtful if there is in the world's geographic photograph album a family group whose members show as little family resemblance as do those of the Balearics. Majorca, the big sister, so well known to the world, sits in the center, full-grown and radiantly beautiful. Minorca, slight and delicate, yet with a grace that suggests a certain knowledge of the world, sits at her side.

While Majorca is manifestly a daughter of Spain, Minorca's features and person partake of the north—a strange mixture of English and possibly a little Dutch with the Spanish.

On the big sister's other hand, Ibiza, a charming peasant in bright apron, skirt and shawl, hung with barbaric jewelry, piques the interest of the genealogist, for in her a different strain, probably Arabic, seems to predominate. She gazes out of the picture with level, quiet eyes that are a bit mysterious and disconcerting. Her face is unsmiling, even slightly smug, but still peculiarly attractive. At her feet is Formentera Island, one of the two babies, almost Ibiza's counterpart in face and dress.

It seems unkind to draw attention to Cabrera, the other baby, crouched at Majorca's feet, for she is a spare, pathetic little figure, maltreated since birth. In her plain face are to be read the signs of misery.

Such are the sister islands, and their description fits their people. The islanders are the pleasantest of folk to visit—simple-hearted, even-tempered, sober-minded, honest, and kindly.

The welcome accorded the traveler in the Balearics differs according to island. Majorca greets the stranger with easy familiarity, for she has known many tourists in the last few years; Minorca with quiet grace; and Ibiza shyly; but the warmth of welcome is never in doubt. Ask a passer-by to indicate the direction to a store or hotel; you will be escorted to the door and bowed in, and generally you must not offer anything more material than thanks in return.

The ideal Balearic climate contributes enormously to the traveler's comfort, and, in contrast to what one often experiences on the continent, it is a gratifying surprise to find the fondas, or inns, invariably clean and their meals wholesome.

Mahon Has a Fine Harbor

One of the outstanding features of the Balearic group is the abundance and excellence of its harbors. Mahon, the principal city of Minorca, is an example. One's ship picks its way down a water lane, through pink and gray shores capped with rolling green, into what the Spanish government plans to make one of the finest harbors in the Mediterranean.

Ever since Mago, the brother of Hannibal, wintered in this harbor (which still bears his name, Portus Magonis, now corrupted to Mahon), it has been famed as a refuge for ships, and its usefulness will be greatly increased when the island of the Rats, a small knob of rock in the center of the basin, is removed.

The islanders tell proudly how in 1798 Lord Nelson, during the war with France, came into Mahon with his squadron, seized the mansion that overlooked the port where his ships rode, and installed the lovely Lady Hamilton. But the town's historians smile rather sadly and admit that, while history is replete with incidents of Nelson's visit, it does not bear out the story of Lady Hamilton.

And then Mahon? That is the way it comes! Suddenly, as the vessel rounds a point, it bursts into view, a quick splash of pink and white, on the hillside, tier after tier of quaint streets, splendid in the sunshine.

Mahon sparkles, as does the whole island. It is a maze of spotless up-and-down-hill streets of shining dolls' houses. From the steamer's deck the town, terrace upon terrace of white houses, with the spires of the inevitable churches dominating the mass, appears pure Spanish; but that is just Mahon's little joke on the visitor; for many of the houses show English features peering from under their Spanish sombrero.

This mixture of the English and Spanish gives Mahon a character of

its own, which is shared by its people. It is the women who refuse to conform. In continental Spain and in the other islands they take their places in the fields with the men and the beasts of burden. Not so with upstanding Miss Minorca! She believes that "woman's place is in the home" or, possibly, as a concession to the march of the times, in the factory, but not in the field, and there she refuses to go.

Minorca Spurns Alpargatas. Quite as remarkable, the alpargata, the rope-soled canvas sandal of Spain and the rest of the Balearics, is practically extinct here. Whether it is that Minorca, producing a large proportion of the fine shoes sold in Spain, excludes this humble footwear from a feeling of local pride, or whatever the reason, the fact remains that Minorca wears shoes.

The Balearics are rich in relics, from the days of the prehistoric inhabitants of the Mediterranean countries on down to modern times. Castles, churches, palaces, forts, and watchtowers are seen so frequently that they become almost matters of course. In Minorca there are still standing more than 200 of the talayots, taulas and naus—stone structures generally supposed to have been used in connection with prehistoric religious ceremonies and the burial of the dead—and the cliffs and mountains are literally honeycombed with caves.

Within twenty minutes' walk of Mahon there is a fairly well-preserved talayot, a truncated cone of huge stones, probably 40 feet in diameter and 25 feet in height, with a large taula near by. Surrounding the talayot, and marking another age in Minorcan history, are the walls of a fort built probably of the stones of the talayot.

The surrounding fields are strewn with fragments of pottery from prehistoric times on down through the Phoenician, Grecian, Roman and Arabic occupations, and the high stone walls over which one scrambles to reach the charmed hilltop are capped with other fragments laboriously picked from the fields by the island farmers.

The deepest thrill for the visitor to Minorca is to be found in its prehistoric caves. A talayot, taula, or nau is an awe-inspiring sight when one realizes what it stands for, but it has not the instantaneous effect on the imagination made by one of those cave homes of no one knows how many years ago.

The Cove Caves

The Calas Coves, or Cove Caves, comprise a group in one of the many coves that indent the Minorcan shore, and certainly a better location for a dramatic standpoint could not have been selected by the cavemen. The cove is a wild, winding gash in the shore, descending sharply from the interior tableland to the sea.

The approach to the caves is along a narrow path hedged by a matted scrub growth and by fragments of the cove walls, which during the ages have become dislodged and have crashed to the valley. At the water level these walls are high, jagged, and precipitous; the sea beats and snags at them and the place itself compels awe. Wild deeds are plainly indicated. Add, then, to all this the effect of some forty black apertures extending from the water line to the tops of the cliffs—all made by man when the human forehead was lower and human life more precarious than it is now.

It is a meager imagination, indeed, that does not immediately people the cove with small, active men, wide between the cheekbones and as agile as monkeys. We can conjure up the picture and see them leaping among the crags to their eerie homes, chattering and hickering and certainly ready to make it most unpleasant for foreign invaders such as ourselves.

Palma, the principal city of Majorca, is snugly situated at the central point of a magnificent horseshoe bay. Like all other waters of these remarkable islands, the Bay of Palma could supply half the colors of an artist's palette. The left-hand prong of the horseshoe shore, as one streams toward the city, was the scene of the first fighting between Don Jaime I, the Conqueror, and the defending Moor. In 1220 A. D., and it is on this prong that Palma's fashionable tourist season has sprung up, with stately Bellver castle, built by Jaime II, overlooking it from the top of a handsome wooded hill.

Palma itself is a country village of 100,000 people and of considerable commercial importance.

Bringing City Methods to Forests



Modern firefighting apparatus is introduced in remote mountain districts of British Columbia to combat the blazes that have proved so disastrous in the past. A number of these light trucks have been put into service by the Canadian government's parks department. The motor engine is used to operate the automatic pumps which can throw a powerful stream upon the blazing bush.

South Africa Offers a New Kind of Cow

Johannesburg, South Africa.—The farmers of South Africa are interested in a new hybrid on the ranch of Captain Helme, a settler of Westminster in Orange Free State.

A cross between an eland, one of Africa's giant antelopes, and an ordinary domestic Friesian cow has yielded the first authentic "Frieland."

This new hybrid promises to be an animal suitable for the more tropical regions of the continent.

Frat Initiates Member Voted in 56 Years Ago

Berkeley, Calif.—Fifty-six years after he was voted into membership, Dr. Edmond O'Neill, emeritus professor of chemistry at the University of California, was initiated into the Phi Delta Theta college fraternity.

Nearly three score years ago, when the professor was a sophomore at the university, he was pledged to the fraternity and accepted for membership. But, before the ceremony was performed, the Phi Delta Theta house was burned and all records destroyed.

It was five years later that the chapter again became active, and during that time, Professor O'Neill had been graduated from school.

