

# The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1932

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

September in past years has been the most popular time of year for late summer visitors to Antrim, and this year is no exception with week-end parties at the numerous cottages at lakes and ponds enjoyed by many people, young and old.

The annual State Sunday school convention, sponsored by the New Hampshire Council of Religious Education, will be held in the Christian church, Franklin, morning, afternoon and evening, of Friday, October 14. Prominent speakers and expert conference leaders will participate.

The primaries are over and it is hoped the best men were nominated. If not, at least they were the ones chosen by the majority of their party, and that's the big argument for a popular primary. The results of last Tuesday, in both parties, were a convincing argument for this system of nominating candidates.

Mrs. Russell William Magna, president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is to be present at the 31st annual state conference of the New Hampshire society of the Daughters of the American Revolution which is to be held in the Universalist church in Concord, by invitation of Rumford chapter, on Monday and Tuesday, October 10 and 11.

In the last minute rush of getting together the report of the local Primary and the result of the Special Town Meeting last week, we made at least one omission which stood out quite prominently when we came to read the article after the Reporter was printed: On the Democratic ballot there was no name for a Representative candidate, and on ten of these ballots the name of Wyman K. Flint was written in, and on three others the name of W. K. Flint appeared. Thus it will be seen that discarding the latter name where only the initials appeared, even though the intent of the voter was apparent, Wyman K. Flint also becomes a candidate on the Democratic ballot at the November election as well as on the Republican ballot.

The 42d session of the Grand chapter, Order of the Eastern Star of New Hampshire, was brought to a close at Maplewood last Thursday, when grand officers for the ensuing year were installed. The 43d session of the State chapter will be held in September, 1933, at Rochester, this state. An attendance of more than 1000 delegates from New England and other States were present during the session.

The annual session of the Grand Encampment of New Hampshire will be held in Lebanon this year on Tuesday, October 11, opening at 10 a. m. On the night before there will be conferring of the Patriarchal degree, by Morning Star Encampment, of that town, in Parker hall. It is being arranged to entertain Grand Encampment and other Grand Officers from this and other jurisdictions, and it is hoped a large attendance will be present.

New Hampshire voters nominated Party candidates last Tuesday in the largest primary ever held in this state. The Republican ticket is a strong one. It should win the elections in November. No bitter contests developed in the primary, no hard feeling that is likely to split the votes in November. The full Republican strength should be given each candidate nominated last week. They'll need it. Results in Maine prove that it is no year for complacent confidence in the ranks of the G. O. P.

The State Highway Department have received official reports from 77 towns and five cities that have accepted the proposal of the state government for work during the fall on secondary roads, with money furnished by the state. There is no doubt that all towns and cities, with two exceptions, will avail themselves of the opportunity to secure unemployment relief and, at the same time, to have roads rebuilt, at state expense. The exceptions are Hart's Location, with a population of 18, and Livermore, 23 inhabitants, which have no state aid roads on which money could be expended.

## Rev. Daniel A. Poling, Expresses Views on the 18th Amendment

Very many Reporter readers are interested in the public utterances of Rev. Daniel A. Poling, D. D., and many have heard him speak: they always pay strict attention when he talks. Dr. Poling, chairman of the Allied Forces for Prohibition, recently gave an interview to the Christian Science Monitor, and we think it of sufficient importance to reprint in these columns.

Emphasizing that "new occasions teach new duties," Dr. Poling declared that existing sentiment in both political parties for repeal or resubmission brought to the fore the necessity for remembering that the drys' objective is to ban liquor and not merely to maintain a law.

"The Eighteenth Amendment was not an end in itself," Dr. Poling continued. "We fought for and secured it because we battled for the destruction of the liquor traffic and the solution of the liquor problem. We fight to maintain it now in the same spirit and with the same purpose."

"We shall be short-sighted and our efforts very largely futile if we allow the opposition to maneuver us into the position of staking all on any law. Beyond this, we must face the unpleasant fact that the President is right when he talks about the new liquor problem that has to do with speakeasies, racketeers, selective nullification and limited secession, in recognizing the withdrawal of great states when he would summon them to assume again their responsibility for the enforcement of the law."

"I do not commit myself either to the principle of modification or to any proposal for modification. But we must recognize that we are facing new occasions and we must be ready to become their masters."

"The drys face, as never before, the need for a constructive program—a program that will go on after the November elections. It must be more than negative. It must be more than a defense of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. New occasions do teach new duties and this next Congress will usher

in new occasions. These the drys must face squarely or go into a debacle."

Discussing the immediate political policy which the drys should adopt, Dr. Poling said it was of the utmost importance that they unite in support of congressional candidates, either Republicans or Democrats, who will best serve the dry cause. Dry support should be thrown to candidates not only of the two major parties; but to independents and others on a third ticket whose characters, public record and public utterances have shown them to be favorable to the dry cause, he said.

"If we attempt to standardize our campaign and insist upon candidates signing upon the dotted line, we shall, in my opinion, defeat some of our best men and jeopardize the next Congress," he continued.

"Every campaign is a law unto itself. Each campaign must be decided upon its individual merits. On this basis, I believe we can more than hold our own in the next Congress. It is to the advantage of the drys that the wets must, in any case, elect at least a majority in order to have their views prevail. To submit repeal, they must elect two-thirds. I do not believe they can do it."

"The tide which has been running against us has turned and is now beginning to run with us. I refer particularly to the depression. That has been the most powerful argument of the wets. By the same sign, business and economic recoveries will be an asset to the drys. To me, the situation in the country generally from the standpoint of those high ideals that the Eighteenth Amendment represents is decidedly better."

"The opposition is becoming disillusioned. Repeal is not at all the quick and easy matter that it seemed to be even two months ago. With disgust and even with resentment wet leaders generally consider that, at the earliest, five years will be required to secure favorable action."

"Getting the thirsty their beer by Christmas was a shibboleth in June. It is hardly a whisper now."

## Shingles and Roofing

Unloaded a Car last Friday, and have sold over 120 Squares of Shingles and a Lot of Roll Roofing. Have on hand some 10 and 12 1/2 in. Sq. Tab Shingle at Very Low Price. Also, have a Lock Butt Shingle at \$3.00 Square. All Grades of Roll Roofing.

Expect to have another Carload soon, but price is higher.

## Arthur W. Proctor,

ANTRIM, N. H.

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## Reporter Readers Will be Especially Interested in the Following

The welcomed rain of last week was a killing blow to the fire in North Bennington, which had been raging more or less for a week or so; a heavy rain was the only thing that could put it out of business.

The school enrollment, in the several grades is as follows: Grade I, 9; II, 10; III, 20; IV, 12; V, 22; VI, 15; VII, 16; VIII, 10; IX, 11; X, 14; XI, 15; XII, 8; with a total of 162 pupils in the village school.

"Consistency thou art a jewel," comes to one's mind occasionally, with considerable force. The latest time is when we read in a leading daily paper that a large employer of labor says he is a supporter of the "wet" movement, but that every employe must be a "Dry!" Does this mean anything to you, dear reader?

In giving to Bert L. Craine the highest Primary vote for the Representative nomination in the list of four, Hillsboro thus honored one of her townsmen, who had never before sought the office. Mr. Craine's recent efforts in behalf of the mill workers were without doubt looked upon with much favor by the town's people.

Hillsboro County Pomona grange held a field day at Endicott Park, Milford, with 250 in attendance. The morning was spent in informal greetings and at

noon a basket lunch was served. In the afternoon an address was given by James C. Farmer of South Newbury. Then followed the presentation of Silver Star certificates to members who have been affiliated with a subordinate grange for 25 years or more. The presentation was made by William H. Rider, of Marlboro, past master of the Pomona grange, and these members in this section were thus honored:

Antrim grange—Andrew Cuddihy, John Cuddihy, Alice E. Cuddihy, Hattie C. Dodge, Charles L. Holt, Lora S. Holt, Anna C. Hilton, Ira F. Hutchinson, Elmer W. Merrill, Eliza V. Merrill, William H. Simonds, Ada S. Simonds, Jessie Tomfohrde, Benjamin F. Tenney, Amy Tenney.

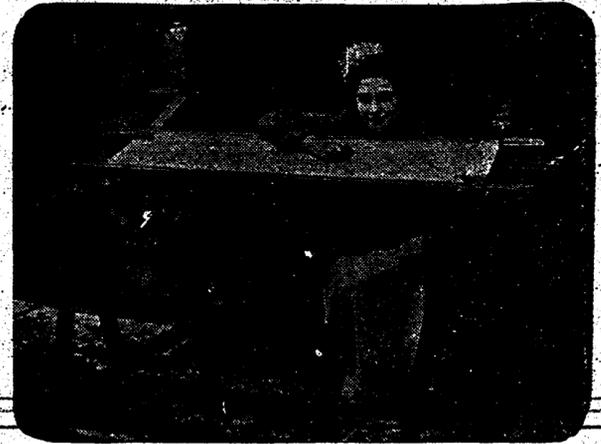
John Hancock grange—Charles H. Dutton, Hattie M. Hayward, Almon Hill, William M. Hanson, Emma D. Otis, Elmer S. Ware, Bertha C. Ware. Greenfield grange—Lottie Atherton, Fred J. Alken, Minnie Alken, Edith Oran, Nathaniel F. Cheever, Nellie M. Cheever, Ella Mann, John T. Robertson, Annie Robertson, Nellie Echotfield.

Bennington grange—Grace Burnham, Nellie Burnham, Harry Brown, John Eaton, Allan Gerrard, Isabell Gerrard, Mary L. Knight, Edward Newton, Maurice C. Newton, Annie Philbrick, Nettie L. Sturtevant, Annie L. Stevens, Mary E. Sargent, Frank G. Traxler, Frank A. Taylor, Lena M. Taylor, Margaret Taylor, Henry Wilson, Hattie A. Wilson.

# AMERICAN INDIAN DAY



## Most Spanish City



Lace Making in Seville.

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

SEVILLE, center for a few hours recently of a royalist uprising, is described as "the most Spanish city of Spain" by many of

the visitors who travel down from Madrid and up from Cádiz and come to a brief halt in this famed town of southern Spain, capital of ancient Andalusia, sun-swathed city of spotted shadows, where encroaching modernity seems ever to struggle futilely against the strongly entrenched, if slightly crumbling, glory of long ago.

And perhaps those folk who are wont thus to describe Seville are right. Probably nowhere else in all the Iberian peninsula does one come upon more definite traces of that luxuriant flower that was Old Spain than in this city of a quarter of a million souls, which straggles along the banks of the slow-moving Guadalquivir river.

In Madrid, in Barcelona, in other thriving cities of the North and East, one is in Spain, to be sure; but a Spain revived, cosmopolitan, commercialized. In the high interior, from Cáceres to Castellón, one likewise knows Spain; but it is a rural Spain, a credulous, cradled Spain, where the simple beauties of blue skies and verdant hillsides are somehow transmitted to one's daily life.

And in the mountain-top towns of the South, crumbled outposts of Moslem might, one finds the Spanish influence still strangely subdued by molding remnants of the once far-flung Moorish empire.

But Seville is a delightful blend of the romantic past and the busy, quick-moving present. Along smoothly paved streets are churches hoary with age and beside them steel-framed office buildings.

### Buried Roman City.

A few miles from Seville the buried Roman city of Italica, of which thus far only the arena has been fully excavated, gives mute, if muddy, evidence of that classic civilization which was in full flower at the birth of the Christian era.

Many of the carved treasures of Italica and of the other Roman ruins in Carmona, nearby, have been collected and may be seen today in the Provincial museum of Seville and in several private homes of the city. The great majority, however, are believed still to lie buried beneath clay coverlets, wherein generations of gnarled olive trees have embedded their roots.

And the Tower of Gold, while slightly grimy from steamboats' funnels in the Guadalquivir river, is not greatly changed from that day in 1220 when the Moorish governor of Seville conspired with the western sun's reflection to give it a name.

But it was the virility of western Christendom, building on the Orient's lavish splendor, that made the Seville of today. Not until mosques were transformed into churches did this city, nestling at the threshold of European civilization, attain its rightful place in the sun. Phoenician, Carthaginian, Roman, Goth, Jew, Saracen, Christian—all collaborated in the making of Seville; but the greatest of these carried a cross.

### Their Home Life is Simple.

It is in the nature of things that the people of Seville should blend in their present lives a little of each of the eventful epochs of the city's past. Each race, in lingering and passing, has left something to the Sevilliano, whether it be in language, customs, architecture, or in mere physical characteristics.

Few of these gifts appear uppermost today, however. Many racial threads twine through the tapestry that depicts the life in Seville as it is lived at present; but all of these strands have been happily woven into a fabric wherein is portrayed the glory of the past, the awakened stirrings of the present, and a future that is at once promising and undetermined.

The ordinary visitor to Seville learns little about the home life of the Sevillanos, for their home life is a thing apart.

There is no great mystery about it. It is very simple, fulsomely satisfying to its several members, and complete unto itself. It is a taken-for-granted part of existence and seldom enters into the discussions and activities of everyday life.

Foreign admittance thereto is not desired—indeed, is not comprehended—and in fact there is little social intercourse among the families themselves.

