

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME XLIX NO. 35

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1932

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Antrim Played at Home Last Saturday and at Hillsboro on Sunday

The Antrim base ball team was unfortunate in losing two games the past week, — one to East Jaffrey on Saturday 12 to 7, and one to Hillsboro on Sunday 6 to 8.

The game on Saturday on the home grounds was rather loosely played. The strong Hillsboro team did not do with our boys just what they expected, although won the game; our boys did well.

Saturday, July 23, on the home grounds, the Antrim team will cross bats with the Peterboro A. A. This should be a good game, and all who enjoy base ball should witness this exhibition.

ANTRIM	AB	R	BH	TB	PO	A	E
Cutter, 3b	5	1	1	2	0	0	1
Cleary, 1b	5	2	2	2	6	0	1
*Paige, 2b	5	0	0	0	4	2	0
Thornton, ss	5	2	2	5	1	3	1
McClintock, c	4	1	3	7	9	1	0
Fournier, cf	5	0	1	1	3	0	0
Wallace, rf	5	0	1	1	2	0	0
Jellerson, lf	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Brown, p	4	1	2	2	1	0	0
Totals	42	7	13	21	27	6	3

EAST JAFFREY

Adams, ss	6	0	1	1	0	2	2
Paquet, 3b	4	2	1	2	1	2	0

The Vacation School Program at the Deering Community Center

The play and recreational aspect of the Vacation School's program was splendidly organized under the leadership of Miss Mabel Flanders, of Hillsboro. Robert Weeks of Winchester, Harold Fenerty, of Peterboro, and Edward Lewis, of Fitchburg, Mass., and Deering, served as assistants and instructors in this department.

The program for the devotional exercises was planned by Rev. George Carl of Winchester, acting associate director of the Deering Community Center. Each morning, a minister from one of the nearby towns sending children to the school, leads these devotional exercises. Thus far, Rev. George Carl, Rev. Mr. Pierce, of Henniker, Rev. F. A. M. Coad, of Hillsboro, and Rev. William Patterson, of Antrim, have presided at these closing devotional exercises.

The Bible classes for the older boys are directed by Rev. George Carl. Special catechism classes for the Catholic children are conducted by the Catholic teachers.

In the arrangement for the transportation of the children attending the Vacation School, the members of the Councils of the various towns associated in the Rural Community Movement have rendered invaluable assistance. Dr. Campbell is exceedingly grateful for the splendid co-operation extended to the Vacation School by the officers and members of the Councils and all others who have volunteered their services and their cars for the transportation of the children.

A registration well over the three hundred mark, was the result of the session of the 1932 Deering Vacation School. During the first days the school was in session, an average attendance of 256 was recorded. The peak in the attendance figures was reached when 294 children were recorded as present. The school is now in its third and last week.

Hillsboro topped the registration lists and maintained an average daily attendance of 130 children. Antrim, Deering, Clinton Grove, Frankestown, Henniker, North Weare and South Weare likewise are well represented in the registration.

Under the capable leadership of Dr. Eleanor A. Campbell, acting director of the Deering Community Center, an exceedingly competent and well-equipped staff of teachers and special instructors was recruited for this year's school. Mrs. Jean McDuffee, of Andover Newton Seminary, associated with Dr. Campbell in the actual conduct of the school, projected an interesting and instructive program. Miss Mary Jane Eekis, of Mt. Dora, Fla., and Deering, served as secretary and registrar for the school and was responsible for the enrollment and registration lists and for the preparation and compilation of the statistical data which entered into the various Vacation School reports. A. Ray Petty, Jr., of Kansas City, Mo., and Deering, acted as aide to Mrs. McDuffee and supervised the physical arrangement of class room material and equipment.

Grenier, c	5	3	3	5	8	3	0
Muzzey, 2b	4	3	2	4	1	0	0
Hakala, 1b	5	0	1	1	10	0	0
Morin, cf	5	1	2	2	0	0	0
Cournoyer, lf	5	0	0	0	4	0	0
LeTourneau, rf	4	1	0	0	1	0	0
Pratt, p	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bartlett, p	5	2	2	4	1	3	0
Totals	44	12	12	19	26	10	2

*Out, bunting on third strike.
†Batted for LeTourneau in 9th.

Score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
E. Jaffrey	0	0	1	0	4	0	5	2	0
Antrim	0	0	4	2	0	0	0	1	7

Two base hits, Cutter, Thornton, McClintock, Paquet, Bartlett 3. Three base hits, Thornton, Muzzey, Grenier. Home run, McClintock. Base on balls, by Bartlett, by Brown 2. Struck out, by Bartlett 10, by Brown 11.

Score by innings, with Hillsboro:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hillsboro	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	6
Antrim	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	3

Two base hits, Fowle, Quimby, Harrington 2. Home run, McClintock. Sacrifice, Quimby. Double plays, A. Paige to Hannaford to Cleary, Putnam to McClintock. Base on balls, by Thornton 2, by Caulkins. Struck out, by Thornton 5, by Caulkins 8.

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

Rexall Factory-to-You Sale!

- Rexall Orderlies, 50c size 39 cents
 - Pint Bottle Genuine Russian Oil 49 cents
 - Pint Bottle Rubbing Alcohol 26 cents
 - Pint Bottle Peroxide 19 cents
 - Colgate's Tooth Paste, 25c size 2 for 25 cents
 - Large 50c size Wild Cherry Cough Syrup 29 cents
 - One Bottle of 140 Soda Mink Tablets 19 cents
 - Pint Bottle Beef Iron and Wine 59 cents
 - Wrigley's and Teaberry Chewing Gum 2 pkgs. 5 cents
 - Pint Bottle Best Witchazel 26 cents
 - 75c size Minardol Antiseptic Solution 49 cents
 - Pint Bottle Milk Magnesia 29 cents
- See our display window for a full list of bargains on this sale

At the Main St. Soda Shop

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This is the season for Hand Lotion, Lotions for Sunburn and Tan, Sundries for Mosquito Bites. We have a large assortment of Lotions and Creams.

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News Review of Current Events the World Over

House Passes Relief Bill in Face of Veto Threat by the President—Bingham's Beer Rider Seems Blocked—Plans for Campaign.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

WITH the aid of 35 Republican members the Democrats put through the house the compromise emergency relief bill carrying \$2,122,000,000 as revised by the conferees and containing provisions that President Hoover had plainly indicated would lead him to veto the measure. Chief of these is a clause empowering the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make loans to individuals and municipalities unable to obtain funds from normal banking facilities. Speaker Garner had insisted on the retention of this provision for the "benefit of the masses," and Mr. Hoover had been equally insistent on its exclusion, asserting it made the government a pawn broker and would jeopardize the credit of the nation.

The bitter controversy between President and speaker followed two futile conferences at the White House. Mr. Garner violently attacked Mr. Hoover on the floor of the house and Mr. Hoover retorted with a scorching statement placing all the blame for the disagreement on the shoulders of the speaker. As the bill went to the senate following a flurry of debate shot through with politics and peppered with attacks on Speaker Garner as "obstinate willed" and "demagogic," it provided for increasing the capitalization and borrowing power of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation from \$2,000,000,000 to \$3,700,000,000. It also carried in addition \$322,000,000 for public works construction to be financed by the treasury.

Of the \$1,700,000,000 turned over to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation all but \$300,000,000 is set aside for loans. Part is to be loaned directly to individuals and cities on such security as they can command. The balance is to be loaned to states, cities, public and private agencies, corporations and various sorts of organizations to build toll bridges, waterworks, tenements and other projects of what is termed a self-liquidating nature.

TWO American aviators, James Mattern and Bennett Griffin, undertaking to set a new record for flight around the world, flew from Harbor Grace across the Atlantic ocean in record time, making their first stop at Berlin. Thence they hurried on toward Moscow, but were forced down 50 miles from Minsk. Their plane was wrecked.

SENATOR BINGHAM'S effort to force a vote in the senate on the legalization of beer was not getting along very well. He sought to attach the proposition to the home loan bill as a rider, but the drys came to the front strongly, and at least delayed matters by precipitating a long debate on the bank bill itself. This pressure was aimed off in a way that left it no longer a pet bill of the administration but at the same time fixed it so wet who had disliked it could vote for it. Bingham admitted the chances for his rider were slim.

In the house the wet Republicans tried without success to force the hand of Speaker Garner, insisting that he have brought out for action one of the bills for legalization of beer that have been introduced.

The attitude of the Democrats in congress seemed to be that they should not be called on to carry out the Volstead act modification clause of their national program until after the country has had a chance to vote on the proposition in November. Anyhow, they do not intend that the Republicans shall get credit, if any, for restoring beer to the people.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S campaign for re-election is to be conducted from Chicago, according to the statement of Everett Sanders of Indiana, the new chairman of the Republican national committee. He went to Chicago and engaged headquarters rooms on the sixth floor of the Palmer house, and said he expected to spend most of his time there. He added that of course there would be considerable activity directed from Washington and he would often be in New York. He continued:

"Henry Allen, the former governor of Kansas, will be in charge of the publicity. Mrs. Ella Yost of West

Virginia is to continue in charge of the women's activities. And I hope that Robert Lucas, who has been in charge of the executive work; and Ray Benjamin of California, who has been of material assistance, will continue their services with the committee.

There was no such certainty of location in connection with the Democratic organization. James A. Farley, New York state chairman and Roosevelt pre-convention manager, who has been elected chairman of the Democratic national committee, has indicated a tendency to favor New York as the center of operations.

ALFRED E. SMITH settled all doubts as to his intentions when he issued a statement that he would support the Democratic candidates, platform and party. He said he had received many letters urging him to run independently for President on the Democratic platform but regarded such a course as impracticable and impossible.

VICE PRESIDENT CHARLES CURTIS and Speaker Garner, who hopes to succeed "Charley," both expect to do a lot of speaking throughout the West for their respective tickets. In deed, the heavy work of the campaign will fall to them, for President Hoover will make only a few speeches in large cities and Gov. Franklin Roosevelt probably will not often depart from Albany.

Mr. Curtis said in Washington: "I expect to do a lot of campaigning this fall and would be glad to meet Mr. Garner on the stump." Mr. Garner said little of his plans except that as soon as congress adjourned he would go to his ranch home near Uvalde, Texas, for a rest. Both these gentlemen are seasoned campaigners, familiar especially with the West and the South. And both of them like the old style of oratory, with plenty of gestures and language that appeals to the "common people."

DOWN in North Carolina the wets scored a decided victory in the defeat of Senator Cameron Morrison, veteran leader of the drys, in the Democratic runoff primary, which is equivalent to an election. The senator was swamped, losing by more than 100,000 votes to Robert H. Reynolds. The winner, who campaigned as an advocate of repeal of the Eighteenth amendment, received the largest majority ever given a candidate in that state. He is forty-seven years old and practices law in Asheville.

J. C. B. Ehringhaus of Elizabeth City won the nomination for governor. ONE after another the insurgent Republicans of the senate are turning toward Roosevelt and the Democratic ticket. Norris of Nebraska was the first to announce himself and Frazier of North Dakota came next. Both declared they would support the New York governor in his campaign against President Hoover. Then came Hiram Johnson of California with a statement in which he gave high praise to Roosevelt's acceptance speech as "the most important speech of the day." He also lauded the Democratic nominee's airplane journey to Chicago as a commendable change in national political custom.

Although Senator Johnson declined to say whether he will openly support Governor Roosevelt in the campaign, his statement left little doubt that he prefers the Democratic nominee to President Hoover.

MEETING in convention in Indianapolis, the Prohibition party decided it wanted Senator Borah as its Presidential candidate and so informed him. His reply was non-committal, as to his acceptance but advised the party to nominate some one else and then leave the door open for withdrawal of its candidates if an amalgamation of all dry groups is arranged at the coming conference in Washington.

Therefore the convention nominated William D. Upshaw, former congressman from Georgia, for President and Frank S. Regan of Rockford, Ill., for Vice President.

BY COMBINING the Liberty, Farmer-Labor, Progressive and Socialist parties, the Monetary league and the Farmers' union, the New Liberty party was formed at a convention held in Kansas City, Mo. Frank Webb of San Francisco was nominated for President, and Andrew Nordskog of Los Angeles, for Vice President, both being named by acclamation, though "General" Jacob S. Coxey of Ohio, also was offered as a candidate. Roland Bruner of Kansas City, the chairman, called a meeting of the national committee in Kansas City August 30.

DINO GRANDI, Italian foreign minister, and Premier Herriot of France both gave utterance to declarations that greatly disturbed the conference on reparations and war debts in Lausanne. First Grandi made a demand for complete cancellation of all European post-war financial obligations. Prime Minister J. Ramsay MacDonald of Britain flatly refused Grandi's demand that the slate be wiped clean. Great Britain, he said, cannot cancel debts due to her unless the United States does likewise.

Grandi precipitated the discussion by asking Premier MacDonald to agree never to demand renewal of war debt payments by Italy, in line with the policy he had outlined as the ideal of Premier Benito Mussolini.

MacDonald replied politely but firmly that Great Britain is bound by the Balfour declaration, which sets forth that Britain shall ask from her debtors only as much as she needs to pay her own war debts. While she has to continue payment of her own debts, he said, Britain cannot agree to wiping the international slate clean.

Then Premier Herriot came forward with the flat assertion that either the United States must revise the war debt schedules or Germany must continue to pay reparations under the Young plan. At the same time Germany continued to stick tightly to its contention that it can no longer meet the Young plan payments.