His initiation was urged by alumni recently, so the professor, who was graduated in 1879, again became a "frosch" in the fraternity.

California Makes New Mark as Healthy State

Sacramento.—With a death rate of 11.3 per thousand population, California established the best health record in the history of the nation.

There were 67,513 deaths last year as compared to 66,178, an increase of only 1,335 despite an estimated gain in population of 200,000, records of the state department of public health show.

The state's death rate has decreased steadily since 1906 when the rate was 14.4 per thousand.

Royal Parrot Deletes Sea Quips From Talk

London.—King George's pet parrot is no longer a debutante. She is forty, and was bought in Port Said when the king was in the navy.

Originally, Charlotte knew some of the less publishable nautical phrases and talked a little French, but lately she has confined herself to asking visitors to the palace: "What about it?"

No More Tea Parties?

Boston.—Boston Harbor no longer may be used as a "wastebasket." A law, effective this month, prohibits throwing of refuse into the harbor, under penalty of fines of \$20 to \$100.

Test New Anemia Treatment

Experiments Being Watched by Medical Men.

Cincinnati.—New light has been thrown upon the cause and treatment of pernicious anemia by members of the staff of the college of medicine, University of Cincinnati, through investigations whose preliminary results were announced at the university.

Studies along this line have been carried out by Dr. Roger S. Morris, professor of internal medicine, and his associates. They emphasize that it is still in an experimental stage.

As a result of these observations a new treatment for pernicious anemia may be developed, the announcement stated. Medical authorities throughout the country are said to be watching the work with interest.

Findings will be reported by Doctor Morris in a paper to be presented before the Association of American Physicians, meeting at Atlantic City. Early stages of the work have been outlined in the Cincinnati Journal of Medicine and the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Explained in nontechnical terms the medical college experiments have shown that when a concentrated solution of normal human gastric juice is given by intramuscular injection to anemia patients almost immediate improvement sets in.

Results are manifested by an increase in the number of red blood cells and hemoglobin, the coloring matter of the blood. There is also an increase in strength, gain in weight, and marked improvement in the general condition of the patient.

What effect it may produce on the spinal cord changes, frequently present in this disease, has not yet been determined. The investigation is expected to continue at least two years. The observations indicate a substance present in the gastric juice of normal individuals which tends to keep the red blood cells and hemoglobin at a normal level through stimulation of the bone marrow.

Air Travel Advocate Never Rode in Plane

Cleveland, Ohio.—Congressman Robert Crosser of Cleveland, one of the nation's foremost advocates of air travel and author of the pending merchant air ship bill in the house of representatives, never has been up in an airplane. However, he has ridden in blimps and he considers this lighter-than-air way of cruising one of the safest, regarding it as the future way of getting to Europe, or Asia, in a great, big hurry.

Forest Rangers in West Will Carry Radio Sets

Pasadena, Calif.—Forest rangers working out of headquarters here will be equipped this year with portable receiving and transmitting radio sets strapped to their backs, Chief Dispatcher V. P. Vetter has revealed. Each receiving set will weigh only ten pounds, and will enable the fire fighters to keep in touch with headquarters. They were proved valuable in field work last year.

Will Give Mourners Feast

Swansea, Wales.—Morgan Curdiss provided in his will for a hotel banquet to mourners who attended his funeral.

NEW HEAD OF D. A. R.



Mrs. Russell William Magna of Holyoke, Mass., the new president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

C. F. Butterfield

My Assortment of

Gents' Furnishings Boots, Shoes, Rubbers

is Complete and Priced Right

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Daily Papers and Magazines

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COMFORTABLE SEATING—The Always Popular Shaker Chairs \$1.75 up.

DIGNIFIED SEATING—Sea Grass and Peel Chairs \$6.00 up.

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Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

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Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
E. B. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANT

Wednesday, June 1, 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 10c. 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

Paul Colby, of Braintree, Mass., was a week-end guest of his father, Fred H. Colby.

Jacob Sessler, of Lynn, Mass., a former resident, was a week-end visitor in town.

Albert Fleming, of Norwood, Mass., is spending a season with relatives at the Balch Farm.

Mrs. Emma Burnham, of Manchester, is the guest this week of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Burnham.

Miss Ethel L. Muzzey, of Dorchester, Mass., spent the week-end at her home here, returning on Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Packard and Mrs. Frances W. Herrick were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. George over the holiday.

Mrs. J. R. Rabin and William Loring, of Boston, are spending a season at their summer home, at Antrim Center.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Burr Eldredge, of Athol, Mass., were guests at the parental home, on Grove street, for the week-end.

The regular meeting of the Antrim Rod and Gun Club will be held in Fireman's hall, on Thursday evening, June 2, at 7:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Mary Burr and daughter, Miss Helen, and Mrs. Fred Burr, of Middletown, Conn., were recent guests of Mrs. Estelle Speed.

Born, in Antrim, May 25, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis F. Thibodeau; the name given the young Miss is Anita Viola Thibodeau.

The families of C. D. Eldredge and Guy Staples, from Winchendon, Mass., spent the week-end and holiday at the former's cottage, at Gregg Lake.

Earl X. Cutter and Miss May Gwendolyn Chesley, both of this town, were married on Thursday, May 26, by Rev. Howard G. Parsons, of Peterborough.

William Congreve, Jr., motored to Antrim from Harrisburg, Penn., to spend a couple days with his father, at the old home here. He started on his return trip on Sunday afternoon.

On Friday evening, June 10, there will be a Musical Entertainment at the town hall, under the auspices of the Bi-centennial Committee. Watch for further particulars next week, and Save The Date!

A rare opportunity to hear one of America's greatest musical artists, in our churches in Antrim, will be afforded on Sunday, June 5, when Claire McMurtry-Johnson, contralto, concert, oratorio and evangelistic singer, will sing at the morning service in the Methodist church, and also at the union service, at 7 p.m., in the same church.

The monthly meeting of the Antrim Citizens Association, with supper at 6:30 o'clock and speaker following, at Odd Fellows hall, next week Friday evening, June 3. The last meeting until October. Community songs and special music. Ex-Mayor Eaton D. Sargent, of Nashua, will be the guest speaker. Price of supper, 35c; and the public is invited.

Gem Theatre PETERBORO, N. H.

Wed., Thurs., June 1 and 2

"Sinners in the Sun"

Chester Morris, Carole Lombard

"Ghost Valley"

A western with Tom Keene

Fri., Sat., June 3 and 4

"Sky Bride"

Richard Arlen, Jack Oakie and Robert Coogan

Sun., Mon., June 5 and 6

"No Greater Love"

Richard Bennett, Dickie Moore

Tues. Wed., Thurs., June 7, 8, 9

"The Miracle Man"

Chester Morris, Sylvia Sydney, Robert Coogan, Hobart Bosworth

Mrs. George Rawlings and family, of Medford, Mass., have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Sawyer.

Albert Bryer was unfortunate quite recently in the loss by death of three young helpers; they developed poisoning by lapping paint from old cans.

Didn't it seem good to have the rain on Friday morning last? It was surely needed, and a lot more in reasonable quantities would be welcomed.

Mrs. Emma S. Goodell and Miss Mary J. Abbott have been entertaining relatives from Cambridge, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cookidge.

Enjoy running a sharp, well-cutting Lawn Mower all summer. Have it sharpened now on an up-to-date grinder; also oiled, repaired and adjusted. H. E. Wilson, Grove St. adv. 3t.

Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I. O. O. F., held a special meeting on Thursday evening to arrange for attending the funeral on Saturday of the late William C. Hills.

Dogs got into the flock of sheep one day last, at Alabama Farm, and killed several and injured others. The entire lot was practically wiped out. Sheep killing dogs are not a service of help to the farmer.

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.

A returned Baptist missionary, from China, with twenty-five years' experience in that country, gave a very interesting talk at the Baptist vestry on a recent evening. She was the guest of Mrs. E. S. Goodell while in town.

Friends of Dr. F. A. Charles, who underwent an operation a few weeks ago at the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, will be interested to know that he is constantly improving in health and regaining in strength. He is recuperating at his home in Orange, Mass.