Antique dealers are found on every

hand. The resurrection and, if the truth must be known, the contemporary manufacture of "antiques" constitute one of the city's leading industries.

### Plenty of Antiques.

The score and more of antique shops in Seville have long been the mecca of collectors from all parts of the world, with the result that many tons of old Spanish furniture, iron grilles, paintings by old masters, moth-eaten hangings and draperies, ancestral silk shawls, ceramic tile the secret of whose soft glaze has long since been lost, anciently wrought pottery, and many other highly-prized objects are shipped each year from Seville.

And no doubt many more tons remain to be found, bargained over, and eventually purchased, although it is well for the prospective buyer to remember that clever wormholes do not for antiquity make, nor rust-eroded iron bars for age.

This reflection brings to mind the old story (itself an antique), heard wherever the sale of antiquities has been developed into a fine art. The local version has to do with a young foreign student temporarily sojourning in Seville, who considers himself something of a connoisseur in the matter of old Spanish pottery.

One day he happens to pass the cluttered window of an antique shop and notices there, all but hidden by the bric-a-brac bestrewn the showcase, a certain blue bowl, fascinating despite a thick layer of dust. A moment he studies it, and then, feeling that here indeed is a "find," he straightway goes inside.

But the grizzled old shopkeeper, while gently courteous, is firm withal and refuses to be tempted by an offer of 50 pesetas, declaring with many gesticulations that the price cannot possibly be a centimo below a hundred.

Then weeks of haggling follow, during which time the pride of possession enters deep into the soul of the student, while incidentally the shopkeeper comes down to 75 pesetas.

And, then, just as the youth is on the point of leaving Seville and while he is still debating that extra 25 pesetas, black disaster falls. Two wealthy tourists enter the shop, and from beneath the very nose of the covetous collector carry the blue bowl away in triumph, having without demur paid the original price of 100 pesetas.

His voice trembling with disappointment, the student turns wrathfully on the old shopkeeper. "You sold it for 100, and yet you offered it to me for 75! And just as I am leaving, too!"

### Reward for a Good Boy.

"You are leaving Seville, senior?" Twinkling old eyes regard blazing ones. "Then, amigo, come with me. You have been a good boy and . . ."

Through a mysterious door at the back of the shop and into an unexpectedly large, well-lighted room, the student is conducted. There, after the old man has carefully unlocked a mammoth cabinet of carved wood and thrown back the doors, are discovered dozens of blue bowls standing in neat and silent companionship, each an exact replica of the "find" in the window.

"Because you have been a good boy and did not tell the people of my lower offer, I have the great honor of presenting you with one of these. No, amigo, you shall not pay. And see, you and I are great friends, no? You say you are leaving Seville tomorrow? Then I shall show you my greatest treasure."

A very small cabinet is thereupon reverently approached, gingerly opened, and nestling on a velvet cushion is an exquisite blue pitcher.

"Quite perfect. Is it not, senior, save for that infinitesimal chip out of the lip? But it is old, my friend, centuries old. And I must tell you a very pretty romance about how it received that tiny blemish."

After hearing the story and with difficulty overcoming the old man's dogged resistance, the youth is finally permitted to purchase the pitcher for 75 pesetas, but only because "he has been a good boy."

There is a sequel to the story. The student, returning unexpectedly to Seville some days later and chancing once again to pass the antique shop, beholds there, all but hidden by the jumbled odds and ends of antiquity, sadly forlorn, a little blue pitcher, quite perfect save for a scarcely noticeable blemish in its dust-laden lip!

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

WHEN the legislature of the state of Illinois in 1919 designated the fourth Friday in September as American Indian day and the governor of Illinois on July 28 of that year approved the measure, establishing the day as a state holiday, it was the first official step taken toward paying a just tribute to a race which has greatly enriched our national heritage.

Since that time the event has been observed annually in Illinois and the idea of American Indian day has spread to other states. Although it has not yet become established either as a holiday or a day for general observance throughout the country, it is sufficiently well known to remind Americans of the present day of honor due to the "original Americans" and, on American Indian day, there may pass before us a pageant of those individuals who played a part in making the history of this nation and who richly deserve to be remembered for what they were or what they did.

"The mark of our contact with the Indian is upon us indelibly and forever," writes Norman E. Wood in his "Lives of Famous Indian Chiefs." He has not only impressed himself upon our geography, but on our character, language and literature. Bancroft, our greatest historian, is not quite right when he says, "The memorials of their former existence are found only in the names of rivers and mountains." These memorials have not only permeated our poetry and other literature, but they are perpetuated in much of the food we eat, and every mention of potatoes, chocolate, cocoa, mush, green corn, succotash, hominy and the festive turkey is a tribute to the redman, while the fragrance of the tobacco or Indian weed we smoke is incense to their memory.

"On one occasion, according to Aesop, a man and a lion got into an argument as to which of the two was the stronger, and, thus contending, they walked together until they came to a statue representing a man choking and subduing a lion. 'There,' exclaimed the man, 'that proves my point, and demonstrates that a man is stronger than a lion.' To which the king of beasts replied, 'When the lions get to be sculptors, they will have the lion choking and over-coming the man.'

"The Indians are neither sculptors, painters nor historians. The only record we have of many of their noblest chiefs, greatest deeds, hardest-fought battles, or sublimest flights of eloquence, are the poor, fragmentary accounts recorded and handed down by their implacable enemies, the all-conquering whites."

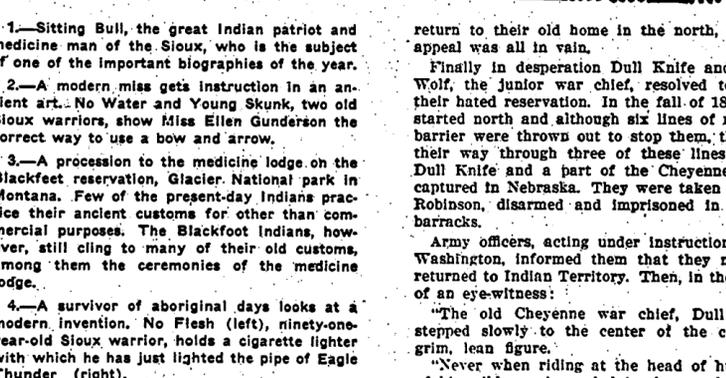
If ever an Indian painter, sculptor or historian rises to tell the full story of the achievements of men and women of his race through the medium of expression which he chooses, what a magnificent record he can set down! In it will be the story of such patriots as King Philip of the Wampanoag, Pontiac of the Ottawas, Tecumseh of the Shawnees, Black Hawk of the Sauk and Foxes, Osceola of the Seminoles, Sitting Bull of the Sioux, Captain Jack of the Modocs and Standing Bear of the Poncas. In it will be the story of such great captains as Cornstalk of the Shawnees, Little Turtle of the Miamis, Red Cloud, Crazy Horse and Gull of the Sioux, Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, and Dull Knife and Little Wolf of the Cheyennes. As for orators, he can set forth the names of Logan of the Cayugas, Red Jacket of the Senecas, Satainta of the Kiowas, and Running Antelope of the Sioux and be sure that they will compare favorably with those of any other race of men.

The speech of one of them has become immortal. For it was Logan who sent this message to Lord Dunmore of Virginia:

"I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin, hungry and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man, Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

Although Sitting Bull of the Sioux was better known as a warrior and medicine man than as an orator, on one occasion he made a speech to his people in which he voiced a protest against oppression and a plea for human rights that deserves to be placed beside Patrick Henry's immortal "Give me liberty or give me death!" It was before a council of the Sioux held on the Powder river that Sitting Bull stood before his people and said:

"Behold, my friends, the spring is come; the earth has gladly received the embraces of the



1.—Sitting Bull, the great Indian patriot and medicine man of the Sioux, who is the subject of one of the important biographies of the year.

2.—A modern miss gets instruction in an ancient art. No Water and Young Skunk, two old Sioux warriors, show Miss Ellen Gunderson the correct way to use a bow and arrow.

3.—A procession to the medicine lodge on the Blackfeet reservation, Glacier National park in Montana. Few of the present-day Indians practice their ancient customs for other than commercial purposes. The Blackfoot Indians, however, still cling to many of their old customs, among them the ceremonies of the medicine lodge.

4.—A survivor of aboriginal days looks at a modern invention. No Flesh (left), ninety-one-year-old Sioux warrior, holds a cigarette lighter with which he has just lighted the pipe of Eagle Thunder (right).

sun, and we shall soon see the results of their love! Every seed is awakened, and all animal life. It is through this mysterious power that we, too, have our being, and we therefore yield to our neighbors, even to our animal neighbors, the same right as ourselves to inhabit this vast land.

"Yet hear me, friends! we have now to deal with another people, small and feeble when our forefathers first met with them, but now great and overbearing. Strangely enough, they have a mind to till the soil, and the love of possession is a disease in them. These people have many rules that the rich may break, but the poor may not! They have a religion in which the poor worship, but the rich will not!

"This nation is like a spring freshet; it overruns its banks and destroys all who are in its path. We cannot dwell side by side. Only seven years ago we made a treaty by which we were assured that the buffalo country should be left to us forever. Now they threaten to take that from us also. My brothers, shall we submit or shall we say to them: 'First kill me, before you can take possession of my fatherland!'"

A similar patriotic declaration, made under even more dramatic circumstances, should preserve the name of Chief Dull Knife of the Cheyennes imperishably in our history. After the surrender of Dull Knife and his people during the Sioux and Cheyenne war of 1876-77, they were sent to Indian Territory to live. The Cheyennes were mountain Indians, accustomed to the clear, pure air of the high altitudes, and in the lowlands of the south they rapidly sickened and died until two-thirds of their number had perished. Again and again Dull Knife appealed to the government for permission to

return to their old home in the north, but his appeal was all in vain.

Finally in desperation Dull Knife and Little Wolf, the junior war chief, resolved to leave their hated reservation. In the fall of 1878 they started north and although six lines of military barrier were thrown out to stop them, they cut their way through three of these lines before Dull Knife and a part of the Cheyennes were captured in Nebraska. They were taken to Fort Robinson, disarmed and imprisoned in an old barracks.

Army officers, acting under instructions from Washington, informed them that they must be returned to Indian Territory. Then, in the words of an eye-witness:

"The old Cheyenne war chief, Dull Knife, stepped slowly to the center of the circle, a grim, lean figure.

"Never when riding at the head of hundreds of his wild warriors, clad in the purple of his race—leggings of golden yellow buckskin, heavily beaded, blanket of dark blue broadcloth, war bonnet of eagles' feathers that trailed behind him on the ground, necklace of bears' claws, the spoils of many a deadly tussle—never in his life did Dull Knife look more a chieftain than there in his captivity and rags. He said:

"All we ask is to be allowed to live, and to live in peace. I seek no war with anyone. An old man, my fighting days are done. We bowed to the will of the Great Father and went far into the south where he told us to go. There we found a hyena cannot live. Sickness came among us that made mourning in every lodge. Then the treaty promises were broken, and our rations were short. Those not worn by disease were wasted by hunger. To stay there meant that all of us would die. Our petitions to the Great Father were unheeded. We thought it better to die fighting to regain our old homes than to perish of sickness. Then our march was begun. The rest you know."

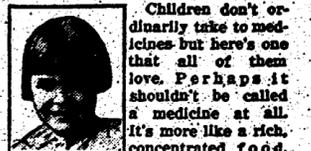
"Tell the Great Father Dull Knife and his people ask only to end their days here in the north where we were born. Tell him we want no more war. We cannot live in the south; there is no game. Here, when rations are short, we cannot hunt. Tell him if he lets us stay here Dull Knife's people will hurt no one. TELL HIM IF HE TRIES TO SEND US BACK WE WILL BUTCHER EACH OTHER WITH OUR OWN KNIVES. I HAVE SPOKEN!"

Die fighting some of them did a few days later. But others escaped to their friends the Sioux, where they were allowed to remain. Among them was Chief Dull Knife and it is a pleasure to record the fact that eventually he did return to the land he loved so well and fought so hard to regain and there he spent the end of his days.

SUCH IS LIFE—Ingenious Junior!

By Charles Sughrue

Dorothy's Mother Proves Claim



Children don't ordinarily take to medicines but here's one that all of them love. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a medicine at all. It's more like a rich, concentrated food. It's pure, wholesome, sweet to the taste and sweet in your child's little stomach. It builds up and strengthens weak, puny, underweight children, makes them eat heartily, brings the roses back to their cheeks, makes them playful, energetic, full of life. And no bilious, headachy, constipated, feverish, fretful baby or child ever failed to respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup on their little bowels. It starts lazy bowels quick, cleans them out thoroughly, tones and strengthens them so they continue to act normally, of their own accord.

Millions of mothers know about California Fig Syrup from experience. A Western mother, Mrs. J. G. Moore, 119 Cliff Ave., San Antonio, Texas, says: "California Fig Syrup is certainly all that's claimed for it. I have proved that with my little Dorothy. She was a bottle baby and very delicate. Her bowels were weak. I started her on Fig Syrup when she was a few months old and it regulated her, quick. I have used it with her ever since for colds and every little set-back and her wonderful condition tells better than words how it helps."

Don't be imposed on. See that the Fig Syrup you buy bears the name, "California" so you'll get the genuine, famous for 50 years.