Herriot's declaration was made at the end of a day of negotiations which led nowhere. It was given to the press in explanation of why France demands a safeguarding clause, protecting its reparations income in case America remains adamant on the debts, in any agreement negotiated.

Chancellor Von Papen has proposed that Germany pay about \$600,000,000 in a flat sum on condition that the war guilt clause be removed from the treaty of Versailles and that Germany be permitted equality of armaments. It was the impression in Lausanne that Von Papen attached to the conditions even more importance than to fixing the amount Germany might be called on to pay. Herriot, however, declined to consider them at all.

MacDonald, as the week closed, was trying hard to bring accord between France and Germany.

COL. FREDERICK POPE, a New Yorker, acting alone and in a private capacity, is trying to bring about formal recognition of the Soviet Russian government by the United States. Dispatches from Moscow say he presented to Soviet officials a suggestion that the United States send an unofficial commissioner to Russia as a preliminary to negotiations for establishment of normal relations. He gave, it was learned, an account of "satisfactory" conversations he had held on the subject in certain quarters in Washington just before he sailed for Russia late last May.

Pope is expected to return to the United States this month, and the prospect was that he would rebrew his conversations here.

GREAT BRITAIN and the Irish Free State are at each other's throats over the matter of the defaulted Irish land annuities. On motion of J. H. Thomas, secretary of state for dominions, the house of commons passed a resolution empowering the government to impose a retaliatory tariff on Irish imports up to 100 per cent as a means of collecting the annuities. The special duties act was then put on its way through parliament, though it was opposed by George Lansbury, Labor leader.

President De Valera of the Free State has demanded that the dispute be referred to an international tribunal for arbitration, but the British government insists it must be handled by an empire tribunal. As Mr. Thomas says, Great Britain could never permit foreigners to arbitrate a domestic dispute.

The land annuities, amounting to approximately \$11,000,000 a year, were set up by the Anglo-Irish treaty of 1921 and were intended to reimburse landholders, mostly British, for land purchased for parceling to tenant farmers.

WITHOUT having accomplished anything of importance, the disarmament conference at Geneva prepared to adjourn until next autumn. Its final act was to be the issuance of a statement prepared by Sir John Simon, British foreign secretary, lauding President Hoover's proposals for reduction of armaments by one-third and setting forth certain points in them on which the various delegations were approximately agreed. It also said some phases of the plan would require considerable time for study by the powers concerned.

Maxim Litvinov, soviet Russian foreign commissar, and Ambassador Naldony of Germany expressed dissatisfaction with the procedure, declaring they could find no points on which the conference really was agreed.

Modern Contract Bridge

By Lella Hattersley

Responding to Partner's Original Suit Bid of One

THE basis of all successful cooperative bidding depends upon partners thinking in terms of "our hand" instead of "my hand." When your partner makes a bid, listen to him and try to visualize his holding. Register a mental picture of it, see how it fits with yours. Hear everything the opponents have to say. And then endeavor to co-operate with your partner in arriving at the declaration that would be made if each could see the other's cards.

When contemplating a raise of his partner's suit, the supporting hand counts:

- First—Trump length and honors.
- Second—Long cards and honors in side suits.
- Third—Ruffing tricks produced by short suits.

The most vital question in considering a suit raise is whether or not your hand contains the normal number of trumps expected by your partner. Before counting your raising tricks, look to your trumps and remember that you must not raise your partner's original bid of one or two unless you hold at least four small trumps or three headed by an ace, or a king, or a queen.

The reason for this stringent rule is apparent when you realize that your partner's hand may contain no more than four trumps. If, in spite of the fact that you lack trump support, you encourage your partner to go on with his suit bid, he may end by playing a high contract, with the opponents disastrously in control of the trump situation. Holding good support for your partner in honors, but a deficiency in trumps, your recourse lies in a take-out, never in a raise.

When your partner, without assistance, rebids his trump suit, you may if holding justifiable values raise him with three small trumps or two with an honor as good as a queen. In short, one trump less than the usual normal expectancy is sufficient to raise a rebid suit.

If your partner, unassisted, rebids as high as three odd, or makes an opening bid of three or more, practically no trump support is needed for a raise; nor is it necessary to consider trump support when raising a partner's jump-overcall of three after an opponent's bid.

The trump length and honors are valued thus:

Trumps	Tricks
Three small or less	0
Four small	1/2
Five small	1
Six small	2
Add for ace or a king	1
Add for queen	1/2, sometimes 1

(A queen is counted as one trick when necessary to complete the count of a hand for a raise or a takeout)

In side suits which have not been mentioned by an opponent, high cards and length are valued the same way in the assisting hand as in the hand of the initial bidder, that is by honor-trick values and length values.

But if an adversary has bid, a shift must be made in estimating the value of guarded honors and tenaces in his suit according to whether you are over or under the adverse bid.

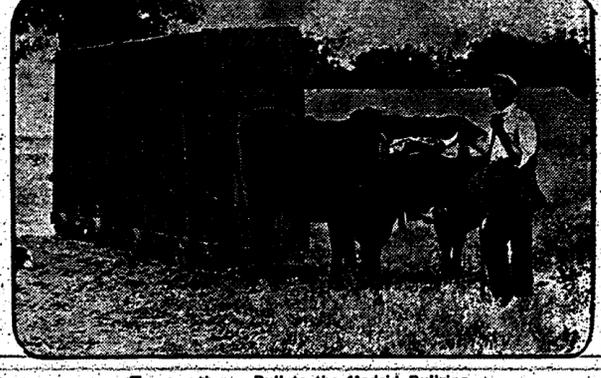
When holding four or more trumps, the ability to trump side suits is a tremendous asset in the dummy hand. In an assisting hand which holds four trumps, the ability to ruff a suit from the first lead is worth at least three tricks; a singleton is worth two tricks, and a doubleton one. With fewer trumps these short suit values are proportionately reduced, as will be seen from the following table.

Holding	With 3 cards in trump suit	With 4 or more in trump suit
2 short suits, only one, the shortest, should be counted		
A doubleton (a two-card side-suit)	1/2 trick	1 trick
A singleton (one card of a suit)	1 trick	2 tricks
A void (not any cards of a suit)	2 tricks	3 tricks

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

Brook Farm Experiment. The Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education was composed of a stock company of nearly 70 members. The organization had a farm of 200 acres at West Roxbury, Mass. Among the members were: George Ripley, Charles A. Dana, George William Curtis, Margaret Fuller and Nathaniel Hawthorne. Among their frequent visitors were: Ralph Waldo Emerson, Theodore Parker and Bronson Alcott. The experiment lasted from 1841 to 1846. The Brook farm was a failure, but it was important in intellectual results. Waning enthusiasm and a disastrous fire hastened its dissolution in 1856.

The Charm of Madrid



Transporting a Bull to the Madrid Bullring

(Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)—WNU Service. MADRID, Spain's political press box where it was recently announced that Catalonia was voted greater autonomy by the Spanish cortes, is one of the newest and most modern capitals of western Europe.

To the traveler who spends a few hours or a few years in the Spanish capital, the great avenue, Gran Avenida de la Libertad, is the city's outstanding feature. It is one of the finest boulevards in Europe.

The most imposing of the governmental palaces, museums, and hotels face this noble boulevard, which runs north to south along the eastern edge of the city. On its fringe lies an exclusive residential section and the large park known in the old days as Buen Retiro. Were the foreign visitor to linger in the capital no longer than 24 hours, he could still see much of its throbbing life on this one great avenue.

The Avenida's wide, tree-lined walks for pedestrians, lying between the inner automobile and carriage highway and the outer traffic roads, are vividly alive by day and literally thronged by early evening. Rows of chairs are packed on each side of the broad walks.

Summer Madrid makes itself comfortable. All along the walks are refreshment booths. Beer is popular but has not replaced the many typical soft drinks, in favor for centuries. As you sit sipping your cold, creamy, almond-flavored horchata, up comes the boy known as the barquillero. He carries a barrel-like metal receptacle containing the sweet, rolled wafers called barquillos. You hand out a coin, spin the wheel on top of the barrel, and watch for the figure which indicates the number of wafers you will win. No ban has yet been placed on this mild form of gambling.

Army officers in brilliant uniforms, men garbed in mourning black even in midsummer, pretty, graceful, dark-haired women, sturdy, barelegged children—these and countless other types pass. Lottery sellers with strident voices, wizened peanut vendors, coquettish flower sellers, cry their wares. "All the world," as the Spaniards express it, is out-of-doors.

Even with fashionables away, the majority of those who crowd the promenades are modestly dressed. The young women have bobbed hair. Upper and middle-class women wear hats. The woman of the masses scorns a "bonnet" yet her skin is free from freckles.

Fluttering of Fans. Fans, not parasols, are the vogue. The pasos are all a flutter. It is to be regretted that continental and oriental decorations on fans are now the style, for there is nothing prettier than the old-fashioned Valencian fan decorated with typical Spanish scenes and figures.

These fans can still be found, if you will search, along with painted tiles and china with Zuloaga designs from Segovia, decorated porcelain from the ancient factory at Talavera de la Reina, Damascene ware from Toledo, linen drawn-work from the Toledan village, of Lagartera, and hand-made lace from the south of Spain. The little dolls wearing regional peasant costumes are made in Madrid.

The capital's summer temperature is high, but it is a dry heat, not moist and sticky. You broil in the sun, but turn the corner, to the shady side of the street, and there is a breath of cool air from the mountains. Madrid is elevated more than 2,000 feet above sea level.

There is an abundant water supply from the Guadarramas, and in summer the streets are hosed thoroughly from four to six times a day. Systematic tree planting and park development have made a refreshing city in the midst of a scorched plain, long ago stripped of its trees. The Castilian farmers of old belaxed the birds to be their mortal enemies and left no haven for the winged host.

Shops close every afternoon from one or two o'clock until four or five. The dinner hour is late from our standpoint, from 8:30 to 10:30. Madrilenos know how to enjoy the magic hours of early evening. Open-air band concerts continue until two o'clock in the morning. If you stay up to put summer Madrid to bed, you will meet the huge, creaking, two-wheeled, hooded carts lumbering into town with country produce in round, straw-covered baskets, bound for the central market, where a bill of watermelons will soon be in evidence. Carts which come from beyond the mountains put up overnight in the old part of town, at inns for all the world like

the fondouks of Morocco, save that jaded mules, drowsing in the courtyard, here take the place of camels.

On the surface, Madrid is modern, continental, as beautiful in spots as Paris; but there are still odd, hidden corners delightfully medieval. In this lies the great city's charm. Youngest, yet mightiest, of Iberian cities, the Spanish capital reminds one more of Buenos Aires than of any of its Latin sisters. Like the far-southern metropolis, it is not congested and is surrounded by a practically treeless agricultural region.

Facing Madrid's Gran Avenida is the gigantic building known as the palace of communications, which houses the postal and telegraph offices. This is one of the finest public buildings in the world. Among its unique features are the labeled locating maps on the outer wall just above the slots where you mail your letters. There are eight of these maps, showing different sections of Spain, with an additional letter box labeled "Army in Africa."

Outside the main post office, stamps are on sale at tobacco shops in all parts of the city. In each of these shops is a letterbox. You can also mail your letter in a box on the red and yellow tram car, if you will run after it, and be assured of quick service to the main office.

Near the post office are the national library, the archeological museum, and the museum of modern painting—all three of great interest to the student and art lover. Even more famous is the National Museum of Painting and Sculpture, better known as the Prado museum, where are hung those glorious Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth-century masterpieces collected by the art-loving Spanish kings.

The Botanical garden next door provides a breathing place for the poorer classes, a playground for those big-eyed, creamy-skinned children whose beauty, vivacity, and good manners impress every traveler who visits Spain. Here even the poorest child is taught to practice the courtesies of life.

Madrid's eastern park (El Retiro) has magnificent trees and lakes and the famous "Rosaleda," or rose garden, with its three thousand and more varieties. If you keep on the driveways, you will meet, in the late afternoon, every manner of vehicle, from a smart limousine to a provincial mule-drawn carriage; but stray about onto the shady paths and you will find even more of interest.

In the construction of the splendid Gran Via, with its big hotels, smart shops, and department stores, more than four thousand dwellings, in a labyrinth of ancient streets in the heart of the city, were demolished. Above all other buildings in this new quarter towers the National Telephone company's steel skyscraper.

Open-Air Movies. Moving pictures, screened in the open, attract crowds on summer nights, and by this method the telephone company is teaching the masses how to use the automatic telephone. And, speaking of the "movies," Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin are Madrid favorites.

The Puerta del Sol is Madrid's hub. This oblong square bears the name of a vanished gate in the one-time encircling town wall. It is the terminus station of many of the 50-odd municipal trolley lines.

In the center of the Puerta del Sol is one of the stations of the underground railway, familiarly known as the "Metro." By the surface entrance of each subway station hangs a map showing you where you are going or from where you came.

Madrid's subway carries passengers the length of the city, with shorter latitudinal lines. Riding north to Castro Caminos (Four Roads) at the end of the line, we find amazing building activity, big apartment houses springing up for the use of the growing middle class.

As a means of communication between towns throughout Spain, the motor omnibus has taken the place of the old-time diligence. Such buses traverse the capital, connecting it not only with near-by villages, but with far-distant cities. In recent years there has been notable improvement in national highways, especially on the main arteries from north to south.