The fire engine went to North Branch on Thursday evening on a hurry call. A truck owned by Truman Sizemore caught fire and was somewhat damaged. It was on the old road leading over the hill, from Route No. 9 down past the residence of Charles L. Taylor.

Friends in Antrim were grieved to read in Friday's Union of the sudden death in Keene on the night before of Dr. Murray C. Dinsmoor, a young dentist of that city. The widow was a teacher in the local High school a few years ago and will be remembered by many of our people as Miss Ernestine Straley.

The Silent Glow range burner eliminates the disadvantages of old-fashioned cooking methods; the only burner approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute. Buy the best. Our satisfied customers are our best advertisement. We guarantee and service our burners. H. E. Wilson, Agent, Grove St. adv. 3t.

Edward Perkins has been brought back to his home once more, from Memorial hospital. For some time he seems to have been gaining ground, but improvement is very gradual. Mrs. Perkins, who has for a long time been caring for the boy at the hospital, says that it seems good to be at home again.—Amherst item in the Milford Cabinet of May 26.

Robert R. Safarid, totally disabled world war veteran, convalescing at 7147 Manse Street, Forest Hills, Long Island, New York, is starting a permanent stamp collection for rehabilitation purposes. Cancelled interesting stamps gratefully appreciated and acknowledged. Mr. Safarid was a number of years ago a summer resident of Antrim.

Auction Sale

By H. C. Muzzey, auctioneer, Antrim, N.H. Guy A. Hulett, assignee of mortgage, will sell at public auction, on the premises, on Saturday, June 18, 1932, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of foreclosure of mortgage, a certain tract of land situated at Gregg Lake, being Lot No. 4 as shown on map of C. R. Jameson, as made by J. D. Hutchinson, C. E., June 1911. For further particulars read auction bills.

It's disappointing to call for a copy of The Reporter and not get one. Better subscribe for a year—\$2 00.

Memorial Sunday and Memorial Day in Annual Observance Here

At the regular hour of morning worship at the Presbyterian church, the people gathered for their annual union Memorial Sunday services. The church was well filled for this occasion; showing much interest among our people. A goodly number of the members of the local patriotic organizations was present, including Legion and Auxiliary members, Woman's Relief Corps, Boy Scouts, sitting in a body.

Rev. William Patterson, pastor of the church, delivered an appropriate address, stressing the thought of peace and its need among the nations of the earth. It was a well prepared address, delivered in his usual forceful manner. Rev. R. B. Tibbals assisted in the service. The music was by the union chorus choir. The entire service was well received by everyone.

The exercises on Memorial Day this year were considerably shortened to be brought entirely into the forenoon limit of time; and something new for Antrim was to have no orator for the day. It was a delightful day, as far as the weather was concerned, and it passed along quietly and well. The Order of the Day was as follows:

8.00 a.m. Members of the William M. Myers Post, No. 5J, A. L., assembled at Jameson block, together with the Antrim Band, and proceeded directly to North Branch cemetery.

Arriving there at 8.30, the usual services were held and the graves decorated; in addition there was singing by the North Branch school children. The detachment then proceeded to the cemetery at the Center; arriving there at 9.30, the usual procedure was then followed. They then returned to Antrim village, and formed the parade in front of Jameson block, at 10.15 o'clock. The order of march was 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; countermarched to Library, where appropriate exercises were 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 were held, and in addition exercises by the school children. After the graves were decorated the column reformed and marched to Jameson block; and here the exercises were brought to a close. On the line of march, stop was made at the Soldier's Monument for decoration.

Reporter Rambblings; On Topics That Are More or Less Timely

Automobile Accidents Increase

Motor vehicle fatalities are rising again!

Last year the reckless, incompetent or irresponsible driver was responsible for almost 35,000 unnecessary deaths. This ghastly, nation-wide massacre is destined to be not only repeated but made worse in 1932 unless something stops the present trend.

During the first two months of the year, 4,800 people were killed by automobiles as against 4,300 in same period in 1931, or an increase of more than 10 per cent.

That automobile deaths CAN BE PREVENTED is shown by the record of individual towns. Lowell, Massachusetts, with over 100,000 population, went through the two-month period without a single traffic fatality. Fine records were likewise made by St. Paul, Boston and St. Louis. But their work was offset by those other towns and cities in which safe driving was apparently the exception, not the rule.

At the time the statistics were made up, there were ten months left of 1932 in which to reduce or increase the accident record. The majority of drivers are competent and courteous—probably less than 10 per cent cause the accidents. Either those 10 per cent must be cured, by the weight of public opinion or the force of law, or they must be prevented from using the public streets and highways.—Industrial News Review.

You Make Your Own Auto Insurance Rates

Automobile insurance rates are up to the man behind the steering wheel.

Until the American motorist drives more carefully, thus decreasing the number of automobile deaths and injuries, he is going to continue to face high rates.

James A. Beha, General Manager of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, a rate making organization, commenting on the usual unfavorable public reaction to an increase in insurance rates, calls attention to certain significant facts:

Casualty insurance is a form of business where the buyer makes the price the seller may charge. The policyholder, in other words, makes his own rates no matter whether it be automobile, burglary, personal liability or any other form. When the ratio of losses to premiums mounts, the rates rise. When it drops, they go down. All the companies do is to combine the results of their dealings with the policyholders, determining by that process what the premium charge shall be.

It follows, therefore, that so long as the motorist of the United States continues to increase the accident record, he must continue to pay more and more for a vital protection. The nation, the states and cities may build modern highways; they may install effective signals and seek for absolute enforcement of traffic regulation, yet in the last analysis they can accomplish very little unless the driver does his part.

It is up to the man behind the steering wheel.—Industrial News Review.

Education and the Southern Negro

The support of educational work among the colored people of the south by contributions from northerners is to be commended. The agricultural and mechanical schools have the approval of a majority of the thinking southerners themselves. They are in a position to know best the needs of the negro and evaluate their capacity for book learning.

There is not, however, as wide a gulf between the facilities for education for the different races in the south as would be expected. In many places the school buildings for the negroes and the whites are erected from the same plans. In some places the schools for the colored children and youth are even better than those for the white children. For example the colored high school at Tallahassee, the capitol city of Florida, is much more modern than the Leon high school for the white children. The A. and M. college for negroes erected on a hill overlooking the city has not only a better location than the F. S. C. W. for white girls but the buildings are as modern.

The southern states which are in a deplorable financial condition having never recovered from the scourge of civil war and the more recent disasters of flood and drought, are not able to school their white children let alone the colored. In the state of Alabama alone there are 37,000 unschooled white children. Mississippi has only recently been able to secure financing to pay teachers for their services of months ago.

By all means let us contribute to the support of such worthy objects as the Utica Normal and Industrial Institute but let us not harbor for a moment the idea that the southern states are using undue discrimination in the matter of education.

Country editors have problems of their own and their own fine devices for solving them. One is indicated by the following fable which is going the rounds of the rural press in the South just at present:

"Once upon a time a nickel nurse sent his kid to borrow the neighbor's paper and the kid upset a hive of bees and soon was covered with lumps. His father ran to help him and caught his chin on a clothes line and sprained his back, fell and broke a \$25 watch. The clothes pole fell over the car and smashed the windshield, and mother, rushing out to see what occasioned all the excitement, upset a five gallon churn of cream into a basket of kittens, drowning all of them. The electric flatiron burned through the ironing board, setting fire to the house, and firemen broke all the windows and chopped a hole in the roof. The baby ate a jar of pickles and got cholera morbus and the doctor's bill was \$15. The daughter ran away with the hired man during the excitement, the dog bit a neighbor's kid and the calves ate the tails off of four night shirts on the clothes line.

Moral—Subscribe to your home paper. Don't borrow it!"
—Marlen Pew in "Shop Talk at Thirty" in Editor and Publisher.

BENNINGTON

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

Mr. and Mrs. Holzman have opened their summer home here.

The Community Club meeting was attended by only seven or eight people, so it is stated that everything remains about as before.