Beet Sugar

The first factory for the manufacture of sugar from beets was erected by Edward Lee Church at Northampton, Mass., in 1838, and the following year it produced 1,300 pounds of sugar. A few other factories followed, but all were failures. In 1870, E. L. Dyer erected at Alvarado, Calif., a factory which became successful in 1878 and marked the beginning of the modern sugar-making from sugar beets.

Odd Postage Stamps

In the main hall of the South Kensington museum, London, is to be seen one of the most remarkable collections of postage stamps in the world. Every one of the hundreds of specimens displayed portrays some member of the animal kingdom in its native haunts. For the most part they are typical of the countries from whence they come.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's View

Ralph Waldo Emerson, "the wisest of Americans," mentions the name of Shakespeare twice as frequently in his writings as he does that of his next favorite, Goethe. He is reported to have said, "I am always happy to meet persons who perceive the transcendent superiority of Shakespeare over all other writers."

Hamlet's Sanity

Whether or not Hamlet was insane is a question which has disturbed critics for 300 years. It is interesting to know that most of the profound thinkers who have given the question deep consideration regard Hamlet as sane. It would seem that if Hamlet was insane there is no point in the drama.—Washington Star.

Bird Sheep Herder

The akamik, a species of crane, is used by the natives of Venezuela, South America, in the place of shepherd dogs, for guarding and herding flocks of sheep. However far the akamik may wander with the flocks, it never fails to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures entrusted to its care.

Best Things Are Nearest

The best things are nearest: breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.—R. L. Stevenson.

Man's Supremacy

Scientists tell us that what has lifted man above the brute creation with which he has so much in common is the fact that he can touch each of his fingers with his thumb! No other living thing can do that. Try experiments with your own hand, and see what a difference it would make if you could not do this simple-seeming act.

Glaciers Disappear

The evidence indicates that hundreds of small glaciers have disappeared altogether from the Yosemite National park during the last half century. The first "living glacier" discovered by John Muir in 1871 in the Sierra Nevada now has ceased to exist. It is reported.

British Pan

"A new hat is like wine to a woman," said a magazine the other day. It goes to her head very quickly.—London Illustrated.

RISK CONCERNS HIT HARD BY LOST AND STOLEN GEMS

\$60,000,000 in Gems Lost or Stolen in Year.

New York.—These are sad times for insurance adjusting companies that investigate loss or reported loss of jewelry. The insurance companies, it seems, are having to pay and pay and pay—more so than ever before in the history of the business.

It is estimated that from \$55,000,000 to \$60,000,000 worth of jewelry was reported lost or stolen last year and in nearly all of the cases the claims were paid. The percentage of recovery was just about one-tenth of 1 per cent.

But that is not all. The number of false claims is greater than ever before and in the majority of cases the companies have to pay just the same, being unable to obtain positive proof of fraud, even though the circumstances are suspicious.

Many Cases Frauds.

An executive of an adjusting company in John street—a company that represents fourteen of the largest insurance companies in the world—says at least 90 per cent of the reported disappearance of jewelry in 1931 was false.

Such losses fall in the category of "mysterious disappearances" of jewelry, and last year saw an increase of about 50 per cent in the number of

these strange, inexplicable disappearances, claims totaling approximately \$600,000 for the country at large. Most losses, however, were reported in New York city.

"As I said, we have reason to believe that at least 90 per cent of such claims are false," said the executive, who asks that his name be not used, "but we seldom are able to prove the fraud so we try to effect a compromise to avoid litigation."

Old man Depression, who never is let out of anything these days, gets the blame.

"Most of the losses are reported by persons at one time wealthy," the executive explained, "but who have had reverses. Ever so often we get claims of losses almost immediately after serious reverses in business. Such cases look suspicious on the face of them nine times out of ten, but, as usual, proof is lacking, so we pay."

In only one case the company handled last year did the claimant, a woman, confess fraud. Her reported loss was investigated so persistently and she was questioned so thoroughly that she finally wilted and admitted her jewels were nesting in a vault, safe from loss. The claim was dropped, and the insurance company obligingly forgot to prosecute.

In addition to the "mysterious" losses, this particular company handled claims totaling close to \$1,000,000 as the result of holdups and burglaries in 1931. This represents an increase of about 75 per cent over 1930.

"Claims have been falling off steadily this year," the executive continued, "mainly because so many were pressed in 1931. Last year we were getting an average of 100 claims a month. People once wealthy became hard up. Suddenly their jewelry disappeared. In most cases there were suspicious circumstances, but in the absence of proof we had to pay."

"You see, most jewelry policies are written to insure against any sort of loss, and losses are difficult to check up. A woman can say she accidentally dropped her bracelet from a ferryboat. What can we do? How can we prove that she did not? We have to pay the claim."

Another unusual aspect of the business since the depression is that almost invariably those who have supposedly lost their jewelry refuse offers of replacement. They want cash. The companies usually offer to replace the lost or stolen jewelry, but last year only 5 per cent of the claimants accepted the offer.

POTPOURRI

Snakes

There are approximately 2,000 different kinds of snakes. They range in size from five inches to the huge tropical reptiles of forty feet. They inhabit all regions of the globe except the polar. Animal life is their chief food, but some exist on eggs. Most species reproduce by laying eggs, although some give birth to their young.

© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.

Fashion Hits High Note



The new, higher waistline favored by fashion leaders for fall is shown in the printed dance dress with velvety sash, shown above.

PENITENCE

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

"Repent," the prophets in Holy Writ were wont to advise sinners, and that was the cry of John, the forerunner of the Great Teacher. Penitence, I suppose, is sorrow for sin committed, human regret that one has violated moral law. It has always been interesting to me that a call to repentance has usually been strengthened by a statement of the penalty which would fall if the sinner failed to change his point of view. It was generally in order that they might "flee the wrath to come" that offenders were urged to penitence.

Is it sorrow, then, for the offense against law or is it fear of the consequences which is most often the impelling motive to repentance? I should not want to say.

Warner, who had really been brought up very well and who had never been in any real need of money, was caught forging various checks. He was apprehended, arrested, and put in jail. His father came to see me to adjust such matters as could be adjusted.

"The boy is very penitent," he said. "His stay in jail has given him time to think what his conduct is leading him to, and he is sorry. I assure you, for what he has done."

"Is he sorry," I asked, "for what he has done, or is he humiliated by the fact that he has been detected in a rather crude violation of law, and for the legal and social consequences which he is facing?"

"I don't know," the father replied. "Maybe if he had never been caught he would never have been sorry."

Jenson, who was working by the hour, got into a straitened financial situation. He needed money and so devised the system of marking up his hours when he handed in his time check. The thing was detected shortly, as such things are sure to be.

"I am thoroughly ashamed of what I have done," he said to his employer, "and more sorry than I can tell you. I have hardly slept or eaten since my crime has been discovered."

"Would you have lain awake at night, and would you have been sorry if you had not been found out?" he was asked, and he didn't know.

True penitence is sorrow for sin—not sorrow for having been discovered.

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RARE LEE PHOTOS NOW IN MUSEUM

Famous West Virginia Cottage Made Shrine.

White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.—Two rare photographs of Gen. Robert E. Lee and his wife, Mary Custis Lee, have been received here as the result of a nation-wide search for memorabilia of General Lee to be exhibited in the President's cottage at White Sulphur Springs.

The photograph of Mrs. Lee, granddaughter of Martha Washington, is hand-tinted and decorated by herself, and that of General Lee bears his signature. Both photographs were hand-tinted and signed as gifts from the Lees to Mrs. Susan F. Pendleton, a close friend of General and Mrs. Lee.

The photographs were acquired from a direct descendant of Mrs. Pendleton. Together with other recently discovered memorabilia of General Lee, they will form a part of the exhibit of early American Presidents, generals and statesmen which will be available to the public in the President's cottage which has been turned into a museum.

For the purpose the President's cottage has been completely restored. In the old White Sulphur barroom Patrick Henry declaimed against Colonial oppression, and Presidents Jefferson, Madison and Monroe made journeys here by horseback and stage to talk national politics with the great men of their day.

The President's cottage was built in 1816, and upon President Van Buren's visit to White Sulphur in 1837

he took his residence in the cottage and went for a deer hunt together with his secretary and a group of politicians from Washington.

The cottage was thenceforth known as the President's cottage, and was successively occupied by Presidents Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan. When Presidents Grant and Arthur arrived they were housed nearby in one of a row of cottages known as "Baltimore Row."

Composer Works 25 Years to Get Song Published

Green Bay, Wis.—Roland J. LeMieux, Green Bay, one of the country's foremost composers of popular songs and music for banjos, mandolins and guitars, tried for 25 years before one of his compositions was published. During the past ten years he has had 600 songs published, some of them in textbooks for teachers of string instruments.

GABBY GERTIE



"Gravel roads are the torments that try women's soles."

French Poilu Faces a Diet of Sardines

Paris.—The word "sardine" may in the near future be greeted by the French soldier with epithets similar to those which "plum and apple" used to provoke from his British comrade.

The sardine trade has been in difficulties for some time, and those who are suffering from this depression have been inspired by the idea that the army ought to save the situation.

An influential delegation has asked the commissariat department to insinuate more and more of the oily little fish into the diet of the poilu. Nothing definite has yet been settled, but the case for the depopulation is, roughly, that a big consumption of sardines by the military would be good both for the military and the industry.

Banker Turns Clown



Harper Joy, vice president of an investment bank of Spokane, Wash., always liked the circus, so when his vacation time came he joined one as a clown and spent two weeks under the big top, having the time of his life. Here is Mr. Joy in his makeup.

Father Sage Says

The average motorist can make sixty miles an hour easier than he can make twelve payments on the car.

Bud Is Making Good



John (Bud) Clancy, a recruit from Jersey City, has been playing first base regularly with the Brooklyn Dodgers and has proved his right to be considered a big leaguer. He is a south-paw both in the field and at bat.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode



IT TAKES 50 MUSCLES TO MAKE A FROWN—



... BUT ONLY 15 TO PRODUCE A SMILE!

A SINGLE TOMATO PLANT. Owned by J. G. Vance, Oakham, Mass., PRODUCED 1,429 TOMATOES IN ONE YEAR.



PETERSON MADE 100 BILLIARDS IN 26 SECONDS... La Salle, Ill., 1922.

TAKEN FROM LIFE...

EPITAPH ON A PHOTOGRAPHER. Hudson churchyard, England.

© WNU Service

Indian Chiefs Give Woodcock Water



When Colonel Woodcock, federal director of prohibition, made a visit recently to Glacier National park he was greeted by a group of Blackfoot Indian chiefs; and though he was thirsty and warm, all they gave him to drink was a cup of sparkling spring water from the "Land of the Shining Mountains." Left to right with the colonel in the photograph are George Bull Child, Owam Heavy Breast, Mike Short Man and Theodore Last Star.

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# For Children and Older People

We Have a New Stock of School Supplies:

- Pencils and Pens
- Notebooks
- Pencil Boxes
- Writing Pads

Always a Full Line of Hosiery, Shoes, Rubbers and Men's Furnishings. Candy, Tobacco, Newspapers and Magazines.

## C. F. Butterfield

Telephone 31-5 - Antrim, N. H.

# Cool Nights Call For Warm Bedding!

Blankets of any design that are real beauties, plain designs that are soft, warm and comfy.

Blankets in pairs or single \$1.50 to \$5.00.

Comfortables, the Maish comforts, "Warmth without Weight." Big enough to tuck in good and strong at both sides and keep the feet covered all night even for a tall person. Covers are beauties and can be used without a spread, \$1.50 to \$7.00

Army Blankets. All Wool 62x82 and weighing 3 1/4 lbs., stand a lot of hard usage but sure are warm. \$3.00.

If you cannot call, write or telephone 154W

## EMERSON & SON, Milford

### The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year

Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER

H. B. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANT

Wednesday, Sept. 21, 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

Charles P. Nay is spending a week or two with relatives in the vicinity of Boston.

Hiram A. Curtis, who has been ailing for some time, has been feeling somewhat improved of late.

For Sale—Sweet Corn, and all Vegetables, fresh from garden. Phone your orders, 18-3. Fred L. Proctor. Adv.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Congregational church will hold their annual harvest supper on Friday evening, October 14.

Born, at Grasmere hospital, Sept. 20, a son, Morris R. Gignald, weight 5 lbs., 12 oz., to Mr. and Mrs. Morris C. Heath, of this town.

Rev. Charles Tilton offers his 1931 Chevrolet DeLuxe Coach for sale. It is in perfect running order. Looks as good as new, and is a fine car in every respect. See Dr. Tilton at Maplehurst Inn.

The annual election of officers of Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I. O. O. F., will take place at the next regular meeting on Saturday evening of this week, Sept. 24.

During the heavy rain of last Friday, a lot of water fell, in about thirty six hours, by measure four inches. The ground was so terribly dry that more is needed right now.

Frank H. Hutchinson, who is making his home for the present with his son, Perley Hutchinson, in Fitchburg, Mass., has been spending a few days in town with relatives.

Town Clerk Charles F. Butterfield was confined to his home a few days the past week by illness; his two sons, Kenneth and Benjamin, did the work at the store in their father's absence.