High-wheeled carts drawn by mules or by mules and horses harnessed tandem, donkey carts and pannier-laden donkeys, their heads decorated with red woolen tassels, add a picturesque touch to the streets. The cumbersome ox cart of Old Madrid has been banished.

MANIKIN TELLS OF HER PARIS LIFE

Sumurun, Famous Beauty, Says All Is Not Frills.

Paris.—The private life of a Paris manikin, bedecked with diamonds and defurred with sable and ermine to the casual and superficial observer, often is a couple of cold sausages and a cupful of black coffee to the person who takes the trouble to investigate beyond the thick piled carpets and crystal chandeliers of the style salons.

Sumurun—enchanted of the desert—British beauty with eyes the color of the River Nile and jet black tresses from the land of the tambourines and troubadours, has given the inside story of her life as the world's most beautiful manikin.

Her real name first was Vera Ashby before her marriage to a scientist, a professor of mental diseases, Doctor Papadaki. He later, for love of her shot himself in his laboratory in Switzerland after a year of honeymoon happiness, horror and worse-than-death existence, during which his own mind became deranged. Fearing that in his moments of delirium he might harm his beautiful bride, he took his own life—that she might be free.

When this British beauty, whom everyone accuses of being every known nationality except her own, first became a manikin, she was a long, lean, lanky girl in her teens, walking the streets for a job. Her father had failed in business. She had a friend who was working at Lucile's in London. The girl told her to try out for a manikin's job that was open.

"Be a fashion manikin?" she replied. "Why, you know I couldn't. I'm too skinny and I'm not beautiful!" she finished wistfully. The friend insisted and the next day she was on the stage of Lady Duff Gordon's salon with Edward Molyneux, now of Paris fame, as her audience.

"They draped an oriental gown over me," she said, "a gorgeous piece of fabric designed by Molyneux. The very touch of it thrilled me beyond

words. I heard him shout through the emptiness of the room, 'Act! Do something with yourself—move around—interpret my dress, be somebody!'"

The keen observer of inborn grace and refinement knew that he had made a "find." His curt, "Very well. You will do," was uttered even more gruffly to hide his exultation.

"Soon after that," continued the now famous manikin, "I was sent to Lucile's Paris house with Molyneux. A month later when he opened up his own place I went with him. Because I always felt the interpretation of the clothes I wore, people soon began to write and talk about me, and before I knew what was happening I became famous, receiving proposals from love-sick office boys and millionaires alike—both by mail and in person.

"It was love at first sight on the part of my first husband, and he exerted a spell over me which I was powerless to break, even with my own wish not to marry him. At first I used to stay up until 3 and 4 a. m., going to cabarets and shows, but when I couldn't pay the price I found, was

expected my invitations became fewer and fewer.

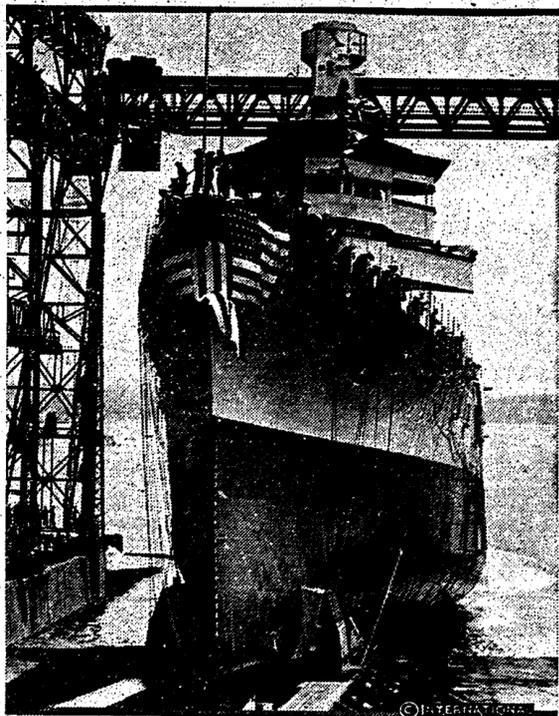
"I still lived in one room in a little hotel and even after my spectacular marriage to Doctor Papadaki, his tragic death and my return to work with Molyneux, I never could stand to pretend in my private life the life I only acted during the day."

In 1930 Sumurun became the bride of an artist whom she saved from suicide by sending him a little bouquet of violets, intuitively and at the psychological moment when he had the pistol pointed at his temple.

A little note pinned to the flowers said: "I am your friend; you never need feel lonely."

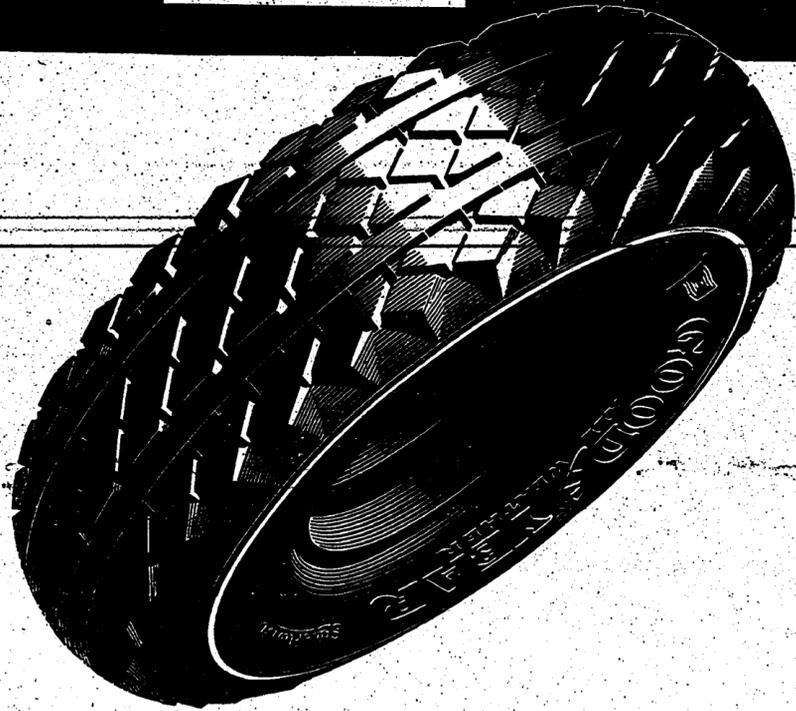
Murcel Poncin could not ask the gorgeous girl to marry him because he was destitute. The enchantress of the desert had to put words in his mouth and then set action to the words. They were wed amid enthusiastic ceremonies in the Latin quarter of the left bank "and now," she concluded, "I have gone back to work, not as a manikin this time, but as a saleswoman. This is a real love match and, while we have no money, we have each other."

Launch of Another New Cruiser



View of the new United States cruiser Portland, gliding down the ways after the christening ceremony at the Fore river shipyards, Boston. The Portland is one of the 15 light cruisers authorized by congress in 1929.

FIRST-CHOICE or SECOND-choice



Which tire will you buy at the same low price?

Why do you suppose that Goodyear Tires lead all others in public preference by better than two to one?

Why do you suppose that more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind—and have for 17 years?

These tires must be FIRST-CHOICE because they're better.

They must outsell all other tires in the world because they outrun them on the road.

On a straight quality basis, then, it certainly looks like common sense to buy FIRST-CHOICE tires.

Which brings up the question, "how about price?"

Most of the best things on the market naturally cost more than the second-raters.

But here's the amazing fact about tires:

You can get the safety, the quality, the extra life and trouble-free mileage of the world's greatest tire at no extra cost.

Think that over when someone tries to high-pressure you into buying an unknown or doubtful bargain.

Just ask him this simple question: "Why should I pay good money for any second-choice tire when FIRST-CHOICE costs no more?"

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

TUNE IN on the Goodyear Program every Wednesday night over N. B. C. Red Network, WEAJ and Associated Stations

Falling Downstairs

Caused 1,800 Deaths

London.—Falling downstairs, out of bed, and over broom handles and buckets, may be dull accidents in most cases, but they caused the death of almost 1,800 women last year.

This was revealed recently by Miss Margaret Bondfield to a women's session of the National Safety congress held here. The session was considering the problem of "Safety in the Home."

Figures presented to the congress (those of 1930, the latest available) showed that falling downstairs cost the lives of 675 persons, falling out of windows took 135 more, while falling from bed sent no less than 58 into the hereafter.

RESEARCH IS LINDBERGH'S JOB

Colonel Keeps Nature of Experiments Secret.

New York.—Col. Charles A. Lindbergh has plunged into his research work with renewed vigor in an effort to forget the past.

He goes almost daily to an extensive laboratory reserved for his personal use in the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, in New York city, but exactly what he does there is hidden behind a barrier of secrecy.

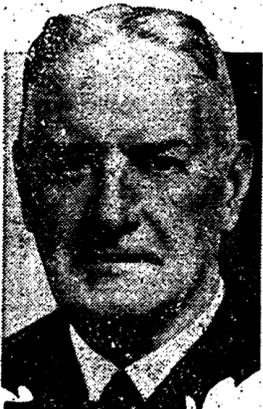
A few months ago it became known that Colonel Lindbergh, then the happy father of a curly-haired son, had been working on a centrifugal apparatus designed to separate serum from the blood.

Observers, however, are disinclined to believe his whole attention is riveted on such a prosaic affair as a centrifuge. Curiosity has been whetted by instructions prohibiting employees from approaching the Lindbergh laboratory or attempting to engage the famous flyer in conversation.

When Lindbergh sits among co-workers for luncheon in the restaurant on the grounds he is not disturbed. None speaks of the dire events which the colonel is trying to forget.

They have been cautioned, too.

HEADS COAST GUARD



Capt. Harry G. Hamlet, of Washington, who was appointed by President Hoover to be commandant of the coast guard with the rank of rear admiral.

against talking abroad about the colonel's return to his laboratories, so that he may enter and leave without being subjected to the gaze of curious outsiders.

Lindbergh, who was known as "Slim" long before his son was kidnapped, obviously has lost weight, but his countenance is cheerful.

There is much speculation as to the nature of his work. In connection with the serum experiment, it was recalled that Lindbergh's first association with the Institute was when he flew to Quebec with some anti-pneumonia serum provided by it for the stricken Floyd Bennett. It is thought he might be interested in developing a serum to be carried on polar flights, but that is only one of the many guesses and rumors.

Royal Dinner Service

Sold for Princesses

London.—A royal silver dinner service, engraved with the arms of Prince Henry of Battenberg and of Princess Beatrice and made by the famous silversmith, Paul Storr, was sold recently at auction by order of Princess Beatrice.

It brought \$8,340, though valued at one time at \$50,000.

The royal owner is said to have disposed of the service to bolster the dowries of her two granddaughters, the children of ex-King Alfonso and Queen Ena of Spain.

Sometime ago it was understood that the betrothals of the two princesses were to be made public almost immediately, but it was announced later that they had been indefinitely postponed.

English Books in Lead

in German Translation

Berlin.—Books written in the English language hold first place among works by foreign authors translated into German.

Next to German books, the average German reader prefers those translated from the English. American and British authors, statistics reveal, enjoy the greatest popularity in Germany. Russia is second.

Nevertheless, the publication of foreign books shows a decrease within the past half year of over 20 per cent, compared with the year before. France was the chief loser.

Invents Mechanical Aid to Guide City Visitors

Columbus, Ohio.—The "Teleguide," a mechanical aid to strangers, has made its appearance in Columbus.

The device, an invention of Michael Abel, consists of a large scale map of the central portion of the city, over which are scattered 900 little lights corresponding to various public buildings, places of interest and business firms.

Each light is numbered and listed on a large directory board.

The stranger seeking the location of the county courthouse, on referring to the directory, finds it is number 302. He steps to an instrument, similar to an automatic telephone and dials a number. Light 302 glows, marking the courthouse.

Three "Teleguides," constructed at a cost of \$30,000 will be available to the public soon. One will be installed in the Union station. The others will be placed in the city's two largest hotels.

It was said that negotiations were under way for installing "Teleguides" at the Century of Progress at Chicago next year to direct visitors to the various exhibits.

Buys Painting for 40c;

Finds It Worth \$1,500

Chico, Calif.—Profit of \$1,400,000 on a 40-cent investment is good business, U. A. Raby believes.

He purchased a painting for 40 cents at an auction. When art critics saw the painting they valued it at \$1,500. They said it was the work of W. L. Sonntag, recognized, early American artist.

Depicting three miners digging on a knoll, the painting bore the date 1835. It has been taken to Los Angeles for exhibit at the Jonathan club.

Apple Trees Vanishing

Harrisburg, Pa.—"In the shade of the old apple tree" may be just a song in Pennsylvania before long—for the "old apple tree" is vanishing. Apple trees, once an important economic factor in practically every farm in the state, are now almost curiosities.

Economy Goes Far

London.—The acme of business economy was illustrated by an inquiry just received from a Riga firm by an advertising company here. The envelope was made from a newspaper. The letter itself was on wrapping paper. There was no postage.

VILLAGE HAS HAD ITS DAY OF GLORY

Old Tadoussac Now Quiet Summer Resort.

The oldest white settlement in America, and once the center of the American fur trade, the quaint little French Canadian village of Tadoussac, on the lower St. Lawrence river, is today a quiet Canadian summer resort.