Grading is partly done on the grounds of the town hall; a hedge and some shrubbery set out, which have made a big improvement.

Mrs. Lena Seaver, Mrs. Gertrude Ross and Mrs. Lena Taylor attended the Federation of Women's Clubs Meeting at Manchester.

The Reaveley Farm entertained the Field and Forest Club, numbering forty-three, besides Miss Fariand and friends, over Memorial Day.

Dr. Fulshaw and family were at the Knowles homestead for a short time recently, coming from Brattleboro, Vt., to which city they have removed.

Miss Marion Diamond, of Plymouth Normal, was home for Memorial; a friend from Woodstock and Plymouth Normal, accompanied her. Miss Agnes Diamond, of Keene-Normal, was also home.

The pictures shown by Mrs. John G. Winant were very interesting, as was her talk on India. There was also an interesting exhibit of embroideries. A fairly good audience was present and a collection was taken.

Next Sunday evening, at seven o'clock, the choir of the Franklin Street church, Manchester, numbering twenty-five, will sing at the Congregational church here. Rev. Mr. Anderson, the pastor of that church, will also be present and speak. Plan to attend.

Memorial guests: Mrs. Hartley, of Lowell, Mass., at Mrs. Seaver's; Miss Natalie Edwards, of Concord, at George Edwards'; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Gerrard and daughters, Margaret and Barbara, of Holyoke, Mass., at Allan Gerrard's; Robert Wilson, wife and friend, at Thomas Wilson's; Mrs. Gust Dodge and son, Gordon, of Lowell, Mass., at Mrs. Sarah Bartlett's; Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Poor and sons, Warren and Lawrence, and Mrs. E. R. Keyser, of Milford; Mrs. Ruth French of Springfield, Mass., at Judge Wilson's; Miss Lawrence had several guests from Massachusetts and Vermont; Mrs. Gertrude Ross, five relatives from Massachusetts; Mr. and Mrs. Messer had a house full part of the day, from Boston, Mass., and Nashua. There were probably many others we did not meet.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Logan were Hartford, Conn., visitors a couple of days last week.

The Missionary society meets this Wednesday afternoon, at 2.30, with Mrs. Lena Seaver.

MEMORIAL DAY PROGRAM

Sunday, May 29, 1932

Memorial Day observance, on Sunday afternoon, the 29th, had a splendid program, which was well carried out and brought out a crowd of between five and six hundred people.

The Keene Drum Corps gave splendid marching music, and after the exercises they formed a half circle in front of the town hall, giving a wonderful exhibition of their skill with drums, cymbals and trumpets; they numbered thirty-two, and all of them Legion Veterans. They were followed in the march by the Boy Scouts, Legion Veterans in town and from Antrim and Hillsboro, Sons of Union Veterans, the Auxiliary, then the school children and their teachers. The line of march was first to Evergreen and Mt. Calvary cemeteries, back to the hall, then to Sunnyside cemetery, the monument and Legion Tablet at the Library, all of which were decorated with wreaths and flowers. Judge Wilson acted as marshal, Harry W. Brown was President of the Day, introducing Rev. J. W. Logan, who offered prayer; then Mary Codemmi gave a recitation, a song by the primary, intermediate and the grammar schools.

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, of Antrim, gave a graphic address, which carried conviction to his audience with every word. If we forget it will not be the fault of the speaker. I for one wish the address might be published and read and re read until it is thoroughly digested by the public. All four verses of America, sung by all closed the program.

At the S. of V. hall, sandwiches, cake, ice cream and coffee were served the guests and the Patriotic Orders by the committees of Sons and the Auxiliary; school children were given ice cream.

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.

COLLECTOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

All persons interested in the following tracts of land in the town of Bennington, in the county of Hillsborough, are notified that the same are taxed in the tax list committed to the subscriber, who is collector of taxes for said town for the year 1932, as follows:

Name of Owner or Person to Whom Property is Taxed	Description of Land	Name of Occupant	Taxes
H. S. Eldredge	Land and Camps	Owner	\$ 8.99
Mary B. Favor Est.	169 acres, Homestead	H. B. Favor	72.90
William Keriazos	Barber Shop, Lunch Room	Owner	38.03
Herbert Lindsay	Stock in trade	Owner	31.41
Eileen Newhall	25 acres, near R. Knowles 7 acres, Jake Burt place 8 acres, Gile lot 85 acres, Homestead 100 acres, Harrison place	Eileen Newhall	125.15
Harry Favor	Personal Property		5.15
Harry Dorr	Rogers Meadow		19.44
William Nichols	Personal Property		7.29
William Thompson	50 acres, Whittemore land		6.08
Walden Knife Co.	Wood Handle Shop		36.45

And if no person shall appear to discharge said tax on or before the Twenty-fifth day of June next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, I shall then proceed to sell, at the Town Office, of Town Hall, in said town, at auction, SO MUCH of said real estate owned by each delinquent respectively, AS WILL BE SUFFICIENT TO DISCHARGE SAID TAXES, and all incidental charges against such person.

JAMES H. BALCH, Collector of Taxes.

Bennington, N. H., May 28, 1932.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

John Connelly, aged 70 years, long a resident of Henniker, was struck by an auto, and immediately killed on Wednesday evening last, while walking in the main street in his town. After police investigation the driver of the auto was absolved of all blame of the tragedy.

The governor and council finally concurred in the suggestion of the prison industries commission for doing some of the state printing at the prison; but the plan will be a small one and only the simplest kind of work will be done there.

That size will be much too large; but

it may be sufficient to prove that it is the wrong place to put state funds expecting to get net returns for the state. It is presumed the idea is to make of it a self-supporting concern.

The Conservation Poster and Leaflet competitions, held in the schools of the state, under the auspices of the N. E. Wild Flower Preservation Society and the Federation of Women's Clubs, has been completed. Antrim pupils receiving prizes were: Henry Custer, in poster contest; Philip C. Lang and Frances Tibbals in leaflet contest.

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

GREENFIELD

The Greenfield Boys' club had the girls' club, the Golden Eagles, as their guests at their regular meeting recently. Twelve boys and 14 girls attended. The boys held their regular club meeting, discussed their projects, and Kenneth F. Gibbs, club agent, spoke. This was followed by an hour of games. Refreshments were served, consisting of cake made by the mothers and ice cream by the boys. Robert Blanchard, Chester Russell and Harrison Lowe were the committee in charge. Mrs. Flora Watson is leader of the girls and Betty Thomas, assistant leader.

FRANCESTOWN

Richard Miller, who has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. Woodbury, came home with her.

Miss Eunice Patch and mother called on Mrs. Patch's son and family in Henniker recently.

Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Place, of Newton, Mass., were at their summer home over the week-end.

Mrs. Mary A. Woodbury spent a day recently with her parents, driving from Bloomfield, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Miller were in Keene one day recently to visit their son, Clarence and wife.

George Lemander, of Boston, and Mrs.

DEERING

The Community club met last Wednesday evening, in the town hall.

The work of distributing sand on the state road has been completed by a crew of about 40 men and the road was then ready for the plowing, which has now been done.

Dr. Eleanor A. Campbell and Dr. William H. Doherty, of New York, have been in town for a few days. Dr. Campbell conducted a baby clinic at municipal hall, Hillsborough, while here.

On Friday and over the week-end the Community Center was the scene of a gathering of Girl Scout workers. About 30 were entertained from various parts of the state who participated in the conference.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Eckis, who have been passing the winter at Mt. Dora, Fla., have closed their home there, and after visiting relatives in Ohio, will arrive at their summer home, "High Pines," for the season.

Church Night of the Deering Center church was observed on Thursday evening, at the Community Center. A change of date was found necessary, the usual date being on Friday. Supper was served, and the entertainment following consisted of moving pictures.

Grace Woods spent the week-end with Mrs. Lemander and children.