The Ladies' Mission Circle will hold its first meeting of the season on Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 8 o'clock in the afternoon. Supper will be served at 6 o'clock, to which the public is cordially invited.

At the auction sale on Saturday last, of the late Fred S. Whittemore property, at Clinton Village, the home place was purchased by Leon Hugron, and the two fields were purchased by Waldo Brown.

Roscoe M. Lane, chairman of the local Red Cross Chapter, attended in Manchester one day last week a regional conference of the Eastern Area of the National Red Cross, at Hotel Carpenter. Prominent Red Cross speakers and workers were present, and an interesting and profitable meeting was the result.

Representatives of the four churches of Antrim met at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, in the vestry of the Baptist church, and after considerable discussion, voted to hold neighborhood prayer meetings in East Antrim, No. Branch, Antrim Center, Clinton and Antrim Village, on Tuesday evenings, for five weeks, beginning October 4, these meetings to be led by laymen. It was the sentiment of those present that during the period of these meetings, union church prayer meetings be held on Thursday evenings, alternating between the churches.

## Gem Theatre

PETERBORO, N. H.

Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 21 and 22

"First Year"

Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell

Fri. and Sat., Sept. 23 and 24

"Strangers in the Evening"

Zasu Pitta, Lucien Littlefield

Sun. and Mon., Sept. 25 and 26

"The Night Club Lady"

Adolphe Menjoe, Mayo Methot and Skeets Gallagher

Tue., Wed., Thurs., Sept. 27, 28, 29

"Madam Racketeer"

Richard Bennett, Alison Skipworth and Evelyn Knapp

## Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

### HANCOCK

Miss Edna Howe has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. J. Hayden.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lambert Weston have returned from an auto trip through Northern New England.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Osgood have recently been entertaining friends and relatives from Wollaston, and Wilmington, Mass.

Frank F. Fowle, of Chicago, Ill., has purchased the home of the late Mary F. Robbe, in accordance with the terms of her will.

The Vesper Song services at the church on Sundays are greatly enjoyed; the outside talent supplementing local musicians have filled splendid programs.

Rev. Carl Skillings and family, of Worcester, Mass., with a number members of the Old South Congregational church of his city, were at the former's cottage several days recently. Rev. Skillings preached here several years ago.

### GREENFIELD

Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn Smith have returned home, after a pleasant trip to Portland, Maine.

Miss Nina Russell has left town for Medford, Mass., where she resumes her work as a teacher.

Sheldon French has returned to Manchester after several weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Watson.

Miss Lina Phelps has accepted a position at Northfield Seminary, Northfield, Mass. She will be located at "Gould Hall." While here, Miss Phelps has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Walter Hopkins.

A corn and weenie roast was held at the homestead of the Blanchards at Highland Farm one evening recently. There was an enjoyable party. Mr. and Mrs. Budds and daughter from Medford, Mass., and several guests stopped over the week-end.

### FRANCESTOWN

Oak Hill grange, No. 32, P. of H., held its regular meeting Thursday evening. The meeting was in charge of Mrs. Lillian Elby and Mrs. Carl Abbott.

Mrs. Marion Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton Slack and Miss June Clarke one day last week motored to Ashburnham, Mass., where Miss Clarke is to attend school at Cushing.

Mrs. Charles Nichols, worthy matron of Atlantic chapter, O. E. S., No. 24, with other Atlantic chapter members of Greenfield, spent a couple days at Bethlehem, where they attended the session of the Grand chapter.

The state primary election was held Tuesday, and in the afternoon a special

### DEERING

Miss Emma Crawford entertained a college friend last week. Miss Crawford leaves soon to resume her studies at Ohio Wesleyan.

Mrs. Fannie Edwards of Beverly, Mass., and Mrs. A. F. Hammett of Brookline, Mass., were recent guests at the home of Supt. A. A. Holden. Mrs. Edwards is a summer resident of Frankestown.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Ralph Bigwood, caretaker at the Community Center, and Mrs. Doris Pratt of Hillsborough. The couple will reside on Myrtle street, Hillsborough.

A pleasant surprise was given by Miss Lottie Holmes at the home of Mrs. Sarah Webb, East Deering. Miss Holmes has now left town to take up her work as a teacher in the Dorchester, Mass., schools; and the party was arranged by Mrs. Webb in appreciation of the help given by Miss Holmes during the summer in the Sunday school, the Vacation Bible school and in other lines.

A brief notice of the sudden death of Dr. C. Wallace Petty was given in the last issue of the Reporter. Herewith is given a more lengthy notice:

Dr. Petty has been a summer resident here for some years, and was well known in this vicinity, as well as in his larger field of labor. His summer home is on the shore of Piscataquog lake; and he left here only a few days before to resume his work as pastor of the First Baptist church in Pittsburg. At that time he was apparently in his usual health.

Dr. Petty leaves a widow and two daughters. A brother, Dr. A. Ray Petty, pastor of the First Baptist church of Kansas City, is also a summer resident here, where he has passed many seasons. He is at present ill in a Philadelphia hospital.

Dr. C. Wallace Petty was a Californian by birth, and was graduated from Occidental college, in Los Angeles. Dr. Petty gave generously of his talents as a speaker to this little community, had appeared on Old Home day programs, and had on at least one occasion occupied the pulpit of the Deering Center church. This season he had been heard here on two occasions; at the conference of ministers held at the Community Center, where he spoke on "Modern Philosophical Trends," and at a Sunday vesper service at Round Top. Especially interesting to his listeners were his talks given two years ago at the Deering Forum, when he informally discussed philosophical questions.

town meeting was held. It was unanimously voted to accept the state's loan of \$2,227 for the building of state roads. The loan is to be without interest and work to be done by the men in town. Fred A. Pettee was moderator.

### Town Saves Its Bank From Disaster

One of the best examples of community spirits was carried to successful termination at Elma, Iowa last month. The situation at the local bank was so critical that the mayor issued a proclamation for a bank holiday, closing all the places of business until confidence was restored and the bank reopened. The mayor's proclamation was as follows:

TO THE PEOPLE OF ELMA AND COMMUNITY:

WHEREAS, the continued depression has created an economic distress and a severe strain upon all classes of people and upon all kinds of business including banks, and

WHEREAS, the welfare of the entire community is to a great extent dependent upon the continued and successful operation of the bank serving it, so that it may continue to carry its loans without resorting to unduly severe measures of collection and

WHEREAS, it seems advisable to take such steps that have been followed successfully in other centers, in protecting their financial institutions and the interests of the depositors and the community, and

WHEREAS, it is deemed expedient for the mutual welfare of all those interested, in order that our bank may have time to make desired readjustments, to suspend business within the corporate limits of said town for a certain period of time.

NOW THEREFORE, I, G. G. ROBISON, Mayor of the Town of Elma, Iowa, do hereby order and proclaim a public holiday commencing at 8.00 o'clock A. M. on August 2nd, 1932, and to continue until 5.00 o'clock P. M. on August 9th, 1932, unless the same be suspended before that date or extended by me. During this period of time all business and commercial houses, excepting filling stations, garages, restaurants, lunch rooms, newspaper offices, public utilities and fuel dealers will be closed from business between the hours of 8.00 o'clock A. M. and 5.00 o'clock P. M.

Drug stores to be opened at any hour for filling prescriptions.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto affixed my hand and seal as Mayor of the Town of Elma, Iowa, this 1st day of August, 1932.

(Signed) G. G. ROBISON, Mayor.

The sole purpose of this plan was to preserve the bank assets and to tide the community through a period of economic distress. The people rallied to the situation and more than 90% of the deposits of the bank were waived. The deposits signed agreements promising not

to withdraw their money for three years, during this time their deposits will draw interest at the rate of 3 1/2%. If this had not been done the bank would undoubtedly have failed, and the depositors would have been severe losers as in hundreds of similar cases.

Confidence was restored in the bank to such an extent that on the first day the bank opened over four thousand dollars was received in new deposits. New deposits, of course, are not affected by the waiver and may be withdrawn at any time.

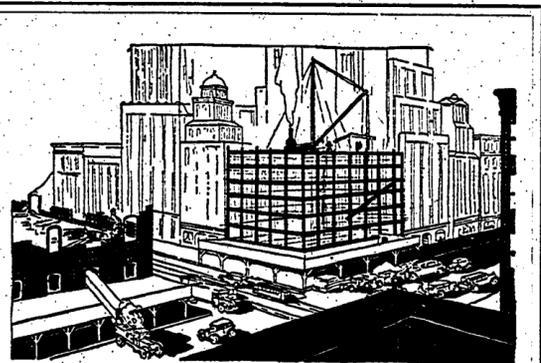
Although this method has been rather common in the west it is so unusual in this part of the country that we are printing a copy of the depositor's agreement.

#### DEPOSITOR'S AGREEMENT

Depositor's Agreement with the People's Savings Bank, Elma, Iowa, August 2, 1932.

I, the undersigned, a depositor of the above named bank, recognizing the economic and business conditions existing generally and the great need for assisting in every reasonable way the bank's borrowers and recognizing the solvency of said bank, and desiring its continuance in that condition through continuity and maintenance of its deposits and present management and in order to allow said bank time in which to collect in loans in an orderly manner, and in consideration of similar agreements signed or to be signed by various depositors who own or control a sufficient amount of deposits to satisfy the Board of Directors of said bank that heavy or unwarranted withdrawal cannot take place, do hereby agree with the above bank for all the deposits in said bank that I own or control; or for those deposits of any of my minor children; and to bind my heirs, executors and assigns accordingly as follows:

To leave with said bank any, and all of said deposits, and neither to sell nor assign the same that may be represented in the form of checking, or saving accounts, the pass book of which I agree to present at once for proper endorsement thereon, or certificates of deposit due or otherwise, and to accept a new certificate of deposit in lieu of said deposit payable 3 years from the above date with interest at 3 1/2% per annum payable semi-annually, provided, however, that the said new certificate of deposit to bear interest at the rate and for a like period as foregoingly described and to be issued in lieu of said saving account and/or said certificate of deposit may be issued effective as of its next regular interest paying date. We hereby declare that we have neither assigned nor sold any of said deposits.



## The Old Must Give Way

to the new in life, in building achievement, and in business.

Eternal vigilance is the price man must pay to survive and to progress. Ruin is the toll of business unpreparedness and lack of proper safety.

Don't let fire find you unprepared. Let us adjust your insurance to your latest requirements.

## Camden Fire Insurance Association

Camden, N. J.

H. W. Eldredge, Agent

ANTRIM, N. H.

### FOR SALE!

1931 CHEVROLET DeLuxe Coach 6 Wire-Wheels PERFECT CONDITION

Inquire at Maplehurst Inn

## Bennington.

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

Frank Seaver spent a couple of days at Hampton Beach last week.

Mrs. M. L. Knight and Mrs. Sargent are home again, from Birch Camp, Stoddard.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bartlett are entertaining friends from New York State, relatives of Mr. Bush.

Jack Frost has been calling in this vicinity recently, — made a lasting impression on Monday morning.

The Bennington Grange visits the Antrim Grange this Wednesday evening and will furnish the program.

Mrs. Alice Seaver Weeks has attended the Legion Convention in Portland, Oregon, and is now visiting in the Great North West, before coming home.

Mrs. Dorothy Traxler has enjoyed a week's visit with a school friend, near Lake Winnepesaukee, and will visit with her father, in Georges Mills, Lake Sunapee, for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Jordan returned on Sunday to Wakefield, Mass., after having been here since early in August. Friends here will miss them and look forward to their coming again next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Myhaver, Mrs. George Myhaver and Edmund Myhaver, of Peterborough, called on friends recently. Edmund is organist at the Episcopal and Catholic churches in Peterborough; he is a talented musician.

Mr. and Mrs. Holzman expect to leave this week for their Long Island, N. Y., home, later going South for the winter months. These neighborly friends will also be missed, and their coming again next summer will be looked forward to.

Bennington was found to be entirely without water on Thursday morning last, but the new engine came to the rescue, pumping water from Jake brook a mile and a half, relieving the situation. Many wells have been quite or nearly dry, but the heavy rain of Friday helped all around.

On Tuesday, September 18th, the Birch Campers gave a birthday party to Mrs. Grace Wilson Paige, which began with a chicken dinner at noon. In the evening, a birthday cake with ice cream was served the 19 guests, accompanied by unique favors; and a general good time was enjoyed, filled with good wishes for many happy returns of the day. Mrs. Austin Paige made the cake. Mrs. Paige was a guest at the camp at this time.

### 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.

### 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.

### Notice

By vote of the town of Bennington, N. H., the Selectmen will receive sealed bids for the sale and removal of the old fire house. Bids will be received until 8 p. m. on Sept. 27, 1932, when they will be publicly opened. Selectmen reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

Further information may be had from the Selectmen.  
 HARRY W. BROWN,  
 CHARLES M. TAYLOR,  
 GEORGE E. SPAULDING,  
 Selectmen.

### AUCTION SALE

By Ezra R. Dutton & Son, Auctioneers, Greenfield.