Nestling among the foothills of the blue-capped Laurentian mountains at the junction of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers, the village itself is still living in the past, the natural beauty of its surroundings, and the quaintness of its people attracting each summer a large number of holiday-makers who are seeking to leave behind the rush and bustle of modern life.

Worn around Tadoussac is a long and romantic history. Here Jacques Cartier, the first explorer of New France, landed in the summer of 1535, and there are numerous tales of visits by those fierce sea rovers, the Vikings, at a much earlier date. Tadoussac, with its natural protected harbor, was long used as a whaling station by the Basques and Bretons, who were the first to form a settlement there, and it was in 1500 that the first house in Canada was built.

At the opening of the century, Tadoussac became the center of the fur trading industry, which extended as far as Labrador and Hudson Bay.

Species of Hawks That Are Friends of Farmer

The saying, "the only good hawk is a dead hawk," has been proven false by modern biological studies. Some hawks, of course, prey at times on poultry and valuable game birds. Many, however, live mainly on rodents, insects, and other destructive forms of wild life.

It is not easy to distinguish between the harmful and harmless species of hawks, that in itself being good reason for erring. If at all, on

The first trading post of the Hudson Bay company, that great company of gentlemen adventurers, was erected on the site where the modern Hotel Tadoussac now stands.

In 1603, Champlain landed at Tadoussac and made his disastrous treaty with the Algonquins, thus incurring the enmity of the warlike Iroquois, and in the same year the oldest church in America, the Tadoussac Indian chapel, was erected. On the site of the first church a tiny chapel still stands and the bell, which three centuries ago called the converted Indians to mass, still rings out from the chapel belfry.

In 1601, the Iroquois sacked the village, leaving standing only the church, which their superstition prompted them to leave unmolested and for a time Tadoussac was a deserted village.

In the meantime, explorers had pressed onward and in the search for new worlds this beauty spot on the lower river was neglected. Great cities sprang up throughout the Dominion and Tadoussac remained a tiny village important today only for its historical interest and its summer resort fame. Once the scene of great historical events, peaceful and warlike, Tadoussac today submits each summer to a peaceful invasion as visitors arrive by steamer and by car to rest and play in this oldest settlement on the continent.

Deceive Themselves

Many people who think they are hard boiled only have thick skulls.—Exchange.

Woman's Chief Charms

Not to Be Purchased

The mouth is a photograph of the disposition. Someone has said that we are not responsible for the disposition we are born with, but we are responsible for the one that we die with. It is the same with the mouth. The sweetness and kissableness and dearsness of a baby's mouth are not dependent on the shape or size. Baby's mouth is sweet because his soul is sweet. No brand of lipstick, nor any artist in its use, can camouflage a sour mouth and make even a casual observer believe it is sweet.

Then there is the eye, which the contents of the vanity case cannot change. "The eye is the window of the soul." You can buy something that will lengthen the fringe on the curtains to your soul-windows, you can change the cut of the lambrequins above, but you can't keep people from looking in sometimes, unless you pull the shades down altogether and put yourself in darkness. No vanity case, not even a whole drug store or beauty shop, can make attractive the windows out of which looks a quarrelsome, envious soul.

Keep sweet within, if you want to get full value from your vanity case.—Nellie S. Russell in the Farm Journal.

Unbeliever's Challenged

It is said that a woman's voice can be heard by a man in a balloon at a height of two miles; while he cannot hear a male voice above one mile. Care to test it?—London Tit-Bits.

Governor Sterling's Joke

Gov. Ross Sterling tells this one with a chuckle:

"I had been visiting the Imperial prison farm, near Houston. They furnished me with a car and an efficient driver to return to Houston.

"If it will not make you too late, I wish you would drive me on to the Bay." (Sterling's summer home), I said.

"Certainly, sir."

"You will have enough time?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I have seven years."

C. F. Butterfield

Come In and Ask Us
About Our Ten Cent
SILVER CHECKS!

Copper Boilers At Unheard Of Prices

Owing to the condition of the copper market we are able to offer you ALL COPPER WASH BOILERS (with Tin Covers) at lower prices than ever before in our history; beats the "Before the War" prices by a whole lot.

A Good All Copper Boiler, stationary handles, heavy rod round the top, full size, \$3.25.

Same as above in extra large size, \$3.45.

An Extra Heavy Copper Boiler for long time service, \$4.25.

Same as above in extra large size, \$4.50.

These prices are half what the same boilers sold for just a few months ago.

Galvanized Tubs, Pails, Garbage Pails, Sprinkler Pails, Oil Cans, at similar low prices.

We are of opinion these prices cannot last, it is the time to buy right now.

If you cannot call, write or telephone 154W

EMERSON & SON, Milford

AUCTION

Bills, Dance Posters, and Poster Printing of every kind and size at right prices at this office. We deliver them at short notice, clearly printed, free from errors, and deliver them express paid.

Notice of every Bill or Auction inserted in this paper free of charge, and many times the notice alone is worth more than the cost of the bills.

Mail or Telephone Orders receive our prompt attention. Send your orders to

The Reporter Office,
ANTRIM, N. H.

Auction Sale

By C. H. Muzzey, auctioneer, Antrim, N.H.

Having a far greater stock of second-hand furniture and antiques than I wish to carry, I am going to reduce same at once by selling them at public auction, at my store room, on West street, on Saturday, July 23, at 12 o'clock p. m. E.S.T. In the lot are quantities of good articles that for general use are just as good as new. This is an unusual sale and will attract many buyers, particularly those who are interested in picking up pieces that are rare and also in good condition. In addition to a large lot of household goods of various kinds, there is a quantity of horse goods and farming tools. Everything will be sold to the highest bidder, and all who attend will want to stay till the last article is sold, particularly read auction bills.

Boy Scouts Win Second Cup

The Antrim Boy Scouts won their second cup in nine days, at the Daniel Webster Council Jamboree, at Hampton Beach, last Wednesday. The troop had a total of 2380 "Boy Miles" to win the cup for the largest attendance from the longest distance. Thanks are due those who made the trip possible, namely: Walter Cleary, of Bennington, Louis Mallett, Robert Nylander, Arthur Poon, Lester Putnam, Robert Caughey, of Antrim, Elmer V. Dahl, Scout Master, and Carlton Nichols and Lester Putnam are assistants.

The two cups that the Scouts have won this year are on exhibit in the show window at the Antrim Fruit store. There will be a lot of bargains. For

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Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDREDGE, PUBLISHER
H. B. ELDREDGE, ASSISTANT

Wednesday, July 20, 1932

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

Long Distance Telephone

Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Miss Sadie Lane has been spending a few days in Boston this week on a business trip.

Norman Houston, a former resident, is spending a few days with Carol Nichols.

Miss Anna Noetzel is spending several days in Boston, buying goods for her Specialty Shoppe.

Coming! On July 27th, the Moving Picture, "Lettie Lynton," for the benefit of the Senior Class, Antrim High School.

The members of the W. R. C. are invited to the home of Mrs. John M. Burnham, Concord St., Friday afternoon of this week at 3 o'clock.

Wanted—To Rent, 7-room single house, in Antrim, or near surrounding town. Must have porch and bath. Address, Arthur E. Smith, Hillsboro, Tel. 51. Adv. 3t

Miss Alice Hünnewell, of Augusta, Maine, a former teacher in the Antrim High school, is spending a brief season with Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Hills.

Owing to the rehearsals for the pageant, and other activities, the band concert for this week Thursday evening, at Clinton Village, will be postponed.

Mrs. Eliza A. Eldredge, mother of Editor Eldredge, is today very quietly observing her 96th birthday anniversary. The health of the aged lady is not as good as it has been.

The unusual sight of a rainbow at nine o'clock in the evening, was what many of our people witnessed on Sunday, while the heavy thunder storms were raging in the Winnepesaukee Lake region.

Caughey & Pratt have the contract for laying out the new addition at the north side of Maplewood cemetery and have several men employed on the grading job. This addition had become almost a necessity, as the available lots in the cemetery now in use were becoming more scarce, and the choice not so good.

During the month of August, and beginning with Sunday, July 31, the union Sunday evening services will be omitted at the Village churches. This will give an opportunity for all who wish to attend the four o'clock Sunday afternoon services at Deering Community Center, when preachers of unusual ability will be heard.

A dress rehearsal for the pageant, "The Father of His Country," will be given at the town hall, on Thursday evening, July 23, at 8 o'clock E.S.T. Children will be admitted to this rehearsal free of charge. Adults may attend for the price of tickets to be on sale for the presentation on Friday and Saturday evenings.

Rev. Charles Tilton, D.D., will exchange pulpits on Sunday next with Rev. L. W. C. Eming, D.D., of Newtonville, Mass. Dr. Eming is one of the outstanding preachers in the Boston area, and is a Summer resident of Frankestown. Seldom do our people have an opportunity to listen to so strong a preacher as Dr. Eming, and all who can possibly do so will want to hear him at this time.

Miss Marion Nylander is employed in a tea room in Concord.

Mrs. William E. Oram spent a brief season in Boston last week.

Mrs. D. H. Goodell has recently entertained relatives from East Jaffrey.

Wallace Cooley, and family recently spent a week with relatives in Maine.

Mrs. Della J. Flanders is spending a season at her cottage on the shore of Loon Lake, Hillsboro.

Mrs. Abbie Hardy and daughter, of Keene, were guests last week for a short time of Mrs. W. C. Hills.

Friends of Miss Ella M. Robinson are sorry to learn that her health is not as good recently as it formerly was.

Miss Lillian Armstrong, of Somerville, Mass., is spending a season with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Warren.

Miss Winifred Cochrane, from Winchester, and Miss Carrie Fadiush, from Keene, were guests of friends in town a couple days last week.

Mrs. Grace Young spent a portion of her vacation, from office duties with Goodell Company, with relatives at Chelmsford, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fuglestad accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Nell Wilkinson on an automobile trip through the White Mountains the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Smith and two children, from Wollaston, Mass., were guests over the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Eldredge, at their Gregg Lake cottage.

Elbridge Lincoln, at one time in its early history a teacher in the Antrim High school, was through our town on Thursday last and called upon friends of former days.

A committee from the three village Sunday schools held a meeting on Friday evening last, at the Presbyterian church, to consider having a union Sunday school picnic this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Holt and family recently visited Mrs. Holt's father, Herbert K. Bryer in West Medford, Mass., whose health is not very good at the present time.

Stewart Drake and mother, Mrs. Lona Lamprey, former Antrim residents, accompanied by Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Burleigh, were callers on friends in town one day last week.

Richard Raleigh, grandson of Mrs. Augusta Eullard, with Mrs. Raleigh and friends, from Rochester, N. Y., have been visiting relatives and friends in town, making headquarters at Maplehurst Inn.

A small purse was left at our office one day last week, which was picked up on the street, containing a small sum of money. Owner will please call at Reporter Office, prove property, and receive the purse.

In driving to Hancock one afternoon last week, and near the Chase residence, the Reporter man had to slow up his car a bit to give a handsome pheasant an opportunity to cross the road. Which made us conclude that this particular bird was not frightened of the common sort of things.

At one time a number of years ago, Mrs. B. F. Drake resided with her late husband, Col. Drake, at North Branch, in this town. Some of our people remember them. Mrs. Drake died on Tuesday of last week at her home in Concord, after a short illness, at the age of 72 years.

The members of the local Council of the Rural Community Movement met on Friday forenoon, and since the resignation of W. H. Hurlin as chairman, this group has been without a recognized head. At this meeting Arthur J. Kelley was elected chairman; Mrs. Elizabeth Felker continues as secretary.

The funeral services for Mrs. Nellie Rose Allen, wife of Hiram L. Allen, were held from her late home on West street, on Friday afternoon last, attended by relatives and friends. Rev. R. H. Tibbals was the officiating clergyman and Mrs. Byron Butterfield rendered vocal selections. There was a profusion of beautiful flowers. Bearers were Frank Anderson, John Thornton, Frank Ayer, George Warren and Freeman Clark. Burial was in Maplewood cemetery, under direction of Currier & Woodbury.

Encampments From Three Towns Hold Joint Installation of Officers

Something that never before took place in this section occurred on Thursday evening last, when the Encampment of Concord, Hillsboro and Antrim, met at Odd Fellows' hall in Hillsboro, for a joint installation of officers. About twenty from Antrim attended, and as many more from each of the other towns, making a well attended meeting. The Grand Patriarch, Alfred W. Guyer, of Hanover, was present, as was also George U. L. Leavitt, Deputy Grand Sentinel, of Lebanon, and P. G. R. Charles B. Ross, of Lebanon, and a few other past officers of less distinction. Archie N. Nay, District Deputy Grand Patriarch, was installing officer, assisted by a suite of acting grand officers from Mt. Crocheted Encampment. The officers of the local Encampment as installed are:

Chief Patriarch—Alfred J. Besio.
Senior Warden—Alfred Chase.
High Priest—Clarence Rockwell.
Junior Warden—Elmer W. Merrill.
Scribe—H. W. Eldredge.
Treasurer—Everett N. Davis.
Guide—Roscoe A. Whitney.
1st Watch—Phillip Knowles.
2nd Watch—Charles L. Fowler.
3d Watch—Arthur Whipple.
4th Watch—Clarence Kochensperger.
1st G. to T.—Allan Gerrard.
2d G. to T.—Frank Taylor.
Inside Sentinel—Warren W. Coombs.
Outside Sentinel—Ira P. Hutchinson.
After the installation exercises and appropriate remarks, refreshments of ice cream, honey-cookies, saltines and punch were served.