The Antrim Unemployment Relief Committee

Believe there are citizens of the town who are at present unemployed, who would be glad to use their leisure in making and caring for a vegetable garden for themselves this summer, but who lack means to start a garden. The committee have decided that they can help in this good work and will furnish seed, dressing, and aid in preparing the land for anyone who is really earnest in such a project, to a reasonable extent. It is possible that land for use as gardens could be found for any who have none available. The committee will be glad to answer any questions and to consult with any one who is interested. The committee:

- Ralph H. Tibbals
- William Patterson
- Charles Tilton
- Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Poor
- Fred A. Dunlap
- Mrs. G. W. Nylander
- Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson
- Hayward Cochrane

Plants For Sale

Pansies, 25 cents a basket. Tomatoes Plants, 35 cents a dozen.

L. B. GRANT,
Tel. 15-13 No. Branch, Antrim.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor.
Thursday, June 2
Prayer and praise service at 7.30 p.m. We shall study Rom. 9:14-29.
Sunday, June 5
Morning worship at 10.45. Sermon by the pastor.
Bible school meets at 12 noon.

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. Chas. Tilton, D.D., Pastor
Thursday, June 2, 7.30 p.m.
Social Prayer Meeting. Theme: First Chapter of the Gospel of John.
Sunday, June 5
10.45 a.m. Sermon by the pastor.
Special music.
Church school at 12 o'clock noon.
Y.P.S.C.E. at 6, in this church.
Topic: "How Should We Pray?"
Union evening service at 7 o'clock, in this church. Musical program.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, June 2
Church Prayer Meeting, 7.30 p.m.
Topic: "Serving with a Life," Acts 9:1-22.
Sunday, June 5
Morning worship 10.45. The pastor will preach on "Rest in the Midst of Toil."
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.

Antrim Locals

The Selectmen appointed on Tuesday evening, at their regular meeting, Archie M. Swett, Tax Collector, to fill out the unexpired term of Wm. C. Hills, deceased.

Mrs. M. L. Fuller, of Wells River, Vt., and Mrs. Frank Kelley, of Manchester, spent the week-end and holiday with Mrs. Fuller's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Allen.

The Precinct Commissioners have replaced the old wooden walk and stairs to the hall, at Engine House, with new material, as the former were getting rather weak from long use and exposure to weather.

The Precinct Commissioners today appointed Archie M. Swett Treasurer of the Precinct, to fill out the unexpired term of William C. Hills, deceased.

For Sale

Five Pigs, six weeks old, \$3 each. Also, two young Brood Sows, bred to farrow Sept. 1, weigh 200 lbs. or better, \$8 each.

BENJ. F. TENNEY,
Antrim, N. H.

Card of Thanks

Words cannot express our gratitude for all the expressions of sympathy and kindness that have been shown us in this time of our great loss and sorrow. God bless you all and comfort you in your time of need.

- Mrs. Nellie M. Hills
- Mrs. Elizabeth A. Hills and Children
- Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Hills
- Mr. and Mrs. Archie M. Swett
- Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Allen
- Mr. and Mrs. Ralph A. Tuttle
- Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Bezio

Public Relations Department

City of Portland, Maine
Portland, Maine, May 28, 1932
Mobilization of the full strength of the Yankee Division—now well distributed throughout the New England States and other parts of the country—is being undertaken by the National YD Convention Committee which is to hold a three-day "encounter" here—June 17, 18 and 19. In the hope of making the 1932 Convention the largest ever held by the old 26th unit, every effort is being made to reach the members.

This City—now observing its 100th birthday—was chosen as the scene for the reunion of the Yankee Division men, and with special ceremonies to be held in tribute to the late commander of the division, General Clarence R. Edwards. From the National Headquarters of the Division in Boston, request has gone out to all YD men to make known their whereabouts, and to all men knowing of the proposed Convention to advise their "buddies" of the World War days.

Through the medium of the press it is the hope of the regimental leaders to reach the maximum number of survivors of the Yankee Division, and the City of Portland officially is asking the co-operation of the newspapers of New England.



Keep Pace with Progress

If you are increasing your insurance protection in proportion to your growing business, you are safeguarding your interests, strengthening your credit—and inviting public confidence in your service and your goods.

Where to increase your insurance and how much—or what new protection is required—are periodic problems. Get them solved promptly and thoroughly under the guidance of our experience and service.

Camden Fire Insurance Association

Camden, N. J.

H. W. Eldredge, Agent
ANTRIM, N. H.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Administratrix of the Estate of Nelson L. Kidder, 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 30, 1932.

BERNICE E. KIDDER

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Fannie F. Hutchinson, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Antrim, N. H., May 23, 1932.

JOHN D. HUTCHINSON.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Colla 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 PAIGE

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

COURT OF PROBATE

To the Heirs at Law of John E. Lovren, late of Antrim, in said County, formerly under the conservatorship of George M. Lovren and all others interested therein:

WHEREAS said Conservator has filed the final account of his said conservatorship in the Probate Office of said County:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Hillsborough in said County, on the 29th day of July 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 19th day of May, A. D. 1932.

By order of the Court,
S. J. DEARBORN,
Register.

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 and 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.

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.

For the Children's Sake

By FANNIE HURST

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate, (WNU Service))

ANN MEREDITH'S marriage was one of those runaway affairs.

She met Donald Murtie on a Sunday and married him that day week.

Her friends and some of his, said Ann was too good for him. Meaning that up to the time of her marriage Donald had been what might be called a prodigious sower of wild oats.

Ann knew this, after a fashion, and her sweet eyes were alight with the determination to reform Donald. She married him for love. She could reform him with that love.

In whatever fashion Ann was to be the loser by this marriage, she bettered herself economically. Donald was a born money-maker. As his friends said of him, about everything he touched turned to gold. Donald even a little the worse for drink could turn a better bargain than most men in the power of their full faculties.

Ann up to the time of her marriage had been a sort of forewoman in a fairly large uptown department store of Urban City. One of those great shops of convenience that occasionally dot the residential districts of large towns. The kind of shops that cater to the housewife who does not have time for the long trip to the downtown districts.

After her marriage, Ann lived in a lovely stone-facaded, ten-room home in a residential district where heavy traffic was forbidden.

But almost from the first, the reformation did not pan out as Ann had dreamed it would. Donald was as set in his ways as he was wild in his ways. From the very first he began to come home roaring drunk two and three times a week. The lovely home that Ann had taken such pride in creating became a storm center of the most painful and difficult scenes from the very first. It was almost with horror that Ann regarded the coming of their first child. But for a while, about a year after its arrival, a change came about in Donald. He seemed humble, chastened, deeply contrite and in love with the mother of his lovely little daughter, and for a brief twelve-month the pretty home became something of the thing Ann had dreamed it might be.

The coming of her second child was a period of happiness and thanksgiving for Ann. Life assumed a tranquility and a beauty. Donald, who could be very, very nice when he was nice, was not only the provider magnificent, but for three months after the coming of the little boy remained a devoted husband and father.

Then one night Donald came home drunk. With her heart in her mouth Ann greeted this suddenly strange horror of a companion of hers and made up her mind to fight a valiant fight with him and nip in the bud the possibility of a return to his habits of debauchery. There were tears and reconciliation after that dreadful night. But something had snapped in Donald. Not only did the drinking continue, but Donald became untrue and faithless to Ann in the most flagrant and offensive sense of the word.

Poor Ann, sometimes she was obliged to hold her head up and pretend not to be seared with insult when these companions of Donald's passed her with him on the "very streets of the city in which they lived."

The next five years of her life became a nightmare.

It was Ann's horror, it was Ann's humiliation to see her lovely children constantly subjected to the spectacle of a maudlin father and of home scenes of high, angry and bitter words that should never have reached their tender little ears.

In vain Ann sought to avoid these scenes, preferring often to suffer in silence than to subject her sensitive little girl and boy to the gross spectacle of a family row. Because that was all they could ever amount to, with Donald half crazed with drink and bear eyed from too much dissipation and too little sleep.

"Why doesn't she leave him?" said some of Ann's friends. On the other hand, those of her more conservative relations, owing to religious scruples and fear of public opinion, advised her to stick it out for the children's sake.