Roswell A. Whitcomb will sell at Public Auction, at his farm in Hillsboro, near the Lower Village, on Friday, September 30, 1932, at one o'clock p.m., Twenty-five Head of Tested Cattle. These offered for sale are a good lot, and consist in part of one registered Ayershire bull, 15 months old, one pure bred Holstein cow, balance are Holsteins, Ayershires, Guernseys, heifers and calves. For other particulars read auction bills.

## Antrim Locals

A change in the adv. of C. F. Butterfield, on 4th page, appears in this issue. You'll be interested in it.

Mrs. Anton D. Schafer, of Allston, Mass., has been spending a season with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth E. Roeder.

A. W. Proctor has a new "Shingles and Roofing" advertisement in this paper today, on first page. You may need some of these goods, and they cost less today than they will a little later.

Several members of Molly Aiken Chapter, D.A.R., were present on Saturday last to assist Ashuelot Chapter, of Keene, in their observance of "Constitution Day;" guests from ten Chapters in this state and Vermont were present, in all about 150. The principal speaker was Mrs. Harry C. Sanborn, of Laconia, State Regent.

There will be a special meeting of the Antrim Red Cross Chapter on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 22, at two o'clock, in Selectmen's Room. Miss Myrtles E. Beecher, of Milford, a Red Cross Relief Worker, will be present to describe some of the ways in which relief work is to be carried on the coming winter, with special reference to clothes to be given to those in need. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested to be present.

The N. H. State Republican Convention will be held in Concord on Tuesday of next week, Sept. 27, in Phenix hall, and the principal speaker of the occasion will be U.S. Senator Daniel O. Hastings, of Delaware. The State Democratic Convention will be held in the same place the following day, Wednesday, the 28th. The keynoter for this occasion has not at this date been selected.

### ANTRIM POST OFFICE

#### Mail Schedule in Effect April 25, 1932

Going South	
Mails Close	Leave Station
5.37 a.m.	5.52 a.m.
8.58 a.m.	9.13 a.m.
3.03 p.m.	3.18 p.m.
Going North	
6.20 a.m.	6.35 a.m.
2.28 p.m.	2.43 p.m.

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

### CHURCH NOTES

#### Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church  
 Rev. William Patterson, Pastor  
 Thursday, September 22  
 Prayer and praise service at 7.30.  
 We shall study Matt. 13: 24-43.  
 Sunday, September 25  
 Morning worship at 10.45. Sermon by the pastor.  
 Bible School at 12 o'clock.  
 The Lord's Supper will be observed in this church Sunday, October 2.

Methodist Episcopal  
 Rev. Chas. Tilton, D.D., Pastor  
 Sunday, September 25  
 10.45 a.m. Worship and sermon by the pastor.  
 Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

Baptist  
 Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor  
 Thursday, September 22  
 Church Prayer Meeting 7.30 p.m.  
 Topic: "Making Our Church School Bigger and Better." Matt. 7: 13-29.  
 Sunday, September 25  
 Morning worship 10.45. The pastor will preach on "The Summons to Serve."  
 Church school meets at 12 o'clock.  
 Rally Day will be observed by a special program. Every member in his place!  
 Y.P.S.C.E. meets in this church at 6 p.m. Come!  
 Union evening service at 7 o'clock in this church.

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.

### For Sale

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

Fred L. Proctor, Antrim, N. H.

## Sunny Meadows Farm Philosophy

By THOMAS DREIER  
 Melvin Village



### Sales Ideas For Smaller N. H. Industries

The owner of any of the smaller New Hampshire industries who attends what will probably be the first of a series of meetings at the State House in Concord, Sept. 28, will return to his desk with many ideas that will help him to make greater profits.

This meeting of the owners of smaller industries is called by the State Development Commission at the direct suggestion of Gov. Winant. Gov. Winant himself will not only welcome those who attend, but will take an active part in the discussions.

It is of the utmost importance to the state to have more successful industries, not only in the large manufacturing centers, but in the smaller communities. Work must be found for N. H. workers, especially for the young men and women who during the past few years have been leaving the state to find employment.

Gov. Winant and the members of the State Development Commission are planning to give special attention to the task of aiding in the work of increasing the number of profitable small industries.

At this first meeting no long talks will be inflicted upon those who attend. The plan is to state the problem and then encourage all those present to take an active part in the discussion. The ideas liberated should prove of value to all.

New Hampshire's industrial problem must be solved by New Hampshire men who are engaged in industrial work. They have more at stake. They know more about that problem than any other group. Their ideas when pooled for the benefit of all should eventually result in profit to them and to the state.

Whether you employ no more than two or three workers, or 30 or 80, plan to attend the meeting in the Senate Chamber at the State House at 10.30, September 28. A buffet lunch will be served.

### They Make Big Signs Unnecessary

There is a sign at the entrance to one town in New Hampshire that irritates me by its cheapness. "Live Wires Ahead" is the sentence that stares one in the face. Following sentences explain that in the town ahead are men who are real live wires. Hooley! And then still some more hooley!

Nine times out of ten when I see a sign at the entrance to a town which tells passersby, "This is a good town to live in," I know that it is a town to be passed through as quickly as possible.

The man who goes about telling how honest he is, how truthful he is, how trustworthy he is, usually is a man who isn't at all sure that he is what he so loudly proclaims himself to be.

As Director J. C. Kendall of the Extension Service says, "The treatment of roadsides should be so attractive that signboards with the message, 'This is a good town to live in,' will be unnecessary. People will feel instinctively that they are approaching a town of culture and charm."

Big, blatant, circus-like signs will attract cheap, noisy people.

Beauty, order, cleanliness are the best advertisements for any town or village in New Hampshire. At the entrances let there be some attractive planting with a simple, dignified sign carrying the name of the village or town.

Fred Gardner of the State Highway Department will help gladly those towns that really want to add to their attractiveness by improving their highway entrances.

Cheap people wear brightly colored checked suits and talk loudly and roughly. Cheap towns use cheap advertising. But towns whose citizens love beauty and cleanliness will manifest so much beauty and cleanliness in their homes and public places that they will attract to them outsiders who love the same things.

## Antrim Locals

For Rent—Two Furnished Rooms, suitable for light housekeeping. Apply at Reporter Office, Antrim. Adv.

Frank P. Hill, of Brooklyn, N. Y. was a recent guest of Mrs. Mary B. Jameson. Dr. Hill was a native of Concord, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and for many years has been chief Librarian of his adopted city, having an oversight of its 45 libraries. He has resigned this office, after a most successful life in that work, and returned to New Hampshire, for a summer in Dublin.

John B. Jameson and wife and children, John, Robert and Jane, have recently returned from an extended trip to the Yellowstone National Park. After spending some days at the Park, they went north to Seattle and Vancouver, B.C., thence on to Alaska, with its wonderful glaciers and other natural attractions. On their return trip, which was through the Canadian Rockies, they passed some time at

Change of time on Sunday, 25th, when mails and trains run practically an hour later. The new schedule will be given in next week's Reporter.

Lake Louise, and finally arrived in Concord early this present month.

### Happy Party at Birch Camp

"Cappie" Martin entertained some twenty-odd guests at his Birch Camp for the week end. Needless to say everyone had a wonderful time, such as only Cappie can give. Some of his guests were: Ida Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Holt, Francastown; Mr. and Mrs. J. Blood, Cathrine and Jane Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. R. Morgan; Mon-Vernon; Mr. and Mrs. G. Blood, Nashua; Mr. and Mrs. J. Murry, Mrs. and Miss Cross, Manchester; Mrs. Davis Keene, Mr. and Mrs. O. Simpson, N. Y. City. Anna Stevens, spending the summer here, was week end hostess.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

If you desire to have your address changed for the regular mailing of your copy of The Reporter, be sure to notify us DIRECT at The Reporter Office, rather than telling the postoffice about it.

According to a new ruling, now in effect, if the Post Office is notified of change in your address and they in turn notify The Reporter office it will cost this newspaper 2 cents for each change of address thus reported.

May we request, therefore, that you let us know DIRECT when you move, so there may be no delay in receiving your Reporter at the correct new address.

ANTRIM REPORTER.

FOR RESULTS

—USE—

## The Reporter

FOR ADVERTISING

It Goes Into the Home Where the Buyers of the Family Read.

## Job Printing

Service and Quality

At Reasonable Prices

Let Us Give You a Price on Your Next Job.

## The Reporter Press,

ANTRIM, N. H.

# EUROPEAN CUSTOMS MEN SEEK CURRENCY

## Money Inspectors Active at Every Frontier.

Vienna.—It used to be—back before the world economic nightmare began—that your baggage was thoroughly searched and muffled over every time you crossed a European frontier, which was every few hours in this neck of the woods, writes William Shirer in the Chicago Tribune.

Not any more. Today, it's your pocketbook the frontier officials want. In the scramble for your money—especially if it is "gold" money, that is, dollars or francs—they have forgotten about your luggage completely.

In Germany and the states of central Europe and the Balkans it has become a grave offense to have one of them with more than a little pocket money on you. Only with a special permit from the national bank or a special stamp in your passport showing how much you have brought in (which most frontier guardsmen conveniently forget to give you) can you get by with as much as you brought in, or indeed with enough to last you to the next capital.

**Sida Step Czech Border.**  
I recently ran the gauntlet from Bucharest to Berlin. I crossed three frontiers, the Rumanian-Hungarian, the Hungarian-Austrian, and the Austrian-German. At the last, going from Vienna to Berlin, it would have been shorter to go via Prague. But that meant meeting Czech officials coming in and going out and those with business to do had been duly warned that the inspection of one's purse in Czechoslovakia was sometimes very severe. One frontier skipper may have meant days and money saved, not to mention trouble.

The Orient express coming from Bucharest to Budapest reaches the Rumanian-Hungarian frontier at 3:15 a. m. Since it is an all sleeper train, many passengers are attempting to sleep at that hour. The joke is on them as it was on me, because I was trying to sleep, too.

There were loud bangs on the compartment door. Swift kicks from a horse couldn't make them any louder. I scrambled for the light, switched it on, unchained the door, and opened it.

Three plain clothes men with a couple of uniformed officers behind them crowded into the tiny compartment. I told them I didn't have anything to declare, but that they could take a look at my bags and a typewriter if they wished to. They didn't wish to.

"Your purse," shouted one—in German.

"Your purse," shouted the second one—in Hungarian.

The third said it in another language, probably Rumanian.

Anyway, I got the idea. They wanted my purse.

"What's this? A train robbery," I cried out sleepily in the first language that came to me, probably a mixture of English, German, French.

"No. It's not a robbery. It's customs inspection. Give us your purse."

"We want to see your money," one of them explained.

We jawed back and forth in what seemed like hours, but probably was only a few minutes. The train porter came in to help us, adding a few new languages which had not been introduced before. But we were no match for these frontier men and finally in sheer exhaustion I gave in, reached for my pants, grabbed my pocketbook and turned it over, glad for a chance to rest and sleep even if my money was gone.

**Money is All There.**  
That really is all there is to it. After a while, about the time you are really asleep again the officials come back with your pocketbook. You wake up. You count your money. It is all there.

The train moves on a few miles. The Hungarian officials climbed in. The attack was renewed. This time I handed over my pocketbook meekly. The officials did not bother me much this time because I had the proper stamps put on my Hungarian visa when I left Hungary a few days before.

So you journey on through Budapest. And then you come to the Hungarian-Austrian frontier. The old story repeats itself.

And so to Vienna. By this time you are used to handing your pocketbook over to the first man that asks you for it. This is quite a dangerous frame of mind, because the streets of Vienna swarm with singing beggars who ask for your money.

Such are the pleasures of European travel in these dark days. They are hard on tourists or business men or newspaper men. But they must be great for smugglers. Nobody ever thinks to look in your bags any more.

## NEW AMBASSADOR



Augusto Rosso, who has served twice as attache to the Italian embassy in Washington, has been appointed ambassador to succeed Nobile Giacomo di Martino. Signor Rosso, who is forty-seven years old, has had wide experience in diplomacy.

## Foreclosure Was Only Long Word to Eliza

Fort Worth, Texas.—Those big words "mawgave fo'-clesh-ah" didn't mean a thing to Eliza Anderson, one-hundred-and-two-year-old negress. When police ejected her from her home after the foreclosure, Eliza moved right back in, catching the new tenant, Suella Jackson, out. A second removal was too much for Eliza. She bombarded the house with rocks. Suella abdicated amid a shower of window panes.

And to add to Eliza's misery police charged her with "malicious mischief."

# LONG HUNTED GOLD IS BARED BY CHANCE

## Water Left Unattended Uncovers Idaho Vein.

Spokane, Wash.—An unattended hydraulic stream, playing on a hillside, uncovered the Crawford vein, Idaho's most promising recent gold discovery, after prospectors had sought vainly for it for nearly 17 years.

J. R. Crawford, owner of the land through which part of the vein runs and one of the most persistent searchers, told about it when he brought many samples here for an analysis.

As far back as 1915, he related, indications of a vein were seen in a float near Orofino, and mining men quietly poked about nearby hillsides. They passed over scores of scars left by early-day miners, who recovered millions of dollars' worth of gold during and shortly after the Civil war.

A few months ago, about 11 years after he began the search, Crawford was examining a float. He let the hydraulic nozzle swing idly toward a bank. After 20 feet of the bank had been washed away, a young landside roared down the mountain upon another miner's cabin.