Early Filing with Town Clerk for Representative to General Court

Friday, the fifteenth, brought our honored townsman, Wyman Kneeland Flint, early to the office of the Town Clerk, Charles F. Butterfield, and with this town officer, Mr. Flint filed the necessary papers for the Republican nomination for representative to the General Court. This gentleman most acceptably represented the town in the Legislature of 1923, and he informs his friends that it is not alone the honor of the office he is seeking, but the munificent salary for three months' work. He has another object, which he considers most worthy,—that of service to our town and her people.

Without hesitancy, Mr. Flint is making it generally known that he is out and out for the building of a new black road, from Clinton Village to Cunningham Corner, to connect with Route No. 9 road, this week.

This he will work hard for if elected, and do his best to induce the State to build, without cost to the town. The large sum of money that Antrim put into the No. 9 black road will become of some real town value if and when the State builds this connecting link. Mr. Flint and his friends feel that he has a real reason for being a candidate for this office, and that the will have a real job on his hands when the 1933 Legislature convenes, provided he is Antrim's next Representative. His acquaintance and connection with men in the higher offices and his knowledge of the town's needs will work to the advantage of our people in this respect.

Antrim would not do an unwise thing, or show poor judgment if both political parties should nominate Mr. Flint for this office.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

Will we are likely to have some warm weather yet—corn-growing nights—before the season is over. Dog days are just beginning—on a small scale as yet, or shall we say small dogs!

In following the result of votes by the U. S. Senate, one day last week, it was noticed that in a test vote on prohibition, the Senate was "dry" two to one—the vote being 50 to 25. This is the last till next session, and in the meantime everybody will be working—for and against.

How much alike "we all" are. When things look a little brighter, do we go out and tell everybody about it? No! Just so with the farmer! He gets an advance in the price of his milk in the Boston market, and he should have it. But little is heard about it compared with what is said when the scale tips the other way. 'Twas ever thus!

Proving to what extent users had to curtail in their budget expenses during the past year, this is what happened to the telephone industry: The American Telephone Company lost over 500,000 telephone installations in the first five months of 1932, and more than 100,000 in June. Similar reductions in the budget were made in other utilities to meet a forced economic situation. When the receipts from business fall off and wages are necessarily cut to meet the contingency, then this is what happens. It is expected, however, that the pendulum will be swinging in the opposite direction very soon.

Sanford Mills and the Goodall Worsted company, world's largest mohair weavers, of Sanford, Me., have announced the purchase of 14,500,000 pounds of mohair from the government. This is the largest single sale of mohair in history. The amount is equivalent to an average annual clip for the entire United States.

"We read in the papers" that Richard J. McLean, of Plymouth, former owner of the Plymouth Record, is a candidate for state senator in his district. We hope he gets it; we have known "Dick" since before coming to New Hampshire many years ago, when he was a salesman for a Boston paper house. He is the sort of man that is needed in the upper branch at the State House the coming winter.

When the consumer of electricity pays the three per cent levy in accordance with the new federal tax bill, he will pay to make up a deficit he has already paid to avoid, according to a statement made by the secretary of the Public Franchise League of Boston. Federal income taxes are charged by the local utility companies against the ratepayer, but the amount so obtained is collected by holding companies that divert part of it to their own treasuries, he explains. It is improbable to believe that the Federal government expected the three per cent tax would work out this way.

It is fair to presume that when the working out of the tax is known that proper adjustments will be made. A waiting game must be played.

Machine Age is One Great Cause for the Unemployment Situation

It is no secret that improved machinery is one of the big causes that has created much of the unemployment throughout the country. This is a machine age, and the result is being considered most seriously by those whose business is along economic lines. The unemployment problem will be more or less of a permanent one unless drastic methods of relieving it, such as adoption of the five-day week for industry, are established throughout the nation, says one recognized authority. The so-called bonus expeditionary force of veterans to Washington was the expression not primarily of desire for payment of the bonus certificates, but a wide spread demand among the unemployed that Congress should do something "for the relief of the needy people of America," stated one of their readers. Other authorities contend that the nation contains within itself sufficient resources to guarantee recovery independent of the

international situation, if the Government will take certain steps to stimulate business.

The inventions of machinery have made the employment of human labor unnecessary and unprofitable to an extent very little comprehended by the general public. It is probable that 60 per cent of the people now at work could, if given full-time occupation, produce all the market will demand, says another authority.

The large minds of the country whose business it is to regulate and stimulate industry and set in motion the wheels of prosperity will do well, at the seat of Government, to accomplish something worth while without more delay, or the people may come to the conclusion that other men may be able to do something if they have the chance. The votes of the common people talk in loud tones when they are forced to.

Gem Theatre PETERBORO, N. H.

Wed., Thurs., July 20 and 21

"Week Ends Only"

Joan Bennett and Ben Lyon

Fri. and Sat., July 22 and 23

"Bachelor's Affairs"

Adolphe Menjou and Joan Marsh

Sun. and Mon., July 24 and 25

"Love Is the Racket"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"Trapped in a Submarine"

Tue., Wed., Thurs., July 26, 27, 28

"Hollywood Speaks"

Genevieve Tobin and Pat O'Brien

"South of the Rio Grande"

Buck Jones

Bennington.

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

A new water main has been installed at the town hall.

Some young people from Peterboro are guests at Mrs. Frank Seaver's.

Mrs. Danforth is at her cottage, near Lake George, where an attractive sign announces cream, rolls and other good things for sale.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Closson and daughter, Arlene, of Detroit, Mich., are spending a few days at the Congregational parsonage.

Mrs. E. R. Keener, Mrs. Mabel Poor and sons, Warren and Lawrence, of Milford, picked up Mrs. Gordon and went to the Sunday School picnic on Saturday.

On Friday evening of this week, a reception will be given Department President Mrs. Doris Parker (who is also the local Auxiliary president), by Auxiliary members and Sons.

The Sunday School picnic, at Lake Massabesic, on Saturday, was attended by a large number of children and many adults, all of whom enjoyed the glorious day at this beautiful spot.

Mrs. Frank L. Shattuck, of Nashua, will sing at the Congregational church on Sunday morning, the following selections: "My Task," by E. L. Ashford, and "Not Dreaming," by Gipsy Smith.

Ex-Governor Tobey is to be one of the speakers at the Hillsboro County Service Council of the National League of District Postmasters, to be held at the home of Postmaster Messer, next Sunday, the 24th.

Miss Rachel Wilson is recovering from a broken foot which has kept her on crutches for some weeks; she stepped down two stairs at once, losing the heel of her shoe and breaking four bones in the right foot.

Mrs. Mary L. Knight and guests, Mrs. Spaulding and Miss Gallagher, of Lowell, Mass., enjoyed a trip to the White Mountains the last of the week. Miss Anna Stevens, a summer guest here from New York, carried them up in her car.

A goodly congregation listened to Dr. E. A. Campbell on Sunday morning with attentive interest, as she outlined plans for the work in the rural community. Mrs. Duffy, of Belmont, Mass., sang a solo, and other out-of-town guests offered prayer and benediction. Rev. J. W. Logan conducted the opening of the service, again announcing the vested Boys' Choir of Hillsboro, will conduct a praise service next Sunday evening, at seven o'clock Standard Time, at the Congregational church. Rev. F. A. M. Coad, their pastor, will be in charge.

The Basket Picnic, at Camp K, at Lake George, on Sunday, brought out a record crowd; there were one hundred and fifty-six registered, which was probably about one half of the number present. Guests came from the following towns: Troy, Alton, Penacook, East Jaffrey, Marlboro, Pittsfield, New London, Manchester, Nashua, Concord, Chesham, Keene, Elkins, Hillsboro, Stoddard, Potter Place, Pelham, Brattleboro, Vt., No. Berwick, Maine, Glen Cove, N. Y. There were many Massachusetts cars in the grove. An orchestra and community singing were enjoyed with of course the sociable dinner together under the pines as the chief feature. There was also a large attendance of the local Sons of Union Veterans and the Auxiliary.

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.

Card of Thanks

We wish to sincerely thank the many friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in our recent bereavement, to those who sent the beautiful flowers, and to all who brought in so many ways to lighten our burden of sorrow.
Hiram L. Allen
Miss Wilma Allen
Mrs. Lottie Cleveland
Mrs. Lilla Fuller

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect April 25, 1932

Going South		Going North	
Mails Close	Leave Station	Mails Close	Leave Station
5.37 a.m.	5.52 a.m.	6.20 a.m.	6.35 a.m.
8.58 a.m.	9.18 a.m.	2.28 p.m.	2.43 p.m.
3.08 p.m.	3.18 p.m.		

Mail connecting with Keene train arriving at Elmwood railroad station at 5.27 p.m., leaves Antrim at 4.40 p.m., and arrives at about 5.45 p.m. Office closes at 6.30 p.m.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Thursday, July 21
Prayer and praise service at 7.30.
Study Matt. 12: 46-50.
The members of Session will meet at the close of this service.

Sunday, July 24
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor
Bible school meets at 12.
Union evening service at 7 o'clock, in this church

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. Chas. Tilton, D.D., Pastor
Sunday, July 24
10.45 a.m. Worship and sermon by Rev. L. W. C. Eming, D.D., of Newtonville, Mass.
Church school at 12 o'clock noon.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, July 21
Church prayer meeting 7.30 p.m.
Topic: "Causes of Doubt," Luke 7: 18-28.

Sunday, July 24
Morning worship at 10.45. The pastor will preach on "Getting On with People."
Bible school meets at 12 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.

NORTH BRANCH

George Symes and party of friends were at his home here for the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira P. Hutchinson have returned from a visit at Brant Rock, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cunningham entertained a party of friends over the weekend.

The Misses Kingsbury are stopping with their aunt, Miss Alice Weisman, for the summer.

Mrs. Donald Cole and son, of Fall River, Mass., are stopping at Bide-a-Wee for a season.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hutchinson, of Milford, visited at the Seven Maples one day last week.

Miss Ella Robinson is not as well, and Mrs. Elsie Worthley is staying with her for a short time.

Mrs. L. H. Bishop, of Charlestown, Mass., has completed her visit with Mrs. W. D. Wheeler, and is now visiting Mrs. Frank Cole, in Keene.

Misses Ruth and Kathryn Yetter, from Belvidere, N. J., are visiting with their mother, Mrs. Mayse H. Yetter, at the home of M. H. Wood.

Many old friends are wondering about the Old School Re union at the North Branch. Leave August 27 for open date for Antrim, and watch the Reporter.

We wonder how many of the town's people observed the rainbow on Sunday evening, around nine o'clock. The moon shone brightly, reflecting in the west, with the thunder and lightning in the south-west, caused a very wonderful sight.

Rev. J. W. Logan conducted the services at the Chapel last Sunday evening, with 38 present. Miss Closson of Detroit, Mich., played the violin, with Mrs. Caughey as accompanist. It was a treat, thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. Rev. William Patterson speaks next Sunday.

The level of commodity prices is moving higher, which fact is most encouraging. Some articles may not have changed upward as yet, but the general trend is in this direction. No other way so certain to lift the depression exists as a far-reaching advance in the basic commodity prices, is the conclusion reached by those who have made this subject a special study.

Antrim Locals

To Rent, for the Season—Large Pasture of Low Bush Blueberries. Arthur L. Poor, Antrim. Adv.

At the next union Sunday evening service, in the Presbyterian church, a mixed quartet will render vocal selections, which will be enjoyed by all our people.

Mrs. F. E. Forehand, of Fort Myers, Florida, who is here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ashford, for the summer, is making satisfactory recovery from an operation for appendicitis, at the Lawrence Memorial Hospital, in Medford, Mass.

Following a special committee's report, the members of Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge and Waverley Lodge have voted to jointly furnish a room in the new Odd Fellows Home, in Concord. All the rooms will be furnished alike and have name plates on the door signifying who was the donor of the furnishings.

Winsunvale Day

The second annual Winsunvale Day will be held at the state Y.W.C.A. camp, in Pittsfield, on Saturday, July 23. The events included in the program will take place between three and five o'clock in the afternoon, daylight saving time.

The camp is enjoying a second successful season under the auspices of the New Hampshire District of the Y.W.C.A. Last year the Winsunvale Day program attracted over four hundred visitors and an even greater number is expected this year.

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.

BURNING QUESTION



HIGH HOTEL



WHAT SHE MEANT



HOW DID HE DO IT?



Look Up Your Copy of "Alice in Wonderland"

So conscientious was Doctor Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) about his books giving full value in good workmanship for the money paid for them that, when the printings of the drawings in the first editions of "Alice in Wonderland" proved defective he sat down and wrote purchasers (getting the names from a list supplied by his publishers) his personal apologies. These letters further said that he had made arrangements for the exchange of perfect copies for these first defective issues.

Those who sent in the badly printed first editions got nice new copies in which the ink was properly spread over the Sir John Tenniel illustrations. But they made bad bargains. It was for two of these "defectives," and the handwritten manuscript, by Lewis Carroll, that Eldridge R. Johnson paid \$150,000.

And those who threw away the author's letter of apology and regret were also out of luck. Any such letter offered on the open market would bring enough to make a good stab at shooting the wolf from the door.—Detroit News.

Edelweiss Long Love

When the young man of Switzerland desires to show his sweetheart that he loves her, he has a traditional way that saves him all the embarrassment of declaring his love in romantic phrases.