"For the children's sake" was a phrase that lay constantly on poor Ann's bitter lips. If not for her children, she would never have endured it. If not for the indignity of visiting upon these innocent little products of her unfortunate alliance the stigma of the public separation of their parents, Ann would have gone back to her old position long ago.

She did not crave divorce. She, too, had certain religious scruples, and, besides, it seemed to her that she could never again have sufficient faith in the married state to try it with another. No, Ann was not for divorce. All she secretly craved was respite from the indignities Donald continued to heap upon her and, above all, upon their children.

And yet in Ann's heart the fear for them of the stigma of separated parents was even greater.

For six years, the condition waged. Little Adele, a blue-eyed doll of a child whom Donald adored when sober, had literally been reared in a home of

snarling domestic tragedy. Bobbie, the boy, could tell by the sound of father's feet on the stairs when he was returning home drunk, and would run screaming and sobbing to his mother's side.

Gathering these babies to her, sometimes it seemed to Ann that her hands were dark with sin for having brought them into the world. What mattered it that their home was lavish? That their father, when sober, adored and pampered them?

The atmosphere of that home was drenched in horror. When their father came into it, he snatched his children by his very presence.

One evening, such a shocking scene took place in that home—when Donald returned to it in the company of one of the women of dreadful finery he was known to associate with—and entered the very room in which his children and wife were having their dinner—that without taking time to contemplate the results, Ann "pucked" up her children, bag and baggage, and with them left the house.

She went back to a boarding house she had lived in during the years of her work in the uptown department store.

The next day Ann sent for her nurse from the house she had left, and engaged her to take care of the children in the rooming house while she sought out a position.

The old store was glad to take her back. At an increased salary, a sufficient increase to enable Ann to keep the nurse maid and leave her children in the care of this reputable woman while she went daily to her work.

It was not the ideal environment. But the two small boarding-house rooms responded to chintz and white paint, and when Ann returned to them evenings, she did so secure in the knowledge that her children's little ears would know only her loving greetings and that their little hearts could expand in an atmosphere of peace and love.

No, it is by no means the ideal solution. Ann's struggle is a bitter one. She will not accept help from Donald even for the children. But the two little rooms represent something that the big house never boasted. Tranquility. The secure knowledge that the delicate growing minds of her Bobbie and Adele will know only the sunlight of harmony and the kind of gentle environment that it is Ann's life hope to provide them with.

Now, as Ann looks back upon it all, upon the turbulence of the years, the agonized moments of indecision, the fear of making the break from the so-called security her husband's board-and-keep gave her in the community, she realizes that the cruel thing to her children would have been to remain with them there. Vassals to a father who could provide for them only with the material things of life. Prisoners in a home where their little spirits were hourly subjected to the withering environment of disharmony and ugliness.

Ann's children no longer hear words of hickor and anger. Ann's children no longer run terrified at the sound of a step upon the stair. Beauty thrives in those boarding-house rooms. The beauty of peace and contentment. It is said of Donald Murtie that he has since come to his senses and that a strangely sobered and regretful man is making every possible advance to his wife in the hope of regaining her confidence and resuming life with her on a sound and fresh basis.

Whatever Ann's ultimate decision, she starts for her work each morning with a high head and a high heart.

In her opinion she has kept her self-respect.

In her opinion she has done the right thing by her children.

Survived Despite Lack of Hygienic Knowledge

Considering how little primitive man knew about hygiene, he managed to keep living, didn't he? It is this monumental fact that fortifies our belief in an overruling and omnipresent Providence. Something must have preserved man in the midst of his ignorance and comparative helplessness. He died of his diseases, but somehow enough adults survived to carry on the race and increase it.

One has only to read Doctor Clendenning's eye-opening and mouth-opening (for the doctor is a humorist) article in the Forum to learn that ancient man, from the beginning, was full of physical faultiness. His disinterred bones show it; and many of the Egyptian mummies bear the marks of rheumatism. The ill of bad teeth resulted in the same maladies they do now—and Doctor Clendenning observes that at least one exalted Egyptian suffered from blackheads. Whether he employed sorcery or a face cream cannot now be determined, but either was futile.

Early man did not live long, but he "lived dangerously," as Nietzsche invites us to do. "Whatever ailment he contracted, quickly killed him." Still the race "muddled through."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Tree's Commercial Value

The Spanish cedar is one of the most highly esteemed lumber trees of the West Indies. Its most important commercial use is for the manufacture of cigar boxes. Planted as a protection on the coffee trails it grows rapidly but not so large as to completely shade out the coffee plants.

Many of the large coffee-shading trees of various species were blown down by hurricanes of recent years. Old cedar trees 4 to 6 feet in diameter and 50 to 100 feet high were common in Porto Rico before the virgin forests of the island were cut.

New Use for the Gay Kerchief Scarf

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHEN is a scarf a scarf? It is to guess, for those dashing, flashing printed squares catalogued as the kerchief scarf are playing so many character roles on the stage of fashion, they are losing their identity en firely in the old-style sense of the word.

The idea that a scarf is merely a utilitarian device to be tied about the throat for protection having become obsolete, it is given to the present generation to witness the modern scarf venturing into unexpected realms of make-believe such as, for instance, camouflaging as a smart waistcoat or vestee to be worn with a trim and trig jacket suit as shown centered in the picture on the standing figure.

It is the simplest thing in the world to arrange a gay square of silk, linen or cotton print in this manner. No sewing, no seaming, no paper pattern or chart required. Just a big bandanna folded once across the bias and tied at the neck by bringing two of the points up around the throat as you see in the picture and knotting them at the back, the other two being below at the waistline. The smart new Irish linen square, which forms the blouse shown, is printed in red and blue stripes, for fashion is going strong for "the red, white and blue" this season. The good-looking black kid Oxford with sandal cutouts as worn by the young woman posing, bespeak the correct shoe for this type of costume.

Often a printed bandanna or kerchief grows so ambitious in its performances as to do double duty in that half of it (cut across through the bias fold) forms a deep-pointed yoke or bodice which is stitched into the very dress itself at the back, the points brought to the front so as to form

capelet or cup sleeves as you please to call them. The costume to the right shows just how. As you see, the other half of the printed square is tied around the hips in picturesque gypsy-girdle fashion, forming somewhat of an overskirt silhouette. A very popular arrangement, since it accents the lines of a good figure. The scarf-dress pictured is bright red with a bizarre white floral patterning.

It is on the bench, however, that the triangle scarfs are seen in their most daring and original moods. The pajama outfit on the seated figure tells the story of the latest escapade of the kerchief scarf. This fashion, scores one for the sun-bather, who is seeking health and a good brown tan via the rays of the sun. You can buy these triangular-scarf blouses in any sports or neckwear department, or it is an easy matter to make one. The only requisite is a three-cornered piece of printed or plain fabric. A yard of regular material makes two. Slip the triangle of silk, linen or cotton, down at the center point to a depth of ten or more inches (see diagram sketch). Finish with narrow hem all around. Then take four shallow darts, as per dotted lines, and presto! the blouseette is ready to wear. Tie it after the manner of the one worn by the pajama-clique pictured. The coloring is equally attractive when reversed, that is the kerchief blouseette may be a spectacular print in contrast to solid colored pajamas.

Another trick in the wearing of the scarf on the bench by ardent sun-worshippers, one which does away with knotting the two ends at the nape of the neck, is to pin or sew the center point of the triangle to one's neckline at the front.

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

SMARTEST SPORTS SUITS ARE WHITE

The sports suit this season is smart when it is white, or some light neutral color like beige or gray. Chanel made pale beige wool suits for Biarritz last fall, and jazzed them up to a sportive air with vivid striped jersey blouses. They made a great success, and the spring sports suit is their logical descendant, for it has a blouse or sweater that is usually extremely bright or dark and rich in color.

The white sports suit, made of either wool or cotton, is much more fashionable if it has a blouse or sweater of sapphire blue, orange, or bright red. Some women like emerald green blouses with their white sports suits, but this color is less frequently seen than are the first named shades.