Crawford ran to the miner's aid, then returned to the nozzle. Gleaming gold caught his eye. The vein had been uncovered. Rushing to his cabin, he obtained a pan and found free gold in the gravel that lay close to the vein.

Keeping his discovery secret for months while he explored, Crawford traced the vein to state land. When he applied for a permit to mine on this state land the public learned of

the discovery, and hundreds of amateur prospectors, working nearby streams and experienced miners rushed to the locality.

They were disappointed, however, because much expensive development must be undertaken before much gold is recovered.

Stewart Campbell, Idaho state mines inspector, known for his conservatism, spent some time on the property, picking samples of quartz from the vein and panning the gravel. Then he said: "It is valuable enough to be developed."

Other mining engineers, including F. W. Callaway of Kellogg, expressed belief development would reveal a rich deposit.

## Land 800-Pound Shark After Two-Hour Battle

Point Pleasant, N. J.—After a two-hour battle, in which one man was knocked overboard and another wounded in the leg, Capt. Alfred Larson and a crew of six men from the Bay Head fishery, three miles south of here, landed an 800-pound shark recently. The fish, which was caught off shore opposite Mantoloking, was sixteen feet long, four feet thick and had a mouth expansion of twenty-one inches.

Olaf Larson, one of the crew, was knocked overboard by a vicious flick of the shark's tail after it had been landed in the boat. John Olsen, another member, narrowly escaped losing his right leg when the shark bit into his boot, tearing it in two just below the knee and cutting a five-inch gash in Olsen's leg.

## Civil War Vet Carries Bullet as Pocket Piece

Brockton, Mass.—Commander Andrew C. Gibbs of the Fletcher Webster post, G. A. R., always carries in his pocket the bullet that wounded him in the leg in the battle of Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864. The bullet was removed from his leg several years ago.

## Tiny Electric Motor Can Be Put in Thimble

Cleveland, Ohio.—John Lakota is what could be called a "fine tooth" inventor. He has built a tiny electric motor that fits snugly in the inside of a thimble. It purrs smoothly and despite its diminutive size can pull a pound weight across a smooth surface.



## STRIKING LIKENESS

The court was trying a case which had arisen out of a car accident. "You say you were half scared to death," said counsel for the defense. "I know very well I was," said the victim, with warmth. "Then," said counsel coldly, "how do you know it was a motor car, or something resembling a motor car, that hit you?"

## WISE MAN, DIMPLES



"They say Mandy Dimples has eloped with that city chap who's been hangin' round her so long." "Is ol' man Dimples chasin' 'em?" "Chasin' 'em; he lent 'em \$20 to pay expenses."

## Service With a Smile

Jones had liver trouble and was advised to laugh before each meal. Eating in a restaurant one day, he broke out into the prescribed laugh. "What are you laughing for?" another customer asked. "I'm laughing for my liver," Jones replied. "H'm!" murmured the stranger. "I suppose I could try that, too. I ordered mine 20 minutes ago."—Answers (London).

## Why He Grinned

"What's the matter?" "A faux pas, my dear, with Jack Miller. So silly of me. I told him I'd never been kissed before—then I remembered I was engaged to him last summer.—Sheffield (Eng.) Weekly Telegraph.

## Just Like an Angler

Horace Vincent was displaying a couple of nice looking striped bass yesterday morning. "Where'd you get them?" he was asked, but he refused to say. "I'm a fisherman," he said, and that's all you get out of him.—Martha's Vineyard Gazette.

## LEGAL TANGLE



She—You said before we were married that my word should be law. He—That was before I found out that the law was unconstitutional.

## Perennial Gag

Doctor—Why not go for a fortnight's hiking? Patient—I'm a postman.—London Humorist.

## Penalty of Insignificance

Marsh—Here's one name on the committee that I never heard of. Webster—Oh, that's probably the person who actually does the work.

## Good Reason

Mother (to small daughter who wants the light left on)—But you sleep in the dark at home, darling. Small Daughter—Yes, but it's my own dark at home, mummy.—London Humorist.

## Pre-Nuptial

The Youth—Mr. Jones, I want to marry your daughter. Mr. Jones—Can you run a car and buy gasoline in the manner to which she has been accustomed?—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Postponed Indulgence

"How do you account for the popularity of some of these best sellers?" asked the severely literary lady. "I think," replied Miss Cayenne, "that a lot of us are trying to catch up with the dime novels our parents prevented us from reading when we were young."—Washington Star.

## Not So Easy

Wife—I'm toasting my toes at the campfire. Hubby—Be careful, dear. You can't scrape toes.—Boston Transcript.

# DESIRE FOR CHANGE STRONG IN AMERICA

## Lure of the Far Horizons Seems Characteristic.

The restlessness of America has often been commented on, says the New York Evening Post. The American urge to go, to move, to travel somewhere else, is traditional. That restlessness was behind the sweeping colonization which extended the nation from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It filled the Ohio river with flatboats, dotted the prairies with clearings, peopled the mountains with trappers and sent an endless train of covered wagons out the Oregon trail. But great as those mass migrations were, the days of '49 did not see the end of that restlessness which makes Americans pack up and move on; it only to see what lies beyond the next ridge. The movement is still on.

In the census of 1850 it was shown that one out of every five native-born American had moved from his native state. The census of 1930, according to a recent analysis, shows approximately the same thing. Every census between those two has shown the same trend, in the same general proportions. The only difference worth noting is that the total number of migrants has grown. In 1930 it was about 25,000,000.

Half of this migration is not so important as it seems at first glance. More than 12,000,000 of those who moved from their birthplace into another state merely moved over state lines. They were born near the border. They moved across and settled. But that still leaves more than 12,000,000 who yielded to the lure of far horizons.

Of those 12,000,000 nearly half belong to that westward movement which has been going on for 200 years. Once the dividing line was the Alleghenies; now it is the Mississippi river. Today finds 5,143,922 persons born east of that river who are living west of it. Since the turn of the century there has been a return wave, but the eastward movement has been only about one-fourth as strong as that toward the setting sun.

The north and south movement is not so marked, and much of it has been the migration of negro laborers toward the industrial North, accelerated by the post-war boom. The last decade, however, has seen approximately 1,000,000 southerners settle in the North.

Taken by states, the figures are even more striking. The South Carolinians, for instance, have their state to themselves. Only 7.9 per cent of the total population was not born within the state's borders. At the other end of the list is Wyoming, with 64.4 per cent of its people born elsewhere. Natives of Nevada seem to be born wanderers, for 49.4 per cent of them have gone elsewhere. California must breed contentment, for only 8.3 per cent of its native sons are lured away. Twenty states showed gains in American-born population native to other states during the decade, California heading the list with 2,401,288.

DO YOU HAVE Beautiful Skin — soft, smooth, clear, "pink and white"—the matchless complexion of youth: Sulphur purifies, clears and refreshes the skin. For beautifying the face and arms use

**Glenn's Sulphur Soap**  
Contains 25% Pure Sulphur. At Drug Stores.

**Scholars Hail Recent Discoveries at Samaria**  
Beautiful ivory panels, dating from the year 900 B. C., and depicting lotus buds and flowers, strange animals and celestial beings from the Egyptian pantheon, have been discovered at Samaria, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Israel. The site of this discovery leaves no doubt that these ivories belonged to the "house of ivory" mentioned in the Bible—1. Kings 22:39—for the inscription carved on one of them bears the name of Hazael, king of Damascus, 850-800 B. C. One panel shows a fight between a bull and a lion in relief. Others show cherubs and sphinxes. A third represents the personification of eternity. These discoveries, which are due to the joint work of British and American archeologists, are of the greatest importance in illustrating the civilization of the period.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

**Flying Into a Temper**  
Touchy... irritable! Everything upsets her. She needs Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to soothe her nerves and build up her health by its tonic action.

**Into a Bundle!**  
A young Kansas jackrabbit will have a real story to tell his grandchildren about "the good old days." When P. D. Hileman and C. W. Ash of Wellington were cutting wheat a few days ago the youngster jumped on the canvas of the binder. He was carried up the elevator and bound into a bundle of wheat. Mr. Ash stopped the horses and examined the bundle; he found the rabbit securely fastened; in the wheat. Apparently unhurt, the animal scampered away when released.—Kansas Farmer.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 25c and 50c at Drug Stores. Hiscox Chem. Works, Patuxent, N.Y.

**FLORESTON SHAMPOO**—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drug stores. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patuxent, N.Y.

Lately People Write Today for Valuable money saving offer. No need to be lonely. Nothing like it. Box 25-1752, Cleveland, O.

**Not His Worry**  
Jud Tunkins says politics is the only game he knows that lets a man make the public pay when he guesses wrong.—Washington Star.

Leaves your skin velvety smooth and imparts a delightful fragrance

**CUTICURA TALCUM**  
You will like it, everybody does.

Price 25c.  
Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.  
Try Cuticura Shaving Cream

**THAT FINISHING TOUCH**

**Her Preference**  
Little Judith Anne had heard her parents discussing a recent murder trial where the defendant was sentenced to the electric chair. Later Judith Anne and her mother were looking at some chairs in a catalogue, when Judy asked her mother whether she would like to have one of them. Mother replied: "Yes, Wouldn't you?" "No, I would rather have electric chair," said Judy.

## Dangerous Feathers

Scratched by his pet chicken, Dick came running excitedly into the house. "Oh, mother," he cried, "Look! Old Biddy stuck me with her pin feathers."

## Drugs From Cactus Plants

Cactus plants form the basis of a new industry. From them are produced various drugs, soap and water softeners.

USES: "X-Z-MEX"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

**FOR SKIN AFFECTIONS SOOTHES HEALS**

Used and recommended by practicing physicians for: ECZEMA, PROLAPSE, RINGWORM, IMPETIGO, ITCH, ACNE, TIGER, DANDELION, FOOT, BARBER'S ITCH, DANDRUFF, etc.

"X-Z-MEX" is reliable compound of ingredients used for many years with amazing results!

READ! "For several years I suffered from Eczema on my legs... tried various advertised remedies without any permanent results. After using 'X-Z-MEX' I received greater benefit than other remedies."  
—R. D. F.

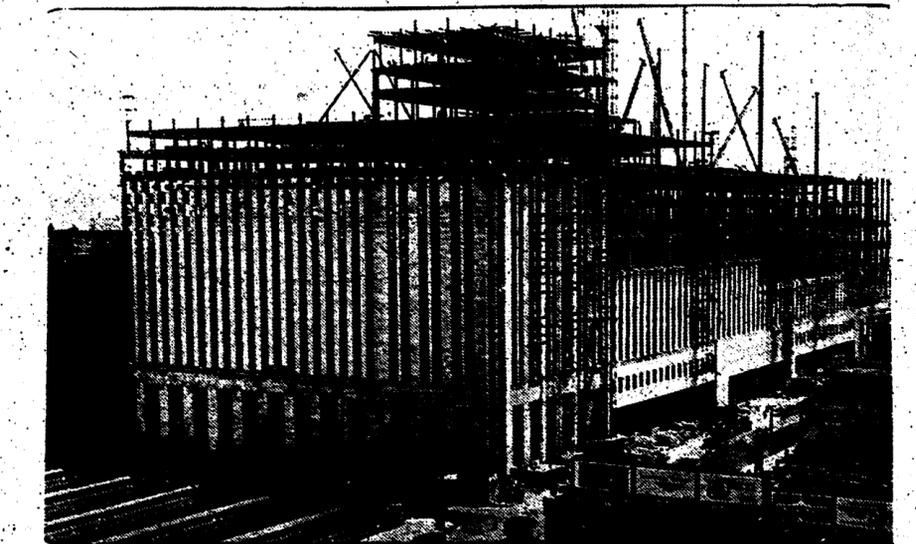
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If your druggist is unable to supply you, send 75c for FULL SIZE JAR

**DR. JAYESS PHARMACAL PRODUCTS, ALLSTON, MASS.**

# Rushing Work on Chicago's New Post Office



With workers going at full steam, Chicago's new post office, located near the loop district, is rounding into a first class skyscraper. It is hoped to have the building opened in time for the coming Century of Progress.

# The Everlasting Whisper

By Jackson Gregory

Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons  
(WNU Service)

## FROM THE BEGINNING

Mark King, prospector, is on his way to the home of Ben Gaylor. King and Gaylor share with a desperado, Sven Brodie, knowledge of a vast store of hidden gold. King meets Mrs. Gaylor and is impressed by her daughter, Gloria. He dislikes a house visitor named Gratton. With Gloria, King rides to "Coloma," intending to "sound" Honeycutt. He finds her there and, although she fears him, King is drawn closer to Gloria. She and her mother return to San Francisco. In the spirit of adventure, Gloria accompanies Gratton on a "business" trip. At Coloma she finds her father badly hurt. He gives her a message for King, urging her to get to him at once. Gloria realizes she has compromised herself by her journey with Gratton. Her prospective bridegroom and Gloria apparently accept him. Gratton arranges for the marriage. King, unseen by Gloria, watches the ceremony from a window. At the last moment the girl refuses to utter the requisite "I do." King enters and Gloria appeals to him for protection. Gratton, dismissed, reveals knowledge of the hidden gold and makes threats. King, heartened by Gloria's appeal to him, urges her to marry him. Really in love with him, and seeing a way out of her dilemma, the girl consents. Gaylor's message reveals the location of the treasure, and urges King to go at once and secure it. After the wedding ceremony, Gloria asserting the necessity for rest after her trying experience, King leaves her and prepares for his trip. Next morning Gloria insists on going with him. On the journey, her overwrought nerves give way. In hysteria, she admits to King that she married him only to "have her name from gossip." King, humiliated, renounces her.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued

King went swiftly about his preparations. He did not even see her; he studiously kept his eyes aloof. Within his soul he swore that he would never look at her again. He took up his rifle.