Growing high among the rocks in inaccessible places a beautiful white flower, the edelweiss, offers the young swain the love-token that all recognize as a proffer of marriage when offered to the young lady of his fancy.

The blossom of the edelweiss is a star-shaped white flower, which has a cottony appearance when seen closely. The root growth of the plant is remarkably out of proportion to the surface parts. The necessity of preserving its life among the steep rocky hillsides brings about the root growth which seems to send the little rootlets through cracks in the rock almost unbelievably small.

The edelweiss is not confined to the mountains of Switzerland, for it is also commonly found in the Pyrenees.—Washington Post.

"Henpeck" Victory

A henpecked husband is telling one that brings him sympathy wherever it is voiced. The husband wanted a dog, something to share with him the condition of being henpecked. "My better half vetoed the project so often that I despaired of ever owning one. Then she agreed, one day, to our having a dog, provided he was the kind she liked. I wanted a police dog, so I suggested a Newfoundland or St. Bernard. We compromised and got a Chow. Now things are worse. The ratio of importance in the house used to be 98 per cent Mrs. and 2 per cent me. Now it is 98 per cent dog, 1 1/2 per cent Mrs. and 1/2 of 1 per cent me. Furthermore, carrots may be good for the dog, as the veterinarian recommends, but as for me, I don't think I thrive on them every night in the week. Oh, well, there is nothing like a dog for company, carrots or no."—Detroit News.

Mythological Symbol

In classical mythology a caduceus is the rod or wand borne by Hermes, or Mercury, as an ensign of authority, quality and office. Originally it was only a Greek herald's staff, a plain rod entwined with fillets of wool. Later the fillets were transformed into serpents, and in the conventional representations the caduceus is often winged. It is a symbol of peace and prosperity. The rod represents power; the serpents represent wisdom; and the two wings, diligence and activity.

Co-Operation's Value

Co-operation is something that must be learned the same as reading and writing must be learned. To some it comes easy, the same as school subjects are easy to some and to others very difficult; but, as is sometimes the case, the seemingly slow boy in school who sticks to it comes out ahead in life, so the community that sticks to co-operation and is bound to make it work comes out ahead. The rewards of co-operation may come slowly, but they come.—The Farmer.

For Disobedient Boys

Barbarous forms of punishment for disobedience at school existed in some schools in the bad old days, one of which has just been found in a disused cupboard at St. Peter's school, Worcester, England. It consists of a heavy wooden collar, and is secured round the neck with staple, hinge and padlock, and inscribed "A disobedient boy." This collar somewhat resembles the Chinese cage and was used in the same way on offenders.

Turtle Eggs on Menu

Somewhere down along the Spanish main, negroes or starving Spaniards took a chance with turtle eggs. Turtle meat had been appreciated for many years, but the eggs afforded a problem. The whites of these eggs would not coagulate. Salt water, sweet water and various greases and also sherry wine were tried in vain and then came the discovery that turtle eggs, scrambled in butter, met all requirements.

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

DEERING

The Old Home Day committee held an organization meeting on Tuesday evening of last week. William Daugherty is president, George E. Willgeroth is secretary-treasurer, and the other members of the committee are: Mrs. J. Boissonade, Mrs. Kenneth Colburn, John W. Holden, Miss Charlotte Holmes, Robert Lawson and Rev. Mr. Yeaple.

Mr. Daugherty heads the program committee and is assisted by Mrs. W. P. Wood. Robert Lawson is chairman of the grounds committee; the decorations are in charge of Mrs. Boissonade, chairman, Miss Holmes, Mrs. Colburn and Mrs. G. E. Willgeroth; sports are in charge of John Holden, who will be assisted by Miss Charlotte Holmes and Mrs. Alice Colburn.

publicity chairman is John Holden, and the evening dance is to be under the supervision of George E. Willgeroth and Mrs. W. P. Wood. August 20 has been chosen as the date for the annual Old Home Day.

The Men's club supper was held on Thursday evening, July 14. Miss Marie Wells, who is in training at Grasmere, was at home one day recently. Mary Howey and Annie L. Dutton are working in the Hillsborough mills which have reopened.

GREENFIELD

Mrs. Robert Thomas is visiting with Mrs. M. Bechard in Lowell, Mass. Miss Randolph Learned and Miss Thelma Ecores have been spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gould.

The Boys and Girls' 4-H clubs are giving an entertainment and exhibition of their work this Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Clayton Eldridge, of West Ossipee, have moved to town and are working for E. H. Mather, on Woodland Hill farm.

Executor's Notice

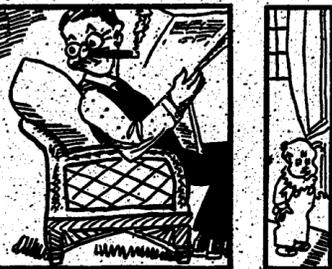
The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Executrix of the Will of Mary A. Traxler, late of Bennington, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.
All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.
Dated July 14, 1932.
DOROTHY M. TRAXLER.

Administrator's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of George H. Scarbo, late of Bennington, 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 July 11, 1932.
CHARLES H. SMITH.

SUCH IS LIFE—What's in a Birthday?

By Charles Sughrue



GINSENG IMPORTANT ITEM OF COMMERCE

Crop United States Grows but Does Not Use.

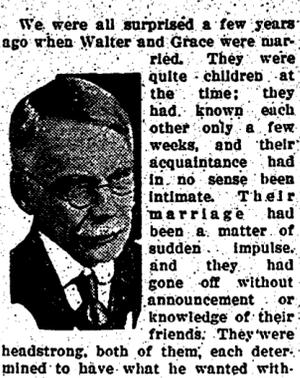
Washington.—Ginseng's popularity with the Chinese seems to defy falling markets and political disorders, for last year more than a quarter million pounds were exported from the United States to Hong Kong...

found a market for the roots which grew at the back doors of their villages. Perhaps the first American ginseng collections were trappers who discovered the plants while making their rounds...

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

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

We were all surprised a few years ago when Walter and Grace were married. They were quite children at the time; they had known each other only a few weeks...



Athletics Get Prize

Arthur Murphy, sensational nineteen-year-old speedball pitcher of the Springfield Trade school nine, has been promoted to the major league class.



How a "Perfect Baby" Keeps Fit



Miss Sheila Christina McCormick, six months old, who took first honors with not a mark against her in the annual baby clinic sponsored by the Women's Benefit association at Toledo, Ohio...

All Around the House

When making pastry, roll in one direction only if you want it to be light. Rolling first in one direction and then in another is almost sure to make it tough.

STRANGE BONE AILMENT OF GIRL IS PUZZLE TO DOCTOR

Eleven-Year-Old Miss Has Had Many Fractures.

Chicago.—Suffering from a strange ailment which has kept her a semi-invalid since she was three years old, Mary Bestdagh, eleven years old, of Homer, Mich., has returned to her home after treatment in a Chicago hospital...

hospital designed to make her bones less brittle. Mary has suffered so many bone fractures in the last eight years that her parents have lost track of them.

The Shawl Gown



The shawl gown with a wide panel bordered with fringe on either edge, set in at the waist in surplice line, but left free thereafter to be adjusted as the wearer may wish.

GABBY GERTIE



"If you can't find the bath tub don't transmit your loss to the receiver."

Row With Mate Over Cards Fatal to Wife

Cleveland.—A quarrel during a game of rummy with her husband brought death to Mrs. John O. Steer, thirty-six. The husband, a middle-aged dentist, will be formally charged with murder...

Two Are Hitch-Hiking Across Sahara Desert

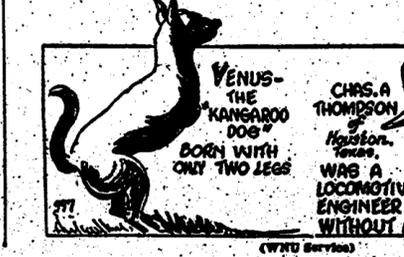
Paris.—Two young Londoners have made their way half the distance across the Sahara as the desert's first hitch-hikers, walking and catching rides on camel caravans.

Heads Women's Clubs



Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole of Brockton, Mass., was elected president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at the convention in Seattle...

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode



WHAT'S IN A NAME? IONA FORTUNE IS A PRESIDENT OF MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. O.C. KEENER AN OPTOMETRIST in Kenmore, N.Y. GEORGE SAPP MARRIED ESTHER WOODYARD Carroll, Ia., Mo.

Mercollized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Advertisement for Mercollized Wax with 'BIG VALUE' and 'ROOM & BATH FROM \$2.50'.

Advertisement for Hotel Sherman Square, 70-71st & Broadway, New York.

Advertisement for Fly Spray, Fly Paper, Fly Ribbon, and Tanglefoot Household Insecticides.

Advertisement for Plane Best Pigeons, a speed competition between an airplane and 12 racing pigeons.

Advertisement for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Advertisement for 'Baby' Dirigible Tested, a craft that can fly 60 miles an hour.

Advertisement for Peterman's Ant Food, a sure death to ants.

Advertisement for Asthma Remedy, Dr. J.D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy.

Advertisement for Iona Fortune, an optometrist in Kenmore, N.Y.

Advertisement for George Sapp, married to Esther Woodyard in Carroll, Ia., Mo.

The Everlasting Whisper

By Jackson Gregory

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons
(WNU Service)

SYNOPSIS

In the California sierra Mark King, prospector, sees Andy Parker killed by Sven Brodie, Parker's outlaw companion, both known to King. He is on his way to the home of his friend, Ben Gaynor. King and Gaynor share with Brodie and his crowd knowledge of a vast store of hidden gold. King meets Mrs. Gaynor and is impressed by her daughter Gloria's youthful beauty. He instinctively dislikes a house visitor named Gratton. With Gloria, King rides to the village of Coloma, intending to "sound" Honeycutt. He finds Brodie with the old prospector, and animosity flares. Their ride to Coloma and their companionship for a day, draw King closer to Gloria.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"Oh, I'm dead tired, mamma," she said impatiently. "Nothing happened. I'll tell you tomorrow—anything I can think of. And now, good night; I'm so sleepy." She kissed her mother and added: "I didn't tell Mark good night—"

"Mark? Already, my dear?"

"He was outside with papa," said Gloria, slipping into bed. "Will you tell him good night for me?"

"He's gone," retorted her mother, with a certain relief.

"Gone!" Gloria sat up, a very pretty picture of consternation. "Where?"

"Back into the woods. Where he came from, of course."

Gloria was silent and thoughtful. Then, "Good night, mamma," she offered again, her cheek snuggled against her pillow. "And put out the light as you go, please."

Mrs. Gaynor, accepting her dismissal though reluctantly, sighed and went out. As the door closed Gloria tossed back the covers and sprang out of bed, going again to her window. Through her mind swept a dozen vivid pictures, all of King, most of them of him out there, alone with the night and the mountains. But she saw him also as she had seen him today; riding before her, breaking the alders aside. All day she had thrilled to him. Now, more than ever, she thrilled. She wondered if he would come up with Sven Brodie; most of all she wondered when she would see him again.

Next morning Gloria was mildly surprised that Gratton did not appear in the least to resent her day of adventuring with King. He was interested; but his interest seemed to be chiefly in "that quaint little relic of past, turbulent days, Coloma." He had her tell him all about it; of the deserted houses, everything. Hence his curiosity in Honeycutt and Brodie, and just what happened between King and them, did not stand out, alone and made no impression on Gloria.

By the end of the week the guests began taking their leaves. Mr. Gratton, having lingered longest of all, went back to his city affairs, promising to run up again—when he could. Ben, leaving his oldest and most dependable timber-jack look out for the womenfolk, hastened back to the lumber camp, where he returned like a fish to water to his old pipe and old clothes and roomy boots. And Gloria was plunged deep into loneliness.

She made a hundred romantic conclusions to the story, just begun, by Mark King going in the night into the mountains. Her mind was rife with speculation, having ample food for thought in all the information she had extracted from her father.

She grew wildly homesick for town. A theater, dance, a ride through the park. Activity. And people. It was for her mother that she consented to remain here another week. Mrs. Gaynor declared that she must have a few more days of rest; she was worn out from a year of going eternally, entertaining or being entertained. Gloria succeeded in getting her mother to drive with her frequently to Tahoe, to call on those of their friends there who had come to the mountains so early in the season.

It was after one of these absences that Jim Spalding, the old timber-jack, told Mrs. Gaynor in his blushed stammer that Mark King had showed up while they were gone. He had appeared late yesterday afternoon, coming out of the woods. Looked like he'd been roughin' it an' goin' it hard, at that. Had told Jim he wanted to telephone. Had stuck around for a while gettin' his call through; had eaten supper with Jim; had gone back into the woods just about dark. That was all Jim knew about it.

Rather, that was all that he supposed he knew until Miss Gloria was done with him. She dragged other bits of information to the surface. King had phoned her father; they had talked ten minutes; Mr. Gaynor was to telephone to the log house, again tomorrow or next day. There would be a message for King; most likely from Coloma. King wanted to know some thing; Ben was to find out; King would turn up within a few days for the message.

Twenty-four hours later, the telephone rang, and Gloria heard the operator saying: "Coloma calling Ben Gaynor's residence."

"Coloma?" thought Gloria with a quickened heartbeat. Then it wouldn't be her father, after all; it would be Mark King—

But her father it was, and she was disappointed. The message, however, was for King.