Spring Suits Seen in New Fabrics and Fits

Woolen materials for spring skirts and suits are flatter than last year, some of them loosely woven, hairy and almost transparent, many with wide-wale effect, woven or knitted, many in basket weave. Other woolsens are of the novelty jersey order; still others the reps, twills and serges.

Style experts of the "country home" note that the new skirts all have a certain ease and wearability. They fit snugly around the hips, but they don't curve in along the back in that disconcerting fashion so embarrassing to those who sit at ironing boards. Some have released, turks or pleats that contribute to a good round hemline. But, however they manage their isches, none are tight, exasperatingly full or difficult to keep pressed.

Coffures This Spring Flat; Curls Are Taboo

Good hairdressing goes flat this spring. Even curls are slumped flatly. The funny little sausage roll has passed entirely out of the fashionable portraits of those who know what is new and proper for fashionable coiffures.

OF POPULAR MESH

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Here's one of those frocks which no woman who gets about this world in warmish weather can afford to be without. Made in several shades of either maize, blue, orange red, pale green or brown this dress will suit a number of different complexions. Choose your own color accents in the buttons and belt. Paris is putting blue and brown together or else yellow and blue. Parou puts midnight blue with his new seves blue. The fabric itself is a delightful durezza diagonal mesh, sturdy, perfectly washable and altogether about the most practical sort one may ever hope to come across. Tailors amarrily, too, which means a lot in these days when the swankiest clothes are of the slimpler sports type. The hat worn is quite the newest in the way of brims, being tiny on one side and much wider on the other.

When Husbands Slip

THIS woman's husband was run down, irritable, unhappy. She didn't know what was the matter with him. It worried her. She was afraid he would lose his job.

Her mother-in-law suggested she buy 'Fellows' Syrup and see that her husband took it regularly every day.

She saw it build up his vitality, ease the nerve strain, pep up vigor and appetite. She recommends it now to all her friends.

Ask for genuine Fellows' Syrup at your druggist.



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Mr. H. Wolf, Cambridge, (Mass.) druggist, says: "I have used Dr. True's Elixir in my family for years and I am so pleased with the results that I offer it to my customers upon every opportunity with my personal conviction and confidence in its results."

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Whole Village for Sale
Burnhaven, Scotland, a fishing village having 33 cottages and other buildings, has been offered for sale at \$2,100. "or what have you?"

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Form the good habit of reading the advertisements with care. The news they contain is valuable and practical. News that's good. News that means better living.

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Old Dublin lake in the town of Dublin has been doing her self proud since the open season. One party from Keene got his limit in less than three hours. On Sunday at one time thirty fishermen were doing their stuff with good success. The largest one to be taken from the lake this year weighed four and one quarter pounds.

Charles Williamson of "Three Ways" in Hillsborough calls to tell us that he knows of a ruffed grouse nest with 16 eggs in it. Another man from West Wilton who wants his name withheld tells us that a nest with 15 eggs can be found in his wood lot. This is what we call cooperation.

Up in East Jaffrey Mr. Cormier who runs the refreshment stand at the lake has put in a small zoo in his home on the lake. He has about everything from a Cavie to a small bear cub. This will be a great attraction for the young people this coming summer.

Then over in Sharon Lester Ellsworth has got nearly as good an assortment of birds and animals. He has a big timber wolf that he hitches up every day and is to have an animal act in the fall. This big wolf lives in perfect peace with a big shaggy dog. His new bob cat is fast rounding out into a real actor. Lester is planning on a skunk act later.

Sunday was a wonderful day and as we were patrolling the back roads we run up by the beautiful summer home of ex-Gov. Tobey up in Temple among the clouds. We found the ex-Gov. and his wife sitting on the front porch watching the birds building their homes in the hundreds of boxes that the ex-Gov. had erected. What a beautiful spot to spend the week-end far away from the crowds and politics. No, I never mention politics to the ex-Gov. We just talked about the birds and the wonderful view.

The American Legion post at Wilton is to start a junior baseball team at once. Commander Tom Mazza is at work on the scheme. Success to you and your team. Tom.

Just a friendly little tip to you people who run wayside stands and gas stations. Floating around in this state just now are about fifteen car loads of gypsies and they are bolder than ever before. Several stands in my district have been well tapped this past week. Their game is to have their oil changed and while the man is doing this the rest of the crowd do things to the stand. The boldest crowd is in a new Ford Beach wagon with Maine plates. Two men, two women and five small children. Just meet them with a sawed off shot gun and tell 'em they are wanted down the line and when they go notify the police of the next town. Most of the other crowds have large cars with western plates.

Kennel club held at the Concord Armory last Saturday was a fine show. I went up with Ed Kakas of Milford and sure did enjoy that show. At one time I thought it must be a political convention so many prominent politicians did I see. And all gone to the "dogs".

On the way back we dropped off at GOATLAND to say howdy to our old friend "Eagle Eye" who used to run a show place near Franklin, N. H. Here we saw goats galore. But "Eagle Eye" told us it would cost us money to get his "goat".

Having been in the pigeon business all our life we thought we knew all breeds and something about the game but "Eagle Eye" showed us that we had plenty to learn. Now if you ever stop at "goatland" the most interesting thing in the whole shebang is the "Highfliers". You ask for "Arthur", a bright young fellow born in Greece and he will show you the pigeons known as "Highfliers". They are in an open pen and he just takes a bag and a few words in Greek and that 150 birds just soar and soar and they soar out of sight. Then he gives a short whistle and down they come like lightning into the coop and back out and light on the ground. Well, I never heard of such a thing but see is believing. These birds were brought over from Greece and that's their great sport in that country. It's worth the trip to "goatland" to see those birds fly. They are much different from our American birds when examined closely. They are very tame.

That the smelt in Dublin lake are on the increase is proven by the fact that the big four pound trout taken from the lake the other day by Keene men had a five inch smelt in its mouth when caught.

That the Motor Vehicle Department is on its job I will vouch for, for last Saturday I was held up three times inside of an hour just because I did not have on the little green sticker. John Quinn nailed me in Milford, while at Manchester and Concord other officers wanted to know "why?" Well, I am all set now.

The Public Service Commission at Concord have sent me my permit to run a kicker on a row boat

and also the plates for same. The little lady will kicker off in good shape. Will have to try it out soon now.

Was over in Hancock the other night long after the moon was up and went down and called on Prince Toumanoff. The Prince has got over 600 turkey eggs in the machines besides a lot of geese and ducks. His place will be a very interesting place to visit after the chicks hatch. But take a tip from me—go in the daytime. He has a dog over there that's a—Well, take my advice and go in daylight.

Witnessed a nice little piece of forest fire fighting the other day up in Peterboro. They got a real scare for about an hour but they were equal to the occasion. This man has a fine equipment and men that know how to use it.

Got held up the other night about midnight. It was up on the road to Wilton center. A huge quill pig was crossing the road and he did not like the lights so he sat up on his haunches and just gave us the evil eye. We could not get by so we stopped and turning off the lights he soon went on his business. To hit one of these fellows does your tire no good.

Some weeks ago Carl Nelson of Lyndeboro painted me a neat sign telling the wide world that the Proctor's lived there. The other day a man called and told me that the sign was not needed. Anyone passing would know you lived there for sitting on the front lawn was a pair of mallard ducks, on top of the barn was a trio of Guinea hens and in the front of the barn the ground was covered with pigeons. Not to mention the pheasants running around the place loose.

Have a letter from someone who forgot to sign their name. No, I am not a mind reader so I can't answer it. But I will say that if you could get some very small horn pout and place in your pond in two years time those same pout would be of good size. Several years ago Lou Collins of Sanbornton, an ex-warden got me in Newfound Lake about 700 small pout an inch and a half long and these were planted in the artificial pond at the old Game Farm at New Hampton. In just two years we were catching them out of that small pond nine inches long. Taking hornpout from one pond and placing them in another pond or lake makes them grow larger. The Greenville Sportsman Club have demonstrated that point in the past few years when they have made better fishing in their ponds. The boys up the river love to fish horn pout and they always bring home a lot of small ones to plant in some other pond. Better write the Commissioner for a permit to do this. Tell in your letter where you want to get them and where you want to plant them.