"You are not going to leave me here alone, are you?" Gloria demanded coldly.

"I am going on," was his curt rejoinder.

"And I?" she persisted.

"What you please."

Terror sprang up into the girl's heart.

"I would never find my way out," she cried, jumping to her feet and coming toward him. "I am not used to the mountains. . . . I don't know which way. . . . I would die. . . ."

"You have made me waste time as it is, and I promised Ben that I'd be in Gus Ingle's caves with no time lost. So I am going on."

"But," and all of her surging terror trembled in her rushing words, "I would die, I tell you. . . ."

"And I tell you," he snapped back at her, "that I don't care a d—n if you do. Must I tell you twice that I am through with you?"

He set his foot to the stirrup. Gloria, pride lost in panic, ran to him and grasped his arm, crying to him:

"If you won't take me back, then let me go with you."

"Worthless and selfish and cowardly! Useless and vain and brainless! Good G—d! am I, a man full grown, to totter on the trail with the like of you? Let go!" He shook her hand off roughly and swung up into the saddle. Gloria screamed after him, calling out:

"Mark! Mark! For God's sake don't leave me. I am afraid; I will die of fear. Take me with you. . . ."

He did not look back at her, but he did pause. After all, she was the daughter of his old friend.

"The woods are free and open," he said slowly. "To even such as you. For the third time and for the last I tell you this: I am done with you. But if you like you may follow behind me. I will wait for you ten minutes. Not here, but on the ridge up there. And if you have not come, I will go on at the end of that time. That is my solemn word, Gloria Gaylor."

He rode from her, straight and massive in the saddle. She stood like one in a sudden trance. "Then, with an inarticulate moan, she ran into the grove and grasped Blackie's rope. In half of the allotted time she came riding up the ridge. Now King glanced toward her briefly. But less at her than at her pack.

"You had better go back for the rest of the grub," he said to her. "And for your blanket-roll. That would be my advice to the devil himself. . . . You can do it in the five minutes left to you."

"You hideous brute!" she lunged at him. But none the less, she hastened back for the outfit. Five minutes later they rode on into the ever-deepening wilderness, she just keeping his form in sight, he never turning nor speaking.

## CHAPTER VII

For his brutal treatment of her Gloria fully meant that in the ripeness of time he should pay to the uttermost. After that first panic she felt toward King only such anger as she had never experienced before, never having cause for it. Coolly and collectedly she turned her thoughts upon the insufferable insult. The decision was cold and stubborn: he would pay and in full.

King led the way unflinchingly. It was evident that the man thought only of his journey's end and was hastening; hence he took all the short cuts which he knew. In one of these pathless places she lost all sight of him. Her horse came to a dead halt. She

listened and could not hear the hoofs of his horse. Panic mastered her, and she cried out wildly. Then she struck her horse frantically with her bare hands, and pounded him with her heels, longing for the sight of King as one athirst in the bad lands longs for water. The horse snorted, and in three minutes brought her into the open and into full sight of King. When her fear died, as it did swiftly after the way of fear, it left not the old, hot anger, but a new elemental emotion—cold hatred.

Thus upon their second morning the honeymoon entered upon its second phase. Every moment brought some new discomfort to her: the saddle hurt her; her clothes were torn, her tender skin bruised and scratched; pains came stabbingly with early fatigue. As for King, being a man of high honor he convicted her out of hand as one without honor; despising her, he despised himself for having linked his life in ever so little with hers.

At ten o'clock the air was sun-warmed and sweet. In an upland meadow, through whose narrow boundaries a thin, cold stream trickled, they nooned.

King slipped Buck's bridle, and let the animal forage along the fringes of the brook. To Gloria he said:

"Better let your horse eat. We've got to go pretty steady to get anywhere today."

Gloria got down stiffly from her saddle. In all the days of her life she had never been so unutterably weary. Further, she was faint from hunger and her throat pained her; she went to the creek and threw herself down, and put her face into the cool water, from which she rose with a long sigh. King made coffee and fried bacon. While he pattered with his fire he looked more than once at the sky in the southwest. With all of his heart he wished that he had turned back



"Better Have a Cup. It Helps." But Gloria Did Not Reply.

with Gloria this morning. By now he could have set her feet in a trail which even a fool could travel back to the log house, and he could be again hastening upon his errand.

When his coffee was ready he called to her, saying indifferently: "Better have a cup. It helps." But Gloria did not reply. King, when he had drunk his own coffee and she still lay quiet on the grass, sweetened a cup for her, put some milk in it, and set it at her elbow. "Better drink it," he said coldly. And Gloria gathered her strength and sat up and drank. Thereafter she ate some bread and potted ham. King, his back to a tree, sat and smoked until the hour had passed.

Precisely at one o'clock they were on their way. Gloria caught her own horse, coiled the rope, and mounted. As King rode across the meadow and to the wooded slope beyond she followed. By four o'clock, when it seemed to Gloria that she had reached and was passing the limits of her endurance, came two momentous occurrences. For the first time King had briefly mistaken the trail; they were on the steep flank of the mountain; he turned and rode back.

"The trail's down here," he announced shortly. He did not lift his eyes to her face. His look was all for her horse, and a new and unreasonable spurt of anger was in his heart. Through her unbounded ignorance she had needlessly fatigued her mount.

Gloria understood dully that she was too far up and must ride down to his level. With a sudden jerk upon the reins she brought Blackie about. King cursed under his breath.

"That's too steep!" he called to her. "Want to kill your horse?"

Blackie tried to swerve and slide down. Gloria lifted her whip and struck him. Blackie snorted and obeyed her command. Some loose dirt gave way underneath, the tired beast stumbled, a dead limb caught at his legs, tripping him, and Blackie lurched downward and fell. Through the grace of fortune Gloria rolled clear and unhurt. Blackie got up, tottering, with one quivering fore leg lifted. King's face went black with rage.

He dismounted and made his way up to the lamed horse. Gloria, without stirring, and without experiencing any poignant emotion, watched him listlessly, then shut her eyes. Her most clear sensation was one of relief; they would no doubt make camp here.

A cold drop of rain splashed on her cheek. She opened her eyes. King was removing Blackie's saddle. Gloria

## Average Indian Farmer

Unstirred by "Politics"

The farmer in India does not care whether Mahatma Gandhi or the King of England rules; so long as his taxes are not increased and no one takes away his village rights. W. H. Wisler, a former missionary and now a student at Cornell university, explained in a radio broadcast.

Indian villagers are largely illiterate and a newspaper seldom reaches the village. News circulates as rumors, and villagers have even heard that Gandhi was king, he says. The farmer's interests are limited to his own fields and to his own village; only a few have been led to contribute to campaign funds. The chief contributors are patriots and city people, especially high school boys, college students, and certain business interests.

The nationalists, he says, are now carrying on an educational campaign with villagers and are trying to win their interest. Where the villager has been reached by this campaign, he is torn between two loyalties; but he is non-committal. He is loyal to the English if he talks to an Englishman, and is loyal to the nationalists if he talks to a nationalist. The farmers who are active participants in the nationalist cause are usually paid agents, or those personally acquainted with Mr. Gandhi. The others, he says, prefer to cultivate their fields, tend their animals, and to smoke their pipes.

"Stomachs" and "Gizzards"

The biological survey says birds that feed on fish have stomachs, but birds that feed on seeds and grain have gizzards.

Source of Canada's Gold

Five provinces of Canada and the Yukon produced gold in 1930 as follows: Nova Scotia, 1,272 fine ounces; Quebec, 141,747 fine ounces; Ontario, 1,736,912 fine ounces; Manitoba, 23,189 fine ounces; British Columbia, 164,331 fine ounces, and the Yukon, 35,517 fine ounces.

Service

"Of course, you want to serve your country," said the patriotic citizen.

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum.

"But I want my constituents to have first helping, as far as possible."

## Maggie Executes Cat

Keeps Skin Young

A cat, which climbed to an Irish magpie's nest at Ballyjamesduff, Ireland, was carried away by the birds and literally torn to pieces. The cat climbed to the nest, which was at the top of a tree, and was furiously attacked by the male and female birds. In the battle which ensued the shrill cries of the magpies and the screams of pain of the cat were heard by many of the residents. They alighted in a field where later the cat was found practically torn to pieces.

Why Be Idle? Real opportunity in your town to make money. Write for proposition and proof. Box 1898, W. W. Leggett, Princeton, N. J.

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 38-1932.

## Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Place particles of wax on face and neck. Rub gently with fingers. Use in the morning and evening. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. It is a special skin cream. It is a special skin cream. It is a special skin cream.

For Sale—All size printing presses, paper cutters, hand and wood type, type cases, cut cabinets; anything for the printing office; send for current list. F. H. W. HALL CO., INC., STAMFORD, CONN.

Agents: Men and Women, instantaneously hot water heater (faucet), small coat, big sale, large earnings. M. Book, 874 West End Ave., N. Y.

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## We say "Yes Ma'am" to our Cooks

Women cooks prepare the food for the Hotel Lexington restaurants. That's why it's so delicious and wholesome. And Lexington restaurant prices, like its room rates, are sensible—35c for breakfast, 65c for luncheon and \$1.00 for dinner in the main dining room. \$3 a day and up for Lexington rooms—\$4 and up for two persons.

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"No bigger than a minute"—when he arrived.

But look at him now! See what the scales are saying! Look at those muscles! Look at that husky framework! Look at the bright-eyed, pink-skinned health of him!

It comes over you both with a great surge of happiness—he's a perfect specimen, your baby!

Can a baby thrive like that, if his mother's milk fails?

Millions of mothers nod a beaming "Yes!" For millions of mothers in America have had proof in their own homes that Eagle Brand builds wonderfully sturdy babies—babies that grow to be men and women of fine physique, outstanding health.

And recently, two famous baby specialists put Eagle Brand to one of the most searching tests that modern science has ever given a baby food. They fed fifty average infants on Eagle Brand for a period of months, comparing results with other groups of babies similarly fed on other foods. They tested these babies' progress with the X-ray, with blood counts, with measuring, weighing, every modern check on growing structure, growing strength.

And measured by every scientific test, the result was favorable to Eagle Brand. These Eagle Brand babies showed themselves superbly nourished—lacking in nothing that makes for future health and stamina. Eagle Brand\* had proved itself

equal in every way to the building of 100% babies!

You see, Eagle Brand is wonderfully easy to digest—second only to mother's milk in easy digestibility. Every drop goes quickly into the making of bones and teeth, tissue and muscle, energy and strength. Eagle Brand is easily prepared—you merely add boiled water. See directions on the label. Eagle Brand is free from dangerous germs—safe for your baby. It keeps indefinitely in the can. And can be obtained at any grocer's.

Send for a free copy of "Baby's Welfare"—an 80-page booklet on feeding and caring for baby. It gives you pictures and histories of a number of Eagle Brand babies. And let us send your physician a report of the scientific test we have described.

\*As with mother's milk, or any milk diet, the usual supplementary foods were given. These are, of course, orange or tomato juice, and cod-liver oil or other source of the anti-rachitic Vitamin D.

## FREE! COMPLETE BOOKLET ON BABY CARE

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Please send me new edition "Baby's Welfare," containing complete instructions on the many phases of baby care, feeding schedules; also pictures and histories of Eagle Brand babies.

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Please print name and address plainly

House Hunting



Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

The Bureau of Biological Survey at Washington, D. C. have gotten out a poster, No. 51, giving the open season on all migratory game birds in the United States and Canada. It's a very handy thing for the Hunter. For New Hampshire it's something like this: Ducks, geese, brant, coots, Oct. 18th to Dec. 15th; Wilson snipe or Jack-snipe, Oct. 1st to Dec. 31st; woodcock, Oct. 1st to Oct. 31st; rails and gallinule, Sept. 1st to Nov. 30th.

The Editor of Fish and Game Chat in the Saturday "Globe" has got back from his vacation up in the wilds of New Hampshire. He went fishing with Warden John Wentworth but he says he will "never again" go fishing with a warden. Just as he got well to fishing after a ten mile hike that warden had to find a man without a license and the fishing trip was over. In the future he will give Wardens a wide berth. Wise guy.

Down in Herbon, Md., is a white sparrow that's attracting a lot of attention. The papers in the past few days have spoken of a number of Albino squirrels, woodchucks and quill pigs.

Speaking of quill pigs. They are telling a nice story on Police Officer Hanniford of Dublin. One morning recently at about three bells the police office was routed out by a call from one of the summer residents that someone was trying to break into the house. He picked up another officer and after breaking all records for the eight miles they crept around the house with drawn guns and when near the back window they flashed on the lights and there was a huge quill pig.