"Mark will show up in a day or so," he said. "Tell him that I did as he asked; that old Honeycutt boasts that what he has hidden nobody is going to find. I think if he ever talks to

anybody it will be to me, and I'll run in and see him whenever I get a chance to get over here. And tell King that—that—Oh, I guess that's all; better let me have a word with your mother."

Ben Gaynor was never the man for successful subterfuge, especially with his daughter; she could read every look in his eye, every twitch of his mouth, and now, over many miles of country telephone lines, she knew that her beloved old humbug of a male parent was "holding out on her."

Realizing that a father at the end of a long-distance line was possessed of a certain strategic advantage presenting more difficulties than a mother at hand, she said lightly:

"All right, papa, I'll call her. Be sure you take good care of yourself. Bye-bye." She relinquished the telephone instrument to her mother and stood waiting.

She could hear the buzzing of her father's voice, but no distinct word. Her mother said "Yes?" and "Yes." And "Yes, Ben." And then: "Oh, Ben! I don't understand." And then her mother's voice sharpened, and she cut into something Gaynor was saying: "I can't say anything like that! It is as though we suspected him of being underhanded. And—"

Such scraps of talk were baffling, and Gloria, with scant patience for the baffling, moved up and down restlessly. When her mother had clicked up the receiver, Gloria followed her and demanded to be told. In five min-



"But to Be Out Here Alone!" The Utter, Utter Loneliness of It.

utes her daughter knew everything Gaynor had said. King was to be told that Gratton, instead of going straight to San Francisco, had gone down to Placerville, and next had turned up at Coloma; that he had spent three days there; that he had gone several times to Honeycutt's shanty, and had been seen, more than once, with Sven Brodie.

"It's an outrage," cried Mrs. Gaynor, "to retail all that to Mark King. What business of his is it if Mr. Gratton does go to Coloma, or anywhere else? We are going back to San Francisco tomorrow!"

"Why, mamma! After papa has trusted to us to see that his message is delivered!" Gloria looked shocked. Incredulous. "Surely—"

So they waited for Mark King to come again out of the forest. But the day passed and still he did not come.

The next day dragged by; King did not come. By nightfall the look in Gloria's eyes had altered, and a stubborn expression played havoc with the tenderer curves of her mouth. She resented at this late date King's way of going; not only had he not told her good-by, he had left no word with her father for her. She sat smiling over a letter received some days ago from Gratton—after she had retrieved the letter from a heap of crumpled papers in her bedroom waste-paper basket. She wrote a long, dashing composed answer.

Two days later she said to her mother, out of a long silence over the coffee cups:

"Let's go back to San Francisco. This stupid place gets on my nerves."

"Why, of course, dear," agreed Mrs. Gaynor.

That day they left Jim Spalding in charge and departed for Truckee to catch a train for San Francisco. Mrs. Gaynor dutifully intrusted to Spalding her husband's message for Mark King. That is to say, that portion of the message which she considered important.

Three or four weeks passed before Mark King and Gloria met again. Weeks of busy gaiety on her part, of steady, persistent seeking on his. Now again Gloria and her mother and Ben were at the log house in the mountains, this time with a fresh set of guests. Only one of the former flock had been invited: Mr. Gratton.

King came the day after the guests arrived. For a talk with Ben, Gloria gave him a bright little nod, friendly enough but casual, and resumed her lively chatter with her friends. King went off with Gaynor. That night King defook himself to smoke upon the porch; Gloria, slipping out from a dance, felt the little thrill that would not down when she found him there. In their two chairs, the faint fragrances from her gown and hair blown across his face by the night breeze—for they sat talking softly in a pleasant silence. The next morning—the matter seemed to arrange itself with little

help from either—they were to have a ride together. They would take their lurch. "When they said good night Gloria impulsively gave him her two hands; he remembered how she had done that the first time he had seen her. Her face was lifted up to his; in the starlight he saw her eyes shining softly, gloriously; he saw her mouth, the lips barely apart. For an instant his hands shut down hard on hers; he felt the faint pressure of her own in return. When they heard her mother in the doorway calling, "Gloria, where are you?" they started apart. Gloria whispered, "Good night, Mark," and then calling, "Here I am, mamma, just cooling off," she went skipping down the porch, slipped her arm about her mother, and carried her back into the house.

Before the new day was fairly come they met in the fringe of pines. Again they shook hands; again for an instant they stood as they had stood last night. They were tremblingly close to the first kiss. Suddenly Gloria, with her color high and her eyes hidden under lashes which King marveled at, lashes laid tenderly against her cheeks, pulled her hands out of his and began drawing on her gantlets. Gravely, as though here were a rite to be approached solemnly, he lifted her into the saddle. They turned their horses and rode up the ridge among the trees.

He promised to show her his latest temporary camp. They came to it, before noon at an altitude of well above seven thousand feet. In a grassy open space they left their horses; King carried their lunch bundle and they went on on foot.

King made a fire where already there was a little heap of charred coals against a blackened rock, and they made coffee and cooked bacon. Gloria used a stick which he had pointed for her to turn the bacon. They took turns with the one cup.

"What was it like up on the cliff tops?" King did not know; he had not yet been up there. And would it take long to climb them? Not over an hour, he estimated; if she wasn't tired? It was decided that King would have his postprandial smoke up there; where they could sit and look out "across the top of the world."

As they climbed they came into a current of rushing air. Higher up the wind strengthened. Gloria's hair was whipped out from under her turban; it blew across her face; a strand of it fluttered across King's eyes, brushed his lips. He gave her his hand up a steep place down which they sent a cascade of disintegrating stone. When they came to the top Gloria dropped down, panting, though they had stopped many times on the way. King gave her a drink from his canteen; she merely thanked him with her eyes.

But in ten minutes she had rested and was on her feet, her slim body leaning against the wind. He stood by her and they looked out across the mountains. She gasped at the bigness of it; it spoke of the vastness of the world and of the world's primitive savagery. It threatened with its spires as cruel as bared fangs, and yet it beckoned and invited with its blue distances. Gloria, her thoughts confused by conflicting instincts, inspired and awed, drew closer to King.

"—But to be out here alone!" The utter, utter loneliness of it. She looked at him with new, curious eyes. "Doesn't it bear down on you; don't you feel at times that the loneliness—?"

He understood.

"I am used to it, you know. I have never known what it was out here to feel lonely. Until—"

She waited on him to finish, her eyes on his. Until—

"Until after our first ride together," he said.

Again she understood. And now she looked away hastily and her cheeks reddened. He was about to tell her that he loved her; his eyes had told her; his lips were shaping to the words "I love you!" and she was suddenly conscious of a wild flutter in her heart; she was trembling as though terrified. Other men had told her "I love you." Many times and in many ways—smiling, with a laugh, with a sigh—whispering the words or saying them half sternly. And she had always been gay and ready; a little thrilled, perhaps, as by a chance strain of music. But now—she could hardly breathe. Now she was frightened. "Look!" Gloria started and, forgetful of the strange conflict of emotions within her, clutched at his sleeve. "A man—here—"

"Sven Brodie!" muttered King angrily.

Brodie had just clambered up the ridge and came into view only when his head and bulky shoulders were upthrust beyond a boulder. Gloria was suddenly afraid with a new sort of fear.

"Take me away!" she gasped. And then, with a terrified look over her shoulder: "Oh, he is terrible!"

"Steady, Gloria," said King in a low voice. "I'll take you away. But we needn't hurry. He won't hurt you." And, to further soothe her, he added: "He'd be afraid to shoot, were he minded to. The noise of the gun, you know. And he doesn't know how many there are with us, or how close they are. Come, we'll go this way."

He turned his back square on Brodie and with his hand firm on Gloria's arm led her along the ridge. They passed about a wind-worn rock, and Gloria looked back, hoping that it had hidden them already from Brodie; she saw his head over the top of it, felt upon her the eyes which she could not see, lost as they were under his hat-brim, and hurried on. She ran ahead now with King hastening his step to overtake her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ART OF DENTISTRY IS CENTURIES OLD

Old Records Reveal Skill of Ancients.

Dentistry is one of the most ancient of professions, antedating by far any available literature, so that the archeologist is forced to rely upon the evidence revealed by papyrus, tablets, skulls, teeth and instruments. The Egyptians, Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans must be given credit for the early evolution of the dental art, but the names of many of their craftsmen have been lost in the countless toll of the ages. Sixty centuries ago the ancient Egyptians, who were highly civilized, used fillings of gold or of gilded wood. Artificial teeth carved from solid blocks of ivory have been found in the mouths of mummies. Frequently archeologists have discovered probes and lenses, as well as striking examples of dental bridge-work, in ancient tombs.

The Papyrus of Ebers (found at Luxor in 1873) is a preserved collection of medical prescriptions in use in Egypt between 1500 and 1600 B. C. They are the earliest medical writings in existence, and therein are remedies for "loose teeth," "gnawing teeth" (gumbolls) and "painful erosion" (wearing away of the teeth).

The Greeks were far advanced in dental art, and ingenious appliances have been found in their tombs. Hippocrates (born 460 B. C.) and Aristotle (born 384 B. C.) both emphasized the importance of mouth hygiene and published minute details of the anatomy of the teeth, with their diseases and treatment.

The Etruscans, who flourished about 750 B. C., learned much of their dentistry from the Egyptians and Greeks. Because of luxurious living, they suffered extensively from diseases of the teeth and the gums, and a most efficient example of their dental bridge-work was unearthed in the excavations at Satricium, near Rome.

With the Romans, by far the most

outstanding figure was a Greek, Claudius Galen (born A. D. 130) who, at the age of thirty-five, settled in Rome after having studied at Alexandria. He was a genius whose influence dominated medical thought for many centuries. For filling teeth, he strongly advocated lead and a composition of resins.—Philadelphia Record.

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United States Volcanoes

There are few active volcanoes in the United States at the present time, but a number have become extinct within times geographically recent. There was an eruption of Tres Virgenes, Calif., in 1857. Mount Lassen renewed its activity mildly a few years ago. Mount Hood, in

\$10.00

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Oregon, exhales vapor, as does also Mount Rainier, in Washington. Mount St. Helena, Wash., was in eruption in 1841-42 and Mount Baker, also in Washington, was reported active in 1843.

A man can be "generous to a fault" if it is his own.

What kind of food builds a

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READ WHAT 50 BABIES TAUGHT TWO SCIENTISTS

OF COURSE, you want your baby to be a rosy, healthy baby... taking his food contentedly... putting on his ounces regularly.

Yet you're hoping even more, perhaps, that he's building now for future health. Building hard bones, good teeth, strong muscles, sound nerves—to make him fit and fine in the years to come.

When mother's milk fails, can any other food build such a baby?... Read of a recent scientific test.

World-famous clinic makes feeding test

Recently, two baby specialists made a test with 50 average infants. Into these babies' bottles—month after month—went a food famous for 75 years as a baby builder. Millions of healthy citizens are living testimonials of its benefits. Yet never before had such a thorough, modern test of this food been made.

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mentary foods*—had proved itself equal to the building of a 100% baby.

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*The usual supplementary foods (used with any milk diet) are orange or tomato juice, and cod-liver oil or other source of the anti-rachitic vitamin D.

Points scientists look for in judging a baby

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- * Strong back.
- * Firm flesh.
- * Straight legs.



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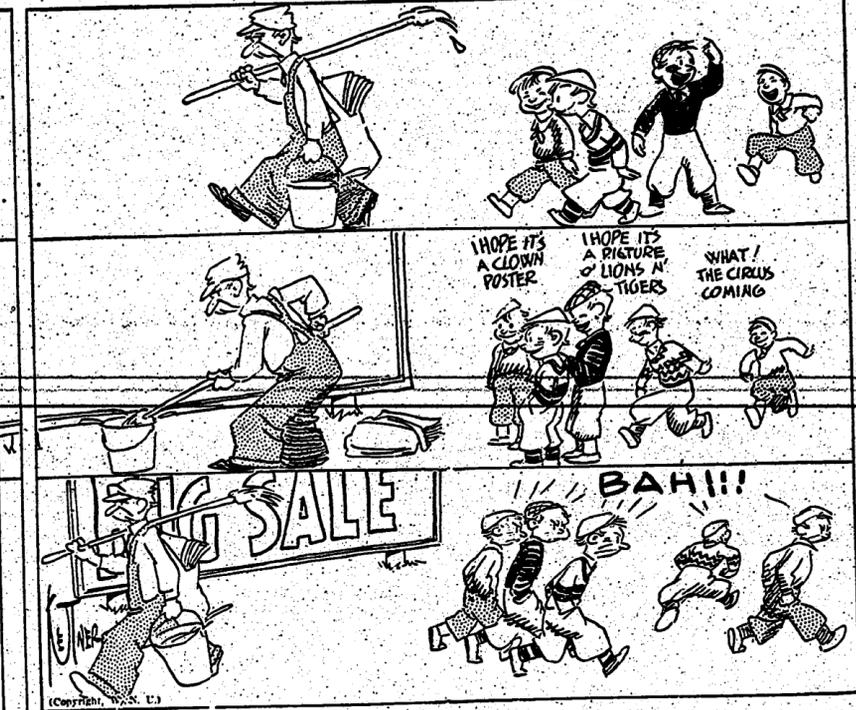
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A Little Premature



Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Listen to this fish story. One day last week Wilfred Clouter of Harrisville caught two salmon in the Harrisville pond otherwise known as Neponset Lake. One tipped the scales at 4 and the other at 5 1/4 lbs. Then the next day "Al" Hedin of the same town took out a salmon that weighed 8 1/2 lbs. Now they are all at it. All roads now lead to Harrisville.