There is a pond up in Washington, N. H., where a man has every year for the past 15 planted yellow perch from a different pond into the pond near his home. In that pond they have been catching them up to four pounds each. Who said that propagation was not the proper thing.

The Wilton Band are to put on a series of band concerts this summer and they want suggestions from the general public as to where they shall be held. The Flat cannot be had till after the Fourth. Drop a line to Ham "Put".

The old tent caterpillar is right in his glory this year. Never have they been so thick along our highways. Here is food for some of the birds but we don't admire their taste.

Run across the Bull of the Woods from Massachusetts the other day. He was after a New Hampshire man. Down in his state a boy can't have any kind of a gun till he is 15—not even an air rifle. That's what we call tough.

Was up on Dublin lake Sunday talking with Roger Hilton, the motor cop, when a big beautiful New York car drove up and stopped. Well, that fellow was as full of questions as a quill pig is full of quills. He sure was de-light-ed with the view of the old mountain and the view across the lake. He stood at least a full minute without a word and then turning to his companions in the car he said, "This is just as good as anything I ever saw in the old country". And just a few hours ride from the old town, "don't ye know". And he meant it. And I don't blame him as the day was perfect and the old lake and mountain were never better.

At the big dog show at Concord last Saturday I run into the Governor himself and his wife looking over the blue ribbon winners and the Governor and his wife had their share when the show was over. From all points of view the Governor is one good sport.

Have a letter from a friend down in Merrimack who wants to rent a small camp in any town between South Merrimack and

Events in the Lives of Little Men



Copyright, W. K. D.

Lyndeboro—not a large place. What have you got?

Had an S. O. S. call the other night just before dark to find some dog that was in distress. After a long walk through the woods and through a swamp one of the boys picked up a very small young fox hound, black and tan. It was several days before we found the owner of the pup.

Any dog running now without a collar and tag on is an outlaw and can be shot by anyone. The saw reads something like this: Anyone CAN but every officer SHALL kill such a dog. Even if he is licensed and wears a collar and tag he cannot run at large in pastures and fields or woods inhabited by game birds or quadrupeds. See Game Laws, page 23, chapter 150, section 36.

In answer to a letter signed A. K. L. will say that the open season on horn pout is June 15th to Nov. 1st. Black bass can be taken after July 1st. White perch June 1st, not less than seven inches. Pick-orel June 1st, 12 inches.

Yellow perch are not protected and can be taken at any time in any quantity.

I bumped into Don Tuttle at the big Concord dog show last Saturday and Don was all haired up over the new breed of dog exhibited for the first time in New Hampshire. They are called the BOXER and look like a cross between a great dane and an English bull. Don said it was too bad that "Art" Rotch was not present for he needed a few more dogs. If Don ever bought one of those dogs he would have less friends than he has now. One look at them and it's all off. But what a cure for book sellers and peddlers of all kinds.

The Dublin, New Hampshire Sportsman's Club got 200 and the Souhegan Valley Rod and Gun Club of Wilton 50 rink neck pheasant eggs for hatching last week.

There is to be a big move among the clubs of southern New Hampshire to save the Federal hatchery at Nashua. The government for economy reasons want to close down all the eastern hatcheries. This Nashua hatchery has been such a wonderful help to the trout fishing of southern New Hampshire that the clubs are all up in arms to save it. A letter to your Congressman and Senator will help.

That awful slaughter of sheep by unknown dogs down in Nashua the other day should set the wheels of justice a rolling to have all dogs in that city licensed at once. Warden Barnard and Humane Officer John Miller will have some job chasing up those killers.

When a bunch of dogs kill a few sheep or neat stock everyone sits up and takes notice but those same killers can run all the year killing deer and small game and no one says a word. It's up to the hunters of Nashua to demand that all dogs be licensed at once. In nearly every case that the Game Warden investigate they find that the dogs doing the killing are unlicensed.

After June 1st a spear cannot be used for taking suckers. The presence of such an article on the shores of any lake or river is evidence that this law has been violated. Fine \$50.

A box trap cannot be used for trapping up rabbits unless you have a special permit from the Commissioner when said hares or rabbits are doing you damage. You cannot have in your possession the young of any wild animal or bird unless you raised them and have a permit to do so. Crows, owls, starlings, hawks, English sparrows, excepted.

The Boyhood of Famous Americans

George F. Baker
Uncle John could sit on his porch and take it easy while the other farmers were hard at work. He lived well and enjoyed himself. His nephew wondered how a man could have all the necessities of life, and some of the luxuries, without having to work. Being of an inquiring mind he asked for the answer to such a puzzle. He was told that his uncle had an income from his savings and was able to live on the interest of his money.

That was how George F. Baker got his first lesson in thrift and in the value of saving and investing. He was visiting his grandparents in Dedham, Mass., where he spent much of his vacations as a boy, when he learned the lesson that was to help make him one of the world's leading bankers and enable him to amass a tremendous fortune.

George F. Baker was born in Troy, N. Y., in 1840. His father was a merchant, who at one time had a shoe business in New York city. The older Baker didn't enjoy buying and selling. He became a reporter under Horace Greeley on the New York Tribune. He specialized in politics. He became a Washington correspondent for his paper, later holding numerous political positions.

His son was eight years old when the family moved to Brooklyn. Young George went to school in Williamsburg, but spent much time with his grandparents in Massachusetts. The country air agreed with him. He thrived on it and became a sturdy and robust youngster.

It was at Dedham that he laid the foundation for the strong constitution that has enabled him to be active for so many years. There also, through the example of his uncle, he learned the lesson in finance that helped him in laying the foundation for his great fortune. He earned his first money, during a vacation at Dedham, by gathering cranberries left under the bushes by the pickers.

He carried the berries to the barn in pairs, dumped them in a sleigh, that was stored until the coming of the New England winter, and when it was full and all the berries salvaged, he sold the batch for \$7. That was good money for a boy in those days before the Civil war. Young Baker didn't waste it on candy or entertainment. With the example of his uncle in mind he saved it.

The youthful financier finished his education at Seward university at Florida, N. Y., when he was sixteen years old. His first job was in a small Albany bank. His father, whose interest in politics had gained him an election to the state legislature, was secretary to Gov. Myron H. Clark at the time.

The youngster worked hard learning the rudiments of the banking business, but he had time to enjoy himself after the fashion of the youth of the period. He drove his own horse and buggy. He got his exercise by rowing on the upper Hudson.

Sculling was a great sport on the river at Albany and Troy in those days. There were good boat clubs and good oarsmen. Young Baker was one of the best. He was skilled enough to win a sculling championship of the upper Hudson. He was also active in church and lecture work.

He was badly injured in a railroad accident in 1859. For a time it was thought one of his legs would have to be amputated. He recovered and served as secretary and assistant military secretary to Gov. Edwin D. Morgan, who was chief executive of the state at the outbreak of the Civil war.

Before this he had worked as a clerk in the state banking department. His pay there was only \$500 a year, but he managed to save \$100 of his first year's salary. His father was in Washington at secretary to William H. Seward and young Baker returned to the banking department when Governor Morgan retired from office.

He was known as the best informed clerk there. His knowledge soon gave him an opportunity to enter the banking business for himself. He became interested in the plan of Secretary of the Treasury Chase to sell bonds through banks and to form banks which could pledge bonds themselves for the circulation of currency up to 90 per cent of their value.

He talked the proposition over with John Thompson, a New York financier, and in 1863 they launched the First National bank with a capital of \$200,000. Thompson offered the young banker all the stock he wanted and promised to carry it for him. But George Baker, at the time, didn't believe in borrowing money. Some misguided friend, apparently, had warned him against being a borrower.

So he used only his own savings to buy stock. His next egg permitted him to buy thirty shares. He also became a teller and before long the cashier of the bank. He prospered and later borrowed the money with which to get control of the institution which he was destined to make one of the strongest financial concerns in the world.

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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 in. 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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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.