This is the time of the year when we get many a false alarm. When you see a car parked in a blind road you are at once curious to know what it's all about. The past week we have had a good long walk only to find that the owner of the car was lining bees. This lining bees is a business by itself and calls for a lot of hard work, but even so, it's interesting work and something that pays well.

Here comes down a story from Greenfield that's sworn to by several reliable witnesses to the effect that a litter of young foxes have a great time playing with several small lambs from a nearby farmer's sheep flock. This playing is watched by the use of a powerful fish glass. The antics that these young foxes go through is very amusing.

Then on top of that comes a story from Greenville. It seems that a member of the Greenville club went pout fishing one night at High bridge. He wanted to change to a new location and rowing fast through a narrow shallow place he was surprised to have something leave the water, strike him in the middle and then hit the lantern which fell over and went out. Well, here he was alone in the middle of the pond with the lantern out and some strange thing in the boat. He was ready to quit ship but thought better of it, and lighting the lantern, he found a four pound sucker still flopping in the bottom of the boat. Since this story was told me I have it from some fish experts that sometimes a sucker will jump out of the water towards a bright light. Believe it or not, but "Duch" says it's so.

Had a nice long talk the other day with an honest to goodness trapper. He is the kind that knows how to set a trap and never caught a cat or a farmer's dog. He agrees with us that all trappers should have an examination to trap. He says that a real trapper who knows his stuff never gets in trouble with the land owners or the farmers. He is a very interesting man to talk with and he blames these so-called trappers for what a lot of the states are doing. This man makes all his own scents and sure knows his stuff.

Speaking of doing a good turn. Say, I know where you Scouts can do a real good turn. And you older ones that were once Scouts. Holding-down a cot at the home of his parents on Maple street, Wilton, is Ned Stanton, the 15-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Stanton. "Ned" has been in the hospital and laying in bed for the past six months and has six months or more to go. This is the result of scarlet fever last winter. Now I wish that you would remember "Ned" with a magazine or a book or just a postal. He is an ideal patient so his mother says, but six months is a long time to lay in bed. So don't forget "Ned". He is a good Scout.

I have a few land permits on hand for you trappers. Remember that you need two, one to send to Concord and one you keep to show that pesky Game Warden. Down in Coon where my old friend Arthur Clarke is now holding forth they are conducting a contest to see who gets the biggest snake and the biggest and most snapping turtles. All these turtles are turned over to the unemployed with a nice receipt for cooking same. Connecticut is bound to clean up some of their lakes and ponds of these pests. That's what they call 'em in that state.

Did you know that a horned owl is worth a five spot. Well, if you get a nice one and you have a Chinese family in your town, just take the bird around and they will part with a five spot quick as they think that bird has a charm over evil. They have them mounted and placed just inside the door to keep 'em out.

The other night I happened to be in Greenville so I dropped in to see what the boys of that club were doing. They were having movies taken by Charles Blake of that town. It was a very interesting evening. But what interested me the most was the report of the treasurer when he said that they had \$275.00 in their jeans and all bills paid and a good big membership. On Sunday this same bunch pulled off a corn roast which was well attended. This is a real club.

A new face is patrolling the highways in this section taking the place of John Quinn who has been advanced to an Inspector in plain clothes and drives a car instead of a motorcycle. We hate to lose John but we also are glad that he has a better position. The new man is Hamilton from Goffstown, N. H. Better watch out for they say a new broom sweeps clean.

Had a letter the other day asking if the pheasants and the ruffed grouse fought? We have heard this many times before but we have never found anyone that really saw this. Usually the two birds live in very different covers and hardly ever come in contact

with each other. There are a lot of ducks in this section this year and the boys are just counting the days to Oct. 18th. The beautiful wood duck is still protected and a heavy fine is still in force.

Hunting hares or rabbits with a ferret is against the law. If a ferret is found in your possession it's just as bad as if the Warden found you at the hole. Digging out a fox, raccoon, or hare, is against the law. Placing a trap in a burrow or hole or on top of a muskrat house or near its entrance.

We know a party that every year when they drive a hare or rabbit in a hole, they pull out the old shovel and dig him out. The poor farmer has a few rights and when this party is caught red-handed at this practice it's going to be just too bad as they don't hunt or fish any more that season.

Some fellows don't mind a small fine and a good bawling out by the Judge but let the Warden put the license into his pocket and that hurts.

In the past few days we have heard from at least a dozen homing pigeons with bands on their legs which have run in for a feed and a rest. In most cases they stay till they are rested and then go on back home. Just now they are on some long flights across the country and it's no wonder a few get lost.

Sure, we will be glad to give you the names and address of dealers that sell trout for stocking that pond or small lake that you own. We have a list on hand and all good reliable dealers. We also have on hand a list of several hundred dealers of any kind of bird or animal that walks, creeps or flies.

Reports the past week indicate that the crop of Ring Necks this year is a "bumper" one. Flocks of twenty each are being reported in all sections of my district. It is rumored that they are so plentiful in some sections of the state that a bill will be introduced to increase the bag limit, also another week of hunting. This of course, won't affect the present coming open season which is Nov. 1st to Nov. 6th inclusive. Males only, and five to a person per season.

It is reported that the fur prices for this coming trapping season will not be very encouraging. Many of the old timers are to lay off this year and give the fur a chance to increase. But there will be a big increase in new trappers as many people are idle and think that they can put up a few easy dollars in trapping. It's a hard game at the best and if you live up to the law in visiting your traps every 24 hours in all kinds of weather you earn what you get. We know of one man a year ago did not get much fur but he did get something much more valuable and that was his health. The early morning long hikes did the trick.

There is an effort on foot to raise the trapping fee to a much higher rate. Some think that this will keep out the man that does not know his stuff. It will also encourage a lot more bootleg trappers and that's what we don't want.

You strike 'em once in awhile, but not often. A fox hunter with ten dogs who also is an ardent trapper. Here is a queer combination. It's interesting to hear his side of each question.

Well, we lived through the primary but what about the election in November?

In the past week we have noticed many No Trespass signs erected. Nearly all of them were posted illegally as no name was signed to

them. A sign is no good and carries no weight unless the name of the owner appears on the sign.

We know of a lot of signs erected about this time of the year to protect the ruffed grouse or partridge and as soon as the grouse season is over the signs are taken down and fox, deer and rabbit hunting is permitted.

The only place to put the poor trout now is the river and many hundreds have found their way there the past few weeks. Have taken trout out of one hole and put into a deeper one and the next week we went back and moved them again, this time to the river.

Speaking of pigeons. Well, you should visit of the lofts of Mr. Farr of Concord street, Peterboro. He has several hundred, and many varieties. If you are interested in pigeons you will get a big kick by a visit.

Nearly every town in this section accepted that state aid road unemployment money and how the dirt will fly in the next few weeks.

Hey, Any of you fellows that want a real honest to goodness rabbit hound. Well, we know of a party that has a good one and they want to sell. Let me know if you want this one.

O, by the way, I know where there are six or eight nice kittens that want good homes. Don't all speak at once. As cats go, they are O. K.

Speed boats and still fishing don't hitch up at all. We know of a good sized lake that has been spoiled to fishing just because of these high powered speed boats. A boat with a small single out-board or even a double twin won't do a bit of harm to the fishing, but that big, high power boy. He hurts.

Belated Resolution

So live that you won't look scared to death when your wife tells you you talk in your sleep.—Boston Transcript.

He Slows Down

Yet a motorist doesn't honk one time and feel that his duty is done if the pedestrian is a cow.—Los Angeles Times.

Food for Growing Child

Children show an intuitive knowledge of food values in craving molasses, for it is rich in iron and calcium—and a growing child needs both.

Wealth in Woman's Hands

A very large proportion of the wealth of the country is passing into the direct custody of women, by way of gifts, inheritance and life insurance.—Women's Home Companion.

Hikers' Protest

As a protest against the closing of the Sandyside estate, near Keigley, England, to the public, 200 members of hiking clubs and others climbed a fence and walked in single file across the forbidden land.

Oldest Secret Society?

Probably the Hung or Triad society of China is the oldest secret society in the world. It has the largest membership of any secret society in the world and has existed since A. D. 386, in close association with the White Lotus.

Generous Organ

William Jennings Bryan used to relate with gusto the compliment paid to him after his lecture to the students of a Christian college in Tokyo. "Mr. Bryan," said the student, "it is the utmost pleasure to hear you talk. Your mouth entices the globe and when you have broken your lip many people are cheerful."—Boston Transcript.

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COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE

The subscriber having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Hillsborough, commissioner to examine and allow the claims of the creditors to the estate of Robert Rogerson, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, decreed to be administered as insolvent, and six months from the 25th day of August, A. D., 1932, being allowed for that purpose, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties assigned him, at the store of the undersigned on Main street, in said Antrim, in said County, on the 1st day of October, 1932, and on the 5th day of November, 1932, and on the 24th day of February, A. D., 1933, from 9:30 to 11:30 o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated the 30th day of August, A. D., 1932.  
CHARLES F. BUTTERFIELD, Commissioner.

STEPHEN CHASE Plastering!

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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.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

Meetings 7 to 8 JOHN THORNTON, ALFRED G. HOLT, HUGH M. GRAHAM, Selectmen of Antrim.

Junius T. Hanchett Attorney at Law

Antrim Center, N. H.

Joe's Faith

By CORONA REMINGTON

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SHE was only a little maid in a big hotel and he the chef, but he had generations of chefs behind him and hers was a family of the highest type of maids. One aunt had been in the Delport family for twenty-five years, and at one time her first cousin had been employed in the White House.

When Joe Porter had first mentioned marriage to Cornelia Allen she had hesitated although she did love him.

"Well, I'll never marry anybody else," he vowed. "You're as pretty as a little picture and your folks are all honest and fine people, and I love you and I believe you love me, too. Isn't that reason enough why we should get married?"

Cornelia said nothing for a moment, she merely permitted him to keep his arm around her, which was a sort of consent, he considered, since she never had done this before. She did love him, she knew she did.

"But, Joe, I wanted to go up in my work—get to be ladies' maid to somebody big in society," she protested, and her dark eyes so close to his looked troubled, almost tragic.

"That don't matter," he answered. "They'll never love you like I do, honey, so you'd better take me."

It was a wrench to give up her ambition, but at last she consented and once done she gave herself up entirely to her new plans in life, and as the days sped by she grew happier and happier.

She was in the midst of doing her work on the fifth floor one day when she received a summons to go to the office of Mr. Williams, the manager, at once. Puzzled, she hurried down and found her employer talking to a stranger whom she supposed to be a guest. He seemed disturbed about something and would scarcely let Mr. Williams speak, but with a gesture of the hand the manager silenced him and addressed the maid himself.

"Cornelia, did you clean up 510 this morning?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the girl, her face suddenly paling. "Why? What's the matter?"

"You know what's the matter," broke in the guest.

"I don't!" protested the girl on the verge of tears.

"Did you let anyone else in the room while you were cleaning it? I mean, did any of the other maids come in?" continued the manager.

"No, sir, I was the only one in and I locked the door as soon as I had finished."

"Well, you have my wallet, then, with \$110 in it," broke in the guest angrily, "because I left it under my pillow and forgot to take it downtown when I left this morning. As soon as I missed it I rushed back to my room and it was gone. You may both come up and look."

Together the three took the elevator to the fifth floor and hurried down the long, red-carpeted corridor to room 510. After a thorough search they were forced to give it up. The wallet was not under the mattress nor on the floor beneath the bed. In fact, it was apparently nowhere.

"Go on to the servants' quarters," ordered the manager harshly, and Cornelia fled out of the room. But she did not go to the servants' quarters, instead she sought out Joe and told him of her undesired disgrace.

"Kid, you never did it," he declared, holding her close. "And I'll break anybody's face who comes here saying you did."

"I'm so glad you still believe in me," Cornelia said, clinging to him.

"You're the only one that d-does. I'll be ashamed to look at anybody around here after it gets out because most of 'em'll think I did steal it—going to be married and everything, they'll think I wanted it to buy clothes with. Oh, Joe, I'm so wretched." And again she burst into tears. "You'll be disgraced if you marry me because there's lots'll always believe I did it."

"They'll not either. They know you too well."

But Joe was wrong. By noon the news had seeped out and at lunch Cornelia could not eat, for the suspicious glances that were shot in her direction and whispered mumblings that went on among the servants.

The next morning the manager sent for her again and she was horrified to see the same guest sitting there at the side of the desk. "This time Mr. Williams let the other man do the talking."

"Here's a twenty for you," he said. "I found my wallet. I'd slipped it inside the inner pillow slip when I thought I was just putting it under my pillow. As soon as I lay down last night I felt it under my head. Sorry it happened."

"I don't want your twenty dollars," said Cornelia, with the dignity of a princess, "but I'm glad you found your purse. All I want is that you or Mr. Williams tell the servants at dinner today that I did not take it."

"Be glad to," said the manager warmly.

Once out of the office, she shed her dignity like a cloak and rushed out to find the chef. After she had told him she gave him a little sudden hug. "I'll always love you a little more for believing in me so hard," she said. "Then it was lucky for me it happened," he laughed, and because she was so happy she had a little glad cry on his shoulder.