In some of the ponds of my district the pond lilies are at their best. Abbott's pond, so-called, on Abbott Hill is just a mass of white.

That extra one cent postage on a first class letter has slowed up my mail over fifty per cent. It's funny what a difference one little cent will make.

Have a letter that came the other day asking what effect these high powered speed boats have on the fishing in the lakes and ponds. Well, it's been my experience that the speed boats do not improve the fishing a bit. We know of a large lake where in a certain cove the horn pout and pickerel fishing was never better. Since the arrival of the speed boat who makes this cove a turning place not a fish has been caught since he slid that big boat into the water.

Do the people read the papers? One man in my district believes they do. And this is his reason. He lives on a big lake the year round. Before that item about outboard motors being required to have a license to run there were 14 on his lake running without. Now they are all equipped. He thinks I should get a commission from the state for that publicity.

I wish that every man and woman in the city of Nashua that dug down for the Boys' and Girls' Fresh Air fund could just run into the big up to date camp at Greenfield and see the boys in camp. Later the girls will have a chance. But those fifty boys are having the time of their life. Either on land or in the pure waters of Sunset Lake they are living. If you could see them I know that next year you would dig even deeper so that more could enjoy that vacation. Take a run up this week-end and see for yourself. Harry A. Gregg takes a great interest in this camp.

Did you ever hear or catch a cream colored horn pout? Well, Paul D. French of Upper Village, Hillsborough has one that he caught a week ago and still has him alive to show to those who doubt the story. This pout is nine inches long and is covered with dark spots.

Someone sent me a copy of the American Pigeon Magazine printed somewhere in the West. It's an up-to-date magazine, and I know you pigeon fellows would get a big kick from reading it.

Did you ever have Pigeonitis? It's a disease that when you get it you keep it for life. I caught it over forty years ago and still have it quite badly. There is nothing that can be done about it. The only cure is to get a nice loft of pigeons.

Comier's Zoo at Contoocook lake, East Jaffrey, is getting to be a popular place. Lots of strange birds and animals. Last Sunday he had some sort of a club picnic from Worcester, Mass. Over 150 in the party.

Standing room only was the sign that should have been hung out at the bathing beach and bath house at Contoocook lake last Sunday at

East Jaffrey. Never have we seen such a big crowd at this popular resort. No parking space so we had to keep moving.

Hundreds of people were out in the fields over the week-end blue-berrying. The berries are just getting ripe and the people know it. Be careful of your smokes while in the berry pastures.

Camping parties want to be sure that they have a permit to build a fire. There is plenty of law now and it's safer to take along a gas stove. The forest fire wardens are right on the job so watch your step.

Vol. 10, No. 1 of the New Hampshire Highways for July, 1932, comes to us in a new form. It's a nice size. All the advertisements have been eliminated and more space is given to giving the traveling public the road conditions. It's a snappy little magazine. That old covered bridge on the front page must be the bridge that separates the towns of Greenfield and Hancock over the Contoocook river. Looks natural.

Those road maps gotten out by the N. H. Development Dept. at Concord are a work of art and we have heard favorable comment from all sides. Secretary Don Tuttle is one busy man these days getting out maps and advertising matter and answering millions of questions at his office in Concord. By the way, I heard a fellow say the other day that "Don" was sure a pretty strong fellow. He heard him speak somewhere last week and he said he sure could "throw the bull" about the wonders of New Hampshire. But then "Don" knows that whatever he says is true.

Deer are beginning to show up in my district in good numbers. People are reporting every day that they have seen several deer in groups. I have not seen a deer in months myself but have seen plenty of rabbits, pheasants, ruffed grouse.

Young foxes are very plentiful this year. Down in South Milford the foxes are so thick they travel in droves. If you don't want to be run down at night by a drove keep away from that section.

Isn't it funny that a few smart "alecks" will spoil the fun and pleasure of hundreds of decent people. We understand that a movement is on foot to close up the old swimming hole at the Horseshoe at Wilton just because a few have gone beyond the lines of decency and have destroyed the new bath houses erected for the public by the owner of the land. Such young men should be taught a few things.

In the past few days we have had a lot of unsigned letters about stocking certain ponds with horn pout. Let me say that several weeks ago the state department planted in Gilmore, Thorndike, Pool, Contoocook, Mud Pond, Pierce Pond, Monnonock lake, several truck loads of five inch horn pout.

These pout when planted from one pond into another give new blood to the native stock and in a few years you have wonderful fishing. A pout one inch and a quarter in length will grow to nine inches in two years. We know that to be a fact as we tried out that experiment at New Hampton a few years ago.

If you know of a pond that's over stocked and a pond that's suffer-

ing for the lack of stock get in touch with Commissioner Parker and he will send his propagation man around to investigate and he and his men will make the transfer.

In the past few weeks the state department has had men out taking bass from some ponds and planting them into other ponds for this same reason to change the blood and increase the size of the fish.

Slingshots and air rifles are in the same class now and can be confiscated by any police officer and destroyed.

One day last week a party gave me a ring that a gang of small boys were running riot behind her house with air rifles and she was sure every window in her house would be broken. Well, we did Johnny on the spot and what did we find. Nine boys with air rifles but not one of them in working order. We spent ten minutes with those nine boys and told them how we did it forty years ago. And say, I got a big kick out of that ten short minutes. I promised to go back again some day and finish out that play.

No, it doesn't pay to run over wild animals. I know of a fellow that just delights to kill everything that tries to cross the road ahead of him. The other night he made a sad, sad error. He had his lady friend along and wanting to show his driving ability he struck a big quill pig. Well, he "walked his baby back home" as he did not have a spare. He knows better, now.

We know it is sometimes hard to keep self hunting dogs tied up. They will at times slip their collars and beat it. But the "bird" we are sitting on is the fellow that lets his dogs run all the time. Then the "bird" that unsnaps the chain after dark and tells rover to be back at breakfast and before the Game Warden gets up. Most of them are trying hard to live up to the letter of the law. And that's why we have so many rabbits and other game in this section.

Burns, the potato king of South Milford has got in another big crop of spuds and they are looking wonderful. It looks like a bumper crop to us.

One day last week over 1,500 homing pigeons were shipped to Chicago from Massachusetts and only about half got back to their home lofts. A big storm swept down from the Great Lakes at just the wrong time. It was a severe loss to the Massachusetts breeders raising homers. Stray pigeons are being reported in from all sides.

This is a hard world for the poor self hunting dog. The Game Warden tells the owner to tie him up and the Humane Agent comes around and tells him to untie him. Well, there is a happy medium. Just put that dog on a long wire with a ten-foot light chain and he will be comfortable. Provide plenty of cold water and shade and he is better off than chasing game in the wilds.

Men that own real honest-to-goodness hunting dogs never let them run at large during the open season. When the real hunting comes the dogs are of no use if permitted to run all the closed season.

The back to the country movement is on and if the hundred odd new houses in my district mean anything we are to have a lot more year round citizens. New homes are being built in all my towns. We are glad to see them.

No, I did not make any mention of the serious accident to Miss Nathalie who broke some bones in

her ankle last week. The big bunch of letters I got last week I will answer right now by saying that the cast was taken off a few days ago and she is getting on fine, thank you. The old saying still holds good. Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep, and you know the rest. Tell your troubles to a cop but not to the public.

Some nice bass were taken from the waters of all of my towns the past week. The largest one that I saw was about four and a half pounds and that from old Burton pond in the town of Lyndeboro.

Last week we acted as a regular clearing house for lost and found dogs. Some of the dogs I did not even see but the owners who had lost reported in their loss and later the ones that found the dogs reported in and we just connected the two parties and everyone was happy.

Isn't human nature just a funny thing? If everything is rosey the Game Warden and the Motor Cop are mighty good fellows, but if someone steps over the law and gets caught. Why he is the worst fellow in the whole world. Met a man last Sunday way over in a cove in a pond in Ridge. He was sure death to all Game Wardens. When pressed as to his reason we found that one of my neighboring Wardens had pinched him about a year ago and he got plenty. Hence his hatred for a Warden. He was, however, letter perfect. We saw to that. The funny part of it all was that he knew he was wrong.

If you see a lot of birds around your place just make a note of the different kinds and next winter when the time is long on your hands just make up a lot of bird houses and put them up in the winter. By spring they will be weather beaten and just right for the bird families to move in. You will be surprised to see how quickly they will become your tenants. And they sure pay good rent.

Never have we heard of the crows doing so much damage as this year. Everywhere corn fields and poultry yards have suffered to the extent of thousands of dollars. A quart of pre-war whiskey soaked in whole corn riddled one field of the black rascals. But why waste the pre-war stuff, on the crows. Shame on you, Tom.

Speaking of crows. Over in North Lyndeboro John P. Proctor has two young crows that he took out of a nest several weeks ago and they are real bright fellows. Years ago this same namesake of mine had a crow that could say several words very distinctly.

By the looks of the beautiful rambler roses which adorn nearly every house in my district I guess we are all rose minded. Well, it's a good fault.

One day last week we saw a snake swimming in a rearing pool and when he was laid out on the bank a seven inch trout and a four inch trout were taken from his stomach. So kill all the snakes you see near a brook.

Junius T. Hanchett
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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.

Identification Mark Needed
By JANE OSBORN
"Oh, HELLO, Ida. Didn't expect to see you here. This is jolly. That's so, mother did say she'd asked you. Big dance tonight. That's why you're here. Over at the country club. Well, so long, Ida. I'd stick around only I've got a date with a girl. See you tonight at the club. Don't forget to save me a dance. I'm coming a shade late, so hold off the mob till I get there."
Those were the words that Ned Roland spoke when, one Saturday afternoon in spring, he came home early from the office and, whistling his carefree way into the family living room, came upon Ida Martin—a sort of a cousin of his, as he always introduced her, though the actual connection was extremely remote.

"I'm coming a shade late, so hold off the mob till I get there," he had just said to Ida, and eighteen-year-old Ida, with cheeks rapidly turning very pink, shot a rather resentful look from her pleasant brown eyes.

"Hold off the mob," she scorned. "You know perfectly well that there won't be any mob, and I wouldn't have come to this old dance only your mother—Cousin Nellie—wrote and begged me to. Said you'd want to take me. Not that I care one teeny bit about not going with you. Only you know well enough that I don't know any of the boys at the club and with all those girls—so smart and snippy—and everything, why I'd like to know how you can expect I'd have a good time, unless holding up one of the walls, and keeping down a chair is having a good time!"

"Oh, I say," said Ned, coming over to Ida and trying to take her warm little hands in his. "I didn't know mother said I'd take you. I never thought about you when I told Alice Clay I'd take her. Say, that's a shame. Maybe I could take you both—"

"I hate that Alice Clay," announced Ida. "She's snippy and she wears freak clothes and her language is terrible. I heard her saying 'hon' to a man she'd just been introduced to. Imagine taking two girls at once! I'll go by myself and I won't know anyone and no one will notice me and I'll have a miserable time. Men don't know how it is. If they don't dance people think it is because they don't want to, if girls don't dance—every one knows it's 'cause they haven't been asked. I'm not popular—and there's no use pretending I am—"

"I don't call not having a lot of dance partners, not being popular," Ned tried to console. "Anyway, lots of girls that aren't as pretty as you have mobs of partners. A girl needs some sort of identification mark—something to make the men notice her. They ask for dances out of curiosity."

That afternoon Ida excused herself to her hostess and fairly sneaked away on a bus to the nearest shopping center. She carried home with her several parcels a few minutes before the dinner hour and asked permission of her hostess to eat in her day clothes—and dress for the dance later. So it really did take Ned's breath away for a brief second or so when he saw Ida at the dance, arriving a shade late himself with the "smart and snippy" Alice Clay. The fact was that he only caught glimpses of Ida. The group of young men about her made anything else impossible. There was Ida—her hair parted and brushed straight back on one side where an enormous loop earring dangled almost to her shoulder—and on the other side drawn well down over the ear. Then there was a monstrous spreading Spanish comb thrust rakishly in her hair at that side. Ned might also have noticed that there was a small black court-plaster crescent on one side of her face and that her little black satin slippers had bright red heels.

When Ned made his way to Ida, she told him with a laugh that she hadn't been able to keep away the mob. "I'm sorry," she said. "But you'd asked only for one dance, so I knew it couldn't make much difference."

"I'm going to go home with Alice," Ned managed to tell Ida toward the close of the dance. "But I want to have a word or two with you when I get home. I'll expect to find you waiting when I come in."

So when Ned reached his house he found Ida, who had only just been brought home by one of her many devoted admirers. "See here, Ida," said Ned, not daring now to touch her, "you ruined the evening for me. You had no right to treat me that way, when you were a guest at my mother's house. And those 'cads' that you had hanging around you! There were two or three of them I wanted to shoot. You know you're—you're beautiful, Ida," and Ned almost stammered with embarrassment. A pause and then he added, "Excuse me, dear, but I've been almost mad with jealousy this evening—but you don't understand."

Ida, smiling to herself. "I was only taking your advice," said Ida, as she laid two small hands on Ned's arms. "I'm sorry if I made you unhappy—but I didn't think you cared."
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